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*Once a week*

Eneas Sweetland Dallas





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# ONCE A WEEK

*NEW SERIES*

VOLUME X.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1872.

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES,  
19, TAVISTOCK STREET, W.C.



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10502.



LONDON:  
SWEETING AND CO., PRINTERS,  
80, GRAY'S INN ROAD, HOLBORN.

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VIA JAL

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 236.

July 6, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.



### CHAPTER I.

IN THE AVENUE.

**W**HY is not Bodston in Cornwall a fashionable watering-place, and wherein do the elements of seaside popularity consist? In "verdure to the very edge of the sea"? The Bodston woods run sloping down to within fifty yards of the beach, and the laurel—in most parts of England a shrub—is here a tree: a state of things which might alone suffice to attract invalid heroes and poets. In a fine open sea? You might take a header from a Bodston rock, and if you did not get tired, and could dispense for long enough with food, were free from cramp, and met with no storms, or currents, or icebergs, or sharks, or sea serpents, you might swim right across to America; and what could the most ardent votary of swimming wish for more than that?

Or is it desirable that there should be numerous picturesque nooks and indentures, fit for sketching and flirting, along the shore? Why, I think the bays of this coast are as fine as they can be, and the sand which fringes some of these coves seems strewn there for the special benefit of bathers.

Or does a health and pleasure seeking public demand that provisions should be

cheap and plentiful? New-laid eggs here are twenty for a shilling, and fresh butter is eightpence a-pound. It is true that you must make up your mind on Monday about the quantity of meat you will eat during the week; but when you have once calculated your probable appetite, John Grazer, the farmer and purveyor, who makes hebdomadal visits to the village, will supply you, to any amount you like, for at least twopence per pound less than you have to pay at most places. It may be urged that Bodston is ten miles from anywhere; but so, ten years ago, were dozens of obscure fishing villages which have sprung up lately into magnificent pleasure towns. Indeed, the distance of a place from any known part of the world is the greatest of recommendations to a large section of those people who, like swallows, flit about every autumn, in flocks, in search of solitude.

The fact is, that no speculator happens to have cast his adventurous eyes upon the place; and so, instead of being a labyrinth of terraces, parades, and mansions, with assembly rooms, brass bands, subscription balls, riding masters, bathing machines, and yachts, Bodston is nineteen cottages, three fishing boats, a church, an inn, and four small villas of the verandah-creeper style of architecture, with porches, thatched roofs, and pretty gardens.

These four villas, situated in various parts of the same hillside, form the entire aristocratic quarter of Bodston; and, at the time this story opens, one of them—that nearest the sea—was desolate. The chimneys were smokeless, the blinds drawn down, one or two panes of glass were broken, fungus-like patches of moss had accumulated on the roof, and the gravel paths were covered with green—as though the place, finding itself in a widowed condition, had thought it proper to go into weeds. This house belonged to the rector, who preferred residing some six miles inland, at an ad-

joining living which he held with Bodston, and who rode over to do the duty on alternate Sundays. When he could not find a tenant for his Bodston house, and he seldom could, it was locked up and the key delivered over to Widow Brown, who thus added the business of house-agent to her ordinary avocations of pew-opener, clerk, monthly nurse, and charwoman.

The second villa, which had been inhabited for some five and twenty years by two maiden sisters, of slender income—who had settled in this pretty spot for economy, and had shortly before died of sheer old age, within two months of each other—was at present tenanted by a Mr. Hartman, a mysterious gentleman, who had no servant, but was done for by Widow Brown when at Bodston—a place which he rather visited than resided at; it being his custom to appear suddenly, with no other luggage than a carpet bag, stay a few weeks, and then to vanish as quietly as he came.

The third villa was occupied by Captain Lennard—a half-pay officer, slowly dying of a wound received ten years before—and his son Arthur, an only child, who had been called away from the University on the death of his mother, to take her place by the side of the helpless parent who remained to him.

The fourth house stood on higher ground than any of the others, and was perched on one of the prettiest spots you ever saw, about two-thirds of the way up the wooded hill which rose immediately behind the fishing-huts of Bodston. It was approached on the land side by a road which wound up from a valley breaking into the hills, on the left of the village, and skirted an avenue of birch, laurel, and arbutus, planted for a couple of hundred yards along a ridge, forming a plateau on the hillside, and leading to a rustic gate at the back of the villa, the front windows of which, looking over the woods which sloped down to the beach, with a descent too precipitous for the trees to interfere with the prospect, commanded a sea-view which would have delighted the eyes alike of a poet, a painter, or a smuggler. It was erected, in short, in the very nook where a landscape-gardener having to lay out the hill would have placed, according to his taste in summer-houses, a temple, a Swiss hut, or a pagoda.

The pretty little cottage had been built by a shipbuilder, who retired in the evening of life to this quiet spot to walk down his gout

and avoid the high living which fed it, thereby proving himself to have attained a high degree of wisdom. For fifteen years before the date of the event about to be recorded in this chapter, the affairs of the firm in which he was then a sleeping partner having got into disorder—showing that evil as well as good fortune may come to us while sleeping—he had to go up to London, where he met with certain old friends who tempted him to beard his enemy in his very den; so that after five days of turtle, marrow pudding, iced Punch and Port, giant gout, aggravated by such contempt, gripped the rash one by the stomach and slew him. Merciful gout, who saved him from seeing his name in the *Gazette*!

After the shipbuilder's death, his villa had been purchased for a small sum by a lady of the name of Rosier; who at once settled there, bringing with her a little girl named Edith, who had grown up into womanhood with no knowledge of the outer world, and no instruction in its arts and accomplishments, but such as she received from her mother and taught herself by the aid of books. They were very poor, keeping one servant, and could hardly have done that in any other part of England. These were the present inhabitants.

At seven o'clock on this summer's evening, when our story opens, a man turned out of the road into the above-mentioned avenue for an after-dinner stroll. The easy way in which he lounged along, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, slowly puffing out the smoke of his cigar, with a perfect appreciation of its flavour, told of a full meal, a good digestion, and a mind at peace. Nor were his digestive organs, to judge from appearances, the only strong part about him—his broad, deep chest, and muscular, well-proportioned limbs, seeming to promise a rare union of strength and nimbleness; while his massive under-jaw, deep, stern eyes, round head, and rather thick lips, betokened that the force of his passions and the tenacity of his will corresponded with his physical power.

His dress showed that he was no habitual resident in so secluded a district; for though he wore a straw hat and loose overcoat, in deference to the country, the cut of the rest of his clothes, and the varnish on his thin boots, betrayed the inhabitant of a much more fashionable place than Bodston. I am afraid, too, that a squeamish observer m<sup>d</sup>

have detected vulgarity in the embroidery of his shirt, the large ring on his third finger, the festooning of a gold chain over his waistcoat. But it is a shameful thing that a gentleman should not be allowed to dress himself as he likes, without making himself the butt of invidious reflections; and, at all events, this personage was evidently perfectly satisfied with himself—which, after all, is the principal thing.

He seemed to be on his way to the villa; but when half through the avenue he paused, and after standing irresolute for a second or two, sat down on a knoll of grass, and reflected in this wise:—

“Young Lennard will be off to-morrow; and he and the girl are sure to have some appointment for a leave-taking and final spooneyfication this evening. Now, if I go in, she will be unable to come out, and so she will sit and wish me at Jericho; and as she will feel a tenderness for this young fellow on parting with him, she will conceive a prejudice against me which it will give me some fortnight's extra trouble to remove. Better to let them keep their assignation, if they have one: it is the last time that they will ever see each other, and I am not of a jealous turn. Yes. Besides, it will be rather amusing to watch them; and if they select some such thickly wooded spot as this for their tryst, I may be able to overhear some of their talk, which cannot fail to be diverting. Some people like the theatre, and in winter it is all very well; but there is nothing like a comedy in real life, acted in the open air, on a warm summer's evening. Hallo!—here we are. Enter from garden-gate, R. E., Edith Rosier. Exit through bushes at back, Adolphus Hartman.”

As the man vanished amongst the laurels, a far more attractive object entered upon the scene: the culminating effort of nature, more lovely than sunset, landscape, or waterfall; the attraction which causes us to do wearisome penance at flower shows, yawn through concerts, hurry over the dinners which we vainly endeavour to digest in the heated atmosphere of opera house or ball-room, to besiege Troy, to write poetry, to quarrel with our best friends, to talk unlimited nonsense, to throw away the freedom and comfort of bachelor life, and rush blindfold into a whole sea of vexations, responsibilities, jealousies, and heart-burnings—a fair girl of twenty. Beauty only skin deep, indeed! Why, to its influence all vices, all virtues, all deeds of

valour, all acts of treachery—nay, the very existence of the social system—may be traced. Gold is considered a strongish lever wherewith to stir human energies; but what would be the use of that without the fulcrum of beauty to give it a purchase? No man would ever have cared to collect the precious metal had there been no pretty girls to be dazzled by it. What nations are the most polished, but those where the women are the handsomest? what most ignorant and savage, but those where the female members of the community are most deformed and ugly?

Edith Rosier, our heroine, had a tall but full and well-rounded figure, brown hair, blue eyes, lovely mouth, exquisite chin. She was dressed in a simple muslin frock and a garden hat, and she looked very pale and interesting as she walked along, peering about through the thick leaves for her lover.

He soon joined her. A tall, fair young fellow, some two years older than herself, with rather feminine features, marked by no strong lines. If the man who had left the avenue ten minutes before was a type of strength, this one gave you the idea of weakness. His figure, though symmetrical, was slim and undeveloped; and a physiognomist would have pronounced him a dreamer rather than a worker, affectionate rather than passionate.

He trembled and turned faint as he passed his arm round her waist, and they had walked together some twenty yards before he could recover himself. It was Edith who first broke the silence.

“And are you really going so soon?” said she.

“Yes,” he answered, in a trembling voice, which however grew firmer as he proceeded. “We go to London to-morrow, and the ship sails on Saturday. It will be a long separation, Edith.”

“And what has happened? You only told me in your note that your father had received a summons to Australia, without telling me anything more.”

“An uncle of mine, who settled at Sydney to conduct certain speculations in which he was always dabbling, has died, and my father being heir to his property, we must get out as quickly as we can to look after it.”

“Then you are going for a good and hopeful object. Was he rich, your uncle?”

“We cannot tell. His money was invested in a dozen different schemes, my father



thinks—some good, some bad; and how we stand altogether it is impossible to say. That is why we are going out."

"And how long do you expect to be gone?" she asked, flushing a pretty red.

"What with the voyage there and back, it will be at least two years before I see you again."

He looked very downcast as he said it.

"Two years only?" she said, trying to cheer him. "Why, they will soon pass; and we are young enough to wait for that time. Why, we could not be married so soon as that if you were to remain in England, for it would have been much longer before you would have earned a sufficient income; whereas, now there is a better prospect before you."

"And can you really keep me in your memory all that time? Are you sure that you love me well enough not to forget me during so long an absence? We have been thrown together in this secluded place, where you have looked forward to my arrival after an absence as to that of the only civilized conversable being you ever saw. Are you sure that you have not mistaken this friendly feeling for love?"

Edith coloured all over her white brow, which became slightly clouded as she replied, poutingly—

"If you choose to doubt my love, I cannot help it."

This was all she said.

"No, no," he hastened to add. "Do not think that I speak out of fretfulness or—or doubt. What I mean is this. If you would like to be freed from an engagement contracted when you were very young, and before you had seen other men whom you might find more worthy than me—an engagement to a man going out to a country so far off that it is like Death to visit it—speak. I am so afraid lest you should find your pledge to me a burden. If you wish, I will restore that promise; and then, if when I return I find you free and willing to be my wife, I shall ask God for no other blessing; but if you should in the meantime discover that you have been mistaken in thinking that you loved me, you will be able to act as you think best for your own happiness, without having any broken plight to reproach yourself with."

Edith, thoroughly offended, withdrew from his arm.

"If you wish to break our engagement," said she, "say so at once. I am sure I don't

care! Only do not try to put it off upon me in that mean way."

And then she burst into tears. Whereupon he got his arm round her waist again, and began vowing and explaining, and protesting and soothing, and calling her an angel, which was ridiculous, and himself a demon, which was libellous—demons have their bad points, but are never spooney. And, indeed, the rest of the lovers' conversation was of too broken, ejaculatory, osculatory, and hysterical a nature to be transferred to paper.

It is an awful thing, that first parting for a serious time with a first love: worse than the shock of being torn from the maternal apron-string, and stuck down in a public school; worse than the anticipation of the doctor's approach to the Chamber of Horrors, while flogging is as yet an unknown sensation; worse than the first cut by a fancied friend; worse even than the bad half-hour spent in the dentist's mysterious room, alone with a fearful chair bearing a basin screwed into one of its arms.

After half a dozen cruel wrenches from as many "only ones you ever really loved," you get used to it, and even begin to find a soothing melancholy about the business which is poetical and not unpleasant. But the first time you are *quite* in earnest. So, when the time was up, and Arthur Lennard strained Edith Rosier to his heart as if he were seeking to crush her being into his, gluing his lips to hers in a long kiss of love and pain, he suffered so much that he felt as if he must go mad or die—so much that it was the greatest possible relief to hasten away, get clear of the avenue, and to feel that the parting was over, as, with a throbbing in his brain and a ball in his throat, he strode down the road towards his father's cottage. If he could have selected his amusements at that moment, he would have volunteered for a forlorn hope, or to light the match of a fire-ship. But no one wanted a fire-ship lit, and the only forlorn hope going on in the neighbourhood was in his own breast. For the less noble impulses which prompted him to assault the first man he met, or to procure and drink off a bottle of brandy: he was restrained from the first by habits of courtesy, combined with a just awe of the laws of the land; while the necessity of attending to his father was a check upon the latter proceeding.

So he had no chloroform for his pain.

which for ten minutes was so acute that had he been going to be hanged he could not have felt more miserable. Edith Rosier was life, joy, health, everything: torn from her, the bitterness of death was past. What did it matter whether he was going to be hanged, burnt, or banished to Australia? It was all one. The wisest of us are foolish through all the seven stages; but at the eyebrow-sonnet epoch, by St. Wamba, our folly culminates! As Lennard approached his home, however, he grew calmer; natural filial love was in his case intensified by the tenderness which we all feel towards those who are helpless and dependent upon us; and he could not see his brave, patient father—who, knowing that his days were numbered, and suffering in a way which made rest and quiet peculiarly attractive, had at the first glimpse of probable advantage to his son cheerfully, and as a matter of course, undertaken a long, tedious voyage—without feeling ashamed to give way to his own selfish, amorous fancies and poetical sorrows. So he made a violent effort, joined his father, and chatted freely of the arrangements he had made, the time when they were to start, the ship they were to sail in, and their prospects when they arrived at the land of convicts, kangaroos, and beasts with bills—the one modern great characteristic, gold, had not yet been discovered—and he was rewarded by a more equable pulsation of the heart and subsidence of the ball in his throat.

The subject which had caused those unpleasant sensations was not mentioned between them, as Captain Lennard did not share his son's admiration for Edith. The causes for this it would be tedious and unnecessary to explain at length. It is sufficient to mention that the late Mrs. Lennard had disliked the girl, had thought that her mother was endeavouring to entrap Arthur, and had let her know that suspicion—a piece of information which had the effect of the acid contained in the white paper of a Seidlitz powder when it is poured into a tumbler which already holds the contents of the blue paper in solution. Captain Lennard had imbibed his wife's feelings on the subject; and when all her opinions and tastes had been, for him, sanctified by death, any countenance lent to a marriage which she had disapproved would have seemed to him like a sacrilege. Besides this, the old man left very fastidious where women were concerned. Meekness and timidity he thought

more of as feminine attractions than beauty or intelligence; and against independence of spirit he had the most violent prejudice. But this same independence was Edith's distinguishing quality; and the Captain would sooner even have seen his son marry a girl of inferior social position, if she were only duly impressed with the fact of her sex's inferiority. It was rather an amusing circumstance that one with such strong feelings on this subject should have been so entirely under the guidance and control of his own wife; but then, good man, he never knew it.

Edith's freedom-loving temperament kept her up during the parting with her lover, for she did not love so heartily as girls do who feel a pleasure in clinging for support to the man to whom they give their hearts. Her affection for young Lennard was always tempered by a feeling of soreness at his being the man and herself the woman; that the customs of society—worse, the laws of nature—dictated that he should be the obeyed, she the obedient. If Lennard had been a man of genius and iron will, and could so have dazzled and crushed her, he would have lit a passion in her breast such as Cleopatra felt for Antony. As it was, his morbid forebodings were not entirely without reason; and there is no doubt that their love owed its origin rather to circumstance than to any mutual sympathy drawing their souls together; and if they had met, like the majority of young people, in mixed society, it is probable, whatever Arthur Lennard might have done, that Edith Rosier would have fixed her affections on some far more congenial nature.

But most human beings are fated to catch love and the measles at least once in their lives; and if they do not take it from Miss (or Master) Smith, why, they do from Miss (or Master) Brown.

Edith, then, had got love mildly, and her feelings at parting were not half so acute as Arthur's. Still, she felt "down" and melancholy, and cried for awhile—without sobbing much, though; and then she dried her eyes, and went in to tea.

That beverage was brewing under the superintendence of Mrs. Rosier, a faded lady, who had once been good-looking, as might be told by a glance at her regular features, in spite of the ravages which the pitiless invader Time and a host of guerilla cares had made there. She was thin, almost emaciated, and her nervous system appeared

to be in a state of great sensitiveness. The slightest noise caused her to start as ordinary people do when a gun has been fired; her fingers could not keep quiet, but were for ever on the move, now arranging and re-arranging the tea cups, now crumpling up the table cloth, and then smoothing it down again; then picking at the edges of her dress or twisting up her handkerchief; never still. Her lips, too, kept working in a way which it was painful to watch.

"My medicine, Edith, give me my medicine!" she cried eagerly, as her daughter entered the room.

"It is early yet," replied the girl, looking at her watch; "but," she added, after glancing at her mother, "I think we may anticipate the time a little to-night."

And taking a key from her pocket, she went to the sideboard, unlocked one of the cupboards, and took from it a bottle and a wine glass, into which she carefully distilled a certain number of drops of a black liquid, which her mother swallowed with the eagerness of a wounded man for water. Then she locked all up again, and once more pocketed the key.

In a short time Mrs. Rosier's nervousness subsided, and she grew calm enough to converse with her daughter.

"You have seen him, I suppose?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And when does he go?"

"To-morrow morning. He is going with Captain Lennard to Australia, to secure some property which has been left to them; after which they return immediately—at least, Arthur does, for in all human probability his father will never live to come back."

"And have you agreed to break off this foolish, childish engagement?"

"Foolish! childish! What do you mean, mamma?"

"I mean, my dear, that you will never see him again. Do not look like that. I am sorry to say what pains you; but who ever heard of a man's taking such a voyage as that, and returning to marry the girl he left in England? He will form other ties, and forget you. You have never seen anything of the world, and know nothing of men, or you would not expect anything else. But do not fret, Edith, there are better men than Arthur Lennard in the world, and—

"Mamma," interrupted Edith, "I will know the real meaning of all this. Until quite lately you always encouraged my engage-

ment with Arthur, even though he had no immediate prospects; and now, when there is every chance of his being soon in a position to support a wife, you turn against him, and unsay all you have ever said. I have observed that this alteration has taken place since your first interview with that man, Mr. Hartman; and I suspect that you are acting under his influence. Who and what is he? I have a right to know the reason—the true reason—for your sudden hostility to Arthur. Tell it me."

"I have no hostility to the poor young man," replied Mrs. Rosier, half sobbing; "but Mr. Hartman knew your poor father, and—and he is a rich, a very rich man, and I am in a sort of way dependent upon him. Do you not think him a suitable—that is, if there were no one else in the way—"

"My father! Mr. Hartman knew my father? Oh, mamma, tell me the truth about him. I have always thought that there was a mystery—that I was kept in the dark. Tell me."

"Not now, my dear, not now—some other time. I am not equal to it this evening."

And Mrs. Rosier gradually subsided into a drowsy, dreamy state, from which Edith knew by experience that it was in vain to seek to rouse her.

Five years before, Mrs. Rosier had been an accomplished lady, a good mother and friend to her daughter; now she was what I have in the present scene endeavoured to show.

Opium had done this. Taken in the first place as the only remedy for a cruel internal complaint, it was now necessary to her existence; and the ally which had been called in to defend the place against a too powerful enemy had made himself master of the citadel.

But there was a third person present at the tryst in the avenue—Adolphus Hartman; who, in the capacity of touter or spy, had watched and partially overheard the lovers. In case any one should consider this a mean action, it is only fair to mention that the author of it was at war with society, that he looked upon every man and woman as either an enemy or a prey; and it has never, by the strictest codes of chivalry, been considered dishonourable to lie in ambush for the circumvention of the one or the capture of the other. Did not King Alfred, disguised as a wandering minstrel, spy upon the

camp? Is not deer-stalking an aristocratic occupation? Hartman, then, did not glide into the now deserted path in a stealthy, guilty way, but jumped lightly over a small bush, with a laugh, and proceeded to re-light the cigar which he had let go out lest its fragrance should betray the presence of a smoking biped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he inwardly chuckled—"to think that if that poor devil of a nincompoop knew what I do, he would be too eager to secure the girl to go bothering off to the other end of the earth before he had made all safe! I do not think that she cares much for him. No, she will soon forget that milk-and-water face when she sees me. She looked really nice when she cried. Upon my word, I shall be tempted sometimes to make her cry when she is Mrs. Hartman, just for the pleasure of kissing her tears off. Gad! how handsome she would be in a rage! Shall I go in this evening? Hum! I think *not*. I think I can do what I like with the mother; but the girl requires a light hand, and she will feel a tenderness for young Milky now he is so completely trumped. Besides, the mother and daughter are doing the pathetic just now, and will not like to be interrupted; for, next to being slobbered and blubbered over, women like to talk about it. I should be in their way to-night, and make a bad impression. Hartman, what a delicate lover you are!"

With this Jack Horner reflection, he rose from the bank which he had been sitting on, and strolled down the avenue back to the road, and home to the cottage which had been for so many years the innocent abode of the maiden sisters. The furniture of the sitting-room was the same as they had left it; and if there be truth in spirit-rapping, the horsehair of the chairs must have stood on end at the desecrating presence now intruded upon them. The sofa, covered with worsted work wrought by the fair hands of Dorothy, and only intended to be sat upon on great occasions, was now used by a man whom some of his associates believed to be almost vice incarnate; the footstool, which had been almost as the foot of Jemima for full forty years, was soiled by the dirty boot of the same unholy intruder; the little table, which had never borne anything but the large Family Bible and a small book of Morning and Evening Prayers, was now oppressed with a jug of hot water, a basin of sugar, a lemon, a bottle of rum—taken from the cellar, where the ginger and currant wines had

in more innocent days been kept; and a large china bowl, a family heirloom, the particular pride of the old ladies, who did not allow their servant to touch it, but dusted it themselves every Saturday, with a rod of feathers and a silk handkerchief, was now, alas! stored with Cavendish tobacco.

When he had made himself quite comfortable, Hartman reached down a tin box, and took out of it several parchments endorsed with the name of Porson, and these he read and re-read and pondered over, taking them, as it were, with his grog and tobacco, until the night was pretty far advanced.

Porson was Mrs. Rosier's maiden name.

## OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.—I.

UNDER this general title we propose to tell over again some of the forgotten stories of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Lives of men full of adventure, in the dear old days of highwaymen, stage coaches, and tie-wigs, can be brought to light, and the dust wiped off the musty records of the doings of these dolls, on whose antiquated physiognomies we mean to stick new noses—sometimes pointing a moral, and always adorning our tale, in the kindly operation. Let us begin with—

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MR. RICHARD ENGLAND.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

On the 18th of February, 1796, the King's Court at the Old Bailey presented a notable and interesting spectacle. Every inch of space had been eagerly disputed an hour before Mr. Justice Rooke took his seat on the bench. By his side were the great officers of the Corporation, with huge bow-pots of hothouse flowers in front of them, and mighty gold snuff boxes in their hands, doing pretty much what the sheriffs and aldermen at the same court do nowadays—trying to look almost as wise as my lord himself. Lord Cremorne, Lord Derby, the Marquis of Hertford, Mr. Whitbread, Colonels Bishopp and Woolaston, and Captain Denisthorpe, who were witnesses in the case, occupied seats on the bench; where were also accommodated many other noblemen and gentlemen. All the town was in court, or in the taverns in the purlieus of the Old Bailey. Every young blood and every old scandalmonger wanted to be first to carry West the news of the result of this

trial, that had roused the town two hours earlier than usual on a dark February morning. The notorious Mr. Richard England was to be tried for his life. The prisoner was placed at the bar. He bowed with easy nonchalance to the Court. He was powdered, and dressed in a genteel suit of black, and deported himself throughout the whole of the proceedings with the utmost steadiness and composure.

The indictment was read by the clerk of arraigns. It was to the effect that Richard England was brought to the bar to be tried for the murder of William Peter Le Rowles, on the 18th day of June, in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord the King, by shooting him in a duel.

Mr. Serjeant Adair opened the case on the part of the prosecution. The learned counsel said to the jury was now committed the most important trust. On the one hand, they had under their care the life of the prisoner at the bar; on the other, the care of the due and public administration of justice, which was the support of the law of this country. If the facts upon the evidence should be clear that the prisoner had been guilty of that breach of the law imputed to him, then the jury would have to perform a painful task; but still they would be bound by their public duty to perform it. God forbid, however, that they should do so but upon the clearest and most satisfactory evidence. This was not a direct murder, such as is generally committed in secret, difficult of proof and founded on circumstantial evidence, so as to make it an intricate subject of inquiry. It was an act committed in the face of day. The fact of the death of the unfortunate gentleman, now many years ago, would not be matter of doubt in the course of the inquiry into this subject. The only question for the jury would be whether the guilt of murder was or was not properly imputable to the prisoner at the bar for the share he had in that transaction. He was afraid the application of the law to this case would denominate this act of the prisoner murder. What might be the notions entertained of honour in this country, what impressions those notions might make on the private feelings of individuals, it was not his duty to settle. He was afraid that these notions, which were too generally entertained upon that subject, were such as could not be defended in a court of justice. He believed that our modern notions of honour were

neither consonant to the law of this country nor the law of God. The rule of the law of this kingdom upon this case he maintained to be this: if a man armed with the instrument of death meets by agreement another man armed, and they enter into combat, and one of them is killed, the survivor is guilty of murder. If once this fact be established, he apprehended the murder to be clearly proved. If any case of this kind should be thought a hard one, the whole of it must be left to the prerogative of mercy. The jury would find, under the direction of the bench, that in point of law the offence in such a case would be complete. He should call his witnesses according to his instructions, who would give the jury an account of all the circumstances attending the transactions as far as they knew them. They would, however, give an account, as far as they could, of all the circumstances, and the jury would judge of them as they were applicable to the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate gentleman at the bar, as to the crime imputed to him. All the circumstances, as far as they came to his knowledge, should be laid before the jury, and he should leave the counsel for the prisoner to supply in his behalf, if they should be able, that which was defective in favour of their client. Whatever allegation which should be made, on the one side or on the other, not immediately belonging to the unfortunate catastrophe that happened, the jury would dismiss, and they would keep their minds free from all impressions which might be felt by the supposed character of the accused party.

The learned serjeant then proceeded to detail the circumstances of the case, and the facts on which it originated, some of which were afterwards given in evidence. When he came to take notice of the delay which had taken place in the course of this prosecution, he observed to the jury that it arose from the conduct of the prisoner. He quitted the kingdom immediately after the unhappy act which formed the present charge, and remained abroad for many years; that he had lately returned to this country, was apprehended upon the outlawry, pleaded to it, and the outlawry was reversed; and he now remained to be tried upon his original indictment. It was now twelve years since this unhappy accident happened. They might think perhaps there was a degree of animosity in the prosecu-

tion of this man at this distance of time; upon this he should only say that it would be a principle extremely dangerous to the administration of justice if persons who had committed crimes were to withdraw for years, and afterwards to return and be permitted to avail themselves of the length of time which they had been absent as a reason for their not being tried. In this case the person who prosecuted was not performing merely her duty, but she was actuated by the feelings of a mother. Her son had fallen by the hand of the prisoner, and her feelings would not permit her to suffer the person whom she conceived to be the murderer of her son to walk at large in this country, until after there should have been an investigation of the case in a court of justice. He was sure that whatever the feelings of the mother might be, she wished the prisoner to be tried on the principle of public justice; and if the prisoner should be acquitted of the charge, he trusted the animosity of the mother would be buried. He concluded with observing that he had no doubt but the jury would give to the case the attention which the importance of it demanded. Should they have any doubt upon the case, they would give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. But should the case be quite clear against the prisoner, painful as it might be to the feelings of the jury, they would pronounce him guilty.

Lord Derby said he remembered being at Ascot races in the year 1784; and he remembered that the prisoner at the bar and Mr. Rowles were there. The first thing that struck him was an address to the company, by way of caution, that the deceased was a man who would neither pay the money he borrowed or lost. Mr. England was then sitting on a bench in the stand. Mr. Rowles came up to him in a very boisterous and violent manner, and appeared to offer to strike him, adding words to this effect—

“What do you mean by that, you rascal, scoundrel?” or some such word.

The prisoner, with as much coolness and temper as his lordship ever saw in his life, said—

“Stand off, or I shall be obliged to knock you down. Our altercation has already too long interrupted the company. If you have anything to say to me, you or your friends know where to find me.”

His lordship added, he had reason to

believe some further altercation took place between the parties, from the circumstance of their remaining in that situation for some time; but, from the noise, he was not able to collect any more. Some time after this the parties withdrew, and his lordship knew no more of the matter.

John Sandiford, a coachmaker, said that in the month of June, 1784, he went to Cranford Bridge with a coach, and a lady in it. When he went to refresh his horses, in consequence of what was said to him he was induced to go to the house, which he passed through, as well as the garden, and there he saw two gentlemen fighting a duel in a field near Mr. Goddard's house, about fifty or sixty yards off. He had an opportunity of seeing what was passing. There were four of them there, two to the east side, and two to the west side. He knew one of them, and he was the deceased Mr. Rowles. He believed they might be about eighteen yards' distance from each other, but he did not recollect exactly—it was so long ago. Mr. Rowles was dressed in a light-coloured waistcoat, and some stripe off it, to the best of his recollection. He had no coat on; he was in his shirt sleeves. He heard a lady cry out, “Have not you tried your courage by three fires, or do you mean to murder one another?” He could not pretend to say that this was said loud enough for the gentlemen to hear it. He had been near enough to hear the report of pistols before this; but after he came into the field he only saw two pistols fired. After this the lady cried out aloud that Lord Dartry (Lord Cremorne in 1796) wanted to speak with them. The four gentlemen then came near the hedge, and left the ground they had been firing from. On this the witness took notice of them. They appeared to him to have a conversation, but he did not know what it was. They went to the place again, and took the situation which he saw them come from. He did not know the distance exactly; but he believed it was about eighteen yards, as before. He believed they both presented their pistols. Mr. Rowles's went off, but the other gentleman's did not go off. The witness did not know that gentleman; he was told it was England. He presented his pistol again, and it went off, and shot Mr. Rowles in the groin, as near as the witness could recollect. The time before this fire, this gentleman snapped, but did not flash. After Mr.



Rowles was shot, he took a little bit of a reel and fell on the ground. The person who shot him made the best of his way out of the field. There was a cry of "Keep on," but from whom he could not tell. The witness did not see them go up to Mr. Rowles when he fell.

John Farmer said that he lived at Hounslow. He recollected the time when this business happened at Cranford Bridge. He was at work at the inn at the time, making some harness. He saw the duel that took place in the field. He heard the report of two pistols go off almost together. He went into the meadow where it was, and lay down. A shot came very near him. He then went to the cart-house, and was at that time about a dozen or fourteen yards from them. He saw that Mr. Rowles had his coat off. Mr. Rowles and Mr. Denisthorpe then went to the right side. They then walked up to the other gentleman. Then Mr. Rowles turned short, and went to his ground, and fired. The witness supposed a minute or two might have elapsed before they fired. It was a great length of time ago, and he had had two severe fevers that had affected his memory very much. He was so much affected by this fever, that he was a long time afraid that he would not be able ever again to do his business.

Mr. Justice Rooke observed, from the witness's account of his memory, it was hardly worth while to put to him another question.

William Scragg said he lived at Cranford Bridge in June, 1784. He was gardener there. He was there on the morning when this duel happened; he was at work at Mr. Goddard's garden, nailing trees against the wall. He did not know these gentlemen. He saw both the gentlemen with pistols, and saw them while they fought the battle. He could not swear to the men, for he never saw either of them before nor since. He saw only two fires, and he saw Mr. Rowles fall, and that was all he knew about the matter. He heard the report of four or five pistols; but he only saw two fired, by the last of which Mr. Rowles fell.

Lord Cremorne (Lord Dartry at the time of the duel) was next examined. His lordship said that he saw this duel at Cranford Bridge, where he stopped. He heard the report of a pistol shot. He immediately went into the garden, in which there were ten or twelve people. He left Lady Dartry

in the bower of the garden, and went to endeavour to prevent the mischief. The Rev. Mr. Burrows, who was with his lordship, addressed himself to the gentlemen, and begged the matter might be quieted. Upon this Mr. Rowles's second came to them, and desired them not to interfere, for that they had no business there. He said it was no business of theirs, and begged of them to go away; to which there was no answer made. Mr. England advanced three or four steps, took off his hat, and said, "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly treated. I have been injured in my honour and my character. Let there be a reparation made, and I am ready to have done this moment." Immediately on this, Mr. England returned to his ground again. Lady Dartry then retired, and his lordship stood at the bower in the garden until he saw Mr. Rowles fall. He saw the person who shot him, and he understood it to be Mr. England. There was no conversation whatever in the field which his lordship could hear. They spoke so low that he could not hear them.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Erskine, his lordship said he did not find anything in the disposition of Mr. England that led him to believe that Mr. England was not ready for a reconciliation; but Mr. Rowles's second behaved with great violence.

Mr. Frogley, a surgeon, who examined the body of Mr. Rowles about an hour after his death, gave it as his opinion that he died of the wound from the ball with which he was shot.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, he gave in a written one, and prayed that his counsel might be permitted to read it.

Mr. Justice Rooke observed that the precedent of allowing counsel to read a defence for a prisoner might lead to the making a speech to jury, which was never allowed in criminal cases, and might be a dangerous innovation. He should order the officer of the court to read it. In this paper the prisoner solemnly protested before God that he had gone to this unfortunate meeting with very different sentiments from those of his antagonist, who seemed determined that nothing but one of their deaths should put an end to the dispute; while he went merely to rescue his fame and honour from the invidious reports which Mr. Rowles had spread, and without which life was not worth preserving. That he had no alternative

between dishonour and a duel; that he endeavoured to keep as far at a distance from the deceased as he could, to avoid disgrace; that he wished solely to rescue his honour; and, being satisfied in his own conscience, he securely left his life or death in the hands of the jury.

The first witness called was the Marquis of Hertford, who said he had no opportunity of knowing Mr. England previous to this unhappy affair, but that he had since been witness to his excellent behaviour on the Continent, and particularly at Spa, where he was highly distinguished by acts of charity towards his distressed countrymen; and instead of promoting quarrels, he was on many occasions very instrumental in preventing them.

Mr. Whitbread, junior, said he became acquainted with Mr. England in the year 1783. He had frequently met him in places of public resort. He met him at Spa in 1787. His behaviour, as far as it came under his observation, was decent and gentlemanly. He knew that his deportment, instead of being that of seeking quarrels, was that of a man who was strenuous to avoid them.

Colonel Bishopp said he never saw in Mr. England the least disposition to quarrelling.

Colonel Woolaston gave the prisoner a good character also, and gave an instance of his having been of service to him against the enemy at Nieuport, and that he was ready to risk his life in the service of his country.

Lord Derby said that he had known Mr. England for fifteen or sixteen years. His lordship's general opinion of his character was that he was a very civil and polite gentleman. His lordship added, that Mr. England's behaviour at the races, where this unfortunate quarrel had happened, was more temperate and moderate than his lordship himself should have been from the provocation that he received.

Mr. Justice Rooke then observed to the jury that the prisoner at the bar, Richard England, stood indicted for the murder of Peter Le Rowles, by shooting him with a pistol. It appeared, in the course of the evidence, that the death of Mr. Rowles was in consequence of a duel; and therefore it was proper they should open their minds to the law of the land on the subject of duels; and he believed he should have the concur-

rence of his learned brother on the bench in the law as he should lay it down upon such an occasion. There was no doubt whatever, that where parties met deliberately in the field to fight, and no matter who gave the challenge if either of them fell, it was clearly murder in the person by whose hand he fell. This was the law laid down by the great and learned Lord Coke himself, and by every learned and the most humane judges that ever graced the profession from that hour to this.

With regard to the prisoner's defence, he said he fought for his honour. Now, it was the learned judge's duty, he said, under his oath, to tell the jury that this notion of honour is false, and could not be a justification where there was a deliberate killing in a duel.

Here the learned judge read the whole of his notes of the evidence to the jury, and then proceeded to observe to them that it was under these circumstances the prisoner's case was to be left to them. He had stated to them positively what the law was upon this subject, and what it required; and upon the facts they had heard, the whole case was to be left to them.

He should now tell the jury that a deliberate duel, upon whatever provocation, in the eye of the law, is murder; for the law does mean to repress those feelings that lead to outrage. The law was designed to keep the peace, and will keep the peace diligently and carefully. It will not allow persons to meet deliberately in a field, and take away each other's lives. Here was a quarrel at Ascot Heath—a quarrel on both sides. The next day the parties met at Cranford Bridge. But on the part of England, it did not appear that he had had any intercourse with Rowles that morning. Regularly speaking, it rested with the prisoner to show that he had received immediately before the duel some ground for provocation. There was nothing of that kind shown on the part of the prisoner. It appeared, by Lord Cremorne's evidence, that the prisoner took off his hat, and said, "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly treated. I have been injured in my character and honour. Let there be a reparation made, and I am ready to be done at this moment."

The jury would consider whether these were the words of an angry man, or whether they were words in consequence of what

had happened at Ascot, or whether they were the words of a man who was deliberate upon his purpose. On the other hand, they had the declaration against the prisoner that, instead of assisting Rowles when he had shot him, he said he should not have shot him if he had behaved like a gentleman. The jury would consider this showed mature deliberation and coolness; if so, the law would not declare it manslaughter but murder. If the jury thought he was cool in the duel, the law was strict in that case, and he should be convicted of murder. If the jury thought he met with particular provocation that deprived him of reason (although that did not appear), the law would allow the jury, consistently with their oaths, to bring him in guilty of manslaughter only.

The jury withdrew for about half an hour, and returned with a verdict of not guilty as to the murder, but guilty of manslaughter.

Mr. Justice Rooke then addressed the prisoner to the following effect:—

“Richard England, after having been indicted for murder, you stand now, by the merciful verdict of the jury, convicted of the crime of manslaughter. What the motives were which induced them to so much lenity, it becomes not the Court to inquire. Your offence, however, does not come before us under any such favourable circumstances as would entitle you to the least indulgence from the Court. You went into the field to meet your fellow-subject, and the manner in which you conducted yourself shows that you were cool and in possession of your faculties. You fled from the laws of your country for twelve years, and you did not return till four of the witnesses were no more whose depositions were taken against you on the coroner's inquest. By this means you deprived your country of that full information which might and would have been obtained had you remained upon the spot.

“Under these circumstances, it is incumbent on the Court to exert the whole extent of its authority, and afford in your person a warning to others that even the crime of manslaughter is not to be committed with impunity. Your sentence is, that you pay a fine of one shilling, and be confined in prison for twelve calendar months.”

Having given the story of Dick England's trial thus at length, we will defer until our next chapter the account we propose to give

of some of his adventures on the King's highway, and in other places of resort where men of talent were wont to look for fortune.

### PROFESSOR OWEN.

THERE is to be seen at about ten o'clock on most mornings, in one or other of the streets leading in a direct line from Waterloo Bridge to the British Museum, an elderly gentleman who walks as if his feet were very tender, and whom most of the persons he meets turn round to stare after. This is Professor Owen on his way to his favourite studies at the Museum, where he is superintendent of the Natural History departments.

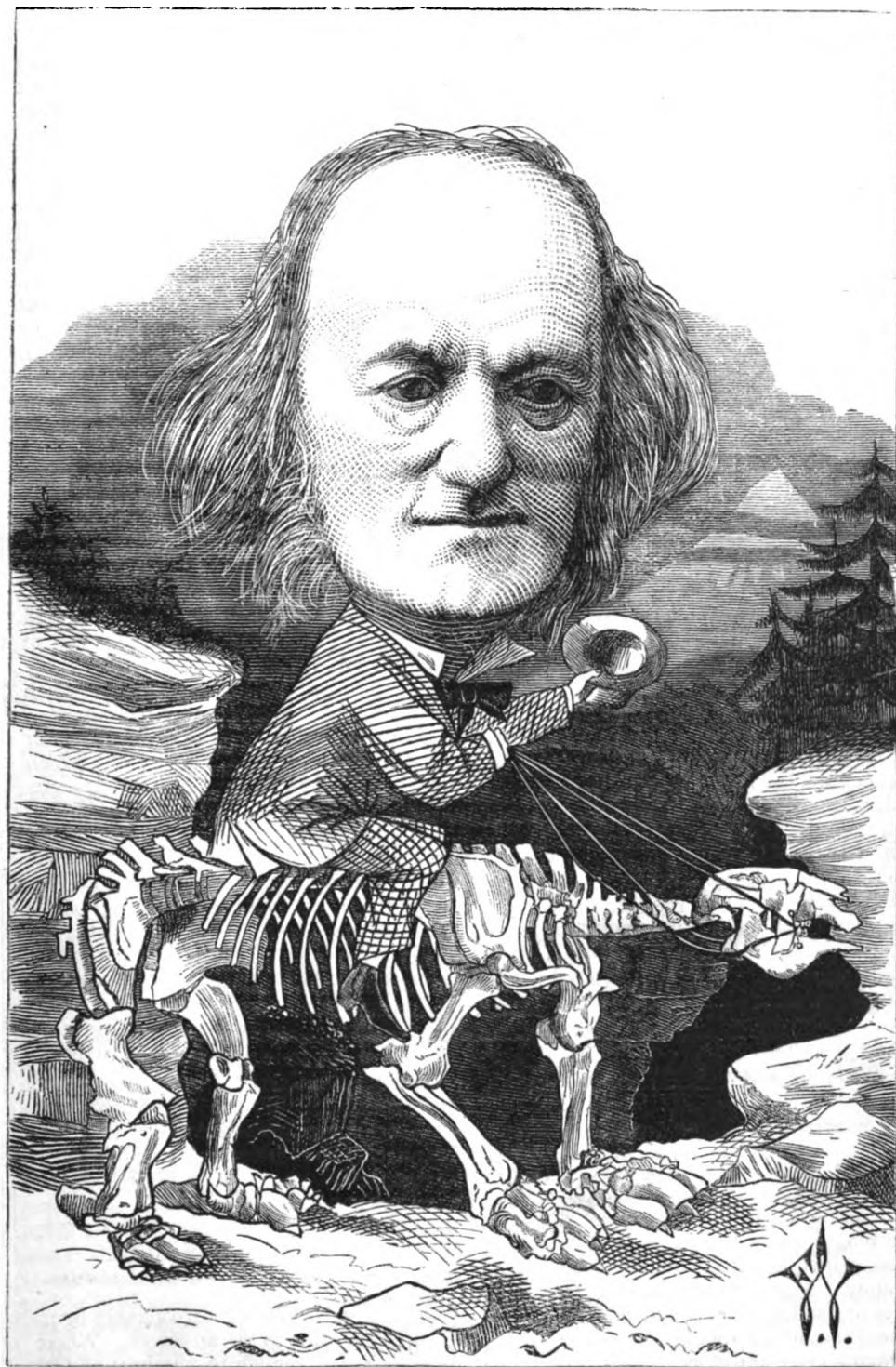
Richard Owen, Fellow of the Royal Society, enjoys a European reputation as a comparative anatomist. He was born in Lancaster, in 1804, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1826 he became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and nine years later was appointed Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum at the College.

Among other works of importance which Mr. Owen has written may be mentioned—“Odontography” (published 1840), “M memoir of a Gigantic Extinct Sloth,” “Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrate Animals” (1843); “History of British Fossils, Mammals, and Birds.” “On the Megatherium,” “On the Gorilla,” “On the Dodo,” are among his recent works; besides many other works on various branches of the science of which he is the greatest living exponent. Professor Owen has written many papers for the Transactions of the Royal and various other learned societies. Mr. Owen is a Chevalier of the Prussian Order of Merit, and in 1855 he was decorated by the Emperor Napoleon with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He is one of the eight foreign members of the French Institute, and, besides, is a Fellow or Associate of every learned and scientific society of distinction at home and abroad.

### WOOD ENGRAVING.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF THE ART.

THE engraver fills a most valuable intermediate place in the art-world. Where one man is rich enough to purchase at first hand the work fresh from the easel of a master for so many hundred guineas, thou-



Once a Week.]

[July 6, 1872

"RIDING HIS HOBBY."

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sands can only afford to pay their guinea, may be, for the next best substitute—namely, a good proof engraving, reproduced from the original painting. For this reason, we think that that branch of the profession and its progress have received too little notice at the hands of writers on subjects of interest in art.

And in fact there has arisen, in some way or another, a sort of inclination among people as a rule to underrate the real claim of the engraver to the rank of an artist. His work is supposed to depend rather on mere mechanical skill than on any of the higher necessities of original skill and artistic feeling. This is, to a certain extent, the fault of engravers themselves. Never more than at the present day, when illustrated books and periodicals of all kinds are legion, have engravers had such a splendid opportunity of turning the resources of their brain to the highest capabilities of art. Yet, with a few well-known exceptions, the guild at the present day is made up of men who are content to follow the artist slavishly, often even in his defects, and consequently to his detriment.

Let us glance for a moment at the previous history of the art. Its origin is involved in obscurity; and though volumes have been written on the subject, and endless controversies have been waged on one and another vexed question, no information worth notice seems to present itself before the beginning of the fifteenth century. Some writers, on a principle which is no uncommon weakness, in dating back almost every old invention to its original source, have given the Chinese the credit of the paternity of wood engraving. If the use of wooden blocks for stamping characters on various objects be considered as the origin of wood engraving, the Egyptians and ancient Greeks and Romans may lay equal claim to the honour of the invention. Some bricks, for instance, found on the site of ancient Babylon, are in the British Museum, with characters upon them which have plainly been indented from engraved blocks of wood; and from old remains, it is evident that the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with methods of wood-cutting for impressing letters and characters on various substances.

In short, as to the invention of wood engraving, as has been wittily said, the antiquarian will be in a condition to dogmatize about whether the origin of it belongs to the

Italians or the Germans, the Chinese or the Dutch; or will at least have made an approach to the discovery when he has found out the immortal inventor of that primeval wood block, the butter-print, and added it to his store of antediluvian antiquities—in which already, as Burns says—

“Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder,  
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-sho'l and fender;  
A broomstick o' the Witch of Endor,  
Weel shod wi' brass.”

In all the accounts of the origin and progress of engraving, there is a sad lack of every kind of insight into the social agencies which preside over the fine arts. The origin and development of an art, instead of suggesting inquiries why the lovers of beauty have sought one form of it in one age, and a different one in another, is merely an opportunity seized by every succeeding writer for complimenting his predecessors on the badness of their logic, the sweetness of their tempers, and the size of their mistakes.

Few more amusing discussions in the history of controversies can be mentioned than one waged by the historians of the engraving art concerning the statement of a certain clever French engraver, named Papillon. This worthy, in a book which he wrote, entitled “*Traité de la Gravure en Bois*,” gave an account of certain old wood engravings which he professed to have seen. According to this explanatory title, they were executed by two well-born young people, Alexander Alberic Cunio, Knight, and Isabella Cunio, his twin sister, and finished by them when they were only sixteen years old, at the time when Honorius IV. was Pope—that is, at some period between the years 1285 and 1287; and this is the supposed frontispiece to the works of these wonderful twins, coarsely engraved on in bad Latin, or ancient Gothic Italian, with many abbreviations.

“The chivalrous deeds, in figures, of the great and magnanimous Macedonian king, the courageous and valiant Alexander, dedicated, presented, and humbly offered to the most holy father, Pope Honorius IV., the glory and the stay of the Church, and to our illustrious and generous father and mother, by us, Alexander Alberic Cunio, Knight, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief, with a little knife, on blocks of wood, joined and smoothed by this learned and beloved sister; continued



and finished together at Ravenna, after eight pictures of our designing, painted six times the size here represented; cut, explained in verse, and thus marked on paper, to multiply the number, and to enable us to present them as a token of friendship and affection to our relations and friends. This was done and finished, the age of each being only sixteen years complete."

These apocryphal engravings, like the literary discoveries of young Chatterton, were believed in for a long time; but the imposture has been pretty well proved. It is remarkable, for instance, that this precious volume should contain not only specimens of wood engraving, earlier by a hundred and thirty years than any hitherto known, but that the binding, of the same period of the engravings, should also be such as is rarely if ever met with till upwards of one hundred and fifty years after the wonderful twins were dead. If, however, the story be true, these Cunios were the first to affix the words *pinx.* and *sculp.* to a woodcut. But, unfortunately, in no instance have the words *pinxit* and *sculpsit*—the first after the painter's name, and the second after the engraver's—been found upon an engraving previous to the year 1580. The whole story is, we fear, a myth. But we give it to show on what trustworthy foundations the early history of wood engraving has been written and accepted as gospel. Wood engraving as an art, in fact, is by no means so old an invention as is pretended. The old authors are silent about it. You may search Boccaccio or our own Chaucer in vain for any allusion to it. Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward III., wrote a curious essay on the "Love of Books;" but he says not a word about woodcuts.

So much, therefore, for mere hazy conjecture. Let us now seek the clearer atmosphere of facts.

One fact stands prominently forward, and possesses a curious interest in itself. This is, that the German card-makers of the fifteenth century were the first engravers really worthy of the name. The card-makers of Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Ulm were at that time famous all over Europe. Italy drew her supplies of the "books of Satan" almost entirely from her Teutonic neighbours;—so much so, indeed, that the fellowship of painters at Venice at last combined against the monopoly, and obtained an order from the magistracy, declaring that no foreign

manufactured cards or printed coloured figures should be brought into the city, under a heavy penalty. The petition of the Venetian painters set forth that, through the great quantity of foreign playing cards and coloured printed figures, the art and mystery of card-making and printing figures had fallen into total decay in the city of the Doges.

These "printed figures" were undoubtedly the first engravings.

With a pious reverence for art, it has been supposed by some that wood engraving was employed upon sacred objects, such as the figures of saints and other holy individuals, before it was wickedly used in depicting kings, queens, and knaves. But the wish here is father to the thought. The sad truth is that the good monks, seeing the purpose that the card-makers—who had before only painted their figures by hand—made of the new art, and, like Martin Luther, who could see no reason why the Devil should have the best tunes, adapted engraving for the purpose of circulating more widely the figures of saints, as a sort of laudable counter-action to the original subjects of the art. One of the most curious, and at the same time easily intelligible, facts bearing upon this is, that the earliest woodcuts have been discovered, and in the greatest abundance, in those places where we first hear of the business of the card-maker and wood-engraver—at first synonymous terms, although the two avocations soon became distinct.

In a convent within fifty miles of the city of Augsburg, where in 1418 the first mention of a card-maker occurs, was found the earliest woodcut known—the St. Christopher, as it is called, being a representation, executed with much spirit and feeling, of that saint carrying an infant Christ through the water.

The date is 1423; and about this time the art of wood engraving, which has made such wonderful progress since the monks of old first engraved St. Christopher, may without more ado be said to have commenced. For a long time, the new art was confined to religious subjects. The next stage in its progress was between 1430 and 1450, when several works, technically called "block-books," and chiefly illustrative of Scriptural subjects, appeared. The most celebrated among these is "The Apocalypse; or, History of St. John," which is a history, pictorial and literal, of the life and revelations of the great Evangelist, derived partly from the

Book of Revelations, partly from the old monkish traditions. The authorship of this and some other books of a similar class, which followed about the same time, is claimed by Dutch writers for their countryman, Laurence Coster.

We now come to the first really important epoch in the art. This is the connection of wood engraving with printing.

About the year 1436, Guttentburg made his attempts at printing with movable types. In the year 1452, by the aid of his partners, Faust and Scheffer, the art was perfected at Mentz; and in 1457, the first book with a date and the printers' names appeared. This was "The Psalter," and it was also the first illustrated book. In it the arts of the printer and the engraver were both brought into play with consummate skill and success. The large initial letters, engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink, "are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood engraver and the pressman have produced. They have been imitated in modern times, but not excelled. As they are the first letters, in point of time, printed with two colours, so are they likely to continue the first in point of excellence."

From this time, the practice of introducing woodcuts into printed books became general throughout the Fatherland, and the Italians soon followed suit in the same line.

The first printed book in this country to contain woodcuts was the second edition of Caxton's "Game and Playe of the Chesse," a small folio, without date or place, but supposed to have been printed about 1476. But as the cuts were probably executed abroad, there being as yet no professed wood engravers in England, the fact has no bearing upon the progress of wood engraving as an art in this country. The next attempt at improvement was by Ugo da Carpi, who is said to have invented *chiaro-oscuro*, in some pieces which he executed in that manner from the designs of Raffaele. Carpi was an Italian; but the Germans also claim the invention, and produce in evidence several engravings by Mair, a disciple of Martin Schoen.

But the man to whom wood engraving owes most is Albert Durer, towards the end of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth century. A learned writer on the subject has said: "One of the peculiar advantages of wood engraving is the effect

with which strong shades can be represented, and of this Durer has generally availed himself with the greatest skill. On comparing his work, engraved on wood, with all those previously executed in the same manner, we shall find that his figures are not only much better drawn and more skilfully grouped, but that, instead of sticking in hard outline against the background, they stand out with the natural appearance of rotundity. The rules of perspective are more attentively observed, the backgrounds better filled, and a number of subordinate objects introduced, such as trees, herbage, flowers, animals, and children, which at once give a pleasing variety to the subject, and impart to it the stamp of truth—though the figures in many of his designs may not, indeed, be correct in point of costume; for though he diligently studied nature, it was only in her German dress, yet their character and expression are generally appropriate and natural. Though incapable of imparting to sacred subjects the elevated character which is given to them by Raffaele, his representations are perhaps no less like the originals than those of the great Italian master."

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Albert Durer engraved all his own designs. If he had, he would hardly have introduced so much of what is technically called cross-hatching into his work. Cross-hatching in wood engraving is nothing more than black lines crossing each other, for the most part diagonally, and was used by the earlier engravers, for lack of better knowledge, for the purpose of giving colour and shadow to their subjects. To an artist drawing on wood, this is the easiest way to produce the effects desired; but to the engraver, it is a matter of the most tedious labour to pick out the minute squares of wood between the intersecting lines.

The best engravers, who have been also their own designers, are always noticed to have been very chary of introducing this practice. Take that wonderful series of woodcuts by Hans Holbein, called the "Dance of Death," published in 1538, ten years after Durer died, and we find the art of engraving in its highest perfection. But there is no laboured and unnecessary cross-hatching. Every line is expressive, and the effect is always produced by the simplest means. And in this character of giving the most appropriate expression in the most un-

laboured manner—of art, in fact, concealing art—Holbein has scarcely been equalled by any engraver, before or since. He made, above all others, the work of the engraver what it should always be—an art. Although Germany was the natural home of the engraver's art, yet it was still making good progress elsewhere, particularly in Venice. In this country, it seems to take growth unkindly. Even Holbein, during his residence here, under the patronage of Henry VIII., seems to have done little or nothing to make native engraving popular. His designs for the booksellers were very few in number, probably owing to the impossibility of finding any good engraver to follow out his work.

But if at this period we were so deplorably in the shade in the matter of engraving skill, the day was yet to come when the honour would be ours alone—not only to maintain the art in a flourishing condition long after its decadence on the Continent, but, at a later period still—in the genius of Thomas—to revive it once again in a fresh and original beauty.

Evidences remain, during the reign of James I. and Charles I., of the works of a few professed engravers of mediocre merit; but the great majority of the cuts in the books of the seventeenth century, in this country, appear to have been the work of persons who had not learnt, and who did not practise, the art professionally.

Between 1650 and 1700, the art of the wood engraver may be said to have reached its lowest ebb on the Continent.

A few creditable specimens may be found in Dutch, French, and Italian books; but, as a rule, although the workmanship was still good, the art was gone. This gradual decline of wood engraving was mainly due to the introduction of copper-plate engraving.

Indeed, at the end of the seventeenth century, wood engraving was employed only for common decorations, and seldom, if ever, to delineate any subject of interest.

To such a state of declension, indeed, had the art arrived, that it seemed as if it was dying a natural death.

But a new apostle arose in Thomas Bewick, who may truly be said to be the father of the revival of English engraving—nay, the founder of a new and original style, which gave to the art in this country distinctive and national features of his own. Truth and nature were Bewick's guides.

Bewick was a North countryman, born at Chenyburn, about twelve miles westward of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the year 1753.

His father rented a small land-sale colliery at Mickleybank, near to his house, and Bewick is said when a boy to have worked in his father's pit.

His education seems to have extended little beyond a knowledge of the three Rs, learnt at the village school. Having evinced a taste for drawing, he was apprenticed by his father for seven years to Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver in Newcastle.

Beilby would hardly appear at the outset to have been the sort of engraver calculated to foster the particular taste for wood engraving which in his apprentice afterwards bore such golden fruits. He was in the copper-plate line, and that in no very ambitious way—now engraving copper plates for books when he got them to do, but more frequently executing brass plates for doors, engraving crests and initials on steel and silver watch seals, teaspoons, sugar tongs, and so on. One of the chief branches of his very general business was in engraving clock faces, which in after times Bewick would often say made his hands as hard as a blacksmith's, and almost disgusted him with engraving.

Bewick's attention to wood engraving seems to have been first induced by a lucky accident. His master was employed by the late Dr. Charles Hutton to engrave some diagrams for his treatise on mensuration, which appeared in 1770. These were entrusted to Bewick, and are curious as being his earliest attempts in wood engraving. But the flame had been kindled, and for the rest of his apprenticeship, when not working at the prosaic tasks set him by his master, he studied eagerly the art which he was by and by destined to revive in all its glory. He finished his apprenticeship in October, 1774. The next year he obtained the premium of the Society of Arts, for his cut of the huntsman and old hound. In the October of the following year he arrived in London. Here he only remained twelve months, returning to Newcastle, and entering into partnership with his old master. From this time there is little of active interest to record of his movements. Steadily and with growing success he produced his "Gay's Fables," 1779; "Select Fables," 1784; "General History of Quadrupeds," in three

consecutive editions; "History of British Birds," and "Fables of Æsop," and others.

The partnership with Beilby ended in 1797.

Bewick's merits may be summed up in the one fact that he followed nature alone. In his delineation, for instance, he introduced a truer method than any engraver before him, for even in the best examples of the time of Durer and Holbein, the study of trees was generally neglected. Again, Bewick was certainly the first who drew and engraved quadrupeds and birds in their natural and characteristic forms. He was a man of original genius, who marked out a new path for himself, and trod it with perfect success.

He died in 1828 at Gateshead, and was buried in the churchyard of his native parish. Of the engravers of note who followed, it is only necessary to speak briefly. Bewick had shown the way, and it was only for his disciples to follow in the same course, with such improvements as might perchance suggest themselves.

John Johnson, Charles Nesbit, and Luke Clennell were Bewick's most successful pupils. But others, who were not precise followers of the great master, have done much to support the revival in the art of English wood engraving.

Whether of more recent years the art has maintained the excellency to which it attained success under Bewick and his immediate successors, we more than doubt. There is, unfortunately, too great an inclination to satisfy the demands of cheapness and rapidity of execution to the requirements of real art. There is a want of art feeling, particularly in the book illustrations, and often a display rather of mere workmanship than true artistic invention. This evil may be said to proceed to a certain extent from the present mode, too often adopted, of manufacturing illustrations by the assistance of apprentices, whose skill is limited to certain mechanical parts which they can execute after a fashion, the employer reaping the benefit of their labour. In this way there is a want of masterly handling; and when these youths become engravers on their own account, they are as incapable of going through a block from beginning to end as if they had never learned their art. Periodicals have done incalculable harm to wood engraving as an art.

Before concluding this paper, we would

refer to a social problem connected with our subject—namely, the employment of women in the work of wood engraving; and we perhaps cannot do better than recapitulate the remarks of a late writer on this interesting and important subject. He says:

"To that large portion of educated gentlewomen of the middle classes who now earn a subsistence chiefly as governesses, we wish to point out this art as an honourable, elegant, and lucrative employment, easily acquired, and every way becoming their sex and habits.

"We have already done honour to the exquisite delicacy and elegance of the engravings of Mary Ann Williams. We venture to say that few women of taste, whatever their rank in life, can look on some of her best pictures without envying the artist her power of producing scenes so beautiful, and of exciting in thousands the pleasing emotions inseparable from them. Apart from all pecuniary considerations, to be able to do it is an elegant accomplishment, and the study of the principles and details of taste which it implies is a cultivating and refining process to every mind. All that can be taught of the art can be learnt in a few lessons, and thus an acquirement is made which will afford no slight protection against misfortunes to which, in this commercial country, even the richest are exposed, and a means of livelihood obtained which, without severing from home, without breaking up family assemblies, is at once more happy, healthful, tasteful, and profitable than almost any other of the pursuits at present practised by women.

"The lady we have named is not alone in the practice of this art. We might also include Eliza Thompson, and Mary and Elizabeth Clint, who have furnished excellent engravings for the "Paul et Virginie;" and we have heard of several daughters of professional and mercantile men, not likely to be dependent on their own exertions for support, who have wisely, by learning this art, acquired both an accomplishment and a profession. The occupations, we may also add, are few indeed to which gentlewomen of this class can more worthily devote themselves, than to an art which peculiarly aims, and is peculiarly fitted, to enhance the enjoyments and refinements of the people, by scattering through all the homes of the

land the most beautiful delineations of scenery, of historic incidents, and of distinguished persons."

## OUR VILLAGE.—I.

OLD JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, the sexton of the village in which Mrs. Timepiece lived, was as thin as a wafer, yet his skin was tough and waterproof. One might have thought he was partly amphibious, from his very watery kind of life, and the maintenance of his health and strength under circumstances which seemed more suitable for the goose and duck tribe than man.

The graveyard over which he presided was large and very wet, and most of his work in it was of a very damp nature.

"Damp above and damp below," he used to say. "When I've gotten my grave diggen, they comes and wets it wi' their eyes.

"It's poor stuff is human nature, sir; but there's a soul in it, for certain. Ye know, this cryin' comes fra t' soul—when it isn't screwed and spunged up like.

"There's two sorts o' tears—there's tears 'at are no better than sweat, and there's tears as good as saints'.

"There's a soul, sir, for certain, you may depend on it."

I am quite sure Jonathan had no reason to think that I doubted this spiritual fact, but this kind of men often talk to you as if they were arguing with the sceptical world.

"Eh, sir—I've seed some strange sights i' this yard. I've seed yon corner where t' old lady's buried"—(Mrs. Roecliffe) "all wi' a blaze. Our young doctor, when I told him, says—'Yer know, Jonathan, she alays was a fiery one.'

"But t' schulemaster says it's nought but ignatius fatus light, and comes o' dampness.

"She was a gamesome old lady, sir—eh, but she did soften at last. She was badly a long time. She said—'Jonathan, you'll dig me a good grave,' an' I did dig her a good un.

"A believe some folks thinks they'll feel i' theare grave.

"There's that poor lass o' Clegg's, 'at's dyin'. She says—'Jonathan, you'll give a look tu me nows and thens.'

"They think it 'll keep 'em warm if folks thinks on 'em i' theare grave.

"It's queer stuff, sir, is human nature.

"Folks is soon forgotten, but they don't

think so; so it's best to let 'em go on believin'.

"There's half t' folks i' this yard, sin' I come 's forgotten.

"T' old parson says its noa matter if our names is in Buke of Life.

"He's a easy man, sir. I never seed so quiet a man, savin t'other old lady's" (Mrs. Timepiece's) "maister.

"There's no ignatius fatus i' him. I never seed it at his end o' t' yard.

"T' old lad' says—'Jonathan, do yer know what a guinea is?'

"Ees, mum,' says I, sure enough—'I know.'

"Well, then, Jonathan,' she says, 'I'll give you a guinea every Christmas to keep that grave dry and neat.'

"She's a gamesome woman, sir. Now some folk 'ud a-told me that all a-cryin' and blub-berin'; but she stood to it like a soldier.

"Her leetle boy's i' t' same spot, an' all. I know, sir, where all t' folks is."

Jonathan was pretty well within the lines of truth when he said that he knew where all the folks were buried. There were very many whose friends had not been able to afford a tombstone; but Jonathan was a tombstone for these poor ones, and I believe it had been not a little comfort to many of them to think in their last moments that Jonathan would know where they were laid.

Those were far sweeter times to live in, when the old coach changed horses at the village inn, and when a clergyman would preach that every particle of dust in his churchyard would rise again.

But I suppose the gold leaf of science has touched the petals of theology, and kicked down the old ladder by which men and women's faith and ideas climbed to immortality.

"But human natur', sir, is human natur', sir."

"Yes, Jonathan, human nature must have a ladder to climb up to immortality."

For my part, I am content to climb up on the ladder of my own consciousness. I *feel* that though death will hit me very hard, I shall beat him; but consciousness on this and other subjects grows weak upon a bad breakfast, a dinner out of a slop-basin, and tea made of dried hedge leaves—for convenience labelled "fine souchong," or some other fine name.

Of course, this loss of consciousness does

not alter the great truth of a future state; but there cannot be a doubt that weak tea, poor living, bad digestive organs, create doubts about both the present and the future which, by eminent divines, are laid very unjustly upon the shoulders of the Devil.

I feel certain that Mrs. Timepiece's consciousness of immortality, &c., would break down under a diet of weak tea and roast potato.

There might, in truth, have been the record of many great virtues put upon her husband's tombstone, but it does not extend beyond the two lines which state his name and the date of his death. He has a tombstone with innumerable virtues on it in his wife's heart; and Jonathan cleans and brightens the few letters of that in the churchyard as if they were made of silver, and keeps the grass round it as neat as a gentleman's lawn.

I think she likes Jonathan. His amphibiousness is in her eyes a sign of strength, and he always touches his hat to her.

He has immense jaws, that would have been useful in the hands of Samson against the Philistines. If you speak to him when he is digging a grave, you see them in full stretch as he looks up to answer you. They are like a bow and arrow, and they work backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock, and in their reflex movement show a set of teeth that would not disgrace an elephant.

He talks to himself whilst he is digging a grave, and makes special remarks speculative as to the original owner, when he throws up to bank, with the juicy clay, a broken skull or bone.

He seems to have some private mark upon them, as the Bank of England has upon its notes.

"I know'd him well, sir," he said to me one day, as he turned up one of these interesting relics. "He's bagged many a pheasant out of t' old squire's woods. There's a mark of 'is shoulder bone."

Jonathan told me that the hair grows in the grave.

He kept the churchyard very neat, but it wanted draining. I wonder how that would have suited his amphibiousness.

He seems to know that there is a wedding in prospect at Mrs. Timepiece's.

"I'll give t' young lady an extra good ring, sir. Them old bells o' ours, sir, I 'as knowed 'em a long time.

"Quietest man I ever see'd—her father, sir, barrin t' old parson."

Jonathan was not always very consecutive in his talk.

"T' old lady's gam' enough—but she's a good-tongued 'un. She speaks wi' her looks, sir. I always know when she's up—if she niver says a word." (I suppose he meant vexed).

"Now t' old parson's missus used to fight wi' her tongue: village folk called her thunner an' lightnin; but she softened a deal, sir, at t' last.

"They does, yer know, as they gets a sight of goin' away. They wants a bit o' memory o' their graves, sir—so they softens. 'Jonathan,' she said, 'you'll make me a good grave.'

"An' many a bit o' good soup she carried them 'at called her 'thunner an' lightnin.' It was her tongue 'at was so hot, nought else.

"You never heard t' old parson say a word agin her;—it were her tongue, sir, nought else; it went like me pullin' o' the bells of a Sunday."

"Not quite so sweetly, Jonathan," I answered, "as they go, according to all accounts; but she is in her grave now, and we must keep her warm, you know."

"Eh, sir, yer know women's tongues are t' same to them as a man's fists is, an' their hearts is better than their tongues, ony time.

"They let off steam wi' em, same as a railway whistle. There's no more bad meanen in 'em than i' my shoe."

Jonathan used to talk to the bells, and sometimes to his shovel, as if they had ears; and he either answered his remarks to them himself, or imagined that they answered for themselves.

He generally speaks a word or two to his shovel and spade, before he begins a grave, relative to the history of the deceased, or any work which they may have done in former days for relatives of the deceased.

Looking at one side of them, and then at another, with a slant of his head, he makes a sort of preliminary noise, half grunt and half sigh; then he pats the edges once or twice on the belfry flagstone, and sometimes gives them a word, I suppose, by way of encouragement.

"I ken ye diggin' for his father (his father's grave).

"Well, we mun all go some day."

This, I suppose, was intended to be a moral comment by way of answer.



The character of the deceased, and the probabilities of his being saved or damned, had most likely come out when he went to toll "the passing bell." I should think he was saved, for Jonathan generally decided on the merciful side.

These belfry walls had been the enclosure of many important declarations, both at burial and wedding times; and if Jonathan were to ask me to choose a text for his own tombstone, I should give a bit of the Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

There was a neat little inn to the right of the churchyard with an orchard to it, and a bowling-green.

Jonathan found a glass of ale, and now and then of whisky, an agreeable conclusion to the digging of a grave; and sometimes he remained by the cheerful fire in the little snug room, on a winter's night, rather longer than parson Roecliffe would have approved. But he always left sober. Jonathan's brain was not easily put into fumes.

Ale or whisky illuminated his imagination, and put steam into his huge cheek bones; and the inferior rustics who came in to smoke their pipes listened with frizzled hair and open mouths to his awful ghost stories.

They were half afraid to go home afterwards; and when the wind was on, the old rusty shutters rattling against the panes made them think that surely the Devil was out that night, and to wish that they were safely past him, and at home in bed.

#### TABLE TALK.

THE following *ménu*—not more repulsive, to my mind, than that once set before the guests at a celebrated banquet of hippophagists, at the Langham Hotel—may be recognized by some of my readers in a great Northern town as a local *jeû d'esprit*:—

Uncle Tom's Cabin, April 1st.

##### *Ménu.*

##### *Soups.*

Snail. Lamp Oil. Petroleum.

##### *Fish.*

Stewed Whalebones.

Conger Heels and Tomatoes. Sharks' Teeth.

Roast Tadpoles.

##### *Entrées.*

Fricassee Lizards. Curried Cobras.

Pâté des Otters. Elephants' Trotters.

##### *Joints.*

Saddle de Pony à la Jerusalem.

Boiled Baboon. Ribs of Hyena Tiger Cubs, smothered in garlic.

##### *Sweets.*

Compôte of Spiders. Cockroach Tartlets.

Preserved Earwigs.

Assafœtida Syrup. Crushed Beetles. Caustic Toffee.

##### *Dessert.*

Crab Apples. Unripe Gooseberries. Cocoanuts.

Blackberries. Wild Strawberries. Turkey Rhubarb. Penny Ices.

##### *Wines.*

Ginger. Elderberry. Cowslip. Cape Sherry. Gladstone Claret. Gooseberry Champagne. Ipecacuanha.

After all, eating and drinking are only matters of prejudice; and a French *chef* can do wonders, as the siege *ménu* every day at the Café Trois Frères taught English residents in Paris. The Uncle Tom's Cabin bill of fare, if uninviting, is ingenious.

A CORRESPONDENT: At Derby, on Monday last, we had our annual festival, the Arboretum Anniversary, and among the other attractions in the grounds was a balloon ascent by Mr. Jackson, a local *aéronaut*. At the time he should have started, a terrific thunderstorm broke over the district; but, nothing daunted, he determined to make the ascent. Such a sight had never probably been seen from such a situation before. I give it you in the voyager's own words, from the *Derby Mercury*:—

"A few particulars of my balloon voyage on Monday last from Derby Arboretum during a thunderstorm may be read with interest. As soon as I had given the words 'Let go,' I was anxious to pay out my anchors; having two, I was in the act of lashing them together with a cord during the time several flashes of lightning occurred, which seemed to play on the iron—it being wet, it was rather brilliant. When that was done I was more at ease. I then looked in all directions, and I believe I witnessed a sight that had never been seen before. In one direction, the black storm was raging in all its fury; at times the lightning ran from top to bottom in a zig-zag form—this produced rolling thunder; at other times the great black block would split open, and a loud clap of thunder would follow. The lightning appeared bluer and the thunder sounded more hollow than is seen and heard from the earth. Over those parts that the storm had passed, there appeared light clouds moving in another direction, and looked like white smoke issuing from a fire without flame. It is impossible for me to give a full description of all I saw. At seven o'clock I made a safe descent on the farm of Mr. Peter William Bowne, of Pentrich, near Alfreton."

*Contributions should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.*

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 237.

July 13, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER II.

ADOLPHUS HARTMAN.



INDEED, in early youth, had been the advantages of Adolphus Hartman. For instance, he had no parents in particular that any one knew of; for

the Old Bailey pettifogger who brought him up, and subsequently had him articulated and otherwise prepared for preying on his kind, never owned him.

Yet, there must have been a relationship, one would think; for old Alibi was not exactly famous for charitable deeds towards widows and orphans. Still, that sharp practitioner may have been entrusted with the care of the child in the first instance; and then, after awhile, have seen the profit to be derived from the talents of the lad, and befriended him as a commercial speculation. However, whether he acted as father, philanthropist, paid agent, or speculator, Hartman was brought up in his office; and a nice education that was!

There are good and bad soldiers, sailors, and poets, just and unjust doctors, honest and knavish merchants; even the clergy are not all equally excellent, but approach perfection on a graduated scale; but in no other human profession or calling is there so great a difference between the various members as there is amongst those who live

by the law, and we must descend a step in the animal kingdom to find a parallel to this marvellous inequality. For as the noble Newfoundland and the mangy little mongrel cur are both dogs, so the high-souled, honourable, liberal-minded gentleman, and the dirty, ill-smelling, tippling frequenter of police-courts and beershop parlours, may both be attorneys.

Mr. Alibi did not belong to the Newfoundland breed of solicitor; his practice was of the lowest description; he batted on the offal of the courts, and even, it was more than whispered, shared in unholy gains which would not only have caused him, had there been proof of the facts, to be struck off the rolls, but would have forced him to do battle with justice as principal instead of second. Such was the school in which Adolphus Hartman was reared, and he was certainly an apt pupil. With the advantages of a better education than old Alibi had received, and with ten times his energy and ability, he in course of time took the business so much off his principal's hands, that the old man, who had never kept sober save for professional reasons, was enabled to solace his declining years with unlimited gin and water; in spite of which wholesome nutriment he soon died, leaving Mr. Hartman in possession of the experience of twenty-two years, two hundred pounds in money, about five times as much in doubtful property upon which cash had been advanced, a set of offices in the city of London, the right to practise as an attorney, a good connection amongst the class of people most frequently in need of legal assistance, and some nine gallons of his late patron's favourite beverage.

Will it be believed that this infatuated young man was positively dissatisfied with his position? Such was the fact. The fellow must have had the ambition of the hero of "Paradise Lost" himself! The truth was that as he possessed the strength, so had he

something of the nature, of a wild animal; only the animal very likely is a poor, thick-headed, honest beast, utterly destitute of any expensive tastes, while Hartman was a being gifted with an active mind, a warm imagination, and a teeming brain—a creature who had a fanciful as well as a corporeal palate to be tickled—and so his desires were not so easily satisfied. Beefsteak and onions and a pot of porter, with gin and water afterwards, had formed a luxurious banquet for his late patron; while he, forsooth, must have his bit of fish, his rissoles, his venison, his iced champagne and claret. He was particular about his linen, and gave fifty shillings a pound for his cigars. He patronized the ring, and was himself a sparrer formidable enough for a muscular Christian: it was to be regretted he lacked the theological ingredient. He was also fond of music, and had some idea of a good picture of a certain school. It is evident that the income arising from the business to which he had succeeded would not suffice for the gratification of these and other equally expensive tastes; for in spite of all the witticisms current about the legal profession, it is one in which the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," is most striking; and I fancy that no attorney would condescend to dirty practices if he had a chance of getting a respectable connection. Feeling dissatisfied, then, with the income arising from his business, and perfectly aware of the fact that he was constantly in danger of being struck off the rolls, and so losing even that, Mr. Hartman began to sniggle for Fortune in various holes where that slippery eel is wont to lie hid. He dabbled in mines and railways, he did a little dark business on the turf, he discounted a bill or two, got up lotteries, invented a patent medicine, became proprietor of a tavern which was licensed for music and dancing, advertised (of course under the shelter of an alias) for people to whom unclaimed dividends were—or were not—due, or who were—or were not—next of kin to millionaires who had died childless and intestate. He sometimes went even beyond all this, and with infinite wariness, and a thousand precautions lest the cats whose paws he guided should turn and scratch him, he managed to get one or two good big chestnuts out of certain daring speculations which any twelve honest men would have called felony without retiring

from the box. He still kept up his legal practice as a cloak, but left it almost entirely to the management of a partner, while he pursued his more lucrative employments, living well and sleeping soft the while; for though he would fail in a speculation now and then, he got money by most of his ventures, as professional gamblers using loaded dice will when matched against amateurs who play fairly.

After serving Satan for fifteen years with prosperous impunity, it occurred to him that he had accumulated a few thousands; that some of the games he was playing were occasionally fraught with accidents; that, though he had hitherto escaped the clutches of the law, there was a proverb about pitchers going just once too often to the well; and that perhaps he had better marry and settle, if he could find a suitable wife, with a fortune of that extent which he felt that he had a right to expect. The propriety of this course was, in the first instance, suggested to him by an accident.

He was called upon one day to lend his professional aid to a lawyer's clerk, who refused to repose his confidence in any one but himself, and who was greatly in need of the most skilful advice and assistance, lying as he did under an imputation of having abstracted deeds and valuable papers in his employers' custody for the purpose of raising money upon them. Grievous cause for suspicion as there was, the prisoner flattered himself that there was no absolute proof of his delinquency, and thought that he had a good chance of getting off if the police failed to discover the hiding-place where he had concealed the will of a late Mr. Porson, by which that gentleman divided his property—some forty thousand pounds—equally between his nephew, Charles Porson, and a niece; this will superseding a former one, which was entirely in favour of the said Charles Porson, partly in consequence of the dissipated habits of the young man, partly because the niece was living with her mother in straitened circumstances. This will Mr. Porson had deposited with his lawyer, without thinking of destroying the first one which he had made, which happened to lie in an old desk among other forgotten papers.

His nephew, Charles, being aware of all this, and being likewise an unmitigated scamp, much embarrassed in his affairs, ran up to London during his uncle's last illness,

sought out the clerk now in grief—an old companion—and persuaded him for a certain consideration to abstract the second will. The clerk, who had already taken more than one step devilwards, acceded, stole the will, destroyed before Charles Porson's eyes a copy of it, received his price, and kept the original document with a view to future extortion.

Mr. John Porson died; and the second will not being forthcoming, the niece was robbed, and the rascal nephew got all the money.

But the testator's lawyers were naturally much perturbed at missing the document which had been deposited in their hands, and instituted a rigorous inquiry, which resulted in the arrest of their clerk on suspicion of this and other fraudulent doings.

If the police discovered the will, he was evidently an exiled clerk; and as the eyes of detectives are apt to be somewhat sharp, he thought it better to take Adolphus Hartman, with whom he was acquainted, into his confidence, and instruct him how to withdraw the dangerous document.

There *was* evidence, however, of other misdeeds and missed deeds, and Hartman was unable to save his client from a foreign trip.

He got possession of the will, though—which to him was of much more importance; and took some time for calm deliberation upon the best way of profiting by it.

There were three courses open for him to pursue. He might put it to the use meditated by the dishonest clerk, and apply it like a thumbscrew to extort money from Charles Porson; but that unscrupulous youth had paid well for the original theft, and might prefer, if hard pressed, to give up half his fortune at once, rather than have it all sucked away from him in dribblets. He might seek the niece, and content himself with what he could get for establishing her claim—a better course than the other, perhaps, but still productive of but petty results for a man who was at that moment a partner in a plan for defrauding the principal banks in Europe by means of forged circular notes. Or, if she was single and otherwise suitable, he might honour the young lady and unwitting heiress with his hand, and net the twenty thousand pounds—a sum not to be despised by a gentleman retiring from business, even though his foreign commercial speculations *were* carried on on rather an extensive scale.

This last project rather smiled upon him. At all events, there could be no harm in seeking the lady out, and seeing how the land lay.

John Porson's will mentioned her as "My niece, Edith Broughton, only child of my sister, Mary Broughton, and of Robert Broughton, who is now expiating his crimes in his Majesty's colonies, whither he has been transported for life. Edith and her mother are now residing at Bodston, in Cornwall, under the name of Rosier, assumed by my sister when she learned the fact of her husband's criminality, she having then determined never to call herself by the disgraced name of Broughton again."

So Mr. Hartman went to Bodston, and invented a matter of business upon which he called on Mrs. Rosier, and he found that Edith was single and very eligible. She was handsome, must therefore wish for admiration, and must consequently pine at heart in the desert air upon which her sweetness was wasted. She was proud—Hartman read her character almost at a glance—self-willed, generous; and therefore poverty must be particularly galling to her.

There was a lover in the way, it was true; but he was young, poor, and diffident. There would not be much difficulty in cutting *him* out; or if there were, so much the worse for him—Hartman being a man more apt to stick at adversaries than at trifles, to stand between whom and £20,000 was about as safe a thing to do as to contest the possession of a piece of beef with one of the "big cats" in Regent's Park.

Such were the reflections of the acute adventurer on the occasion of his third visit to Bodston, a place which he found so convenient as a retirement unknown to his confederates in the Continental scheme above hinted at—against the possible treachery or stupidity of whom he was, *more suo*, taking his little precautions—as well as the only spot where he could pursue his designs upon Edith, that he took the villa which had been the residence of the maiden sisters, and paid constant visits there; always arriving on foot and unexpectedly, and departing in the same mysterious way.

He commenced his operations by endeavouring to gain the mother over to his side; and this, which some years previously he would have found next to impossible, was now an easy task. The poor lady's intellect was so impaired by her disease and

its fatal remedy, that she soon yielded completely to the influence of this stranger. He was a fine, strong, commanding man, full of attention to her, and rich; while Arthur Lennard was a delicate-looking, retiring youth, not more civil than a gentleman must be to the mother of the girl he is engaged to, and—poor. Still, had this comparative stranger come forward as a professed lover of her daughter, Mrs. Rosier would have felt it wrong to encourage him; but Hartman played his cards better than that, and only called at the villa, at present, for the sake of the mother's agreeable conversation. He hinted, it is true, at his desolate bachelor condition, of which he was heartily tired; but he was afraid of the marriage risk—ladies of the present day were brought up to be so gay and extravagant, while what he pined for was domestic happiness. If, now, he could find a young lady willing to have him who had spent all her life in a quiet, secluded spot, under the eye of a fond and estimable mother, that would be the sort of thing to suit him. As Miss Rosier was on the point of being married to another, he was too late in the field as far as she was concerned. Mrs. Rosier had not got another daughter? No! ah, well, then he must look elsewhere. What sort of girl would she advise him to look out for, now? He did not care for money, having plenty of that himself; but what he wanted was a home. Should prefer a wife whose mother was living, and who would come and live with them when they were married, and would treat him as a son. He had lost his own parents early, and had a particular desire to be treated by some one as a son.

What an estimable man! What a desirable son-in-law! Mrs. Rosier had never much liked Arthur Lennard, although she certainly had smiled upon his advances towards her daughter. At Bodston, it had been Hobson's choice—the one beau or none; and she who had spurned from her a disgraced name, and fled with her girl from a world which visits the sins of the fathers upon the children to the lonely village where she hoped to bring her up in ignorance of the felon taint in her blood, could not repel the only apparent chance of providing a home and a protector for her when time deprived her of the sole parent she knew. She therefore smothered the resentment she felt at the suspicious opposition of Arthur's parents to the match; for the maternal affection

which had stimulated her pride in the one instance quelled it in the other.

But now, when, with her frame shattered and her intellect clouded, but with her mother's instincts as strong as ever, she saw, as she thought, that a far more desirable match might have been made for her child, she regretted the engagement to Arthur Lennard, and could not refrain from fretful repinings before Edith, who was hurt and indignant, but for all that began to think upon the matter in a different spirit to that in which she had ever regarded her prospects before. It was certainly a pity, she considered, that Arthur was tied down to his father's side instead of being engaged in some profession. Captain Lennard might linger for years; and when he sank, Arthur would only be commencing some career, in which he must advance considerably before he could make her his wife. The future was undeniably cloudy; but if Edith felt the force of what her mother said upon this subject, she by no means shared her apparent liking for Mr. Hartman. She was accustomed to the manners and breeding of Arthur, who was a thorough gentleman; how should Adolphus Hartman be otherwise than repulsive to her? The cloven foot, indeed, was wonderfully concealed, and this was one great reason of the plausible villain's success; but, inexperienced as she was, Edith perceived a limp.

Hartman expected this, and felt no resentment. He said to himself, unflinchingly, "I have had few advantages, and am a vulgar man. I do what I can to enact the gentleman, but with imperfect success. Let me still observe, imitate, and see if I can improve in this respect."

His vanity was not wounded, for he ranked behaviour with horse-riding—as an art which he had not learned when young, and which, from commencing late, he was rather stiff at: that was all. In sorting his hand, he placed this fact among his weak cards; but considered that he had strong ones enough to win the game with: to win the game by sheer skill, without any aid from Fortune; but he had always been the favourite of that demon, falsely called a goddess, and she did not desert him now.

Arthur Lennard, the ace which threatened his king, the accepted lover of the girl he had determined to marry, was going to the other end of the world.

And the day before he had heard of this

grand piece of luck, he discovered yet another chance in his favour.

The pittance upon which Mrs. Rosier lived was the interest of a sum which had been invested in securities which paid her ten per cent.; but the capital was about to be paid off, and she would be fortunate if she got half that interest for the future.

Now, if you have an income of a thousand a-year which suddenly becomes reduced by one-half, you sell your horse and brougham, dismiss a couple of your servants, take a smaller house, give up dinner company, and may, with the exercise of a little philosophy, find yourself just as comfortable as you were before. But if you are already screwing and pinching to make the ends of one hundred a-year meet, and that hundred dwindles to fifty, you find yourself in a position of a very different nature.

Hartman turned into bed with the conviction that the £20,000 was as good as in his pocket.

### CHAPTER III.

#### BLUE WATER.

ARTHUR LENNARD and his father started for London on the day following that on which the former took tender farewell of Edith, reached town on Friday, and were on board the Royal William, clipper, for Melbourne direct, by seven o'clock on the Saturday morning; and at sunset they stood on the poop, watching that long, low line of coast which faded with the fading day.

Captain Lennard had borne the journey better than Arthur expected. The necessity for exertion seemed to have infused fresh vigour into his shattered frame, and he spoke cheerfully of the good effect that the sea voyage might have upon his health. But this was only to reassure his son, who had combated his father's decision to go to Melbourne as long as he thought there was any chance of persuading him to relinquish the project. But the dying man did not deceive himself; and when night had stolen over sea and sky, and all that was to be seen of the country he loved, the land for which he had toiled, and hungered, and thirsted, and bled, was a bright star of light which glittered, waned, expired, and then again shone out, like Hope in the human breast, he murmured—

"Never, never!"

And turned and went below.

He had hoped that his bones would be laid in England, and that his dust would become a part of his native soil. He had looked forward to the time when he should sleep once more by the side of his long-loved wife, in the quiet Bodston churchyard, with a patient longing which had somewhat soothed his grief at her loss; and it was with a bitter pang that he gave up this last desire of the dying, to set out on a journey from which he knew that he never should return.

He would have wished that his son should go on this necessary voyage alone, but did not even mention this, knowing that Arthur would not, for any fortune, have left him to the care of strangers. He would have chosen, with a more cheerful eagerness, to die at once, ere he left his native shores; but as this was denied him, he yielded with resignation: his son's interests were not to be imperilled by the whims and fancies of an invalid.

Whims and fancies! There are some who consider all care for where the body is laid after death as such; who argue that when the soul has taken her flight her former home is but a mass of worthless clay. They may have reason on their side; but yet, somehow, I had rather my friend felt differently.

Arthur Lennard had not equal reasons for regretting the receding shores of old England. He was young, full of life and health, and the voyage ought not to have been anything to him but a pleasure trip; for he believed his father's assertions, and fully expected that the change of scene and the ocean breezes would prolong the wounded man's life; and he hoped to bring him home again in better health than he had known for years. Yet his blood ebbed in his veins, and his heart seemed only to give a beat at intervals, like a minute gun, as he watched those fading cliffs.

It is a melancholy business at best, that bidding good night to one's native land; and the dullest and most practical being feels a poetical pang on the occasion. What a good fellow is Brown, how generous Smith, how sincere Thomson, and, oh, what an angel is Mary! Shall we find other friends and another Mary where we are going? Oh, no, no, no—a thousand times, no! And that paragon of a girl, will she remain as true as her ever-faithful William? Perhaps. And yet, when we consider how many men, some of whom must, in all human probability, be

as attractive as ourselves, will be trying all they know to supplant us; when we recall to mind a whole string of proverbs, the condensed experience of ages, beginning with—"Out of sight out of mind;" when we think upon the revelations of that cynical Divorce Court, we undergo the most dismal sensations as the band plays "The girls we leave behind us."

"I always will return again to the girl I left behind me." Yes, but supposing she is not glad to see me when I do return? It takes a great gulp to swallow that long bitter without a drop oozing up into the eye.

I really do not know how some of us would ever get over these pangs of separation, if it were not for the consolations of a friend—whom we abuse, as we do all true friends, for an enemy. But sea-sickness steps in, and, by blistering the stomach, draws off the inflammation from the heart. It is true that after a certain amount of voyaging most of us become free from this discomfort; but then, at the same time, we grow accustomed to these partings. As for those who are good sailors by nature, let us hope that they are all philosophers, cosmopolitans, or philanthropists—men who love everybody in general, but no one except themselves in particular.

Arthur, happily, was not a good sailor; and when, on the following morning, he found the sea, the sky, the ropes, and all other visible objects gone drunk; when his legs, no longer obedient to his will, took independent walks in unexpected directions; when the deck kept rising up to meet him, or sinking away from him, as he tried to pace along it, he forgot all about Edith. Home-sickness is great, love-sickness is greater, but sea-sickness—!

The worst of it was that Captain Lennard, who had been much on the sea in early life, and who thought himself secure against the complaint, was prostrated by it; and when at the end of three days Arthur was able to get about again, he found his father in a very weak state indeed. The sickness, however, passed away, and it was hoped that in a few weeks he would get his strength up. The surgeon of the ship told wonderful stories of invalids who had recovered their health during the long voyage, in spite of the ordeal which they had to pass through at its commencement—and kept the son's spirits up for a while; but time passed on, and the sick

man could not rally, and the doctor's words grew less hopeful.

One evening, after they had been six weeks at sea, Captain Lennard lay on a mattress which had been spread for him on the deck. Arthur sat beside him, and the other passengers kept as much as possible aloof, anxious not to disturb the dying man.

"Does not this fresh air revive you, father?" asked the young man, bending over him.

"No, my boy, no," replied the old soldier, faintly, "nothing will revive me more. I am going fast, and without pain, thank God. I have been a sad clog on your prospects, Arthur—nay, do not sob, my poor boy, I know that you never thought me so. I have but a day or two to live—perhaps a yet shorter time. You will find all the papers I possess relative to your uncle's affairs in my desk. When you arrive at Melbourne, seek out Mr. Mundy—that is the name of the solicitor who managed all his business—he will tell you what steps to take for the recovery of the property. And—my head is confused, I think I could sleep a bit."

All this was said painfully and with difficulty; and then he turned on his side, closed his eyes, and remained quiet.

Arthur watched him for about an hour, and then, taking a book from his pocket, began to read.

After a while, the surgeon came up, and said, quietly—

"Is he asleep?" and bent over the invalid. "Just come this way for a moment—I want to speak to you," he added, taking Arthur by the arm, and leading him below. "Captain Winton, will you be so kind as to look to Captain Lennard, and—send for my assistant," added the surgeon, with a glance which the commander of the ship understood.

The old soldier had got his route: the sentinel was relieved.

Not a breath stirred the sails, which hung idly against the masts; the sea was as smooth as the sky, which was bathed in all the unimaginable glories of a tropical sunset. A crowd of ship's officers, sailors, and passengers stood bare-headed round the gangway, where lay a coffin covered with the Union Jack.

In front of the rest were Arthur Lennard and the skipper, who was reading the most sublime words that have ever been penned.

Presently he paused and made a sign, at which four sailors advanced and took their stations round the coffin.

The reader continued—

"We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead."

And as the corpse was launched into the waves, now turned into liquid gold by the touch of the sun, which seemingly sank into it at the same moment, the gorgeous West appeared to Arthur to resemble the gate of Heaven opening to receive the disentangled spirit.

But the wave which closed over the veteran quenched the setting sun, and night, with tropical suddenness, dropped her curtain on the scene. A breeze sprang up; the ship, bending to it, forged slowly through the water, and Arthur Lennard was alone.

The loss of a parent, a child, a dear friend, is bad enough when you are surrounded by others who share your grief, who loved the dead also, and to whom you can open your heart freely and unreservedly; much worse was it for Arthur, amongst utter strangers, with a long sea voyage before him, leading a life of enforced idleness.

That voyage, how monotonous it was! Nothing to beguile the time, nothing to distract the attention and divert his grief; nothing but hope and the thought of Edith. And think of her he did, more and more continually, as time wore on, picturing to himself how she was looking, what she was doing, for hours and hours at a time, till his love, mingling with his grief, assumed that sentimental type so rare in real English life, though common enough in French and German romances.

However, the weeks accumulated, the seemingly interminable voyage came to an end at last, the good ship arrived at Melbourne; and in the midst of new scenes, fresh faces, and the bustle necessary for the settlement of the business he had come out upon, Lennard's mind soon acquired a better tone.

Labour is half the Curse, and when it interferes with our schemes of pleasure we

feel it to be so; but those who are suffering under mental affliction might well mistake it for a blessing.

## OUR VILLAGE.—II.

MR. MARYSOLE, THE LIBERAL MEMBER FOR IRONOPOLIS.

MR. MARYSOLE was a fine specimen of a man. In external appearance he was not a whit behind any of the commoners who sat either on the Liberal or Conservative benches. He wore an eyeglass, which acted the part of a third eye to him. He had as good a pair of eyes as an eagle, and needed nothing to make clear any object, human or otherwise, in which he took an interest. But his eyeglass enabled him to make reconnaissances unobserved by their mark.

Perhaps it has not occurred to every one that eyeglasses are often used for this purpose. They take the vulgarity out of a stare. It is not very easy to determine when a person is looking at you through his eyeglass that he certainly is looking at you. It operates in this way pretty much as a squint does.

A feeling of politeness would, probably, have made his naked eye a little nervous during its inspections, and would have prevented his drawing the full inferences and conclusions which he desired.

He looked through it more with his mind than his eye. Give him a man's face, and he could, with almost infallible accuracy, tell what his thoughts and feelings were at the time of inspection.

It is a faculty divine which thus gives us insight into the workings of the hearts of our fellow beings, and it is a very rare one.

There is a doctrine afloat that Genius is the result of a pre-existence.

One thing is certain, that thoughts and ideas often occurred to Mr. Marysole that he could not trace to any modern origin. They were originality itself.

He felt himself at times rather awe-struck at his own inspirations, and regarded himself as marked by Providence to be a very great man. Now and then, at widish intervals, he had a slight vision of the Premiership. It looked beautiful as the evening star, but distant. Jacob had climbed up the ladder from his stony pillow in Bethel to the doors of Heaven. Mr. Marysole set himself to climb to the top of a more earthly



ladder, yet one that appeared very brilliant in its highest steps.

He intended to do all this by his knowledge of human nature and of the world. He has had very little book learning, having never been at any better academy than our village grammar-school, but he has highly educated himself from observation of men and things; and by the aid of a good library he easily enriches his speeches with classical references and quotations. It is very easy indeed for a clever man to make the world believe that he is well read, if he can afford to have a good library, and to get it well indexed.

Mr. Marysole is the son of a small farmer, and his rise in life is really quite wonderful. But in England, talent, accompanied by good luck, is permitted completely to atone for an obscure parentage and family connection.

But, nevertheless, some of nature's very great men feel the remembrance of the little parlour at the back of their father's drapery or grocer's shop rather irksome and annoying. There seems to be such a very great difference between their present height and this low depth, and they have a sort of flickering fancy that the difference will be criticised in a polite way.

It is this fancy which makes them hold up their heads unnaturally high, as if to wither the criticism into dust whilst it is in seed.

Mr. Marysole would have given very much indeed—even some of his talent—to have had a father and grandfather that he could have mentioned with pride at Liberal dinner parties.

If some of our self-raised bishops are not superior to weaknesses of this kind, we cannot expect self-raised lawyers and M. P.s to be so.

It is the same sort of feeling which a clergyman of the Church of England has who has been prepared for his office at St. Bees, or some other inferior college. The humbling consciousness of it rises in him at dinner parties and at tea parties, and especially at visitations and other clerical meetings—when for want of either the red or white master's hood, he feels almost as if his back were naked.

Mr. Marysole's consciousness of the three-legged stool upon which, when a boy, he saw his mother so often seated milking in the cow-house, rises in him in a similar manner

when he happens to be seated at a ministerial dinner by the side of an honourable baronet, or at short angles from a peer wearing across his chest the riband of the Garter. But he is far too strong a man in every respect to brood over remembrances of this kind. They cause him a momentary pang, which is followed by a more braced determination to lift himself to such a height in the world that the things behind will be completely lost sight of by himself and others.

Human nature is very curious and divergent, for when Mr. Marysole comes down to address his constituents—many of whom are so familiar with the small dairy farm referred to, that it supplies them morning and evening with their necessary milk—he rather boasts of the obscurity of his origin, and prides himself on being a self-raised man. That eyeglass of his tells him that it is decidedly the best way of dealing with the assaults, personal and otherwise, of a mean organ of Mr. Disraeli's, which hangs out in a rusty street at the back of some corn warehouses, but nevertheless contrives to get itself pretty well read, and develops into a second edition whenever it attacks Mr. Marysole.

Once, an injudicious Liberal paper in a neighbouring town tried to touch up with some varnish Mr. Marysole's pedigree, speaking of his father as if he had been a gentleman farmer, cultivating his own land. Now, this was very unfortunate, as the extent of Mr. Marysole's freehold was about one acre and a half of roadside land, reclaimed from an old moor that had been used chiefly as a stone quarry, and which certainly would not have fattened either a sheep or a lamb.

This gave the editor of the Conservative organ at the back of the corn warehouses a splendid opportunity. It seemed to him like ready-made venom in which to dip his pen; and I feel certain that if at the moment of its discovery Mr. Marysole had seen his countenance through his eyeglass, he would have felt one of those momentary pangs which occasionally came upon him when his position, political or social, was at all menaced or undermined.

Mr. Marysole, senior, and Mrs. Marysole, senior, had long retired from the dairy farm on a liberal annuity, settled on them by their distinguished son; but he never ventured to introduce them into his circle, on account of their phraseology and a squareness of figure

and form which no amount of retiring allowance was able to smooth down and polish.

But they were highly respectable people, thoroughly good and kind and honest, contented and grateful in that station in life in which Providence had placed them.

They looked upon their son as a demigod; and he was always kind to them, and carefully hid from them any perceptions that he had of their want of polish.

Though the member for Ironopolis' sparkling and aspiring mind led him out far away from the simplicity of domestic interests, he had a strong background of what might be called blood feeling; and he returned at intervals from the broad world to the parental bosom, to show that he acknowledged it to be the fountain whence he had sprung.

He came, bringing his sheaves with him—telling the good old folks of all his doings in the Parliament House, as the sons of Jacob told their father of the glory of Joseph in Pharaoh's palace.

He also brought them more material pleasures to be derived from capacious hampers containing hams and Wensleydale cheese.

His eyeglass told him that these were presents suitable to the tastes and associations of their former life.

Mr. Marysole also returned at intervals from St. Stephen's to some other domestic ties.

He had, at the age of twenty-two, united himself in marriage to a lady who was considered at the time by his family to have given him a decided elevation in life.

She was the only child of a farmer, who was of a saving turn, and left her about £7,000.

She was an orphan, and lived, at the time of her marriage, with an uncle and aunt, who cultivated a farm about a mile and a half from that of Mr. Marysole, senior.

She was fairly educated; but she had a chubby look about her, and a half-waddling gait, that made her difficult of presentation in the circles in which her husband generally moved.

He was not an ungrateful man, and he constantly remembered that, through that £7,000 of hers, he had become a partner in almost every limited liability company in the district of Ironopolis.

That £7,000 had grown into a tree with branches, larger than that which any grain

Mr. Marysole was now a very rich man indeed, and also derived a large professional income from his senior partnership in the firm of Marysole and Springbrok, who did the legal business of nearly all the merchant and manufacturing princes in the neighbourhood.

He was a distant relation of Mrs. Timepiece; but she was not particularly proud of it, and now and then dived, in a good-natured way, into histories of his early life.

Perhaps, if he had been born a gentleman, he would have been a Conservative.

Risen men are almost always Liberals.

In the outset of their career, having nothing to conserve, it never occurs to them to be Conservative. It is in the future that they expect to cast their anchor.

The past has no hold upon them. It looks to them something like what Egypt looked to the memories of the Israelites after they had crossed the Red Sea.

It would be good policy if the Conservative whip were to show these plebeian men of genius, at an early period of their legislative career, that there is a land of Goschen behind the Tory benches as accessible as that behind the Whigs.

Men like Mr. Marysole have an idea that Toryism is a soil in which genius is frosted in the bud.

Mr. Marysole has become a Churchman now that he is great and rich.

His family have been Dissenters since John Wesley's time, and he gives most liberal subscriptions to every branch of Nonconformism, from Congregationalists down to Primitive Ranters.

It is a net by which he encloses a great multitude of fishes at election times.

Mr. Marysole knows the value of money as well as Mrs. Timepiece; and he knows the value of tact, which she does not.

He does a great business in shaking hands. No fist is too greasy for grip; and at polling times he has a kiss, ready and natural-looking, for almost every baby in Ironopolis.

Sometimes it seems almost as if he had eyes in the back of his head, for he goes through a conversazione leaving every one satisfied with themselves and himself.

I don't think he will be Premier; but however disappointed he may be in this and other respects in the years to come, it will not be seen from word or look by the public.

It is about as wise for a lawyer to show his

spots, as for a disappointed man to show to the world his sores; and this Mr. Marysole's eyeglass has told him long ago.

### GASTEIN.

A HINT TO TOURISTS.

HOW it is that more English do not visit this most charming spot every year, I cannot tell. It is well known to all Germans and Austrians, and is filled with any number of them each season. Last year everybody on the Continent was there except the French; any number of Fürsts, Herzogs, Grafs, and barons, besides greater and more unapproachable "swells"—among them the Emperor of Germany, the King of Greece, Von Bismarck, Von Beust, Von Moltke, and others; the Emperor of Austria "lying off" at Salzburg, as there was not a whole hotel vacant for him. This year there will be much the same set, so that any visitor will have a chance of seeing more of the great men of Europe in three weeks than he would otherwise do in a lifetime; and our old friend the British snob may be able to bob against a prince, and, in recoiling from him, to tread on a duke's toes.

Has the reader ever been at St. Moritz—that Swiss watering-place which has been lately so much the rage? If he has, he will thoroughly appreciate Gastein, which is decidedly prettier, and which, though at least twice as fashionable and not half as large, was never inconveniently full, or wanting in accommodation, and which may be as cheap or as dear as he likes. But no more on this head, comparisons being, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "odorous."

"*Gastuna tantum una*," says the old proverb—"there is but one Gastein;" and I believe the old proverb is right. Is there any other place of which the water will revive a flower which has been faded for two days? Many old men go there every year, in hopes of being similarly revived; but I have never heard of any woman confessing to have been guilty of such a weakness.

"On the beautiful blue Danube," indeed," thought I, as I went in a steamer on that river from Passau to Linz. "What bosh these song writers expect one to believe." And being disgusted with the river—which is, indeed, as yellow as the Hooghley—and mindful of Pope's saying, that "The proper study of mankind is man," I turned my attention to my fellow-passengers, and soon

found an interesting pair among the motley crowd. A tall, bearded young man, evidently in delicate health, was accompanied by his wife, perhaps not of long standing, as she appeared very attentive to him: a person of a style which has lately pleased me very much—robust, with black hair and eyes. And, indeed, I am getting very sick of our long-drawn-out females, and our glut of that eternal light hair. I easily got into conversation with the pair, and ascertained that they also were going to Gastein. Then we separated, and I went to take my solitary tour in the Tyrol. But let not the reader here tremble. I am not going to bore him with descriptions of places he has never seen—not even of Salzburg, the home of Mozart.

But I should not have enumerated Von Moltke among my unapproachable "swells," as I found him particularly accessible;—a plain, unaffected soldier, content with a bedroom and sitting-room, and *no* servant (a contrast to a minister's suite of apartments and crowd of domestics), wooden and stiff certainly, but not unkindly;—a tall, fresh-complexioned elderly man, profuse in gesticulation, and not deficient in conversation: quite different from our idea of him. How often have I heard him alluded to in England as "the man who can be silent in seven languages!" Silent! Not a bit of it. I should rather say "the man who knows how to keep his own counsel in all the seven." When I took my leave, he expressed his satisfaction at having seen me in far better English than I spoke to him; while his features were lighted by a smile which looked as if it had been carved out of wood.

As regards the Imperial Majesties of Germany and Austria, and their ministers, I would refer the reader to their portraits, which are all very like. The lineaments of the head of the House of Hohenzollern can, indeed, be seen in any pothouse throughout Germany; and everybody in the empire must be familiar with that broad, handsome countenance, heavy white moustache, and stalwart form.

On leaving Von Moltke, I came across my friends of the steamer. Of course, we were delighted to meet, and I, in particular, to see the lady; not that I had, in any way, forgotten my Lilla, but we all know what place is supposed to be paved with good intentions. One morning, sitting outside their hotel, the rain came on; and I volunteered a legend of Hof-Gastein, told me by Dr.

Pröll. The lady was eager to hear it (which quite decided me), and the gentleman, throwing himself on a *chaise longue*, was all attention.

"You know," said I, in my best German, "that this place was known to the Romans?"

"Yes, yes," said the lady, with emphatic vivacity.

"Consequently," continued I, with a gratified smile at her eagerness, "you will quite understand me when I say that the young man and young woman of my story were very recent—only four hundred years ago. Still, people used in those days to be affected by a passion which is now, I am informed, quite rococo, and in the very worst style."

"I listen attentively," burst in the lady; "but I am sure you do not think it can ever be rococo, while young men and young women exist."

"You know more about those things than I do," said I, sentimentally. "Well, it is an old and often repeated story: the youth was ordered to the war, and both of these old-fashioned people were disconsolate. Still, he dared not propose, knowing that her mercenary father would never consent; and so the poor boy had to depart, with a heavy, heavy heart. During his absence, old Weitmoser, the gold merchant, proposed, and was eagerly accepted by the father; but the girl, mindful of her poor lover, held out stoutly, and vowed she would never consent. But at length she was bullied into having him; and shortly after she heard of the approaching return of the young man, which caused such anxiety and self-reproach that she fell ill, and Herr Weitmoser watched by her bedside until life was evidently extinct, when he consented to her lifeless form being carried away, and laid out in the little church you see opposite. We may imagine the young man's feelings when he returned, looking forward anxiously to meeting the girl whom he loved, and hearing that she was dead. In grief and despair, he went to the church, and saw there the object of all his hopes and all his thoughts, laid out on a bier, pale and motionless. In an agony, he pressed one last fond kiss on her lips, and, as he did so, her eyes opened, first to his horror, then to his unspeakable delight. She had been in a trance. Here the legend abruptly stops; nor is further mention made of him or of her, or of what old Weitmoser may have thought of the whole affair."

"Sir," said the baron, "I know not which

to admire most, your legend—in the highest degree interesting—or the very excellent German in which you tell it."

I bowed, and said—

"What are Madame la Baronne's views of the young lady, and does she admire marriages of convenience?"

"Certainly," said Madame, "my judgment is in favour of both, but my feelings are against them."

"Surely," replied I, "one should go by feelings in such cases."

Here the baron got up from his *chaise longue*, and left the room.

"They are dangerous guides," said the baroness.

"What do I hear? Dangerous guides! Would you, a young woman, think of the danger in a case of the heart?"

"Sir Geoffrey, I know nothing of those things, and such a case is not likely to happen to me now."

While I bowed silently, I feared that I might have gone too far.

"What a lucky man," thought I, "is the baron, to be able, whenever he likes, to have any number of soft nothings said to him in that German, which sounds so soft and charming in an undertone, from a young woman's lips. A very different tone is assumed to me."

But then came the thought, "Perhaps it is a marriage of convenience, and she does not care about him."

Who knows? I had but little reason for the supposition.

The next day we started on an expedition, which had been before planned, to Nassfeld and a waterfall beyond it. As we had predicted, the ride to Nassfeld had quite knocked the baron up, and so we had to go on to the waterfall without the obstinate man, leaving our horses behind, and trudging onwards on foot, as was necessary. A man from Nassfeld pointed out the path to us, and pointed it out, as I suspect, wrongly. Be that as it may, one of those blinding snow-storms, which are common in the Tyrol even in the summer time, came on, and, after wandering about till we had most completely and hopelessly lost our way, we were glad of shelter for the night in a wooden country house. Here was a situation for a novelist! And, indeed, I might have made it into one, but for the provoking stiffness and ceremony of the lady, who was much more formal to me than at starting. After a most unappetis-

ing supper, chiefly of black bread, we turned into what we were lucky to get—a room each, at opposite sides of the *salle à manger*. I presented the lady with a wedge, which I had hewn out of wood, to put under her door from the inside.

As I turned into bed in my room on the other side, I thought to myself, "Here is a situation! Suppose the baron is a jealous husband! It is natural that he should be so. Well, I must make the best of a rather unfortunate predicament, and do my best to allay his anger. She is certainly very handsome, and her downright Teutonic manner and her German are very engaging. Yes, she *is* handsome, certainly, and so like my Lilla—so like my Lilla; quite reminds me of her." And here I fell asleep.

As I awoke, there stood before me in the gray daylight, Lilla, my well-remembered Lilla, looking at me—or rather, through me—with those solemn brown eyes which I knew so well.

Being too sensible to be alarmed by a mere spectral illusion, such as has presented itself to other men on awaking from sleep, and such as would be doubly likely to present itself to me, who had had the original before my thoughts so often, my only idea was—"How can I ever have thought of comparing any woman with my Lilla? Who is there in the world who could be like her?"

Consequently, when the baroness appeared, I was quite disenchanted. "My goodness!" thought I, "what can I ever have seen in this tumbled and tossed figure?" and with relief I followed a man who had been sent by the baron the night before to lead us back to him. The entire absence of anything at all like jealousy on his part taught me that he looked on his wife as being above suspicion, which I am sure she was.

This timely reminder made me more eager than ever to be united to Lilla. After all, I was only a man, and a very weak man. I might be tempted to forget her again. And so I left Gastein before my course was finished, regardless of the wound for which I had come not being healed.

#### CHARLES LEVER.

BORN AUGUST 31, 1809; DIED JUNE 1, 1872.)

TWO worlds there are in which we live and move—  
The world of fiction and the world of fact;  
One of King Magic, whom his subjects love;  
One of King Fate, wherein we talk and act.

In one, the good men fail, the bad succeed;  
Age carves its lines too soon on buxom youth:  
Man falls ignobly in the hour of need,  
And woman's faith beats down our faith in truth.

Here sickness weakens: here high purpose dies:  
Here lofty aims are killed: here few are brave:  
Here, torn by vultures, great Prometheus lies:  
Here hope is crushed, work bounded, by the grave.

But there, oh, great magicians! there we dwell—  
Robed in forgetfulness of present woe—  
Languid and still, on beds of asphodel,  
While the unheeded hours pass by and go.

There beauty fades not, smiles change not to tears,  
Mirth never palls, and wine doth not destroy;  
Love is immortal, manhood has no fears,  
No cloud is there 'tween sunshine and our joy.

Oh, world of fiction!—all unreal, yet true—  
What fit thanks can we frame our debt to meet?  
And for thy chiefs, what crown of praise is due,  
If any crown is dear to them we greet?

The kings and statesmen pass across the stage—  
They vex the world and us—and then they die:  
Forgotten soon, save where on history's page  
Dry lists of dead men's names make schoolboys sigh.

But these, our writers—when one dies, the hours  
Are hushed awhile, because they could not save;  
And smiles and tears, like sunshine crossed by flowers,  
Arch an eternal rainbow o'er his grave:

Never forgotten—yet we mourn his loss,  
As of some friend long-loved and deeply tried,  
Or as of sunshine that has lain across  
So long, we deemed it ne'er would leave our side;

Therefore, when tidings came, how in fair spring  
Death had seized one whose heart no winter knew,  
Great sadness fell on us, remembering  
Days of our youth when things seemed fair and true;

When we lay, deep beneath the apple shade,  
In an old orchard all the afternoon;  
Above us, pink and white, the blossoms spread;  
Flowers at our feet, and all around us June.

And then we read the tales of war and Spain;  
Of revelry and Ireland, sword and gown—  
Of love that mocked at bars put up in vain,  
Of hardihood that trampled danger down—

Proctors and doctors, undergrads, dragoons,  
Vivandières and priests, and muleteers gay;  
Groves dear to maidens, soldiers, stars, and moons,  
Swept past our fancy in their wild array.

And is he dead, who told so well—whose pen  
Grew wise, but never dull—whose laughter rang,  
If not so loud, as genial still as when  
Among his Dublin monks he drank and sang?

Farewell, Charles Lever! Could fate overlook,  
But for one other work, thy fruitful days!  
Farewell! the world is gloomier. Ill we brook  
To lose thy voice in Joy's small choir of Praise.

It was a matter of course that the name of Charles Lever should be included in our list of eminent men of letters for a series of



Once a Week.]

[July 13, 1872]

"THYSELF IN THY LIKENESS."—*Tempest*, act 3, sc. 2.



cartoons. It is with very deep regret that we publish his portrait after the death of the original. Charles James Lever, the writer of so many brilliant works of fiction, was born in Dublin, in the year 1809. He was educated there at Trinity College, and was originally intended to follow the medical profession; but he soon abandoned physic for literature, and so followed the bent of his great natural genius. From "Harry Lorrequer," completed about the year 1836, to "Lord Kilgobbin," only recently finished in the "Cornhill," Charles Lever wrote a very large number of works of fiction of great merit. His wise and witty essays in "Blackwood," under the *nom de plume* of Cornelius O'Dowd, have been universally admired, as have his numerous contributions to "All the Year Round," "St. Paul's," and the columns of this magazine. The proximate cause of his death—which took place at Trieste, on the 1st of last month—was disease of the heart. This sad event was expected by his relatives and friends, and calmly contemplated by himself. His letters of late were full of allusions to the shattered state of his health, and he often mentioned his belief that he had not long to live. Still his brightness and fun never left him, and he was the good, genial, and amiable Charles Lever to the last days of his life; and every reader of his writings will cordially echo the words of a writer in "Blackwood," that "we have lost in Charles Lever one of those brilliant and cheering lights, the extinction of which may be said to 'eclipse the gaiety of nations.'" The best likeness of Lever is that taken by the Stereoscopic Company, and from their carte our portrait of him has been executed.

### MY ADVENTURE WITH INDIAN GANG ROBBERS.

I DO not profess to be a lover of adventure. A life of romance and excitement may suit one of those eccentric characters who speak of "roughing it" as something delightful; but, as for me, the comforts of civilized life are far more desirable than all the prairies, jungles, night encampments, and narrow escapes in the world. It was all very well for Cowper to long "for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade;" but I am certain that if he ever had succeeded in finding such

a spot, he would have beaten a rather hasty retreat out of it.

Perhaps, my reader, you may think it rather strange that such a matter-of-fact sort of person as I am should have an adventure to tell you about. But, truly, "this life is a difficult riddle;" for, without wishing to be a hero, I became one.

You wish to hear how this happened? Well, then, wait till I have lighted a cigar, and ensconced myself comfortably in the easy chair, and I will spin you such a yarn as will quite astonish you, particularly when you remember that it comes from a sober individual like me.

It was in the days when railways had not yet made their appearance in India, that I thought of taking a trip from Madras to Hyderabad. Of course, when I made known my intention to some friends and relations of mine, they were quite shocked at the idea, and warned me very seriously of the peril attending such an undertaking; but, strange to say, nothing could dissuade me from my purpose; and so, after making the necessary arrangements for a journey by land, I found myself in a bullock-transit rattling along at a famous rate *en route* to Hyderabad.

The first few days of my journey were spent very pleasantly. I enjoyed the scenery, stopped at every travellers' bungalow, helped the old butler—a pensioned sepoy—to catch a chicken for my breakfast, smoked, drank sweet-toddy, shot at the monkeys that scampered along the sides of the road, and, in fact, did anything and everything that would tend to make the time pass agreeably.

I had already completed the greater part of my journey, and was quite elated with myself at having travelled so safely, when one night—"Sahib! Sahib!" cried the Oriental driver, and he jabbered away in Hindustani to the effect that a gang of robbers were rushing down the road to attack us.

The first thing I did on hearing this intelligence was to grope in the darkness for my rifle; but lo! it was nowhere to be found, and then it struck me that I must have left it at the last travellers' bungalow. Here I was in a very unenviable predicament: the driver had disappeared, and I was alone, unarmed, and in danger of being murdered by robbers! On came the Indian brigands; and, without any hesitation, pounced on what little property I carried with me, bound my hands together, and dragged me along with them till they arrived at a miserable



hut in the heart of the forest which bordered the road. The first sight that greeted me sent a thrill of horror all over my body. The skulls and bones of slaughtered men were scattered all over the place. It was then only that I perceived the extent of my danger; and my suspicions regarding the villains' intentions towards me were too well founded. I overheard a conversation, in which they spoke of *making me a sacrifice to their idol!*

By the time I had reached the interior of the hut I was in a state of desperation. What was I to do? How was I to escape? These were questions that greatly perplexed me. But suddenly hope beamed in my heart. Among the few things I brought with me in the transit was a pretty large-sized box of opium, which I had anticipated selling to a Hyderabad merchant. Well, I guessed the robbers had a peculiar liking for this commodity, from the appearance of their bloodshot eyes and unnatural thickness of speech. Here was the very thing. If I could only discover where the article in question was, I might yet be all right. I scanned the interior of the hut, and in particular the heap of things which the robbers had taken from the transit, when, to my delight, I beheld the box of opium I was looking for. Without losing a moment, I addressed the robbers in their own language, telling them that among my things there was a box of opium, and that, as I did not feel very well, I should feel obliged if they would hand me a small quantity to swallow. As soon as they received this piece of information, the whole gang of them—there were ten altogether—rushed to the box indicated, and attacked its contents in the greediest manner possible. It was quite evident that they had not touched their favourite narcotic for a long time. One by one, they gradually fell back in a state of stupefaction, at first smiling quite benevolently on each other, and finally sinking into a deep slumber.

Now was the time to act. Cautiously rising from my seat, I contrived, by dint of searching, to find a knife, with which I ridded myself of the ropes which bound me. In one corner of the hut I found a clumsy iron instrument, resembling a hammer; this I picked up, and with it aimed a blow at the strongest of the crew.

But I had not been cautious enough. Another gang of robbers—evidently comrades of those I had been captured by—

happened to pass the hut when I delivered my blow; and seeing what I was about, rushed in, brandishing their swords, all bent on revenge.

Although I was aware of my peril, I determined to make a stand and defend myself. Wielding the iron instrument about, I struck right and left, at every blow knocking down one of my assailants. But they seemed to muster strong, and I felt that I could not hold out much longer. Gradually my strength failed; and, with one final blow of my ponderous implement of warfare, I sank down exhausted: my head was swimming: I felt the sharp edge of a sword on my back, and then knew that all would be over, when—Bang! bang! I recollect nothing more—only waking suddenly as if from a dream, and finding myself in the residence of the police inspector attached to the district I had been travelling through. A doctor was standing near me.

"Don't move," said he. "You have been severely wounded; but, by careful attention, will soon be all right."

Presently the inspector himself came up, and then I learnt from him that, on the very night I had been attacked, he was searching for a gang of robbers who had been disturbing the district at that time, murdering and robbing every one they found; and that, while he was prosecuting the search, my transit-driver came running up to him, and explained the particulars of my capture. On hearing this, the inspector, accompanied by a dozen policemen, followed the tracks of the robbers, which were easily seen, till they arrived at the hut where I was defending myself. The inspector had seen the danger I was in, and fired a shot at one of the robbers, who was in the act of stabbing me. Immediately the whole gang dispersed, but were captured. I was found in a state of insensibility, with a wound in my back, and had been forthwith conveyed to the inspector's house.

I made a lengthened stay at the house of my kind preserver. Medical treatment finally tended to the perfect restoration of my health; but I suffered a long time after from the mental shock I received that night. I thanked the inspector very warmly for his bravery and kindness towards me.

Five of the robbers were hanged, and the rest transported for life. Of course I figured very much in the papers; and on my return to Madras, instead of being censured for not

following the advice of wiser friends, I was welcomed as a hero.

I am now in a pleasant up-country station in Southern India; and often of an evening, as I think over the events of the past, I remember with a shudder my adventure with Indian gang robbers.

### OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MR. RICHARD ENGLAND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WE left our hero in Newgate Gaol, having introduced him when on his trial for murder, which ended in his being convicted of the less offence of manslaughter. Without pointing out here the great difference in the laws of this country, as affecting all prisoners on their trial, at the time when England was tried, as compared with the milder and more humane practice of the present day, we will just state that Mr. Justice Rooke's argument in the case of Richard England, as to the offence of duelling, did much to bring about that change of public opinion which now happily obtains.

Let us now give some further account of the history of this remarkable personage, whose name was long familiar to the public ear. He was a native of Dublin, where—to adopt the phraseology of those learned divines who have officiated as ordinaries to Newgate, and biographers to the heroes of that tremendous castle whence so many great men have been launched into eternity—Mr. Richard England was born of poor but honest parents.

His father was a wheelwright and turner, and resided near a place called the Paddle, in an obscure and riotous part of Dublin, but whence he came, "the Lord of Warwick knows," we know not, and therefore the curious reader must inquire of his lordship.

Dick was, at a very early age, bound apprentice to a carpenter, in whose service, notwithstanding his great bodily strength, he evinced an inveterate antipathy to every kind of manual labour, unaccompanied by pleasure, except fighting, in which exercise he daily proved himself an adept, whether the combat was to be decided by the fist or the stick, and was dreaded and envied as an invincible hero wherever he appeared.

Dick's affection for gambling became conspicuous in early youth, and before he attained manhood he was considered an ex-

cellent player of rackets; but few entered the lists with him, as his ferocity often forced payment which his skill had not acquired; for whenever he lost he was sure to quarrel, none of the markers ever daring to dispute the arbitrary dictates with which he ruled their judgments.

His insults, however, being generally accompanied with blows, he did not always pass with impunity, the law frequently draining from his purse pecuniary satisfaction for the wanton abuse of his hands. At one session he was tried on sixteen indictments for assaults, and fined for those on which he was convicted in a considerable sum, which, to the astonishment of every person present, who looked for his instant commitment to gaol, he was able to pay instantly into court.

At this time Dick was extremely intimate with a man named Fitzgibbon, a fellow whose disposition was congenial to his own, and whose occupations in life were exactly the same. With this worthy companion he frequented horse-races, cockpits, hazard-tables, and other places of sport and gaming, in the arts of which he attained very considerable skill, and by their assistance made many good hits; but, being one day at the Curragh races with his friend, they both, with several other knowing ones, were deeply taken in. Whether England departed from the Curragh with Fitzgibbon has never been known, but the fact we are going to relate was notorious in Dublin at the time.

Colonel Payne, returning from the Curragh to the town of Naas, which is in its vicinity, was stopped on the road by two highwaymen, one of whom he immediately shot through the body; on which the other put spurs to his horse and rode off at full speed, the colonel pursuing him; but he escaped by the swiftness of his horse, which carried him clear of the town of Naas before the colonel could arrive to give the alarm.

On examining the dead man, many knew him to be Fitzgibbon. An inquest was held on his body; but the colonel not attending, they brought in their verdict "shot by a person unknown," and no further inquiry was made after the fugitive robber.

Soon after this alarming event, which raised very strong suspicions in respect to the identity of the person who accompanied Fitzgibbon when he attempted the robbery,

Dick, in company with a person long known in the houses of nocturnal festivity and rendezvous then abounding near Covent Garden, and who had lately appeared a conspicuous figure upon the turf, having won a sum of money, resolved to decamp from Dublin, and to make London his head-quarters. He accordingly took French leave of his wife, and without meeting with any remarkable adventure, arrived safely at the Golden Cross, Charing-cross.

At this house, for some years, he was always to be found, except when he made excursions to racecourses and watering-places; and, indeed, he could not have fixed upon a more convenient spot for speculation and profit, as many of the Chester and Liverpool coaches stopped at that inn, and the coffee-room constantly exhibited a variety of characters, and particularly of raw, inexperienced Irishmen, from whom a man of play might select such as he thought would prove the best feathered pigeons.

Dick's success was soon evident in his appearance. From an obscure lodging he took an elegant house in St. Alban's-street; kept a pair of horses and a servant in the most fashionable style; employed masters to improve him in orthography, reading, and writing; and a few years later acquired a smattering of French.

At this period Dick formed new connections, and began to rise in a higher sphere than he had yet aspired to. We shall, therefore, from this time describe him as Mr. England; and from a variety of anecdotes which are before us, we cannot doubt but he will afford entertainment to our readers.

Mr. England's style of living soon reached Dublin, and, coming to the knowledge of his wife, she resolved to cross the seas, and visit her husband. Necessity as well as affection stimulated her to this resolution. She sold her portable furniture, and left the remainder with the landlady, slipping the key under the street door the night previous to her embarkation for Liverpool.

The meeting between Mr. England and his wife was very serious, for she was the last person in the world he wished to see. He had formed a new engagement in London. He had money at his command, and his old companion could not boast of a single attribute of body or mind to attract any man who had the use of his eyes and ears; besides which, the violence of her temper was said to be diabolical; her affec-

tion for drink, particularly spirits, was unconquerable; and as she forgot all prudence on those occasions, there was every reason to suppose she would disclose Mr. England's secrets, and perhaps exaggerate in her rage upon his former exploits. For these reasons he resolved to get rid of the shrew. He reasoned against her complaints, but words were ineffectual. A considerable sum, however, prevailed on her to return to Ireland, where she supplied with brandy those sources of tears which her griefs extracted, and in a very short time she drank herself to death.

Mr. England, being now emancipated from the trammels of his shrew, and having already acquired a considerable sum by private play, in the arts and science of which he had long been a perfect adept, resolved on making a public figure on the turf; but not till he had been previously initiated into all the mysteries known in the arcana of jockeys, grooms, and breeders, with whom he had some time formed an intimacy. His first appearance in this line, which was at York, was, however, attended with a disagreeable adventure. A butcher, who was also a frequenter of the turf, and vain of his athletic powers and knowledge of boxing, settled a quarrel upon him, and, in the course of exchanging foul language, threw out several hints, which, after Mr. England had withdrawn from the hazard-table, where the quarrel originated, the slaughterer of cattle boldly and publicly explained to mean nothing less than a charge upon his antagonist of having frequently ridden upon the road for more purposes than one.

This alarming calumny being reported to Mr. England, he resolved on exemplary satisfaction; and meeting the traducer of his fame next morning in the coffee-house, convinced him he was not the strongest man in the place by beating him almost to a jelly, closing up both his eyes, and forcing him to confess that the facts with which he had vilified his character were false, and of his own invention.

The spirit, strength, and agility which Mr. England evinced on this occasion effectually silenced his enemies from animadverting on his conduct, or bringing forward retrospective transactions; but as the confession of the butcher was forced from him while suffering torture, it by no means eradicated the impression made. Several persons, who had never read the Marquis of Beccaria's newly published treatise on crimes and punish-

ments, thought, with that great and humane writer, that confessions extorted by pain are not to be depended on, and gave more credit to the butcher's charge at the hazard-table than to his denial at the coffee-room.

Mr. England now got into high play, but could not get into good company, except at the public tables and tennis-courts. At the latter places he met with some pigeons worth plucking, particularly the Hon. Mr. Dacre, who, some time after, shot himself at Stacie's. This gentleman often played at tennis, with other gentlemen of equal honour, for amusement and exercise only. He one day, at an unpropitious moment, not knowing his company, played tennis with England, who complimented Mr. Dacre on the use of his racket, and said that he would not encounter him again unless he gave him odds.

Dick will readily be credited with *finesse*; for, though he lost a few guineas, he could have won to a certainty. Such is the mutability of human nature, that Mr. Dacre, who would not have walked round Ranelagh or had him at his table for a thousand pounds, yet, by constantly playing with him, at last fell a victim to his deep-laid stratagem.

England, with more of the blacklegs, sent to Paris for the best tennis-player in the world. The Frenchman was let into the system: that was, sometimes to lose, but when he had the *office* (a signal given, as agreed on previous to their playing, either by displaying a white or red handkerchief, or taking their hats off, and various other signs, as might be preconcerted) given him by England, he was then to win.

Mr. England was all this time nursing the unsuspecting Mr. Dacre; for while Dick was seemingly backing Mr. Dacre for fifty and sometimes a hundred guineas a set, Mr. Dacre was losing three, four, and sometimes five thousand guineas in a day; and with such blind avidity did he pursue this destructive game, that he found himself a loser of near forty thousand guineas. At last, he found it prudent to resist the propensity to play with those rascally sharks, who, after they had so plundered him, were constantly at his house in Tilney-street, requesting payment. Mr. Dacre offered them post-obits, bonds, or, in short, the best security he could then offer, his father being alive. No, they would have cash. Mr. Dacre could not find it; but his high sense of honour led him to throw himself at his father's feet. The worthy parent weighed the matter well,

and sent his steward from M——n Abbey, with power to pay every shilling, though he knew his son had been cheated of every guinea.

Dreadful to relate, when the venerable steward arrived in town, he had the heart-rending agony to hear that his young and amiable master, the evening before, at Stacie's Hotel, prior to putting the pistol to his temple, sent for five or six ladies of the ballet from the Patent theatre, and a man well known about the Garden, called Blind Burnett, a fiddler, and, while they were in the act of dancing and singing, he sent himself to "that bourne from which no traveller e'er return'd."

Our hero, Mr. England, having given up his attention to billiard-tables—unless a *flut* was known to be fond of the game—his time was divided in the following manner for the public good:—

Tennis in the morning, or riding out to find a pigeon. Dinner at seven, for he aped the great world. The dinner over, a little play for trifles would be proposed, by a friend that always dropped in by accident; and, somehow or other, the company generally lost all their money.

Mr. England had carried on a double game at the racket court, for he had paid his addresses to and succeeded in marrying the daughter of the proprietor.

Before he had been married long, he observed that his particular friend, Mr. Mahon, was paying more attention to Mrs. England than either she or he desired.

Upon this Mahon he had conferred many and very serious obligations, not only by admitting him to a knowledge of his pigeons, and of course part of their plumage, but by lending him several sums of money, and insisting on his making constant use of his table, whether he was at home or absent.

For the purpose of putting an end to Mahon's attentions to his wife, Mr. England wrote a note to his rival, in the usual style of friendship, desiring to meet him at Barnet, where, after he arrived, England took an opportunity of seizing him behind by the hair, and cut his queue off close to his head with a sharp knife he had prepared for that purpose; and, at the same instant, three bailiffs, who attended at the suit of England, rushed in and arrested Mahon, hurried him into a post-chaise, and conducted him to a sponging-house, whence he was conveyed to the Fleet.

By England's constant attendance at the tennis-courts and billiard tables he became intimately acquainted with the most noted blacklegs on the town, particularly Jack Tetheson, Bob Warner, Tom Hall, Captain O'Kelly, &c., who found England a necessary auxiliary, as, at landing a die, England shone unrivalled. But his dispatches (a phrase for dice that have just so many spots that are not regularly marked, but are so numbered that the thrower cannot possibly lose) turned to his greatest emolument, as he would often swear, "By St. Patrick, there is nothing equal to a few pigeons with a pair of dispatches." The slip, the bridge, the brief, he was also expert at, as nature had been prolific in giving him a very large hand, and of course a pack of cards could be very easily concealed.

Mr. England, with the above worthy associates, had a considerable share of the plunder of one Clutterbuck, a clerk in the Bank of England, who not only lost his all, but robbed the bank of an immense sum to pay his debts of honour.

Mr. Blomberg, of Yorkshire, used to tell the following stories about England:—

Down at Newmarket, a quarrel happened between a gentleman of blackleg fame and England about their honesty, England accusing him of always having loaded dice in his pocket. The blackleg, in a manner peculiar to their order, replied—

"And if I have, don't I know you have them also? And, what is more, I'll bet you fifty I know who makes them for you."

England called him a liar, and here the matter ended, to the surprise of every one present, as England seldom let any one who offended him escape without manual chastisement.

Being at York, in the race week, Mr. Blomberg, after supper, proposed to his brother-in-law, Isaac Maynard, to put ten pounds to his, and they would go the hazard-table and sport it. The proposal being acceded to, the two gentlemen sallied out, inquiring where the table was kept this year. A sharp boy—for there are few flats in York—told them:

"It is kept at the clerk of the minster's, in the minster yard, next the church."

The two gentlemen, after being examined by the doorkeeper, got admitted into this honourable and pious house. Here they found about thirteen blacklegs, with Captain England at their head. They had been

playing some hours, England said; and he had such a run of bad luck that he must sell his horse, and go to the big city in the basket of the Yorkfly.

"But make up ten pounds among you," said England, "and break me at once."

Mr. Blomberg put down a ten pound note, and England threw and called—

"Seven is the main. If seven or eleven is thrown next, the caster wins."

But Dick made a blunder, and threw twelve. The truth was he had landed at six, and the die he threw did not answer his hopes. It should have been a five to have made eleven; and, though five squares out of the six were dotted with five spots each, yet our hero had the mortification to lose his bet. Yet he, with matchless effrontery, swore he called six instead of seven; but they insisting that he called seven, it was at last agreed to abide by the decision of a majority, when thirteen honest gentlemen voted for England, and the gentlemen were obliged to leave their property to be divided among this group of worthies.

#### TABLE TALK.

THE desponding poet who told the "History of John Gilpin," and twice a-year addressed "An hymn to the Sunday school at Olney;" and the despondent sage who, after forcing his lady friend to pour out seventeen cups for him and listening angrily to her suggestion that a basin was likely to save him trouble, growled out that it was the ladies who wanted to save themselves the fatigue of pouring out a beverage he was never tired of drinking—both loved their tea. No quotation of Cowper's lines has oftener been given wrongly than his welcome to the evening:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steaming column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Probably, with a single exception, the only taste Johnson and Cowper had in common was a love of tea. The lines of the rabbit-keeping recluse are weak as good Mrs. Unwin's tea was after seven times watering, and are about as little worthy of mis-quoting as anything I know that is constantly mis-quoted, for the lines are for ever being given as "the cup that cheers but

does not inebriate," with variations according to the different leader writers' ear for music. But suppose, after all, that tea is not the right thing with which to welcome in the evening—or, for the matter of that, the morning either? Suppose that for soldier and scholar, and every biped between those extremes, tea is a bad drink, and that no more is it to be said of budding senior wranglers—

"Tea veniente die, tea decedente bibebat,"

as it was of Mr. Euclid Jones in "The Cambridge Freshman"? These fears are suggested by the statements of several men of science that the population is growing weak and nervous through drinking tea. Is this so? It may be. If tea is unwholesome, the fact is very alarming. Half the women of England subsist on tea and bread and butter. What are they to substitute for it? The French *savant*, M. Pelicot, did not suggest a substitute, or seem to think one necessary. At the Academy of Sciences, Paris, this gentleman read a paper on the "chemical combinations of tea," and stated that it contained essential principles of nutrition far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, and showed that tea is in every respect one of the most desirable articles in general use. It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind; dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue; awakens thought and prevents drowsiness; lightens or refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties. Liebig pronounces pure tea "nutritious, and a true aliment." And to quote a dealer, who has as much right to be heard on this staple article of his trade as anybody else—

"As to the peculiar or specific benefit derived from the use of this vegetable drink the medical profession differ, and all theory upon such a subject is best cast aside for the more self-satisfying practical fact that 500,000,000 of human beings feel its want and are gratified by its use. The leaf of this simple shrub, a native of the vast district called China, has unostentatiously introduced itself in the countries of India, Tartary, Thibet, Siberia, Russia, Central America, South and North America, Australia, Europe, and last, but not least, England; for we, as a nation, are, next to the Chinese, the greatest tea-drinkers on the face of the globe—our ever-varying climate, the sober, regular habits of the female portion of society, and, above all, the exhilarating and invigorating effects produced by its use, render tea acceptable to rich and poor, old and young, the lord and the peasant."

Our own opinion is that the doctors might

almost as well try to write down the use of salt as the use of tea.

IT IS GOVERNMENTS propose, *Le bon Dieu* that disposes. Our able Home Secretary—and Mr. Gladstone's—brought forth a Cab Act which had the effect of putting one new Hansom—a shilling a miler—on the streets of London for three weeks, when it was bought by a doctor in Mayfair, who drives it now. Will that brilliant political sky-rocket—who is, if we may judge from the ominous signs of the times, shortly to be "First Lord of the Treasury, I suppose, because I am named first in the commission"—do anything better for us long-suffering Londoners? In street vehicles things can't well be worse; which from one point of view is a comfort—to grumblers if not to growlers. For growlers are to be improved, not by Mr. Bruce, but by the agency of the Society of Arts. That excellent society offers the following prizes:—One prize of £60 for the best improved cab of any description, two prizes of £20 each for the next two best, two prizes of £10 each for the next two best. The competing cabs must be exhibited at the International Exhibition to be held in South Kensington in 1873, and on their delivery at the Exhibition building they must be certified to the satisfaction of the judges as having been *in regular use in the streets of London for three months previously*. Country papers, do please copy; and country coachmakers, pray compete and deliver us from the tyranny of Hammersmith. We entirely agree with the Council of the aforesaid society in considering that the cabs now in use in London are especially defective in the following particulars:—1. Want of room, both as regards the four-wheelers as well as the Hansom. 2. The seats in the four-wheelers are too high, not commodiously made, and the space underneath is lost. 3. Difficulty of getting in and out of the Hansom, by reason of the height of the step, as well as the interference of the large wheels. 4. The arrangements for opening and closing the window in the Hansom. 5. The confined space and want of ventilation in the Hansom when the window is closed. 6. Imperfect locking of the wheels in four-wheelers. And we would call the attention of an enterprising trade to the fact that there are capitals in Europe besides "Dhaublin"—and vehicles other than "outside Kyars"—in

which it is possible to obtain a comfortable open carriage, with a civil driver, for less than a couple of shillings a mile.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has been lecturing on the influence of Rousseau. He sums it up that Rousseau's teaching sowed the seeds of the restlessness which is so manifest throughout modern Europe. The teaching itself was not in its fundamental ideas possessed of great creative originality. Rousseau owed much to Geneva, where he was born in the midst of public discontents and the discussion of the first principles of politics and theology. He owed much to Montaigne, Plutarch, Hobbes, and Locke. His originality lay in the temper and sentiment which he introduced into social discussions, and which exactly suited the ripeness of the times. His influence took root in a new type of life, springing from the old appeal away from the corruption and frivolity of artificial society to simple and pure individual life—dogma being abandoned for spiritual theism, and pride of intellect for health of feeling. They touched the entire circle of life; and hence they inspired not only the Jacobin Robespierre, or the transcendental deist, George Sand, but the Royalist Châteaubriand and the Christian Lamennais. He cut off the whole past of the race, obliterating history from memory and the old social ordering from sight, and inundating the study of social truth with metaphysical *a priori* figments, such as Rights of Man, Laws of Nature, and the rest. His fundamental merit was his protest against the stationary fatalism of those who exaggerate the strength of social continuity and the grip of the past over the present. His fatal error was his disregard of the intellectual and moral endeavour of the past, and a blind ignorance of the experience of the race. What made his errors so baneful was the concurrence of the economic and political conditions of France, which were so devoid of all coherence as to permit his anti-social speculations to become violent explosive forces. He deserves, however, the gratitude of mankind for the impulse which he gave to the motives for the study of social truth, by pointing out how short a way we have gone towards the admission of the bondsmen of society to the best advantages of civilization.

MANY STORIES ARE told of Sir Boyle

Roche, whose ubiquitous bird is well known, and some time ago was the subject of a short article in these columns. The following, however, although, I think, equally good with his frequently told bulls and other sayings, are not so well remembered:—

Sir Boyle Roche, in wordy conflict with Curran in the Irish House of Commons, made some allusion to Curran's honour. "Sir," said Curran, "do not speak of my honour, I am the guardian of my own honour." "Faith," said Sir Boyle, "I knew that some time or other you would accept a sinecure."

The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act being, at the time of the Irish rebellion, proposed in the House of Commons, it was strongly objected to, as surrendering a vital part of the British constitution. "Do not talk to me," said Sir Boyle, "of giving up a part of the constitution—I would gladly sacrifice, not a part only, but the whole of the constitution to preserve the remainder."

Sir Boyle Roche was deeply impressed with the sanguinary dispositions of the French revolutionists; and in advocating some measures to prevent their invading Ireland, he said to the Speaker—"Sir, if measures are not taken to keep these blood-thirsty ruffians out of Ireland, they will break into this very House, and cut off our heads before our faces."

Lord Castlereagh, passing the Irish Houses of Parliament soon after the Union, in company with Curran, said to the latter—"What shall we do with this useless building? I hate the very sight of it." "No wonder, my lord," said Curran. "I never yet heard of a murderer who liked to see the ghost of the man he murdered."

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole, and called out—"Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt entirely? If you're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying, in answer—"No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

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# ONCE A WEEK

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No. 238.

July 20, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.



### CHAPTER IV.

#### A PRACTICAL COURSHIP.

IT was the fourteenth of February, but any bird weddings fixed for that day must have been celebrated under difficulties, and the happy couples joined like inferior bipeds, on the earth, not in the air; else the hurricane, which was raging, as it seemed, from all the cardinal points at once, and kept the Bodston Church weathercock spinning round like a teetotum, would have forbidden the banns in a summary "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" sort of way, by blowing the bridegroom to China and the bride to America. In revenge, the wedding cake might have been iced cheap; and the snowy mantle which was spread over the ground was emblematical of purity and innocence. But birds, possessing the virtues themselves, lack appreciation of their emblems; and the only idea likely to occur to betrothed cock or hen that morning was, "Sure as eggs is eggs, ours will be addled."

Mrs. and Miss Rosier were just finishing their breakfast, when Susannah brought in a

Edith's was one of those peculiar productions which it is the custom for young men and maidens to send to each other at this season of the year, apparently for no other useful purpose than to swell the revenues of the Post-office. It was a large sheet of paper, with the borders stamped out to represent lace, and bearing in the middle pictures of a ship, a heart transfixed by an arrow, a wedding party, and a bouquet of orange blossoms, the whole surmounted by a loose Cupid—loose as regards his position, he being fastened to his cloud by a slender wire: against the young gentleman's character I make no insinuations—totally devoid of clothing, who fluttered over the various groups, and seemed to point with his bow to this touching legend—

"Where'er I be, by land or *sea*,  
I still am thine, my Valentine."

The sea having a dash under it, to mark the fact that the anonymous sender was a young middy, who had taken the opportunity of a visit he was paying to his uncle, the rector of Bodston, to fall fearfully in love with the secluded beauty. With a smile, half of amusement, half of gratification—for the smallest grain of incense hath a pleasing smell—Edith looked across at her mother, and saw that her face was white and her lips parted, while a violent tremor shook her whole frame.

Mrs. Rosier had had her morning dose, and ought to have been happy and free from nervousness until late in the afternoon. It must be some very real calamity to agitate her thus while she was under the influence of the drug; and Edith cried, in genuine alarm—

"Whatever is the matter, mamma, and who is that letter from?"

"They have done it," cried the poor old lady, bursting into tears. "Mr. Hartman said they would, and they have."

"Done what, mamma?"



"Paid off my money, dear. We have only a thousand pounds in the world, and the people who had charge of it have given us a hundred a-year for it all these years, and now they refuse to do so any longer, and have returned the thousand pounds; and we shall have to take it to the Bank of England, where they will only give thirty. How ever are we to live on thirty pounds a-year? Oh dear, oh dear!"

Edith had learned how to manage her mother admirably, and never said anything at all while she was in an excited state, but kept silence till her reason returned, and then commenced discussing the matter, whatever it might be, with some chance of eliciting opinions more worthy of what the poor lady once was, before her mind had been obscured by opium. So she sat quite still, and absorbed in her own reflections, while Mrs. Rosier maundered on like this:—

"It is an abominable shame, and they are a parcel of rogues and thieves! It is a downright robbery of the widow and the orphan, it is; and so they will find to their cost one day. What *business* have they to pay off the money like this without my consent? They might as well have taken it altogether; there is no difference. In fact, they had better have done so, that would have been more open than this mean conduct. If there were any laws, these things would not be allowed; but there are no laws but what Government and the lawyers make for their own private benefit. Three per cent., indeed! They pay themselves more than that, I'll be bound. Why does not the Government pay a fair interest and take off the taxes; and oh! oh! oh! how are we to live on thirty pounds a-year, and my medicine so expensive?"

And the poor lady found relief in a passionate burst of crying.

It is a difficult thing to treat nervous and hysterical patients properly, and very few *men* ever acquire the art. If they could, many jarring, separated, and even divorced couples would be living together in peace and harmony. When the victim of irritated nerves has an attack, you must not reason with her, for that is exasperating; or sympathize with her, under pain of her thinking you a fool when she recovers her reason; or attempt to soothe her, which she resents as treatment fit only for a child. You cannot give way to her, for instead of being disarmed by submission, she is tempted on by it to increased

violence; nor resist her, which produces temporary insanity. The proper plan of action is to treat the matter as a purely physical affliction—which I believe that it mostly is—and remain perfectly quiescent until the fit passes over. But this is not so easy a task as it sounds; for if you betray either amusement, scorn, or a sense of superiority in your silence, you will irritate the patient almost as much as if you talked sense to her.

But though, unfortunately for domestic happiness, men are terribly wanting in the tact required for the proper management of a weak mind in a hysterico-nervous body, women are seldom deficient in it; and Edith sat gravely and quietly cogitating the unpleasant position in which they were placed, without noticing her mother's vagaries; and after a time Mrs. Rosier sobbed herself calm, and grew as rational as she ever was now. And then they talked quietly about the matter; and Edith, who knew no more about business matters and rates of interest than she did about Sanscrit, gleaned what little information she could, but finally, in her bewilderment, cried—

"Had you not better consult Mr. Hartman, mamma?"

"Ah, my love, I know what *he* would say!"

"What, mamma?" asked Edith, but not in the tone which demands an answer; and she coloured to the tips of her ears.

What, had it come to this, and in so few months! Yes, it had come to this. Shall we quote Latin couplets and French epigrams on the occasion? Shall we call the heroine of our first act false, fickle, perjured, &c.? Or shall we try to get at the real state of the case? The last course will be the most satisfactory, I think: the only drawback to it is its impossibility. What, sound a fellow-creature's heart, and that fellow-creature a young lady! No matter, one can heave the lead, though the sea be unfathomable.

Here, then, was a girl whose temperament was practical and not romantic; who had fancied herself in love with Arthur Lennard, when in reality she had no feelings towards him warmer than those of friendship; who was poor and solitary, with a strong yearning for wealth and society. The youth to whom she had imagined herself attached had disappeared from her life, and might never come back again; and the only person near her who had any experi-

ence of the world, and whose opinion she could consult, looked upon such a return as utterly chimerical. Under these circumstances, a suitor came forward who professed himself rich, and anxious to marry her at once. Though her inexperience prevented her piercing completely through the somewhat flimsy veil which concealed this man's true character, she did not much like him; and yet he, to some extent, imposed upon her, and her feelings with regard to him had changed very much from what they had been on their first acquaintance. Then all comparison between Hartman and Lennard had been strongly in favour of the latter; but as she came to see more and more of the adventurer, this impression grew fainter and fainter.

Strength of will, clearness of brain, unflinching resolution, a power of seeing his way in any matter, however serious or however trifling, at once, and of quietly overruling all opposition—these were qualities before which mere elegance of manner and delicacy of sentiment faded into insignificance. Deference to the feelings and opinions of others and mistrust of oneself may be virtues likely to prove useful in becoming a favourite in general society, but they will seldom win the heart of a woman. I hate paradox, but can call Edith's feeling towards Adolphus Hartman by no other name than that of fascinated repugnance.

Do not imagine that she had lost all regard for young Lennard. I am confident that, whatever her regrets might have been, she would never have faltered in allegiance to her engagement—unless, indeed, she had been wooed by a far different man from Hartman—if it had not been for this last blow. But to be reduced to actual penury; to see her mother, at her age and in her shattered state of health, in positive want of bread and laudanum, and to be able to save her by one act alone, was a very trying and peculiar position for a young girl to be placed in.

"Poor Arthur!" sighed Edith.

"Poor Arthur probably has half a dozen wives by this time," said Mrs. Rosier—assuming that because the young man had gone on a long voyage, he must have adopted the habit, which we all know to be universal amongst sailors, of touching at a variety of seaport towns, and contracting a matrimonial alliance in each—"while we shall be without a roof over our heads, unless I go to the

workhouse, and you apply for a situation as nursery-governess. Oh, Edith, if you had only felt more kindly towards that good, kind Mr. Hartman—if it had been possible for you to become his wife!"

Edith sat in thoughtful silence for some time.

"But—but he has never asked me," she said at length.

"Mr. Hartman, ma'am," the servant said, announcing him.

He knew that the letter informing Mrs. Rosier of the speedy paying off of her capital would arrive that morning, and timed his visit accordingly. There is nothing like boarding in the smoke. He had brought Mrs. Rosier to believe in him to any extent, and did just what he liked with her. And now he quietly sympathised; agreed that there must be something exceedingly rotten in the state of Denmark, when the Danes could not get twenty per cent. for their money, combined with perfect security; and advised her to go and lie down and have a good cry, while he discussed with Edith what was to be done.

"Can you not guess what I should propose?" said he, when they were alone.

He had called her Edith for the last month, in spite of her attempts to check what she had deemed an impertinent familiarity; but the snubs and rebuffs which would have driven Arthur Lennard to think seriously about halters and prussic acid had no more effect upon him than a pea-shooter on a rhinoceros, and she soon got used to what she was unable to resent.

"My life," he continued, "has been too earnest and busy to allow time for the learning of pretty phrases, and the practising of a dancing master's grimaces. I am a blunt man: excuse my coming to the point bluntly. Be my wife, and you and your mother will have a home, and everything you want. I love you. The first time I saw you I wished for you, and determined to have you; and I never yet failed in anything I set my heart on. Aye, curl your lip, and arch your pretty neck—I like that. I hate your sleepy, inanimate dolls. Give me the girl who will flash up and speak out—aye, and who would stab when her blood was up." And his eyes glittered with a leonine passion. "You think," he continued, "that I speak so confidently because you are poor—because you do not know what to do, or where to turn to next—because, if you are so mad as to

reject my offer, you will have to starve, or beg, or serve. Undeceive yourself. If you had been the first and wealthiest lady in the land, I would have had you, or died for it."

Now, it is true that Edith was a self-possessed young woman on ordinary occasions, but she was not strong-minded enough to hear a proposal of marriage couched in such language as this with composure.

"I do not know," she replied, trembling and pale. "This is so sudden. I must ask—I must think. There is a—a—"

"I know," said Hartman. "A boy and girl engagement—I have heard all about it from your mother. The boy has gone to Australia, luckily for him."

"Luckily for him?"

"Yes. I should have been sorry to hurt so weak, poor, white-livered creature as that; but if a worm will get in one's path, one one cannot always help treading on it."

This reads bombastic, but it did not sound so: there was that in the man's tone and manner which made Edith shudder rather than sneer.

"However," he continued, "he has gone to Australia, and might just as well have gone to the moon; for I suppose you do not intend to go quietly to the workhouse, and wait there for the next ten years on the chance of Arthur Lennard's coming home at the end of that time, faithful, single, and rich? Rich! bah!—he hasn't it in him ever to become that. Well, well, you are agitated now, and I will not abuse him any more. You must not think seriously about what a man says of his rival. I will not press you for an answer to-day, you shall decide my fate next week; for I must run up to London this evening to make certain preparations for our marriage. Oh! I know what you would say, but it is all right—you are certain to see the wisdom of falling into my plans. We will be married at Plymouth, settle your mother there, or take her with us on a little trip to the Continent; and our future course had better remain uncertain. Adieu for the present. I shall come back next week for your answer."

And he took his leave of her.

"Now, that girl," he said to himself, as he strolled homewards—"that girl actually believes that I am going to marry her for the sake of her fine eyes! Oh! the vanity of human nature! Would she come to my whistle so readily if she knew of her own

real attraction? Hem! she is a fine girl, though; and the £20,000 may be considered as mine, for the cousin will part at the first threat of legal proceedings; with that, and the profits arising from the Vienna-Hamburg scheme, I think I can manage without any more of the risky business. I wonder whether that fellow Strutgard was a spy—his sudden disappearance looks fishy. And if there was a row, could they trace anything to me? I think not. I have been as cautious as man can well be—but in these matters one never knows. Honesty is, undoubtedly, the best policy, just as Government securities are the best investments, when we can afford it."

Money, money!—source of good and evil—was there ever such a rogue as, in the immediate prospect of possessing thee, did not form good resolutions?

And Edith had a week in which to decide upon her future. A girl brought up in a secluded corner, with no knowledge of the world but what she had gathered from novels, the nonsense talked by two or three country gossips, the descriptions which Arthur Lennard had given her of college manners, and what she had acquired from her intelligent but rapid observation of the few other people with whom she had from time to time come into contact; with no other adviser than her mother, a confirmed invalid—who, when she was not stupefied with opium, was crazy with pain—had to determine in a few days upon a step which would make or mar the remainder of her life.

Just consider what it really was. When a young man of twenty makes up his mind upon the subject of his future career, he finally settles a question which has probably been before him for years. He has relations and friends by dozens to advise him, and endless examples before him; and then, even then, he often leaves it to his parents or guardians to decide for him, or takes a leap in the dark, trusting all to blind chance.

Had Edith loved this man, it would have cut the knot of the difficulty—or rather, there would have been no such knot to cut. Seven seconds, instead of as many days, would be amply sufficient for any one to determine to do what he or she wished. Did she like him? she asked herself, and could not quite reply. In his absence, she thought him coarse, overbearing, unscrupulous; in his presence, she experienced that

feeling of mingled dread and attraction which some people are seized with on the edge of a height. He was strong—strong in mind, in body, in will—and strength was her admiration. Like all women whose nature it is to domineer, she was attracted magnetically by a masculine spirit yet more tyrannical than her own. If she were to marry him, she thought, in her ignorance of the man's real character, she would at all events be the wife of one who would teach her to respect and honour, if not eventually to love, him; and he could give her all those things which her heart most coveted.

And Arthur Lennard? She had not heard from him—for in those days a letter took a much longer time to come from the Antipodes than it does now. He might be successful, affluent, faithful, and preparing to return at once to claim her as his bride. And a short time ago she had vowed she loved him, and believed it too. Had she? Did she? She mused for some time on the subject, and still even now persuaded herself to answer it in the affirmative. It was true that he had been provokingly yielding, and had disappointed her by giving way to her in everything; so that she had often been positively bored for want of a little healthy opposition. In spite of her assumed superiority, she knew very well how ignorant she was, how uninformed her mind, judgment, and taste; and she longed, though quite prepared to rebel against it, for an intellect upon which she might lean with confidence, a judgment to be accepted with unreasoning faith. Most women have this yearning: they cannot bear to judge for themselves. If they cannot put their trust in their husbands, they look to their priests; if they cannot respect their priests, they go by what "everybody" says; and as "everybody," when sifted, invariably resolves itself into a gossip or sweetheart of one of the servants, this is not a strong reed to lean upon. There are ladies, not always the cleverest or most engaging, who are exceptions to this rule; but Edith, in spite of her independent spirit, was not one of them. When first engaged to Arthur, she, recognizing the power of his reasoning faculties, which was considerable, had trusted to him; but Lennard was quite alarmed at the way in which she jumped to extreme conclusions. He was a man of deplorably few prejudices, who saw the strong and weak points of both

quently had no firm convictions whatever. When she consulted him upon any matter, he would give her a nicely balanced digest of all that could be urged *pro* and *con*; and when she said, "But what is your opinion?" he would say, "The evidence is before you. My ideas on the subject will not be worth more than yours, drawn from the same data, are likely to be. I have purposely avoided prejudicing the matter by introducing my own private conclusions."

But these were just what she wanted. She did not care to investigate for herself—desiring not truth, but dogma. Freedom from prejudice was weakness in her eyes—and in faith, perhaps she was right!

And yet, perhaps, she might have loved Lennard harder if he had been only weak. If she could have quietly and superbly felt him to be her inferior, she might have taken him to her protecting heart, in the way we see aquiline matrons doing every day. But while she trampled on him, she knew that he was gold to her copper; when she quarrelled with and taunted him—she had amused herself that way once or twice, for a change—she was aware that affection and gentleman-like feeling alone prevented retorts more bitter than she could have framed in the course of a life's study; and all this made her suspect that he must despise her at the bottom of his heart, for all his mock humility, which produced more slighting on her part for the sake of self-assertion, followed by more proud submission on his. Very rough treatment this for poor little Cupid to stand!

Still, she honestly believed that she loved him while she saw him, and felt very sorry when he went away; but, to tell the truth, thought very little about him when he was once gone. And now that the fact of her engagement to him was brought before her so vividly by the necessity of determining whether she would break it, it required quite an effort on her part to persuade herself that she was broken-hearted. She succeeded, though, the first evening, and had a cry; and also next day, when she consulted with her mother, they shed a few tears together. But after that she did not fret much; and when Hartman came, at the end of the stipulated time, to demand her ultimatum, she said "Yes" pretty firmly.

He was not a romantic lover. Thoughtful, absent, and inattentive, it was evident that his mind was absorbed by some consideration more engrossing than that of his

proaching bliss; but, in revenge, he was a very impatient one. Nothing would do but an immediate marriage.

And so Mrs. Rosier and Edith left their little cottage to the care of Susannah, the maid, and journeyed to Plymouth, where they took lodgings, Hartman accompanying them, and securing an apartment in the immediate neighbourhood.

All this was managed, at Hartman's urgent request, with such mystery that no one at Bodston, not even Susannah, knew the purpose of their journey, but supposed that their presence was necessary for the settlement of Mrs. Rosier's money affairs.

The necessary "residence" having been established, Adolphus Hartman bought the licence.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

THE preparations for the wedding were not on a very grand scale. There were no favours, bridesmaids, groomsmen, or carriages; there was no cake, no gathering of friends to breakfast; there were "No cards." Poor Mrs. Rosier was in despair. It seemed to her that the marriage would hardly be binding without these adjuncts and ceremonies; and Edith herself very much disliked the mysterious secrecy which gave the proceeding the air of a discreditable elopement, rather than the ratification of a straightforward and honest partnership. If a young lady does sell herself for certain contingent shows, comforts, and advantages, it is hard to be done out of the principal opportunity for display and heroineism which will probably occur to her in the whole course of her life.

Mother and daughter had vegetated in such extreme retirement at Bodston, that they positively had no correspondents; and when Edith asked her betrothed whether any of his relations or friends were coming, he made this reply—

"I never had any relations or friends. We must fish some up abroad. I shall have leisure for that now."

And a chill ran through her veins.

Indeed, a wild horror gradually stole over her as the day approached, and at the last she was almost paralyzed by this undefinable dread: a feeling which was quite distinct from the intelligible and palpable considerations which also rose before her mind with increasing sharpness.

She was going to break her plighted troth to a man who loved her. Next, she was tinkering up another troth to a man who didn't—for instinct told her that whatever might be the feelings of Mr. Hartman towards her, they were not worthy of the name of love. Thirdly, she was, more than most brides—

"Like one of a grand equestrian troupe,  
Who makes a jump through a gilded hoop,  
Not certain at all  
Of what may befall  
After her getting through it."

Who and what was Adolphus Hartman? Who? He was a man who had come forward when she and her mother found themselves on the verge of beggary, and had offered her house, home, fine clothes, fine jewels, horses, carriages—all those things, in short, which we moralists and philosophers call baubles, and are ready at any hour to risk our souls for.

The opium trade? Well, it is productive of some evil, no doubt; but then, my dear sir, you must look at the question practically. A war with a people almost as defenceless physically as our cause is morally? A very sad thing. And that wholesale massacre which was called a battle was a cruel and painful necessity; but the benighted heathen did not wish to have any dealings with us, and—have you any idea of the revenue brought in by the trogdologite trade?

Edith had an infinitely better excuse than our statesmen, merchants, and ordinary men of the world for bringing the question to the practical (euphonical for money) standard; and it is much to her credit that she felt any compunction at all as the solemn moment approached. A more important dread was this: suppose Mr. Hartman had not the power to give her all these things he had promised?

What was he? He might be a vampire or a cannibal for aught she knew. A mysterious, unyielding man, without a friend or relative in the world.

Another uncomfortable reflection was, that she was about to commit deliberate perjury. She, who was unused even to simple lying, meditated calling God to witness, before his very altar, that she would do all sorts of impossibilities. As to obeying Adolphus Hartman, that idea gave her no such rebellious feeling as the fancy of making such a promise to Arthur Lennard had in the old days. There would be no choice—

Hartman must be obeyed by every weaker person who lived with him; but as to honouring him, who could tell? And for loving—did she love him? Might, could, would, or should she ever love him? Now that the fact of her being about to become his wife was growing so real, she felt firmly persuaded that she would, on the contrary, detest him. And yet she was about to swear— But was it swearing? Are ninety-nine husbands and wives per cent. perjured—or is there such a thing as a white perjury? And will the Highest Court of Appeal take no notice of that to which earthly jurisdiction awards no penalty?

Surely, we are rather too careless about invoking the Almighty to endorse our pie-crust engagements. The fashion of obliging graduates at the Universities to swear to keep obsolete and unintelligible statutes has lately died out; might we not extend this squeamishness with advantage?

The morning appointed for the marriage arrived; and at half-past nine Adolphus Hartman arrived at the Rosiers' lodgings, dressed in his best, and accompanied by a boy carrying a Perigord pie, a bottle or two of really good wine, and several other little luxuries—for it had been arranged that he was to breakfast there before the ceremony, and, being rather an epicure, he did not care to trust entirely to the catering of the ladies. Besides, a good meal and a glass or so of wine would enable the bride to get through the business with greater comfort. Mother and daughter were in the sitting-room expecting him, the latter dressed in a white gown and new bonnet; and they sat down to table.

At half-past ten, the clergyman, a hyper-punctual man, entered a neighbouring church, in which were assembled an old clerk to do the heavy father, a one-eyed pew-opener to act as bridesmaid, three nurse girls, five children, their charges, and two men—who had dawdled idly in, and might be well-to-do blacksmiths or carpenters in their best clothes—for congregation.

When the clergyman entered the vestry, for the purpose of donning his robes and getting the registry books ready, these two men followed him in.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of them, in reply to the look of surprise with which the invaded minister turned round and regarded him; "you have a wedding on

in a quarter of an hour, I believe, and the man's name is Adolphus Hartman?"

"Yes."

"We are officers in plain clothes, and the bridegroom is wanted. Have you got a note or any document in his handwriting you could let me look at?"

The clergyman produced a letter which Hartman had written to fix the hour of the marriage, and this the detective compared with a paper which he held in his hand, and then showed both to his companion.

"That's about the ticket, Bill," he said. "No doubt now."

"None whatsoever," replied Bill, after a rapid but scrutinizing glance at the two documents. "That's it."

"Thank you, sir. I don't think you need wait," said the first speaker, and the pair lounged out of the church.

Hartman enjoyed his breakfast better than it is the wont of bridegrooms to do, and the care which had lately been hanging about his brow lifted as he laid down his plans.

"You will live on here, mother-in-law," he said. "I have made arrangements at the bank by which you will be able to draw £10 on the first of every month. When your capital is due, it will be paid into the same account; and I will send you word how it had better be invested. Is all packed up, Edith?—because the sailors call for the luggage at one. We go on board this afternoon, sail this evening, and I hope to be in Brest some time to-morrow. You have never been abroad? Ah! well, I will take you to every place worth seeing on the Continent—Paris, Brussels, Hamburg, the Rhine, Vienna. I want to go everywhere, and there is nothing like combining business with pleasure. Was that a knock at the door? Some one to say that all is ready, I suppose. Come in."

The door opened, and the two men who had left the church five minutes before entered.

"Sorry," said the one who had been the first to address the clergyman—"sorry to intrude on a gentleman on his wedding morning; still more distressed if we alarm the ladies; but you see, Mr. Hartman, as you were just about to give us the slip this very afternoon, we have not had the time to be considerate and polite."

Edith and her mother sprang up, terrified. Hartman poured himself out a glass of wine.

"Some mistake, my good fellows," he said.

"I hope it is a mistake, as you say. If so, I and my pal here will be the first to apologize. And the sooner you come with us, the sooner the matter will be cleared up."

"Nonsense! I can't go with you now. I have got to be married, and have taken my berth in the *Hannibal*."

"I know. But the *Hannibal* will have to sail without you. It is a pity, too—you'd be as good as a caul to them."

"There is some ridiculous error in all this. Whom do you take me for? What do you accuse me of?"

"Gammon!" growled the second intruder, now coming forward. "You know all about it. Wentworth's took, and Bontemps got shot through the body, and the priest frightened him into splitting. The game is up, I tell you. At any rate, here is our warrant. Ah! would yer!"

Edith's eyes had been fixed all this time on Hartman's face, and she now saw an expression steal over it which struck her motionless with horror. There was no convulsion of the features; but the eyes became gradually suffused with blood, the nostrils dilated, the upper lip curled upwards, displaying the tightly clenched teeth within. But I cannot adequately describe the change which passed over his countenance, and know not how to bring it before you, unless you can imagine a man to whom you were quietly talking becoming possessed by the devil.

As the officer approached him, he thrust his hand into his breast; and, at the same moment, Mrs. Rosier flung her arms around him, and shrieked—

"Go away, men! How dare you? This gentleman is most respectable, and just going to marry my—"

"Back, you old harridan!" cried Hartman, hurling her off. But the two men were upon him, and a desperate struggle took place.

Hartman was a man of immense muscular strength, almost a match for both his adversaries, and they were strong men. But it is very seldom in real life that one man can get the better of two, if they are determined, and go at him with a will. A strong, brave, and cool fellow may, it is true, and often has, kept half a dozen enemies at bay; but it is when they have hung back, or attacked irresolutely, with an *arrière pensée* about their own safety. If they were

to smash at him all together, without caring what became of themselves, down the single champion must go, were he a Hercules, Amadis, or Napier.

"Save me from my friends!" Had not the hysterical Mrs. Rosier flung her arms about him, and so prevented his drawing the weapon which he had for some months constantly carried in his breast, he might have freed himself from the opponent who first attacked him, and then it was but short work he would have made with the other. As it was, in five minutes' time he lay on the floor, bound, handcuffed, and bleeding; one of the victors sat on the sofa, doubled up with the pain of a kick in the stomach, while the other was peering into the mirror over the mantelpiece with his left eye, and endeavouring to bind up in its proper place a flap of skin which hung down over the right. Mrs. Rosier sat in a corner of the room, with her mouth wide open, gasping; and Edith stood by the window, pale, faint, and paralysed with terror. An admirable "interior" for a photograph, had the art been invented, and a camera handy.

When Edith recovered herself a little, she observed the awkward attempts of the man with the cut forehead, and offered, with womanly instinct, to bind up his wound for him; and, in passing round the room for this purpose, she gave the prisoner on the floor as wide a berth as possible, having a vague idea that he was something uncanny, which might jump up and do for them all yet.

"Who is *he*?" she asked, placing a chair for her patient. "What has he done?"

"Oh, come, that is a good un! As if you didn't know! Eh! you look in earnest, too."

"Indeed, indeed, I am. I thought 'he was a rich man, and never had an idea that there was anything wrong about him; no more had my mother. Has he committed murder?"

"No—that is, not as I knows on, miss. No, it is only forgery and conspiracy."

"Have you killed him, do you think?"

"Killed him! Bless you, no. He has nearer killed my poor mate there. How are you now, Bill?"

"Better," groaned the man on the sofa. "I shall be able to go through with the job presently. Give me a glass of water, please, miss. No—no brandy; there may be inflammation—only water."

"Oh, what you have saved me from!" cried Edith. "How horrible if you had arrived half an hour later!"

"Aye, you would have been let in for a bad thing, and no mistake. Now, just knot the handkerchief behind my head, please. Thank you. But where can the woman of the house have got to? I told her to come up when I rang the bell."

Mrs. Perch, the landlady, her daughter, and the maid-of-all-work—to whom the police had confided their mission and the desperate character of the man they were about to arrest on first entering the house, so that they might not shriek murder, and bring a mob round the door if they heard a disturbance—were all three in the cellar, saying their prayers, so that the sound of the bell did not at first reach them. Eventually, however, they heard it, and ventured upstairs; and Mrs. Perch, a good-natured, motherly body, got her lodgers down into her own little parlour and succoured them; heard all the story from Edith, wept over it, and expressed a desire to return upstairs and scratch Adolphus Hartman—which yearning, however, she happily repressed.

In the meantime, the detective who had been kicked had straightened himself, and discovered that his injuries were not so serious as he had at first feared; and the head of the other having already been temporarily mended, they got some fresh water and a sponge, with which they cleansed themselves and their prisoner as well as they could from all traces of the fray.

When all was ready, one of them went for a postchaise, which was in waiting "round the corner;" and when it came they placed Hartman, who no longer offered any resistance, in it, followed themselves, and started for London.

Mrs. Rosier and Edith found a good, kind, and useful friend in Mrs. Perch, the landlady, who, amongst other chattels, possessed a husband, a lawyer's clerk, who was able to advise the bewildered ladies what to do next; and recommended them to instruct his employer to receive Mrs. Rosier's little capital when it should be paid off, and put it out for them in the best way he could: said employer being a benevolent gentleman likely to feel an interest in distressed ladies placed in such an exceptional position.

After much consideration, Edith determined to take her mother back to Bodston, and there wait quietly, watching what would

happen next; and Mr. Perch, who took in a London paper famous for full information upon all police and assize business, promised to send it to her weekly, when he had read it.

And so, in two days, they returned to their secluded home, where Edith thought it better to inform Susannah of all that had passed, for fear she should learn it, embellished and enlarged, from some other source. And Susannah was full of genuine astonishment and sympathy; but, not approving the way in which Arthur Lennard had been treated, and resentful of having been so long kept in the dark, secretly believed the addling of the marriage to be a judgment.

## OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MR. RICHARD ENGLAND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE life of a gentleman who, in his career as a highwayman, gambler, and *chevalier d'industrie* of the better class, covered so much ground as Mr. England contrived to do, necessarily abounds with adventure. But we can only, in this last chapter of his history, give a few of his exploits, culled from contemporary records of his day. His biography is not very instructive, perhaps, except to point a moral hardly wanted now. Of Dick England's peculiar vices and crimes, scarcely one now exists. Are rackets ever played for money? Cogged dice, the few frequenters of the turf who sit down to hazard are not a bit afraid of. A footpad would be a curiosity, and a highwayman would make his fortune as a show. While duelling, the offence that consigned Richard to the gaol where he died, is happily no longer the final resort of English gentlemen who have had words more strong than sweet. It is for these reasons, though, that his story is full of interest: the impossibility now of such a life as Dick England's was, in the good old days when a city magnate drank to "the two Ks"—King and Konstitution—and would have spelt them so, good man; when George the Third, of most respectable memory, was king, dining off boiled mutton and turnips, and making presents of his royal likeness (value one penny a-piece) to Eton boys; and four of his ministers drank eighteen bottles of Burgundy



after their dinner to help to keep his birthday!

While Mr. England was at Scarborough, Mr. Deane, a gentleman of very considerable landed property, near Newcastle, who had determined to visit the watering-places, and to finish his tour with passing a week or ten days at Scarborough, arrived there. Our hero, with one in his train, observing a chaise drive through the town, despatched a courier to inquire the gentleman's name, where he came from, and what stay he would make.

The messenger returned with every requisite information; and the next thing was, how to get at Deane before he went to the assembly rooms.

England's inventive faculties were never idle. He waited till he came out of the inn, and modestly fell into chat with him, and accompanied him to the rooms.

The assembly over, the company formed themselves into parties, as usual. Unfortunately for Mr. Deane, there was but one person there he knew, and they were not on good terms; he therefore accepted England's invitation to sup with him and two of his friends at the coffee-house. After supper, the glass was circulated briskly, and about three in the morning Mr. Deane was completely drunk. They had tried every effort to make him play, but in vain.

The triumvirate, to save appearances, lest any improper questions were asked the waiter, played for five or six minutes, and then they each marked a card thus: "Deane owes me a hundred guineas," "Deane owes me eighty guineas." England, being the principal, marked his card thus: "I owe Deane thirty guineas."

The waiter touched five guineas for hush-money, and the party broke up.

The next morning, or noon rather, Dick accosted Mr. Deane upon the cliff—

"Well, sir, how do you do after your night's regale? Upon my conscience, we were all very merry."

"Yes," replied the dove, "we were indeed, sir, and I hope I did nothing to offend; for what with the fatigue of travelling, and your good company, Bacchus prevailed too powerfully, and banished the little reason that I have entirely from me; but if no gentleman was offended, I am happy."

England presented him with a thirty-guinea banker's note payable to Richard England, Esq., saying—

"I lost this sum to you last night—put it in your pocket; and I hope I shall have better luck another time."

Mr. Deane stared, and positively denied having played for a shilling; but England assured him upon his honour he had, observing that he had paid hundreds to gentlemen when in liquor who knew nothing at all of the matter till he showed them his account.

Mr. Deane thus fell into the trap laid for him, and, being a novice, put the note in his pocket, thinking England the most upright man he had ever met with.

Shortly after, Mr. England's friends presented their cards.

Mr. Deane, thunderstruck with their demand, averred he never played with them; and indeed he did not know of his playing at all, but that Captain England, very much to his credit, had paid him thirty guineas, though he did not remember a circumstance of a card or dice being in the room.

George Brereton replied, with great warmth—

"Sir, it is the first time my honour was ever doubted. Captain England and the waiter will tell you I won a hundred guineas of you, though I was a great loser by the night's play."

Mr. Deane, with his usual moderation, said—

"Sir, I shall have the pleasure to see you at the coffee-house to-morrow morning, and I make no doubt but everything will be amicably settled."

The morning proved a propitious one for Mr. Deane, for the preceding evening arrived some of his friends, persons of great worth, who knew the world well.

Mr. Deane opened his mind to them; and, after ten minutes' conversation, and one of the gentlemen cross-examining the honest waiter, the waiter prevaricated so much that he got rid of the business; and having received a promise of five guineas more if he told the truth, he assured the friend of Mr. Deane that England and his companions were notorious blacklegs, and that Mr. Deane did not play at all, or, if he did, it could not be for five minutes, as they were constantly ringing and making punch in their own way.

The gentlemen then advised Deane not to pay a shilling; but he proposed to them that he would send England the thirty-guinea banker's draft, and five guineas to

pay the expenses of the supper, which he immediately did, accompanied by a letter, by the contents of which England, finding his practices blown, to save appearances, left Scarborough the next morning.

We have before observed that England, when in town during the winter season, was constant in attendance at the public billiard tables and tennis courts. At one of the latter places he became acquainted with an officer on half-pay, nephew to an Irish earl; and this young man's circumstances being very low, and his principles not very elevated, a junction offensive and defensive was soon formed between them; and Lieutenant Rowhend won many considerable bets by laying against his friend, whose ostensible losses were always profitable from the private gains of his associate.

With this gentleman, Mr. England determined upon a trip to Spa; and every article necessary for the purposes of play was accordingly prepared. At Spa, however, they found that the dice of Germany were larger than those of England; and of course the latter, to which they had been used, could not be introduced at the tables; and as little could be made by throwing equal main and chance, even by those to whom the odds were known specifically, Mr. England resolved to raise contributions on the company at Spa by a *coup de main*.

Walking with his friend, the lieutenant, towards the hazard-table, he picked up two small stones, which he carried to the place of action, where, taking the dice when circulated to his turn, and throwing out, he affected a sudden rage, and threw the box against the window, which made its way through the glass, accompanied by the two small stones he had picked up, after which he played with variety of fortune.

The next evening, his winnings were very considerable. He won every bet he made, so did his friend; and they immediately left Spa some thousands of pounds heavier than they entered it, but not without leaving an opinion behind them that they owed more to sheer cunning than to good fortune, for a pair of dice were missed by the groom-porters.

Soon after his return to London, a quarrel took place between Mr. England and the lieutenant, when the latter took many liberties with the character of his coadjutor, to whom, however, he owed his very existence,

niary favours on him, and had actually kept him from starving; but Rowhend, having obtained a commission in the militia, began to resume the pride of family, and though he could not forget, yet he denied, the obligations he owed his benefactor.

Captain O'Kelly had long been at enmity with Mr. England; and with O'Kelly, Lieutenant Rowhend had become extremely intimate. They were sitting one night in a public coffee-room, when a gentleman, who had supped in the house with Mr. England, overheard them abuse him with the foulest language; in consequence of which he returned to his company, and mentioning what he had heard, England immediately descended to the coffee-room, and, without any ceremony of address or expostulation, knocked the heads of his old associates against each other, and then, attacking them separately, beat them till they both fled for shelter under the tables.

The consequence of this adventure was that O'Kelly and the lieutenant indicted Mr. England for the assault, who very prudently moved the cause into the Court of King's Bench, and pleaded guilty; in consequence of which, the Court, on hearing the affidavits on both sides, declared the provocation was so great on the part of the prosecutors that, though no words could justify an assault, yet the asperity and nature of the calumny, in the present case, was such as considerably mitigated the offence against the Crown by breaking the peace, and accordingly fined the defendant one shilling.

This verdict was a triumph to Mr. England. On his prosecutors, it brought shame and disgrace; they were everywhere ridiculed, and even their courage called in question. The lieutenant vindicated himself upon the presumption that, being of a noble family, and having had the honour of serving his Majesty, Mr. England was not upon a level with him, and therefore he was forced to have recourse to law; but this excuse only raised the contempt of those who knew the intimacy that had subsisted between him and his adversary, and the many serious obligations he had received from him. Irritated by these observations, he determined on revenge; and having, as we related before, obtained a commission in the militia, which was at that time in camp, he unfortunately mentioned the anecdote we have already stated, of procuring dice at Spa, from which instant a combination was formed against

him by the whole corps of blacklegs. Not a day passed but he received an insult. He lived in continual dread; and at last was shot through the head by a brother officer, who was one of the party.

We now come to the most material and serious incident in Mr. England's life—that incident which forced him to fly this country, become a fugitive in a foreign land, and, after an absence of twelve years, at last to be consigned to that one of his Majesty King George's gaols in which he died.

Mr. England had been long in habits of intimacy with Mr. Rowles, a brewer at Kingston, from whom he had won a sum of money at the game of hazard, but from whom he found it impossible to obtain his winnings without adopting very unpleasant means; but at last, being peremptory, Mr. Rowles declared his inability to pay for a very considerable time, unless the money should be borrowed. Mr. England, in consequence of this declaration, recommended Mr. Rowles to the noted Jack Torrington—in those days a character well known on the turf—who advanced the cash on the single bond of Mr. Rowles, and it was immediately paid over to Mr. England.

When the bond became due, the payment was repeatedly put off, till at last Rowles was arrested; then Rowles put in a plea for the purpose of avoiding the bond, which induced the lender, by advice of his counsel, to accept of half of the debt, and give a discharge for the whole.

England was of course obliged to make good the moiety of the debt to his friend, and insisted that Rowles should reimburse him, which he refused—though, after passing the bond, England had lent him money, and he was then in his debt. This led to the affair at Ascot, and the trial that took place twelve years after the duel—all the particulars of which we gave in our first chapter.

After languishing in Newgate for a few months, England's career was brought to a somewhat sudden end; and with this event our story may close too.

#### SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE editorship of *Punch* necessarily confers upon its holder a prominent position among men of letters; but the present occupant of the editorial chair was an eminent man of letters, as well as a tried and valued collaborateur on the staff of the

comic paper, before he filled the difficult position of its literary chief. When Mark Lemon died, in 1870, a few weeks before his friend Charles Dickens was taken from us, everybody felt, as was said of Garrick, and lately of Lever, that his loss was the removal of a light the extinction of which eclipsed the gaiety of nations. It is often unknown to the world by whom a popular paper is edited, but Mark Lemon's name was familiar in their mouths as a household word—to quote the now hackneyed line of the poet, of whose Falstaff the first editor of *Punch* was so excellent a representative. The name of Mark Lemon was known all over the English speaking world, and everywhere *Punch* connoted Lemon. The two ideas were inseparable from the term. But when the first grief at the loss of the genial and witty humorist had had time to lose some of its poignancy, all who wished well to the satirical journal—in other words, all the world—were rejoiced to hear that the choice of his successor had fallen on Shirley Brooks: like the original projector of *Punch*, himself a novelist, humorist, playwright, and—to employ a phrase in use in the cricket field—"good all-round" man of letters.

The promise implied in his selection has been well borne out, and *Punch* has rarely—take it one month with another—been more amusing and clever, or more brightly lighted with honest yet kindly satire, than it has been since Shirley Brooks has driven the team of artists and men of letters that make up the staff of the English *Charivari*.

The subject of our notice was born in 1815, and after his education—as far as youthful studies are concerned—was completed, he turned his attention to the law, and passed with great success the examinations of the Incorporated Law Society. But, like Dickens and Disraeli, the natural bent of his genius impelled him towards the culture of the muses, and he forsook law for literature.

He was for some years associated with the *Morning Chronicle*; and, as the representative of that paper, travelled over Russia, Syria, and Egypt, being charged with an inquiry into the state of the labouring classes in those countries.

As a dramatist, the editor of *Punch* has produced works of sterling merit. "The Creole; or, Love's Fetter," was first produced at the Lyceum in April, 1847, in



Once a Week.]

[July 20, 1872

"PUNCH."

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which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Frank Matthews, and Leigh Murray sustained the principal characters. The next year saw, at the same theatre, a capital one-act comedy, "Anything for a Change," in which Harley and Charles Mathews appeared. Among his other dramatic works, we may mention "The Daughter of the Stars," brought out at the Strand. In "Timour the Tartar" he had John Oxenford as joint author. "The Guardian Angel," at the Haymarket, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared in; and "The Lowther Arcade," a very sprightly farce, with two pieces of greater labour, "Honours and Tricks," and "Our New Governess," must not be omitted from this list.

Mr. Brooks was in his earlier days associated as a contributor to many of the best periodicals, was a leader writer on the *Illustrated London News*, and for some time editor of the *Literary Gazette*; but it is as a novelist that his talents are best known and appreciated by the readers of this magazine, in which his best stories have appeared; and were it not that we propose to let him tell us the history of that famous satirical journal he now so worthily conducts, in his own words, we should dwell at length on his novels. "The Silver Cord," which appeared in *ONCE A WEEK*, "Sooner or Later," "The Gordian Knot" and his first story, "Aspen Court," complete the list of his longer works of fiction. Nothing would be more to our mind than to offer some criticism here upon the skill in the construction of plots, the sustained interest, the sparkling dialogue, and the touches of genius in exhibiting the inner working of the human heart, that his novels show; but instead we will give, in Mr. Shirley Brooks's own words, the story of how *Punch* was founded, and how it became the most successful of satirical and comic journals.

"*Punch*," said its present editor, in a very charming and witty lecture he used to deliver on "Modern Satire," "was founded July 17th, 1841, by two or three gentlemen—Henry Mayhew, the original projector, Mark Lemon, E. Landells, Sterling Coyne, and Henry Grattan. It was at first a joint speculation of authors, artists, and engravers; and I was only connected with it after it had been established, and others had borne the heat and burden of the day. The first and second numbers were brought out; but, in truth, it was a question whether the third would appear, for want of funds, for it was

no secret that the projectors were none of them rich men. Indeed, I may say they were all poor men. Had it not been for the happy accident of Mr. Mark Lemon having a farce, 'The Silver Thimble,' accepted at one of the minor theatres, *Punch* would have been stopped. The silver thimble, however, was large enough to cover the acorn, which has since grown into an oak. At first, the paper was published by a person who was noted as being connected with some disreputable prints, and there was an ill-odour resulting from the connection hanging about *Punch*. This was no fault of the projectors; and the moment they were aware of the fact, they took the paper to a respectable firm, who became the proprietors; and from that time the paper has increased largely from year to year in popularity and circulation. Perhaps a good reason why *Punch* has been successful lies in the fact that there has been no line, from the first to the last, which might not be read by a girl of eighteen. Had it been otherwise, I hope I should not have been in this hall to talk about it."

Speaking of the old contributors, the lecturer referred to Douglas Jerrold (born in London in 1803, died 8th of June, 1857), whose writings under the signature of Q., the first of which appeared on the 13th September, 1841, were very successful, and soon gained notoriety. The late Gilbert àBeckett (born in London, 1810; died at Boulogne, 1856) was another valued contributor. The sketch of a London magistrate in "Aspen Court" is a portrait of Mr. àBeckett by the hand of his friend, Shirley Brooks. John Leech, who was born in London in 1816, was mentioned in appropriate terms of eulogy. "The greatest compliment that could be paid to him was that of some young ladies who were too far from a town to procure the fashions early, so they dressed themselves after the style of his caricatures." Albert Smith (1816—1860) was an able contributor. Thomas Hood (1778—1845), whose various pen touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears, was amongst those who wrote for *Punch*. This is the story of the publication of the celebrated "Song of the Shirt." Hood sent it to Mark Lemon, for insertion in *Punch*, with a note of apology. "I sent it to a first-rate magazine, and they wrote back, 'It is hardly the thing for genteel people.'" "What say you?" said Shirley

Brooks. The answer of his audience need hardly be told—how their applause recorded their appreciation of the writings of Thomas Hood.

Tom Taylor, born at Sunderland, in 1817, was also a contributor. Perceval Leigh—whose name was not so well known, but “Pips his Diary,” and “Ye Manners and Customs of ye English in ye Nineteenth Century,” &c., were from his pen—Henry and Horace Mayhew, Laman Blanchard, Maguire, Thackeray, Tennyson, Trench, were also among the writers; and Doyle, who drew the design for the cover—which, by the bye, is not the original one in which Mr. *Punch* first showed—and Kenny Meadows were among the illustrators. The names of those of the present time are too well known to need mention here.

Shirley Brooks said, “the cartoons were settled at a dinner given once a-week, at which the editor met the contributors and artists. These meetings were most pleasant, and the dinners remarkably good.”

He further related some humorous anecdotes of the curious communications forwarded to the editor. “Ladies sometimes sent accounts of the dresses, ribands, and bonnets of other persons, with a request to ‘cut them up,’ the information being of so minute a character that it could only be written by one lady of another. Sometimes the editor was requested to write something stinging about persons who gave parties and did not pay their debts, laying special stress on those who crammed 120 guests into a room not capable of holding fifty.

“Some persons were patronizing; and one gentleman sought to bribe, by stating he, if something he sent were inserted, would take twenty copies of *Punch*. Sometimes artful advertisers sent communications deprecatory of themselves, hoping to get notoriety; but Mark Lemon was too old to be sold in that way”—as no doubt Shirley Brooks is.

“An hotel keeper,” he added, “who had lately opened a house in a watering-place, pleasantly situated, offered, if a cut of his premises were inserted, and a couple of letters were written and dated from his house, in the pages of *Punch*, to let any two gentlemen connected with the office stay at his hotel free of charge for a month.” On one occasion, when the lecturer was in a railway carriage, the talk turned on *Punch*, and a fellow passenger informed him in confidence that he had written a series of papers

in the periodical of which Shirley Brooks himself was the author.

Our outline of the remarks the lecturer made on the history of *Punch* is necessarily very imperfect. But the lecture on “Satire” was altogether a very charming evening’s entertainment. We wish the editor of *Punch* would repeat it. We close this little article by quoting a few words from James Hannay’s estimate of the satire of *Punch*:—“The decorum which distinguishes *Punch* from the best effusions of the class in the olden days belongs as much to the age as to the periodical. In the worst of times our facetious friend is innocent; and though our progenitors seem to have thought that all wit required great licence, the student finds that they were often licentious and dull too, sacrificing decency, and getting nothing in exchange.”

Shirley Brooks, in accepting the duty of carrying out the traditional policy of the leading satirical journal on all social and political questions, in taking the chair so long and so well filled by one of the first promoters of the paper, and in essaying to maintain the prestige of the best journal of the kind in the world, took upon himself a grave responsibility. For *Punch* belongs to the British nation. This step was taken two years ago. The result has proved how happy was the selection of a successor to him who had grown old with the paper whose interests he watched so well—how capable and how gentle a follower has been found to hold the coachman’s whip over the flyers that pull the *Punch* coach.

“Cursed be verse, how well soe’er it flow,  
That tends to make one honest man my foe.”

Ten years ago, this couplet closed the lecturer’s comments on the paper he now edits. The thoroughly English sentiment that inspires this homely rhyme is the yeast that leavens the fancy, wit, and satire which so often have lighted the pages of our Fleet-street friend. The name of Shirley Brooks is a guarantee of the maintenance of the old principles in the *Punch* of the future.

### OUR VILLAGE.—III.

MRS. TIMEPIECE AT A VISITATION.

A VISITATION makes as much stir amongst the clergy as the visit of the angel to the pool of Bethesda did in the old time.

The comparison between the visitations cannot, of course, be extended beyond "the stir."

It reminds one of a nest of ants removing their eggs to an upper or lower ledge of their little mound.

The high roads and bye-roads—especially if the visitation includes a rural district—are dotted at interspaces with a number of different shaped vehicles, containing gentlemen with white cravats. Some are in old-fashioned gigs licensed only to carry two, and these may be taken as an emblem of the union between the clergy and laity.

The driver and owner of these is generally a churchwarden, who lends his gig to the curate or vicar for the honour of riding with him.

Some of the clergy gravitate towards their archdeacon in more pretentious carriages—four-wheeled phaetons, drawn by a stout horse, containing their wives and up-rising daughters.

Very often the road to a visitation is to these ladies a road to matrimony.

Some aspiring curate is dazzled both by the phaeton and the daughter, and is stimulated to the ambition of having in a future day a natural right to a seat in the conveyance.

The stamp of respectability is considered more important than plenty of bread and butter; and these girls, born with plenty of flesh about them, often feel the truth of one of their papas' remarks, that the flesh is contrary to the spirit.

It is a paramount necessity that they should keep up respectable appearances, but surely the cost of doing so is great.

It seems so natural in the country to be fond of bread and butter, and fillets of veal, and currant cakes, and eggs; but the want of money prevents the flesh and the spirit from developing their tastes severally as they would.

And these girls, knowing all this, having the horrors and contempt of poverty full before their eyes, will often make matters ten-fold worse than they are, by marrying some curate with a stipend of not less than £80 or £100 per annum.

Surely the power of love must be great.

But the delusion becomes very sickening after a time, when babies begin to appear, and the father of them has to go about his parish begging for the necessary clothes to cover them on their entrance into the world.

This is not an overdrawn picture. There is, it is well known, a *dépôt* in London in which children's clothes are received from the pitying and charitable in all parts of the land, to cover the nakedness of the offspring of poor clergymen, and their name is legion.

Yet, oftentimes, the love of a wife and children is the only earthly comfort which a clergyman has; and he trusts in Providence to an extent that nothing in the Bible or out of it has authorized.

Some few of the clergymen drove to the visitation in a carriage, with the ancient family crest upon its door panels, and drawn by horses that seemed as proud as their owners.

There did not seem, in them or about them, much likeness of that Divine being who was meek and lowly in heart, whose cause they professed to represent.

But their idea is, that their external trappings magnify and tend to bring into respect his spiritual truth.

Yet, the founder of the faith that these clergymen have met to talk about said that His kingdom was not of this world.

Mrs. Timepiece and two of her younger daughters had been invited by Mr. Roecliffe to share his carriage on the occasion.

The visitation was held this year at a beautiful watering-place in the district of Ironopolis, about fifteen miles from Mr. Roecliffe's vicarage. The day was fine, and the sky Italian.

Visitations almost always take place at the time when young ducks are ready for cooking, and green peas and new potatoes for boiling. It is probably not an undesigned coincidence.

The monks in the old time always built their abbeys near a trout and grayling stream; and a strong sense of religion and a keen palate are by no means incongruous. Strange as it may appear, there is some sort of a line of communication between the palate and the conscience. It is said that Cranmer was passionately fond of woodcocks. One thing is certain, that the dinner at the Zetland is by no means the least important part of the visitation day.

For a time it seems to send into oblivion the charge that has been delivered; but it comes up again during the comparative quiet of dessert, as cream comes upon milk.

The most painful part of the proceedings is when the waiter comes round with a tray to collect the money for the dinner. It is



a bad plan to make the collection after the dinner is eaten.

Clergymen and others don't value a dinner when they are full, and are apt to complain when they have to pay six shillings for it, exclusive of wine and beer. It is so with all material pleasures, that they seem valueless when they have been enjoyed.

Now, if you read a good book, or kneel down to say your prayers, you value reading and prayer at the end of it more than at the beginning.

It is not so with a dinner, and mine host of the Zetland ought to have collected the money for his dinner when the clergy came in hungry from the charge. Some excuse may be made for the complaint of some of them, as this six or seven shillings is the whole of their professional income for the day.

The churchwardens made themselves very jolly, at the expense of the church rate, at a tavern a little lower down the cliff.

Mrs. Timepiece and her daughters got some tea and ham sandwiches at a confectioner's near the railway station, and afterwards walked on the Pier with Mr. Roecliffe, who remarked how very deficient the archdeacon's charge had been in extolling the value of "sticking-plaster."

The archdeacon was rather a high churchman, and his charge, which lasted more than an hour, was chiefly upon the importance of maintaining and believing the Athanasian Creed. He was a fine aristocratic old man; but he probably thought in his secret heart, that, if things went by merit in the Church, he would have been more than an archdeacon.

There was a good deal of what might be called the personal in his charge; as though he thought dignity, learning, and ecclesiastical history were the leaven by which the clergy were to raise a naughty world from its death unto sin.

Let the Athanasian Creed be retained in the Prayer Book, a venerable monument of theological histories; but if the Church has no better bulwark than this against the assaults of modern enemies, her end as a distinct and pre-eminent religious body is not far off.

But very few of these clergymen at this visitation seem to have much idea that their foes lie in their own hearts. I can see clearly the imps of jealousy, pride, and uncharitableness peeping out through their eyes and eyebrows.

They are always suspecting that there is a Judas among their brethren. They do not seem to have much notion that the essence of Christianity is to beat down "self" under our feet. They are jealous of one another's opinions, and especially of one another's eloquence.

There are, of course, many exceptions to this general rule, in men of noble and exalted spirit, who show by their ways and words that an image of the Creator still remains in human nature. But I cannot help thinking that the archdeacon would have done the work of regeneration amongst his clergy better service by telling them the secrets of their own hearts rather than by arguing for the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed. Perhaps this accounts for the loud cheers which greeted the proposition, after the dinner, that the charge should be printed.

The clergy would not have liked a printed disclosure of the secrets of their own hearts, but the virtues and antiquity of the Athanasian Creed were a mirror in which they saw the reflection of their apostolic succession.

The greatest foes are those of our own household.

The clergy are not wanting in their knowledge of Greek and Latin, but they are greatly wanting in their knowledge of human hearts.

It is difficult for any mind to get the fixed habit of viewing things from the standing-point of others; but it seems an impossibility for the classical mind to do so.

Mrs. Timepiece's daughters enjoyed their tea and ham sandwiches more than the archdeacon's charge, and made themselves comfortable at every stage of the day.

Mrs. Timepiece derived as many practical ideas from the charge as if she had been looking at a mill chimney, and Mr. Roecliffe shook his head once or twice rather ominously on their journey home; but he felt that this was as far as was prudent to go in any expression of opinion upon the efforts of so great a man as the archdeacon.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF CANADA.—IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"WELL," said Joe, "it wouldn't do to have a blank day, you know; and so I agreed to our shooting those wretched partridges. But, really, it's not sport, but

slaughter, to shoot such brutes—too stupid even to fly away."

Taking the matter entirely from a sportsman's point of view, I suppose he couldn't have come home empty-handed; but I should not have minded doing so, delighted as I was with the beautiful country, and the gorgeous beauty of the autumn leaves.

And so we dined at the auberge, and went off to our beds very soon afterwards, mindful of our having to accomplish the twenty-six miles to Quebec early the next morning.

Directly I was in bed I was asleep. It appeared as if I was awakened the moment after by the clanging of a large bell, the jangling of several small ones, a hum of voices, and a mighty crackling—sounds unmistakable in that country of wooden houses. After a short colloquy at the door with the landlord, I ran round the front of the house to the immediate spot where the fire was, and was almost knocked down on my way by a man aimlessly carrying about a ladder. I took it from him, and planted it against a side window on the second floor, which seemed likely to communicate with the back room, mentioned by the man as containing an inmate in great danger. I could not get to the window of the room itself, as it was inside the high wall of the back yard, nor could I attract attention in the noise. I had to return to the house to do so. The passage was only just practicable. I rushed through it, kicked open the door of the room; and though I received in my face a blast of flame which burnt off most of the hair and singed the skin, I could see that it was empty, and in a blaze. I tried to make my own escape by the window. Hanging to the sill by my hands, I endeavoured to drop to the ladder; but the sill had caught fire, and the pain of getting my fingers frizzled was so great that I involuntarily let go, just missing the ladder, and scraping my hip against a projecting rung. Thus, I had a painful opportunity of finding a fallacy in the French saying, "*D'une chute il y a deux moments terribles, le départ et l'arrivée; tout le reste est délicieux.*" On reaching the ground, I had to get out of the way of the house—now a mere blazing shell, scattering burning fragments in every direction; and on rising from the spot where I had fallen, discovered that, in addition to a burned hand and a contused side, I had injured my ankle. I sank to the

ground in great pain. Almost immediately after, I was surrounded by a chattering and gesticulating crowd, through which my friend, Mr. Hodgkins, shouldered his way, and shortly brought up my horse and "waggon."

When on our road home, he replied to my disjointed statement of my mishaps—

"If you had looked into the yard as I did, this wouldn't have happened."

"Yes," said I, shortly. "What became of the other people who were staying there with us?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. I only saw one girl. I helped her out of the room with a ladder which I found in the yard, and gave afterwards to one of those *habitans*."

This was the gentleman who had nearly knocked me down.

"Well, was the girl frightened?" I asked.

"Deuce a bit frightened," said he. "Cool as a cucumber, very distant and ceremonious, took it all as a matter of course. Said she was very much obliged to me; and, just as I began to think what I was to do with her, up came her brother, or somebody who seemed to belong to her, and took her away from me."

"You didn't tell me whether she was good-looking."

"Good-looking? Oh, yes, I suppose she was. How could I tell? I hadn't time to see. Not bad, I should say."

"Yes," said I, drily, knowing how much of this to believe.

A few days later, as I was lying on a sofa in my sitting-room, thinking how in the world I should get through the afternoon, my friend, Joe Hodgkins, made his appearance, followed by a tall, slim youth, very much like what Don Quixote must have been in his younger days—the same angular dignity, and the same restless brown eyes. He came to thank me for my attempt to save his sister. He was introduced to me as Mr. Falkland. I was very much interested in the peculiarities of this, the first Southerner I had ever seen. When the inevitable drink was had in, he became, under its influence, very boastful about the Southern cause, in which he evidently thoroughly believed, and for which I am sure he would have fought to the death. We English rarely can associate boastfulness with valour or constancy; still, I am inclined to look on this youth as being made of the same stuff as his dauntless brother, Colonel Martin Falkland, of

whom Louisiana—nay, more, the whole Southern Confederacy—was justly proud, and of whom I may say *vidi tantum*. I saw him once only, in the midst of the bloody slaughter before Fredericksburg. On that memorable day, the Northern forces had for a moment succeeded in gaining the entrenchments, and repulsing their defenders, when a brigade, which had not yet been engaged, suddenly charged into the *mêlée*, and drove the Federals before it, in a panic-stricken rabble, down the heights, and far into the plain beyond. I watched their leader in his progress to the river, until he fell, while still fighting at the head of his men; and this was the last that anybody ever saw of Martin Falkland, as we were unable the next day to discover his body among the heaps of dead and dying on the bank of the Rappahannock.

I obtained some particulars about the Falklands from Mr. Joe Hodgkins. The father, an Englishman, had been disinherited, and given a sum of money, with an opening in the State of Louisiana. He had quite enough of the hopefulness of youth to embrace this chance of making his fortune with eagerness; but he should have followed the example of Congreve's Valentine, and reminded his father that, while disinheriting him, he should also divest him of those passions, tastes, and feelings he inherited from him, which ultimately proved his ruin. He had an opportunity of retrieving his fortunes when he married one of the richest heiresses in the State. But it was too late; the temporary reform consequent on his marriage was soon over; and he was killed in a duel at New Orleans—that most rowdy of all rowdy towns. The family, having followed the fortunes of the South, had been obliged to take refuge in Canada; but, notwithstanding that their estates and possessions had been left behind, they seemed to have that command of money which has often puzzled me in Southern exiles.

My illness was enlivened at first by Joe's visits; but afterwards he became a very occasional visitor, and when asked where he had been, his answers became, like those of Lara, short and gloomy. But the fifth of December—the first snow, and the sleigh bells—saw me at liberty.

Soon after, I was invited to dinner by Sir James Jenkinson, the commandant of Quebec, at whose house I knew I should meet a sufficiency of pretty girls—not a col-

lection of local magnates and their wives. On my arrival, as most of the attention was bestowed on Sir James, I escaped being very much stared at on account of my singed whiskers. He, though officially the Achilles, was privately the Thersites of the garrison, and was engaged in dancing the "Perfect Cure," then the very latest from Europe, for an admiring circle of youths and maidens.

Joe, being a son of the well-known scientific peer and agriculturist, Lord de Hodgkins, took in Lady Jenkinson to dinner. I was accommodated with a garrison young lady. But he turned out to be the more fortunate, as he managed to sit next to a girl much handsomer than the lady by my side, whose eyes I thought I had seen somewhere.

"Dear me, Mr. Malet!" said my young lady, as I asked her who this other was—"not know Miss Falkland?"

"Dear me, Miss Walker!" said I, "I probably am unknown, as this is my first appearance."

"Of course, you think her nice-looking? All men do. Fine eyes, certainly; but her style—"

"Style? Oh, I don't know about style. The handsomest girl I ever saw in my life."

She was. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, radiant with health and high spirits. She was talking with much animation to my fortunate friend, to whom I felt for the first time a vague feeling of dislike. Everything about her was Anglo-Saxon, except her dark hair and her large brown, wandering eyes, into which there sometimes came, without any apparent cause, suddenly, in the very midst of her laughter, a hard expression, like that of her brother. Tall as she was, she was by no means a person such as the Lady Flora M'Lean—who, I recollect, flashed before our astonished gaze at a ball in my county town—elder sister of the Scotch Earl of Rawleigh and Bains (collaterally descended, I am informed, from John of Gaunt), who was five feet eleven in her satin slippers, had a head shaped like that of a Sioux Indian, as depicted by the late Mr. Catlin, and was quite devoid of those embraceable qualities which are so charming in the sex. Did people admire her for height? She did not remind me of a woman at all.

"Miss Falkland is a fine girl, isn't she?" said that vulgar but good-natured Lady Jenkinson, as she went up to introduce her to

me, and to ask her to sing. "Don't lose your heart, Mr. Malet, as everybody does. She's engaged to somebody in the South—General Eugene something; but your friend, the 'Honourable Joseph,' seems inclined to cut him out."

She sang. I had expected to hear a contralto, but I was mistaken. It was a soprano, with the naïve freshness of early youth. I was loud in my praises: she was distant and indifferent in her manner of receiving them. She accepted an encore; but just before she began to sing, up came Joe, with an easy and confident smile, and her manner changed at once from stiff to cordial. I remember that the second song was by that most charming melodist, Battiste; and I also remember that I felt again jealous as I thought of the difference between his reception and mine.

"Well," said Lady Jenkinson, coming up again, "of course you admire her? But mind what I said about not losing your heart, however charming you may find her."

"Charming, indeed!" said I, with a mechanical sigh. "What eyes she has—and doesn't she seem to know it!"

I looked towards the piano. There she was, still sitting with her admirer, who looked into her eyes, while she talked intently and played something carelessly with one hand. It was a pretty sight, but I did not like it.

"Confound the fellow," thought I, as he handed her into the sleigh. "But I mustn't be jealous of a friend, and at my age." Still I was very jealous.

An hour later I was smoking a cigar at my hotel, when I heard French-Canadian voices, which led me to suppose that a *rixe* was going on somewhere. Going out, I met a sleigh driver, the burliest and almost the biggest blackguard of the lot.

"Drive me," said I to him, "where you are going yourself."

When we got to a side street of the St. John's suburb, I could see that there was the French-Canadian notion of a *rixe* going on: five men attacking one, who defended himself by kicking, hitting out, and struggling. Before we could get up, he was on the ground, all five kicking him as he lay there. I am sorry I have no description of a well-contested mill to offer; such a thing is rare out of England, and never happens among the rowdies of the West—the most cowardly lot unchanged; for when the ruffians saw that the odds were three to five,

and one of the three the redoubtable Pierre Gingras, they ran away, leaving their victim on the ground. I lifted him up, and put him into the sleigh. He was only half sensible, and blood was dropping from his face. His head was a mass of bruises, and covered with blood and dirt; but I recognized him. He was Simon Falkland.

#### BY THE SEA.

WHEN the world is hushed in slumber, and  
bright planets without number  
Softly tremble in the azure of the pure and cloud-  
less sky,

Then it is I love to wander by the restless ocean  
yonder,

Where the moaning of the billows mingles with  
the sea-bird's cry—

Then it is I seem to hear a strangely wild and mourn-  
ful sigh,

And I know that she is nigh,  
She who was so young to die!

For to me, a hapless stranger, wand'ring without  
thought of danger

Close to the primeval forest, by the margin of the  
sea,

Fancies weird yet sweet come thronging, and they  
bring an ardent longing

To be with my long-lost darling, she who lived  
alone for me—

Once again to clasp her to me, and to hear her laugh  
of glee.

Ah! how sweet it used to be  
As we wandered by the sea!

Then I hear those soft tones clearly, those I used to  
love so dearly,

For they steal upon my hearing in the silence of  
the night,

Borne across the sleeping ocean, where with slow and  
dreamy motion

All the waves are gently heaving in a flood of  
silver light—

And their low, familiar music thrills me with a wild  
delight!—

With a deep and wild delight,  
As I hear them in the night.

But dark clouds the moon obscuring, make the hour  
far less alluring,

And the moonbeams swiftly vanish from the bosom  
of the deep,

While, alas! I listen vainly for the tones I heard so  
plainly,

For the winds that bore them to me, they have also  
gone to sleep.

Still my solitary vigil by the ocean's marge I keep—  
And I never cease to weep

Though the winds and waters sleep!

#### TABLE TALK.

ON the occasion of the marriage of  
Miss Fox to Prince Lichtenstein, the  
*Graphic* was represented by "our artist."  
The result of this visit was a picture of

Archbishop Manning in the act of blessing the happy and distinguished couple *with his left hand*, and an article on the ceremony which closed thus:—"It would appear that the average Briton, whatever his rank may be, loses all his external politeness when hungry. Our artist says: 'The people in the luncheon tent suggested to me a lot of pigs in a sty who had just had their troughs filled.'" We can hardly congratulate the *Graphic* on being represented at the marriage by a gentleman capable of such a blunder and such a paragraph.

THERE IS A ROMANTIC incident in the history of the Lichtenstein family that I am surprised did not find its way into the account of the affair at Holland House given by the *Daily Telegraph*, a paper usually remarkable for the extent of its details and the purity of its diction in dealing with such matters. Prince Charles of Lichtenstein and Count de Weichs, Prebendary of Osnabruck, both loved the young and eminently beautiful Countess of Czernicif, daughter of the Vice-Admiral of Russia. They fought a duel for her on the 8th of November, 1796. The weapons were swords, and they fought in the bedchamber of the Prince de Rosenberg, a captain in the Imperial service, and nephew to the Grand Chamberlain, who was second to the Count de Weichs. The Prince's second was his own brother, the Prebendary Joseph Wencesley. So great was the fury of the combatants that, not contented with the first blood drawn, they renewed the combat, when the Prince of Lichtenstein was pierced in the side, and fell dangerously wounded in the lungs, which terminated in his death on the 25th. On the 4th of February following, we learn that "sentence was pronounced upon those concerned in the affair of Prince Lichtenstein's duel. The murderer, Count de Weichs, canon of Osnabruck, was condemned to eight years' confinement in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia, after which he is for ever banished the Hereditary States. Count Rosenberg, in whose chamber the duel was fought, is degraded for ever from his nobility, deprived of the title of count and his key of chamberlain, to be confined two years in another fortress, and then banished from the capital."

A CORRESPONDENT: Mortuary inscriptions have been so often made the subject of com-

ment that I feel almost obliged to make some sort of apology for offering a couple of epitaphs that I have not seen included in the collections. Pennant, in his "Second Tour in Scotland," quoted an inscription which was, he said, "so extravagant that the living must laugh to read, and the deceased, were he capable, must blush to hear." With some men, it is true, the ruling passion has been so strong that they have cracked their joke with almost their latest breath; others, their executors have cruelly doomed to be the source of fun after they were removed from the world themselves. Yet it is a mark of the increased polish in our manners that very few funny epitaphs are of recent date; and our churchyards are happily free from any modern instances of such inscriptions as that mentioned by Pennant, or the two I append. The first, upon a Miss Barford, is:—

"Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,  
That now she lives with him, a maid of honour."

The second contains a family history in brief, and closes with a valuable moral admonition:—

"My grandmother was buried here,  
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;  
My father perish'd with a mortification in his thighs,  
My sister dropp'd down dead in the Minories:  
But the reason why I am here interr'd, according  
to my thinking,  
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.  
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,  
Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or anything  
strong."

WHY SHOULD THERE be any objection to people marrying in Lent? Such an objection must have come from the inexperienced, who are unaware what a lifelong fast the holy estate is. Surely, they cannot have noticed those interesting tears of self-sacrifice which the bride sheds in the arms of her resigned mother, when the breakfast is over, and the carriage door opens for the beginning of the honeymoon. Can fasting have a higher illustration than this dutiful transfer of herself to one who has told her he could not be happy without it, and who, in spite of this sweet saying, has allowed himself to become a prisoner for life?

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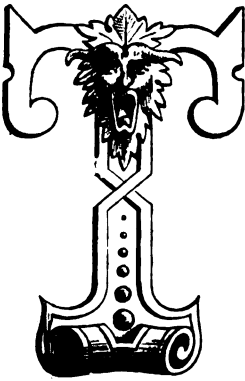
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## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER VI.

SUSPENSE.



HEY had hardly got back to Bodston, before Mrs. Rosier fell very ill indeed, and a medical man had to be called in. For some weeks it was very doubtful whether she would tide over the attack; but eventually death raised the siege for the pre-

sent, and the doctor declared there was no immediate danger, though he allowed Edith to see that he did not think her mother would live longer than a year or two at farthest. Poor thing, it was hardly to be wished that her life should be prolonged, for her mind, previously so sadly clouded, was now quite obscured; and she rose from her sick couch little other than an idiot, with no remembrance even of the events which had principally conduced to the final overthrow of her reason.

Edith's condition was very sad and lonely. Without a friend, with no companion but her servant, with an imbecile mother to watch and tend, she came to look forward with eagerness for the visits of the doctor; and when that kind and conscientious man, seeing how ill she could afford to pay for any visits that were not absolutely necessary, ceased his attendance, she felt that she had no one in the whole wide world to look to for comfort or advice. Well, then, she must trust to herself—that was the healthy resolution which she formed, when her mind had time to recover from its first despondency; and

the native strength and independence of her character stood her in good stead now, for of the artificial resources of education she had but few. It was true that her mother had in former years been well fitted to instruct her in the things which, even in the present age, it is generally thought sufficient for a girl to know; but what are they when considered as a preparation for single-handed fighting with the world? Surely the education of our girls seems to be conducted on the plan of keeping them in a state of mental inferiority to their brothers and husbands by artificial means. Their senses are refined and cultivated to a delicate appreciation of sound and form, and their memories are stretched to bursting; but the acquisition of so much information is not education. A human being who knows how many miles the moon is off is in no way superior to one who is ignorant upon that point, unless he also knows how that fact can be ascertained. A boy is taught a number of things which appear to be eminently useless, and a girl a greater number of things as eminently useful; and yet the boy has received infinitely the better education, because his mind has been trained to take hold of every subject in a right way, and so goes on continually educating itself. Will showy accomplishments and a good pronunciation of foreign tongues make a girl think? That is the one important point. Teach a child to think, and you have educated and elevated him. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every young lady one meets, who is a rational being, taking interest in any subject not entirely superficial, is totally self-educated—her training has been dead against her.

Edith, as a girl, had not had the advantage of mixing with brothers, arriving at intervals from an outer world, or with other girls of her own age, whose prejudices, where they did not coincide with her own, might jar with and perhaps shiver them. Her only chance of learning anything her mother

could not teach her had been through Arthur Lennard; himself young, of limited experience, and undeveloped intellect. Yet still he had opened new worlds of thought for her; and that was probably why she fancied that she loved him.

She had books; but the effort which the mind has to make in the first instance, when it sets seriously to the work of studying, is very great, and she only cared for what is called light literature. Now, light literature—such as travels, amusing biographies, novels, and even poetry, as she read it—is like pudding, a capital thing after meat, but a poor substitute for it.

She had a good deal to occupy her mind though, now, and that in an educational manner; for she was obliged to reason, calculate, speculate, and decide.

Her mother's money was paid in, and the Plymouth lawyer suggested a variety of ways of investing it, of which the purchase of an annuity for her mother's life at first appeared the most advantageous to her; but Mrs. Rosier's dangerous state put that plan quite out of the question. The necessity of having medical advice, and the fact of being left without a farthing in the house, obliged her to encroach upon the capital; and, really, the only plan left her appeared to be to go on in that course. A hundred a-year for ten years, and then zero. But her mother was extremely unlikely to live half that time; and, for herself, she must do something. Who knew what might happen in ten years?

When she was at about the gloomiest, she got an Australian letter, which cheered her up wonderfully. She had honestly given up all idea of Arthur Lennard: had left him out of her calculations, never expected to hear of him more. And here was a letter from him. It gave her a strange, dreamy sensation to read it. So many events and emotions had disturbed her once stagnant life since he had left, that she had come to look upon him in an indistinct way as if connected with her childhood and outgrown: it seemed to her as if years, not months, had passed since he sailed. And here was his letter, showing in every line that the writer felt as if he had left but yesterday, without even the faintest presentiment of what was happening in his absence.

It was a pathetic epistle, tinged with the melancholy of his father's death, of which it gave an account; for this was the first letter Edith had received from him, the *Royal*

*William* having spoken no homeward-bound vessel on the voyage out.

He had seen his late uncle's lawyer, had found that the property left was more considerable than he had expected—a great deal of it being in land, which had increased fourfold in value during the last ten years; had found no difficulty in establishing his claim; was still in a most alarming state of frantic love, devotion, constancy, &c.; intended to realize, as soon as he could do so without loss, and was counting the minutes till he should return home and lay the proceeds at Edith's feet.

That is a summary of the letter.

The receipt of this epistle was certainly a great comfort to Edith; it showed that there was one person in the world who cared for her, at all events, and gave her a gleam of hope in the midst of her despondency. Only a gleam. Arthur was faithful and loving enough now, because he believed in her fidelity and affection; but when he learned that she had been false to him, that nothing but the merest accident had prevented her marriage with another man, and that the person selected as a more desirable husband than himself was a criminal of the lowest order, he would probably throw her off in disgust. Edith felt that she should almost despise him if he did not.

But was it possible to conceal the affair from him? At first this seemed to be a forlorn hope indeed. The whole story was safe, so she thought, to come out on the trial of Hartman, to get into the papers, and to be seen by Arthur. But after a while, when things went more fortunately than she expected, she began to look upon the concealment as possible—probable.

There was a problem which often puzzled her. Why should a man like Hartman want to marry her? Of course, her looking-glass, when she consulted it, gave her a plausible reason or two, but without satisfying her mind in the least: a proof of what a very superior young woman she was.

It was rather singular, considering Edith's frank, unsuspicious disposition, and her want of experience in the wickedness of the world, that the probability of Hartman's being innocent never occurred to her, though that is generally the first idea which strikes us when an acquaintance is suddenly accused of a crime. No; the theory of his being a criminal seemed to agree so well with his general characteristics, and to offer so good

a clue to the mystery in which he was involved, that she did not for one moment doubt the truth of the charges brought against him. Had she done so, her scepticism would have been soon dispelled; for the newspaper which Mr. Perch duly and punctually forwarded unfolded a gigantic roll of daring crimes, the evidence of which was all the more complete for the methodical way in which he had endeavoured to hedge against discovery. Let his talents be what they may, a man cannot carry on criminal proceedings on any large scale without laying himself open to treachery, and the phrase of "Honour amongst thieves" is—thank God!—a mere poetical licence, as false in fact as contradictory in terms. If a rogue can make more by selling another rogue than by injuring an honest man, he will do it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That is the only chance honest men have got—their enemies can never trust one another, cannot pull together, have to act singly. And so Hartman was betrayed, arrested, brought before the magistrate, and committed for trial.

Edith's breath came quick when she got to the account of the arrest. It was very short, but the letters swam before her eyes, and she had to pass her hand over her brow twice before she could read it:—

"Sergeant A—— said that, from information he received, he went down to Plymouth with P.C. B——, and arrested the prisoner as he was on the point of—"

It was like the last quarter-minute of the Derby when she came to that.

"— Of starting for France in a vessel in which he had secured a passage. P.C. B—— corroborated the evidence of Sergeant A——."

Not a word about his intended marriage: her name unmentioned! She began to hope more freely.

But gossip might rake up what the law let lie; and week after week she searched the paper microscopically, from price and notice of enlargement (newspapers of that class are always enlarging) to printer's address, for the fatal paragraph in which she might be gibbeted. But though there were many anecdotes of Hartman's unlawful exploits, she escaped unmentioned. She had a near shave once, for the penny-a-liner touched the track:—

"We hear that the man who is accused of these, &c., &c.—for far be it from us to bias, &c., &c., although no one can for a moment doubt, &c., &c.—was on the point of forming a matrimonial alliance at the time when he was dragged from the altar of Hymen to the bar of offended justice."

But the scent apparently got cold again, for no names were mentioned; and a delicious criminal, who chopped up his wife and family like so much firewood, ousted Hartman from public sympathy and attention on the following week.

Edith did not feel safe yet. It might all come out on the trial; and she passed the time which elapsed until it was brought on in a state of feverish anxiety. But nothing that she dreaded to read of got abroad. Hartman was speedily convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life.

For those were the days before the question, "What to do with our criminals?" was pressed so closely upon us as it is now. Like an impatient dabbler in mathematics, who throws the paper he cannot solve into his waste-basket, we packed the puzzling part of our population off to the Antipodes, and felt relieved. But, alas! our waste-basket is full now, and those who manage our penal matters for us are tossing between the horns of a dilemma. If they starve the prisoners, they are Neros; if they don't starve them, they are encouraging crime, because honest men do not always get enough to eat. If they make them grind air, they are wasting an immense amount of profitable labour, and demoralizing the grinders; if they employ them on useful work, they are competing unfairly with the respectable artisan. And so on, and so on. Oh, rulers, magistrates, and judges of the land, do you not wish that we could send all our rogues and vagabonds to the moon?

We could in those days—or Botany Bay was almost as good as the moon—for the troublesome folk were got rid of, and no one thought or cared any more about them. And for Botany Bay Adolphus Hartman was now bound. He had forborne to injure Edith by appealing to her for evidence, or any sort of assistance, or alluding to her in any way. Like most big and powerful men, he had no pleasure in hurting others without profiting himself: it is only the weak who are maliciously cruel. For this she felt grateful: but was glad that he was got out



of the way for life too, and would not break her heart if he took a short cut *viâ* the bottom of the sea on his way out.

Not an improbable event, if the newspapers were to be believed; for they waxed very indignant about the unseaworthy condition of the convict ship *Bellerophon*, which was certainly not an A 1—rather a Z 26, if there be such a class, and if any one had wanted to insure her. Perhaps the authorities were fatalists, and thought that the proverb about men being born to be hanged was a truth, not a sarcasm, and that some of the passengers really could not be drowned; perhaps they considered that the loss of the crew, guards, and goalers would be well compensated for by the destruction of such a nest of hornets; or perhaps they reasoned that, as the *Bellerophon* had always kept above water as yet, it was extremely improbable that she should sink just now. At all events, the newspapers differed from the authorities, whatever their opinions or reasons may have been; and declared that it was a crime to send such crowds on so long a voyage, in a craft whose planks were tarred touchwood. And, if the newspapers were correct in their facts, they were not far wrong in their conclusions.

Sound or rotten, the *Bellerophon*, with its cargo of crime, of remorse, of hardened indifference, of blank despair, of wicked cunning—fine raw materials for Hartman to try his hand on—with its five hundred ruffians, guarded by fifty honest men, sailed out of sight and the shipping intelligence, sailed out of the memory of all those who were not personally interested in her and her contents, and out of not a few of theirs.

It was rather a queer position for Edith to be in, with two buckets, one going down beneath her feet empty, the other coming up full. Would she get hold of the full bucket when it came to the well's mouth, or would some other damsel seize it before her? She thought herself pretty safe now—the great danger was passed. Why should he have written that letter if he had not been in thorough earnest? A second letter would be comfortable, though. In the meantime, she had nothing to do but to—

"Open her mouth and shut her eyes,  
And see what luck would send her,"

like a bearess in the Zoological Gardens.

And so the summer, the autumn, and the winter passed, and spring returned; and

Edith's heart began to feel sick with the deferred hope, when, one morning in June, the postman brought her the second letter.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ANOTHER SEA-PIECE.

THE sky one stupendous burning-glass, with the sun for a focus; the sea an undulating, seething mass of molten metal, in which a long, low island looked like a mass of iron lately thrown into the crucible, and not yet heated white; the atmosphere visible in such wavy lines as flicker over a lime-kiln—all formed a picture which an artist with a taste for *diablerie* might have taken for an illustration of the opening scenes of Milton's awful drama; nor would the groups of scowling men that crowded the decks of a vessel in the foreground have afforded bad studies for the Satanic hosts.

For it was a convict-ship which lay, with idly flapping sails, rolling and sweltering in that fiery lake, and a succession of misfortunes—contrary winds which had driven her from her course, a hurricane in which she had lost a mast and sprung a leak, and disease, which had been as fatal to the crew as to the prisoners—had relaxed the bonds of discipline.

And from the commencement of the voyage there had been a prince of evil at work, exercising the mesmeric influences of superior will, strength, and daring amongst his fellow-outcasts; hinting, at first darkly, then, as he felt his way, more openly, at the sweets of liberty, their own numerical force, the weakness of their gaolers; telling anecdotes of successful mutinies, whispering of the joys of a pirate's life. If one evil intelligence can diffuse so much poison through the minds of a whole community of honest men, think what must have been the influence exercised by a master-villain over a society of rogues!

When the water began to gain on the ship, a large number of convicts had been liberated to man the pumps, and the mortality among the crew had necessitated the employment of others in the working of the ship; and then it was that the seeds sown in that genial soil began to spring up with rank luxuriance. First, whisperings and sidelong glances; then, mutterings and more defiant eyes; and now a gathering into groups and open menaces. And amidst them all moved Hartman, animating, encouraging, inciting, directing; now, for the

first time in his wicked life, in his proper element.

Then, as a long, shrill whistle rang through the air, a simultaneous rush was made upon three enfeebled sentries. A shot, a stifled cry, a curse or two, three separate splashes in the glittering sea, and the gulf of blood rolled between those mutineers and their fellow-men for ever. Some of them were sentenced to short terms of punishment, in expiation of offences for the commission of which the parents who had brought them up to crime as a profession, and the system that had allowed them to attain to manhood in ignorance of the difference between right and wrong, were more to blame than themselves: these might have been taught what was evil, and have determined to eschew it—five minutes ago. Others had yielded to one strong temptation, which might have been expiated and repented of—five minutes ago.

There was hardly a man there of whom one dared say that, in a land where he was not known, and removed from the old evil haunts and wicked companions, he might not yet become a useful member of society—five minutes ago. And now! Never more for them the calm sleep, the refreshed awakening, the day-dreams of hope, the placid enjoyment of domestic life. Never more shall the smile of honest woman cheer them, or the prattle of children gladden their hearts. No pleasure henceforward for them but the excitement of drink, of vice, of renewed crime; no hope—only horror of the past, horror of the future, misery in the present.

Or worse: seared consciences, hardened hearts, the human nature utterly changed into the devilish. For the rest, God might pardon them; but man—never!

Some of them were at once launched into eternity—for the resistance made by the crew of the vessel and the marines was desperate, and the mutineers were mostly unarmed. The fight raged on the fore-castle, on the quarter-deck, in the state cabin—where the sick captain and the surgeon who was attending him, being surprised, defended themselves like men who knew the fate of the vanquished; in the hold, where the fever-stricken soldiers had struggled from their hammocks to strike a last blow for life.

Hear that shout! The spirit room has been stormed; and now to the ferocity excited by the taste of blood is added the

recklessness born of rum. They laugh, yell, dash one another aside, trample down the fallen in their eagerness to get at the fiery drink, which they toss off like so much water. A cask, the head of which has been beaten in, is overthrown in their struggles. A convict, hurrying down from a caronade—which has been seized by the murderers, and used for the completion of their bloody work on deck—throws down his burning rope's end. There is a blue flicker, a broad flame, an explosion—another—another, and in a few minutes the fore part of the ship is ablaze. The newspapers had called the poor old *Bellerophon* touchwood, and she certainly burns like it: the victors will not hold possession of their conquest for long.

“The boats, the boats!” There are four, which in this calm sea might hold twenty men apiece; and a dingy, which would be crowded with a cargo of eight—and there are about four hundred maddened, drunken, desperate men pressing round them. The dingy alone, which has apparently been got ready beforehand, leaves the vessel's side with a crew of three men in her; one of the other boats is staved in in the unskilful attempt to lower her to the water; the other three no sooner touch the waves than they are swamped by the crowds which pour and leap into them; and the sharks, now swarming round the fated ship, have a fat time of it. The wretches who regain the deck only prolong their sufferings—inch by inch they are driven aft by the raging flames. On one side fire, on the other sharks' teeth—that was the choice won by the successful mutineers, the would-be pirates. They had, indeed, hoisted the black flag; but it was the smoke of their own torment. And the dingy, with its crew of three, glides slowly away towards the long, low island.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

ONLY a few sentences, and really not dull; so do not skip them, if you please, because they are necessary links in the chain of this narrative. I know that letters introduced into a story are as troublesome and unwelcome as nine-tenths of those received in real life; but think what it would have been if you had lived in the days of Richardson—that wonderful and diffuse writer of *belles lettres*—and of his host of imitators; and, in your gratitude that epistolary novels

have gone out of fashion, excuse a few passages from eight closely written pages of those large square sheets of paper which our fathers used to write to our mothers upon, in the days of franks, before envelopes and postage stamps were in existence.

"DEAREST EDITH—Your letters have either missed me, or you have thought it better not to write to an uncertain address; and so I am in ignorance whether you are alive and well. Oh, what I have suffered from this uncertainty! . . . But I must not dwell on possible misfortunes; in a short time I shall receive from your own dear lips the assurance that my fears are vain and foolish. A short time! oh, this dreary voyage, it seems interminable in the prospect. . . . And yet the anchor is apeak, the good ship reels beneath the breeze, and we are homeward bound, Edith. Homeward bound! I could sit here, in my little berth, and write those words all day. . . . It seems absurd to write this long letter to you, when I shall be my own postman, and you will only get it a day or two before I am at your feet; but I feel as if I were with you, and talking to you, as I sit before the paper. Everybody on board is keeping a diary, and this is mine. . . . There is nothing now, Edith, to hinder our immediate marriage—nothing but this waste of water; for I am rich in the possession of my uncle's property. . . . My poor father! could his last years but have been soothed by the comforts which this wealth would have given him! But there is no use in repining. . . . Sailors must be very patient and philosophical men, or they would go mad under the constant disappointment and delays of a nautical life. Here we are, in an undiscovered part of the world, I believe, driven hundreds of miles out of our course by a hurricane, and now becalmed, or nearly so—for the light breezes which fan our sails at intervals hardly move us through the water at the rate of two knots an hour. They have sufficed, however, to waft us to a spot where a fearful tragedy must have lately been enacted. Shortly after sunset yesterday evening, a bright light was seen on our lee bow; and the captain, suspecting that it must proceed from a burning ship, altered our course in that direction. But the flame soon vanished; and all we could do was to burn blue lights, throw up rockets at intervals, and keep a sharp look-out for the boats

of the lost vessel. Few of us went to bed last night. We saw nothing, however, until noon to-day, when we came into the midst of a quantity of charred and blackened spars, planks, barrels, &c., with a number of oars, many of these things having the name *Bellerophon* painted or branded on them. So that it was an English ship which had met that terrible fate. But that being the case, where were the crew? They had boats; for we have found the oars, stretchers, and a tiller. The sea was calm. English sailors are not apt to be so panic-stricken in times of peril as to be unable to take advantage of any means of safety. How came their boats to be disabled? . . ."

The *Bellerophon*! Edith was actually appalled by this extraordinary coincidence, and she had to pause a little to realize what she had read before she could go on.

"We have found two bottles containing papers, both dated yesterday. The contents of one bottle are as follows:—

"OUR CREW BEING REDUCED BY SICKNESS, AND THE SHIP IN A DISABLED STATE, THE CONVICTS HAVE RISEN AND SEIZED THE SHIP. MR. WILLIAMS AND MYSELF ARE BARRICADED IN MY CABIN. THIS WILL BE THROWN OUT OF THE PORTHOLE WHEN ALL HOPE IS PAST.

"ROBERT TURNER.

"JOHN WILLIAMS.

"THE SHIP IS ON FIRE. THE CONVICTS ARE LOWERING THE BOATS; WE CAN PARTIALLY SEE THEM FROM THE PORTHOLE. THEY SEEM TO HAVE STAVED THEM IN, OR CAPSIZED THEM, IN THEIR ANXIETY TO CROWD IN. WE ARE FEARFULLY AVENGED—NOT A SOUL CAN BE SAVED. THE FIRE GAINS.'

"Imagine these two poor fellows shut up in a narrow cabin to be burnt, and being yet calm enough to take the only means of a chance communication of their fate to their friends. It is horrible to think of; and yet grand, heroic. Fancy preparing the bottle, writing their own death-warrant, securing it, taking care to drop it in the water without breaking it, with such a fearful fate approaching them!

"The document found in the second bottle appears to have been written by one of the mutineers:—

"THE SHIP ON FIRE, BOTS SMASHED AND

NO GUD TRYING NOTHEN. I DI GAM, NOT LIK THEM WITE LIVERD CHAPS, TOMSON, ADAMS, AND HARTMAN, WOT WOODN'T JINE THE MOOTINY, AND WHO WE GUV THE SHARKSES. BOB BRAMWELL.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"The seemingly interminable months have passed; the voyage is almost over; the white cliffs of England are in sight. Oh, Edith, my darling, how I love you! I cannot believe that other men love as I do, for I have no parents or friends to greet me—only you. The pilot boat is coming. I shall send this on shore by it, that you may receive the news of my arrival some hours at least before I come. Oh, I can hardly believe that I shall so soon see you, so soon hear your voice—it is like a dream."

That it was like a dream to Edith, you may easily credit. Adolphus Hartman dead! Arthur Lennard returned! Her brain positively reeled. Why, it was just as if the events of the past two years had never happened. And why should it not be so? Her mother's mind and memory were gone, and she never alluded to Hartman in her imbecile wanderings. Susannah was devoted to her, and would never whisper a word of what it was so desirable to forget. The Perches were kind, good-natured people, who had promised her faithfully never to mention the name of the young lady who was so nearly earning the romantic title of "The Convict's Bride;" besides, she did not intend to live at Plymouth, and was not likely to cross their path.

This was one of those rare occasions in the life of Edith when she had a regular passionate fit of sobbing and weeping. But her mind was not one to remain long paralyzed, and she soon recovered her self-possession; and then she had Susannah up, and told her all about it. And after having poured out the news that was in her, and set Susannah crying, and laughing, and "lor"-ing, and "did you ever"-ing, she felt still calmer, and was able to reason and consider quietly. Arthur Lennard might come in at any moment. What were her feelings towards her old lover, now also a new one? I expect that they were, at least negatively, of a character better suited to the relations between man and wife than formerly. Her proud spirit was, for the time, humbled by the vileness of the alliance she had been on the point of contracting, by the deceit she

must practise to conceal what had passed, by the impending horrors of poverty, and the sickness of her mother; her heart pined for some one to confide in, for a companion, a listener, a consoler, adviser, friend. She felt none of the old repugnance to vowing the obedience of a wife to the weaker will of Lennard; for she had come in contact with the stern realities of life since then, and all such fancies had melted in the fire of adversity.

She could hardly disguise from herself altogether that the image of Arthur had grown, at one time, very faint in her heart; but now he was bringing her prosperity, the means of having the best advice for her mother, the affection without which the human soul is all earthy, the admiration which her feminine instinct pined for. He was bringing her honour, comfort, freedom from care, a home, a position; and her heart turned towards him, if not with love, with a feeling that often makes a very good substitute for that mysterious passion, and sometimes merges into it.

She herself quite took it for the real article; and after a long night passed in reflection instead of sleep, she was almost persuaded that she was a very romantic and ill-used young lady, whose lover had run off to Australia at a critical moment, leaving her in a broken-hearted condition, from which she was forced by filial duty to rouse herself, and even to consent to a hated marriage with Another (usually printed with a large A), and who was now about to be rewarded for her devotion by being, after all, united to the man of her heart. Quite pretty and affecting it was by four o'clock in the morning, and she shed a tear or two over herself before she went off to sleep.

## GENEVA.

JUST now, when that old-standing dispute between the greatest States of the Eastern and Western worlds is under consideration by a Court sitting at the Switzer city, and Geneva commands for the time the attention of all the world, this sketch of some incidents of a three months' stay there last winter may be read with interest. Besides, there must always be something refreshing in reading of glaciers and snow-capped mountains in this hot summer weather we are enjoying.

Then to my narrative. We made our

journey into Switzerland *viâ* Paris, and on arriving at Geneva were most fortunate in our weather during the first fortnight, and made good use of it, wandering through the picturesque old market-places, in the open streets, and sketching the queer-shaped huge straw hats of the market women. We made inquiries as to the likelihood of our being able to visit Chamounix, which we resolved to do, as soon as the days should lengthen, in January. In the meantime a still frost was over all the world; in the English gardens most beautiful were its effects. A moist haze rose from the lake, and hung over the city and round its shores, thus preserving the rime that clothed the trees and shrubs for several days. It was the most exquisite ice tracery; every slight birch twig, even the holly berries as well as the heavily laden fir trees, all had a thin, transparent coating of ice, which remained on them long after the snow had been cleared off the streets. One morning, as one of our party was sketching a view of the Jura from the windows of our sitting-room, he hastily rose and shut the outer door. I had hardly noticed before we had double windows.

"Here it comes!"

I rushed to see; but beyond a white-crested wave outside the pier, I could notice nothing special. At last a roar, and then a moan, all round the house. It was the *Bisé*. I had heard such dreadful histories of the cruel things done by the *Bisé*—spoken of by the Genevese as if it were a person—that I looked, anxiously expecting to see the natives in all directions seized, tossed, and whirled where they would not be. Nothing happened, however, beyond the dust playing antics, as only dust will do. So we plucked up courage, and sallied forth in our usual winter garments. It was bright and cold, and the *Bisé* was about; but we went on our way, amused at the tied-up heads, necks, and shoulders of young and even stalwart men, enveloped in any amount of wrappings.

Through the Rue de la Corratte we reached the Plain Palais, a piece of ground flooded by water turned on from the Rhone, surrounded by a light fence, which, when frozen over, formed a pleasant open-air rink, well filled by various people in all stages of skating education, in which, generally, Americans had the advantage.

Within a few weeks after our arrival, the

Genevese held high festival; the city was gaily dressed with flags, and a general holiday was observed by all classes. In the evening, a torchlight procession wound through the streets, and passed over the bridges crossing the Rhone. It was to commemorate the deliverance of the city, some three or four centuries ago, from one of the Dukes of Savoy, who were generally engaged in squabbles with this determined little Republic. The story goes that the Savoyards one night nearly effected a surprise, and had their scaling ladders against the walls, when an old woman, stirring her pot of *bouilli*, was the first to discover a soldier mounting the wall, and threw the scalding mess over him. In his fall to the ground he broke his ladder. The noise woke the guard, who, with bugle cry, roused the citizens to arms, and the would-be invaders were speedily put to flight.

After dinner we went out to see the procession, a kind of theatrical representation of the affray—soldiers, citizens, captains, &c., &c., in masquerade dresses, with the martial music of drums, bands, and fifes. It was a gusty *Bisé* night; but the old city looked strangely weird as the motley throng passed on, and the red, blue, and yellow lights flickered and burnt among the high roofs and windows.

Very rapidly January passed away, and Christmas, in nowise different from one spent in England, so far as roast beef and turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, form part of that festival.

Letters from our friends told us of pouring wet weather almost all over England. With us it was glorious, bright, and bracing. The *Bisé* had the good sense to blow the city clear of that aroma which seems part and parcel of most continental towns, then left us, and we felt it no more during our three months' stay. For some days enough snow fell to enable us to enjoy the amusements of sleighing round the outskirts and through some of the country lanes. That passed away; and while Montreux and Vevey were fairly snowed up in their houses, which they declared to be an unprecedented fact that properly belonged to Geneva, we had fine, clear weather, and daily took drives round the Greater and Lesser Sacconet, whence we had on one side exquisite views of the Jura, with the high Alps, lake, and city on the other.

One glorious morning in February, we

started for the ascent of the Salève, the mountain immediately behind Geneva—in summer time a tiring, broiling excursion. We drove to the village of Montier, where we hired donkeys, and prepared for the steep part of the ascent. At first, snow lay in half-frozen patches on the road, and our donkeys slid in a way I did not care about.

We were two hours reaching the summit from Montier. Words are utterly vain to tell the exhilarating feeling of the strong smell of the cone-laden pines, the view of the Alps as we ascended, and the calm loveliness of the Lake of Geneva as it lay far below us.

Our return to Montier was accomplished in far less time. We had ordered our dinner there; and how good we found our hot mutton chops, bread and butter as one only eats it in Switzerland, and—last, not least—our excellent Yvorn. Happy Montier!—its people declare they have no winter. Snow seldom falls; and, certainly, the earth round their vines smelt of sun warmth. The stars lighted us on our way back to Geneva, which we found under the cover of white fog, that so often would hang for days over the city and lake. It was not damp, for the pavements of the streets and quays would be perfectly dry; but it obscured all distant objects, and was a drawback we had to submit to.

On the 13th February, Captain A—— started, with sketch book and portman-teau, in the diligence for Sallanches, in hopes to reach Chamounix next day. We waved him our adieux, as, sitting in lonely grandeur under the hood of the diligence beside the driver, he departed with many a "Heugh!" much cracking of whips and jingling of bells. It was a fine, clear day; and the mountains rose bold and straight before them. The *conducteur* retired inside for a snooze, the driver heughed and screeched, and left the Anglais in quiet enjoyment of the scene.

At half-past seven the diligence arrived at Sallanches, where the traveller had an excellent dinner for three francs, as good as—aye, better than—in the height of the season. The company was a curious mixture. At the head of the table sat a man, fierce of aspect, but mild of speech, with short hair falling over a low brow, which gave him the air of a prize fighter taking a holiday. The rest appeared to be commercial travellers.

Captain A—— quietly asked one of them what he meant by saying "his companion drank like a Swiss." He, the companion, said he drank little; at which, of course, the Savoyard took up the gauntlet, and swore the Swiss had lots of pretence of religion, but would drink twenty bottles of wine before dinner. At which there was a terrible row; and Captain A—— declared a forest of monkeys was nothing to it.

The next morning was perfect—might have been midsummer, except for the temperature, as the air was very keen. Starting early, the diligence reached Chamounix about noon; the road—a new one, completed about two years ago—was slippery from ice and snow; but, in the clear, still atmosphere, the views at every turn were magnificent.

It was very amusing to find oneself the first traveller of the season in a valley that, a few months later, would be crowded till a bed would be an almost out-of-the-way luxury. On that bright February day, this first swallow was hospitably received by the landlord of the Hôtel des Alpes, and fed and lodged so well and comfortably that he did not regret the absence of *compagnons de voyage*. After breakfast, Captain A—— started for the Mer de Glace. It was very hard work, as the roads were all ice in the shade, and half-melted ice and snow in the sun. They had to go some way round, and at last arrived close under the Chapeau, where a sketch was made of the Aiguille de Charmoz. It was a clear, starlight night as the return was made to Chamounix; and, after twenty miles of tramping over slippery roads, the traveller was not very sorry to get his supper, and a good night's rest.

The next morning, a fatiguing walk over rough stones and moraine led to the Glacier de Boissons—in summer a pleasant ramble through grass meadows, now a perilous adventure to legs and limbs. But, the weather changing, Captain A—— took a sleigh and drove to Argentières; but the drifts of snow became so heavy that, after an earnest consultation with the chief guide, he was forced reluctantly to give up trying to cross by the Tête Noir Pass, and returned to Geneva the following day. He said nothing could exceed the beauty and the stillness of the mountains: no insect on the wing; no buzz of the indefatigable grasshopper of the summer meadows; no wind, so no per-

ceptible movement among the pine forests. The Arve shrank into a narrow channel; and, but for the bright sun by day, and the brilliancy of the stars at night, it seemed a world spell-bound in the dream of its winter sleep.

To forget disappointment in some degree, we trotted off to the Café du Nord, deservedly celebrated in Geneva for its good cheer. And an excellent dinner we had in every way. No beefsteak *aux truffes* could have been better done by the most skilful of French cooks.

The next Sunday, notice was given at the English church that the special service for the recovery of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would be held the following week, on the same day the ceremony would take place at St. Paul's. How we gobbled up the accounts of it in the *Times*, and how I pitied other nations for having no such sympathies of their own for celebration!

Of course, all the English attended, and some Americans; while the Swiss looked on smilingly, saying—

—“*Voilà! C'est une fête des Anglais pour le Prince des Galles.*”

Showers of snow fell on the high Alps, and then passed away, leaving the distant hills beautifully clear; while a light breeze ruffled the lake into different colours, and the warm sun brought out the buildings of the city in sharp relief against such a blue sky.

In the afternoon, as I was walking beyond the Quai Mont Blanc, enjoying a perfect sunset over the mountains, a cart-horse, striving to drag a heavy load of stones, fairly struck work and refused to move an inch. When the kindly voice of his driver again urged him on—“*Heugh! donc! vous aurez du pain, heugh!*”—the animal once more put out all his strength, and brought his load to its desired resting-place.

“*Ah, le vilain!—c'est le pain, voyez vous!*” was his master's good-humoured remark to a neighbour standing by, as he drew a large piece of bread from his pocket, and fed and patted his beast.

The Genevese are extremely kind-hearted to animals and children; and, with the former, they are amply repaid by their docility and willingness to work. I used to think, from the way the horses carried their noses, they looked happiness itself. Perhaps

the universal custom of bearing a collar of bells increases the naturally jovial expression.

An organ concert being advertised to be held in the cathedral of St. Pierre, we made a party to go to it; but with all due respect to the shade of Calvin, a portion of his ascetic spirit yet hangs over Geneva's noble old church; and wretched, dim oil lamps, hung few and far between, caused us many a stumble before we found our places, and spread a dim, dreary darkness, in which we could see each other as forms of indistinct objects; and the performers were heard, not seen at all. The organ is not equal to those of Fribourg and Lucerne; but it is well played, and we had a good selection of music.

Our last excursion was to Vevey, by train, lingering for a few hours at Lausanne. The Dents au Midi was covered with snow, and proved a noble background, as the sun, breaking from behind a dark cloud, lit up the Castle of Chillon, and the lake idly rippled against its lichen-covered walls. And now, what more to tell of Geneva and our winter memories? Of course we visited the Musée, the picture gallery, went to the French Protestant church, and listened to the fine voices that blended in beautiful harmony at the Russian church. We shall not forget the swans. We daily fed some twenty or thirty of those graceful pets as they swarmed below the bridges. We walked to the confluence of the Rhone and Arvè, which is a lovely walk, but a most terribly dirty one; and so passed away our pleasant winter.

“Ah, stay,” said our friends—“stay till April—that pearl month of the spring. Then the meadows are full of flowers unknown to English eyes, and lilies of the valley grow to sizes and have a scent far superior to their English relations.”

But our time was up. With many regrets at leaving the various friends we had met and made, we prepared our farewell purchases of carved work, musical boxes, and chocolate, and started by the mail that leaves Geneva, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for Paris, on our homeward journey. As if to increase our regrets, the Alps stood out grandly against the sky. It was positively too hot for our winter clothes to be bearable; and such a sunset, as we passed through the valleys of the Jura! Deep, purple mountains, more distant grays, cool-

ing into lighter tints up to the line of snow, while soft and lovely lakes reflected the whole panorama, and Heaven and earth seemed one.

#### OUR VILLAGE.—IV.

##### THE SQUIRE.

**SIR EDWARD WORSSELL**, the proprietor of most of the parish in which Mrs. Timepiece resided, had the habits of the dormouse.

He used to fall into a torpid state, sometimes for six or eight months together, sleeping all the night, dozing all the day, and sometimes was only half awake whilst he ate his six o'clock dinner. All this time he remained in bed, folded in sheets and blankets, as a chrysalis is in its shell in some crevice of an old tree.

He was totally unconscious of the lapse of time, and would have dozed comfortably past his dinner hour if his stomach had been as sleepy as his mind.

It would have been a decided addition to his happiness if he had had a stomach like the cobra, or some other kind of serpent, which eats enough at a meal to last it six or seven weeks, for sleep to him was the elixir of life; and I quite believe that often when the butler began to lay a cloth on the little table by his bedside, a small cloud of sorrow flitted across his mind; but it soon fell, and was happily lost in the sunset rays of his stomach.

Unconsciousness of mind is far more uncommon than unconsciousness of stomach. It often has a conscience alive to its responsibilities, when that of the heart and mind has become very dull indeed.

I suppose, in some way or other, Sir Edward's moral nature had been able to give its consent to the habits of his physical, or he could not have dozed and slept away his time as comfortably as he did.

He never seemed to have the slightest notion that he was leaving undone the things he ought to have done, or doing those which he ought not.

His countenance was the picture of content and ease.

It was, indeed, a strange phenomenon; for he was certainly not below the average in intelligence when awake, and was as free as the best man in the world from all vice of either mind or body, save this passion for sleep.

He had that most desirable combination, a sound mind in a sound body; and there was not the slightest accounting for his retirement in any circumstances of his life. He was a very rich man, and was married to an excellent lady.

Sometimes, when he had become wide awake, he launched himself for a short time into a thoroughly active life, going about amongst his old friends and tenantry from morning till night, as a butterfly newly hatched goes from flower to flower on a warm summer's day, attending magistrates' meetings; and, if it happened in the winter time, riding to meet the hounds, or shooting on his estate.

He felt as if he was born again; and I really believe, at these periods of revival, he sometimes realized within him all the glows of early youth. He went forth from his chamber as a bridegroom, and rejoiced as a strong man to run his race. It seemed as if there had accumulated in him, during his torpor, a very large surplus of tissue and nerve power, which must be let off; and when all had been discharged, he slowly, but very visibly, subsided into his old state.

His intimate friends knew as well as possible that he was subsiding. It was as good to tell as the ebb tide on the sea shore, and the length of its process could be easily calculated within a few days. The spaces of activity were also measurable beforehand, according to the quickness with which the superfluous steam was being let off. These sunrises and sunsets were truly a strange phenomenon, and have a page to themselves in the book of human nature.

Most people are satisfied with the accumulation of nerve power which seven or eight hours' sleep gives them; and spend, in these fast days, rapidly in sixteen what came to them in eight—and, alas! very much more than their income—which brings the undertaker, each time of spendthrift, nearer to their door, and that sombre carriage with its hideous plumes and other dreadful accompaniments.

This is a fast age—paralysis is one of the signs of it. One would think even common sense would put a drag upon the wheels of life. You can't get crops of wheat from land in unbroken succession; it must lie fallow a time.

We want our blood to go through its veins at railway speed; we want to use our nerve system as busily as the wires of the telegraph



are used; we want to get rich very fast; we want every luxury under the sun upon our dining tables; we can't bear a neap tide in anything. All this means paralysis, which is simply the result of an overstretch of the fine machinery of nerve and fibre which runs out like the roots of a tree from the brain, and is the silken thread that holds the eternal spirit in its frame. Paralysis is burial alive. The threads are not sufficiently snapped to let the spirit go; and it remains whilst they slowly decay, looking out of its dungeon, and crying in the evening, "Would to God, it were morning," and in the morning, "Would to God it were evening."

Take up a piece of thin india-rubber, and stretch it and stretch it until it snaps, and you have a miniature picture of what people in this fast age are doing with their nerves and muscles.

Sir Edward Worsell was only in harmony with this spirit of the age a few weeks in the year, and did not spend more than his income.

I don't mean by income, money; there are other things in the world besides money—I mean nerve power.

What would his ten thousand a-year have been to the Squire, if he had snapped the chain of his nerves? We want a capacity for enjoyment within ourselves, or the abundance of external means will only be in our ears as sounding brass on a tinkling cymbal.

We waste our inward capacity in the imprudent pursuit of external means, and it snaps just as we have reached them, and we find we have grasped a bubble.

It seems to me that the Squire's mode of life might be recommended to be adopted, in a modified manner, by middle-aged people who begin to find that their pleasures fail to give them the quickening they were wont to do. They might, by a few weeks' lying in bed, put back the dial of life many degrees, and begin action again with a sense of youth upon them. By a similar course of treatment, ladies past the age of thirty might wake up to realize that they were again sweet seventeen; and old gentlemen, wanting courage to make an offer of marriage to ladies young enough to be their grand-daughters, might gain it in sufficient force to be successful.

Sleep, sleep, sleep deserves, in the domestic world, the same high place that Sir Robert Peel's register, register, register did in the political world.

I think, if people slept more, that scent bottles would not be required to be filled with gin instead of lavender water, and the supply of ladies' sherry fail through want of demand. I think the wheels of life would be found to go better and happier round with oil than alcohol. I think our idiot asylums would not advertise the necessity of building additional wings, and that both poor and county rates would make a much smaller hole in our sovereigns than they at present do. I think, then, that there would be a great reduction of bad temper in the world, snarlings and snappings, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; and that, throughout all departments of life, there would be less of "the devil in the form of a serpent" than there is.

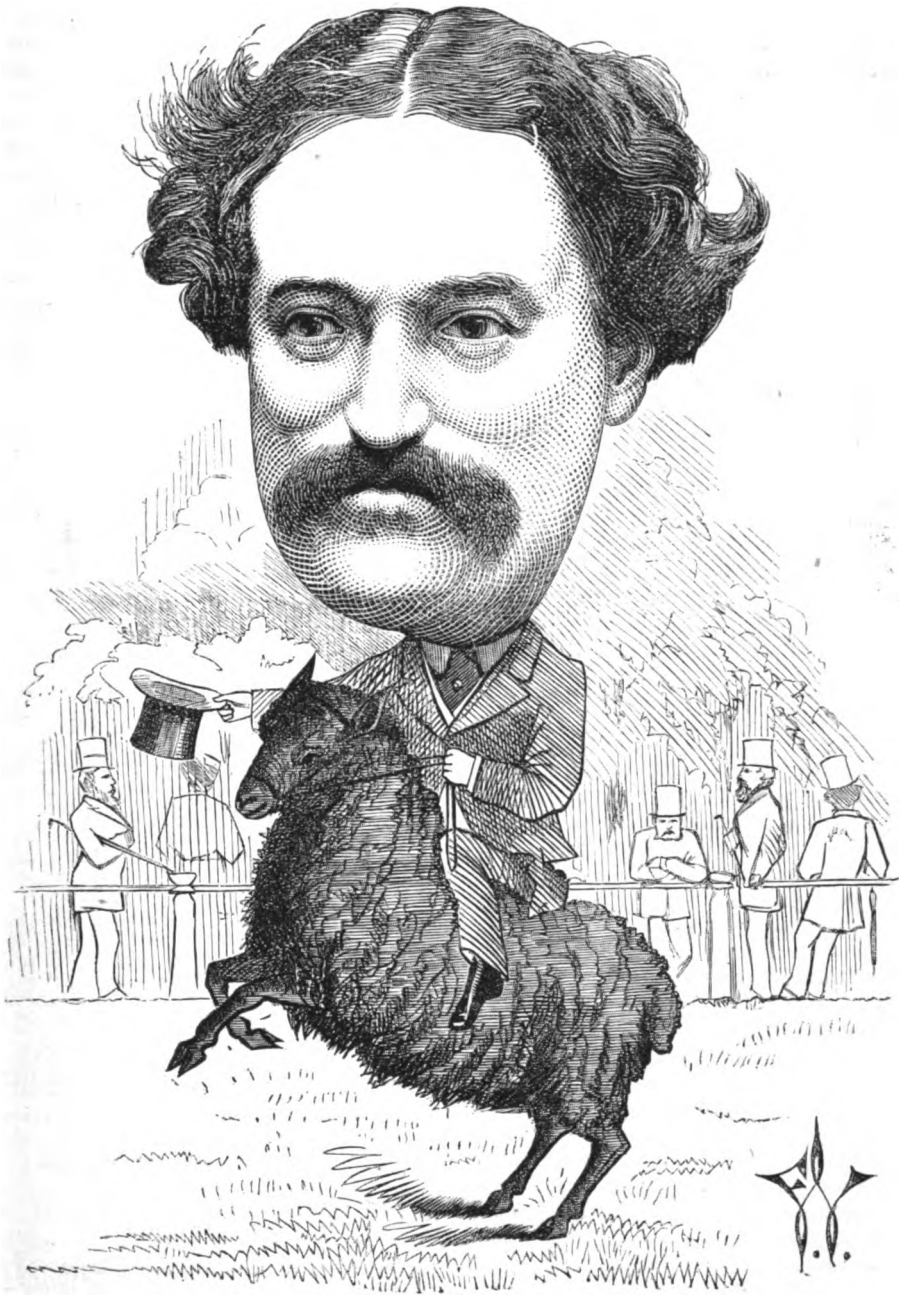
The old Squire's habits (and they were pretty much the same in his youth), though they cannot certainly be taken as a model for the world, may be taken as a contrast to it; and sometimes we will see ourselves in the mirror of contrast, if we won't in any other mirror.

#### EDMUND YATES.

THE subject of our cartoon is the son of the well-known actor, who was for some time lessee of the old Adelphi Theatre. He was born in July, 1831, and, like Mr. Anthony Trollope, has been connected with the civil service. Mr. Yates was for some time chief of the Missing Letter Department in the Post Office. He has been for some years a constant contributor to periodical literature; was for six years theatrical critic of the *Daily News*. He was also at one time the editor of "Temple Bar." The articles from the pen of "The Flaneur," in the late lamented *Morning Star*, were from his pen. His best novels are "Broken to Harness," 1864; "Running the Gauntlet," 1865; "Black Sheep," 1867.

#### NOTES ON SCIENCE AND ART.

PROFESSOR ABEL, who has devoted much attention to explosive agents that may be used instead of gunpowder, lectured at the Royal Institution lately on the more important substitutes for gunpowder. No progress has been made since 1868, Mr. Abel says, in the application of explosives other than gunpowder to artillery purposes.



Once a Week.]

[July 27, 1878

"A WAITING RACE."



Of the many explosive preparations more violent than gunpowder which have been submitted to comparative experiments of the above nature, a mixture of ammonium picrate with saltpetre proved the least sensitive to explosion by blow, thus contrasting remarkably with the violently explosive mixtures of potassium picrate which have been made the subject of experiment in France. Picric acid, which is now manufactured extensively for tinctorial purposes by the action of nitric acid upon phenol or carboic acid, has been known since the end of last century as capable of furnishing explosive mixtures. Some of its salts, such as those of potassium and barium, are of themselves explosive, and furnish violently detonating mixtures with saltpetre and potassium chlorate. The mixtures of ammonium picrate with these salts, though less powerful in their action, are considerably more so than gunpowder; and the saltpetre mixture which has been called picric powder has been shown by extensive experiments to be as safe as powder in manufacture and use, and as permanent in character; shells charged with it have been repeatedly fired from guns of large calibre, with heavy powder charges, and there appears strong reason for placing confidence in this material as fulfilling the conditions, in regard to safety and power, of any very efficient powder for shells.

Gun-cotton was gradually growing into extensive use as a mining agent in England, within a year of its discovery by Schönbein; but its application was arrested for many years by the explosion which occurred at Messrs. Hall's works in 1847. Between that period and 1863, when its manufacture was resumed in England, the material was made the subject of elaborate experiment in Austria. Important improvements were eventually introduced in its production and purification by Baron Von Lenk, and it was converted by him into a form decidedly better adapted for mining purposes than the gun-cotton wool—namely, that of a compact rope, having a central perforation, and cut into suitable lengths for mining charges.

The advantages in point of saving of time and labour attained by the use of these violent explosive agents in tunnelling and other operations in hard rock are very important; they are also specially valuable in submarine operations, in the breaking up of

large masses of rock or of large castings and forgings, in the rapid destruction of military works, bridges, and other structures, the clearing of forests, the removal of ice obstructions, &c. Their special value is partly due to the comparatively small weight and bulk of the charges of gun-cotton or nitro-glycerine preparations required to perform the work (which in many instances could scarcely be accomplished, even by extremely large quantities of gunpowder), and partly from the facility and expedition with which these explosives can be brought into operation through the agency of detonation. Hard tamping or strong confinement is superfluous, and in many instances operations of demolition and disintegration may be effectually carried out, though with some waste of power, without any confinement whatever of the explosive agent.

Dynamite and similar nitro-glycerine preparations possess two defects in common. One arises out of the poisonous nature of the liquid, which is readily absorbed into the system, producing severe headaches and other unpleasant effects—which, however, are said to diminish in severity, and even to disappear, by continued use of the material. Experience has scarcely been yet acquired regarding the ultimate influence upon the life of those constantly engaged in manufacturing nitro-glycerine or using its preparations. The form in which dynamite is now furnished appears to reduce to a minimum the liability of those employing it to be injuriously affected. The other defect arises out of the readiness with which nitro-glycerine freezes at a comparatively high temperature, especially when mixed with solid substances.

The degree of safety with which explosive agents may be manufactured is an important question connected with their extensive application. The fact that the manufacture of gun-cotton as now carried on involves not the slightest risk of explosion up to the final stage, when the material has to be dried, distinguishes it from most other explosive agents. In gunpowder manufacture, liability to explosion exists throughout all operations from the point when the ingredients are mixed; and with regard to nitro-glycerine, it appears that up to the present time occasional severe accidents during manufacture have been inevitable. The immunity enjoyed by gun-cotton is due to its being wet, and therefore absolutely unflammable,

throughout all stages, even after it has been compressed into cakes or discs.

The explosions which occurred at Stowmarket eleven months ago had the natural effect of dispelling from the public mind the great confidence which was becoming very generally entertained in the stability of gun-cotton. Fortunately, the facts which were elicited in the course of the inquiry constituted so complete a chain of evidence as to place the first cause of the explosion beyond any reasonable doubt, and to demonstrate that it was quite independent of any want of stability of the properly manufactured material. A supply of gun-cotton delivered from the works at Stowmarket, forming part of a quantity of which there remained a store in the magazines that exploded, was found to contain a proportion of discs in a highly impure condition. The proportion of free (sulphuric) acid existing in some of these was so considerable that it could not possibly have been left in the gun-cotton after the first rough washing which it receives immediately on removal from the acid, and before conversion into pulp in the rag-engines, where it is beaten up for several hours with a very large volume of water. While, therefore, in storing dry gun-cotton, the probability of violent explosions resulting from the accidental ignition of a magazine may be considerably diminished, or at any rate the violence of a possible explosion much reduced, by storing the material in packages of which some portions will yield readily to pressure from within, or by adopting any other storage arrangement whereby the rapid penetration of flame or heat between the compressed masses is promoted, it must be considered as conclusively established by the last twelve months' experience that such regulations as experience and prudence have rendered essential in connection with the storage of gunpowder and other explosive agents must also apply to the storage of compressed gun-cotton when in the dry state.

The very high price of meat in late years has led to the importation on an extensive scale of preserved meats from countries where animals commonly consumed as food are still sold at a nominal price. This enables the exporter to produce an article for foreign markets at a price low enough to enable the commodity to bear the very high rate of freightage. The best of these pre-

served meats come from Australia; and in some articles of ours, six months ago, we devoted some space to this subject, which is of the greatest importance both to the colonies and home country. The Society of Arts has taken up the question; and a writer in the journal of the society furnishes some valuable information on several points. The *Food Journal* also deals with the question, and the result of various experiments seems to be in favour of a particular process in the preparation of the meats. Of many kinds of meat submitted in tins for approval, the palm has invariably been given to that preserved by Mr. Richard Jones's process. It appears that nothing whatever is lost; so that were this process adopted by the Australians, the whole of the original constituents of the meat (excepting the water lost in cooking) would be available for food. With regard to the best way of preparing Australian meat, this so entirely depends on the way it is preserved that no rule can be laid down, unless it be the general one of warming it up with vegetables, making a sort of Irish stew of the whole mass, and thus disguising its over-cooked character; whereas that preserved by Mr. R. Jones's plan can be cut in slices and partaken of in this country, being similar in every respect to an English joint of meat.

The following is an account of some experiments tried upon fish, flesh, and fowl, preserved by the process:—

"Taking the various methods as a whole, there seems to be as yet nothing better than the vacuum process; and it is to the results of our examination of a set of samples of meat preserved by a new modification of this plan to which we desire to direct attention. These specimens have been transmitted to us by Mr. Richard Jones, and were preserved under his vacuum method. By Mr. Jones's process the meat is put into tins and entirely soldered up, except a small tube, which is about the size of a quill, and is soldered into the top of the tin. This tube is placed in connection with a vacuum chamber, and the air exhausted. The cooking is then commenced, and, without entering into details, we have simply to say the principle involved is the production of a vacuum before beginning to cook, and the maintaining of the same during the time that the operation is in progress. The special feature claimed for the system is that 'poultry, game, fish, and whole joints of beef

and mutton can be as readily preserved with as without bone, so obviating the hitherto unsatisfactory appearance of preserved meat.' Having thus given the *rationale* of the process, we will proceed to the results of the examination of samples.

"No. 1 was a roasted sirloin of beef preserved entire. Before opening the package, the tin was observed to have the battered appearance produced by the external pressure of the air, which is always indicative of a perfect vacuum in such tins, and without which no package of preserved meat should ever find a purchaser. On opening, the meat was found to be devoid of the usual shrivelled appearance, and, in fact, presented the characteristics of a joint of meat cooked the day before, and served cold in any ordinary household. Upon cutting into the joint, there was no appearance of overcooking and stringiness; it came off in good slices, and was even somewhat ruddy in the centre. It was remarked by our friends who were present at the trial, that the flavour was not at all like the common tinned beef.

"No. 2 was a partridge roasted whole, which presented no trace of a shrivelled or discoloured appearance, and stood carving in the ordinary way without tearing into shreds. The flavour was exceedingly fresh and agreeable; the only objection made to it by some of the party was that it was not sufficiently 'high' for their palates.

"No. 3 was a section of cod boiled in one piece. This was an exceedingly happy specimen of food preservation. It was so firm in consistence, and so perfect in flavour, that no one would have imagined that it had not been cooked the same morning. It possessed, as one of the company remarked, that peculiar liveliness of flavour which cold fish only retains for a limited period after cooking.

"It was not thought necessary to submit either the game or fish to analysis.

"Looking to the results of our experiments, we cannot but think that the method of preservation in tins has at last reached perfection in this process, for the development of which we were informed that a company has recently been formed with every prospect of success. When it gets into working order, there is little doubt but that this meat will head the market, until such time as some happy inventors can produce a trustworthy plan of importing raw meat from our colonies in a sound state."

There has been a great deterioration in potato crops in most parts of the United States during the past ten or twenty years, by which, as in England, potato growing has become neither so profitable nor so certain a thing as it was formerly. Our own growers of this most important vegetable may learn something from the remarks of a writer in the "Boston Journal of Chemistry," who has made a number of chemical experiments on the conditions of soil necessary to produce abundance of tubers on the plants, showing the kind and amount of food which one potato demands. He had a field of potatoes upon the farm which yielded three hundred bushels to the acre; this may be regarded as an old-fashioned crop. This crop removed from the soil in tubers and tops at least 400 lbs. of potash; also it removed 150 lbs. of phosphoric acid. Now, these amounts are very large, and serve to show that the potato plant is a great consumer of the two substances; and also it shows that, in order to restore our potato fields to their former productive condition, we must supply phosphatic compounds and substances holding potash in large quantities.

For six or eight generations, in New England, our fathers have been exhausting the soil by removing these agencies in their potato and other crops, and we have reached a time when the vegetable is starving in our fields for want of its proper food. Our farmers have found that new land gives the best crops, and this is due to the fact that such fields afford the most potash. But so long as we crop our pastures so unreasonably, we cannot resort to new land, as land is not *new* that has had its potash and phosphatic elements removed by grazing animals.

Remember that a potato field which gives but 130 bushels to the acre requires at least 160 lbs. of potash; but by allowing the tops to decay upon the field, 60 lbs. of this is restored to the soil again, as that amount is contained in them. A medium crop of potatoes requires twice as much phosphoric acid as a medium crop of wheat, so that in two years with wheat the land is deprived of no more of that agent than it loses in one year with potatoes.

A French firm are manufacturing wall decorations to supersede paper-hangings and paint; these are thin sheets of metal painted over by a patented process, and

are artistic in appearance, and said to be durable.

Tin-foil in sheets, the thickness of ordinary writing-paper, is the material on which this new style of mural decoration, including gilding, is executed. Tin-foil is pliable and supple, sufficiently tough not to be easily torn, and offers a smooth and uniform surface. It forms an excellent base for the work executed upon it. It also possesses the advantage of being waterproof, a property well known to architects and builders, who frequently use it to cover damp walls, on which, without that covering, any decorative work would soon perish.

The process of executing the painting on tin offers no difficulty. The sheets are manufactured of a width and in lengths suitable to their application on the surfaces to be covered. At the manufactory in Paris the ordinary widths made use of are from thirty to forty inches, and the length five metres, or rather more than five yards.

The application of the painted metallic hangings to either wood, stone, plaster, or iron surfaces, offers no difficulty. The operation is somewhat similar to putting up paper hangings, with this difference—that with the latter the paper is pasted over at the back before being hung, and with the former the surface to be decorated is covered with a thin coat of adhesive varnish, on which, after it has been left to dry partially, the painted tin is affixed with great ease. So little is the difficulty, that any skilled paperhanger can, after a few hours' practice, do the work successfully. From the extreme flexibility of tin-foil, mouldings and cornices are covered with the metallic hangings in the most perfect manner, and with a smoothness of surface and sharpness of outline at the edges and mitres which the painter's brush cannot rival.

The last effects are obtained by covering undulating surfaces with the painted material, of dimensions larger—say one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in length and width—than the superficial measure. By this contrivance, when the painted tin-foil is affixed on any surface with the varnish, the excess of length or width is cut away along a straight edge with a sharp knife, which leaves the edge of the work clean, and invisible where two edges meet. It is thus that the close joints are obtained in mouldings and mitres, as in the specimens exhibited.

The varnish used for fixing the material

is of the nature of gold size, but more adhesive. Being of itself "hydrofuge," it adds to the protection of the paint against damp. These advantages make it superior, not only to ordinary painting, but, in a much higher degree, to paper-hangings, which are stained with water-colours of much shorter duration, and subject to the effects of damp both in the walls and externally.

#### MY GARDEN.

I HAVE a garden no man knows,  
Set midstmost of a strange, dim land,  
Made sweet with lily and red rose,  
O'er-arched with trees on either hand.

It sleeps, in tender twilight curled,  
Through all the hours of sun and stars,  
No jangling of the outer world,  
No tone of toil the quiet mars.

And there through golden, happy days  
They sit—the ladies of my love;  
They listen to my love-tide lays,  
They gladden at the sound thereof.

The ladies of my love and I,  
We sing, we love, we have no care;  
None comes between us, none draws nigh,  
None enters our flower-garden fair.

We watch the swift days come and go,  
I sitting at my ladies' feet—  
Ninette, Christine, and Isabeau,  
Maud, Heloise, and Marguerite.

O loves, I sing—ye weary not,  
Nor I grow weary while I sing;  
With us forgetting is forgot,  
With us is love a perfect thing.

O loves, ye know it, dwelling there,  
Away from toil, and tears, and din:  
My heart it is that garden fair,  
Made glad by you that dwell therein.

And there ye shall for ever move,  
And love, and sing, and live apart,  
O darling ladies of my love,  
Within the garden of my heart.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF CANADA.—IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"PIERRE, you scoundrel," I said to the carter as I paid him, "if I hadn't been there, you would have joined those rowdies."

"No, sar," said he, with a ruffianly leer, which I caught in the moonlight, "pays me too well, does that gent. I gets something from him most every night."

I took Simon to his room as quietly as I

could, under Pierre's directions, but not without disturbing somebody who barred my progress at the door, and said, with firmness superimposed on natural tremor—

"Who are you, and what do you want in that room?"

"Dear me," I exclaimed, recognizing the voice, "I did my best not to disturb you. Mr. Falkland is a little hurt. I will look after him."

No answer, but a rush past me, and the door locked in my face. The door opened, and another rush, to fetch what I supposed to be water and bandages. Finally I was admitted.

The luckless Simon presented a spectacle grim, and yet ludicrous—his head swathed in linen bandages, a large black plaister over the bridge of his nose and one eye, while the other wandered restlessly about. On seeing me, he burst into threats against his assaulters, rendered incoherent by his having received a drunken kick in his mouth.

While I listened to him, the young lady appeared before me.

"Sir," she said, "I have come to say that I hope you do not think your reception has been cavalier, or that I am not sensible of your kindness to my brother. I was much disturbed at seeing him so much hurt" (my suspicious mind suggested, "and at being caught in my dressing gown"), "and the lateness of the hour, and my being alone—"

"I think you have shown wonderful presence of mind, and quite as much civility as I could have expected."

"Then, sir," said she, "you will go, now that you have seen him?"

"Oh yes," said I; and in a low, earnest whisper—"you will shake hands with me?"

Whereupon, I pressed her hand to my lips, and departed, overjoyed with my success in achieving such an interview.

I am sure the young lady saw from this moment how the land lay. Is there in the world a woman who would not?

This event gave me a pretext for remaining till the rowdies could be brought to justice. But, during the next two months, the chances of this being done became fainter and fainter. Still I stayed on, and tried to become intimate with the Falklands. But my success there was no more than Joe's. The young lady looked on herself as engaged, and therefore not able to give me much attention; the old one, with her stiffness, her dignity, and her ungenial man-

ners, reminded me of what Talleyrand said of Madame de Staël—"Son seul défaut est qu'elle est insupportable." I have never met a *ci-devant* beauty who was anything else. Of course, they were glad to see me, but nothing more. Until the victory of the South, and their return to Louisiana, they did not feel as if they ought to enjoy themselves.

But affairs were not quite hopeless, as I could see the girl every day at the skating-rink. Unfortunately, Hodgkins was always there also; still—luck for me—he was a bad skater. The girl imagined she preserved impartiality in the absence of her *prétendu*. Perhaps she did, but she was not alive to the powerful effect of proximity.

"If," said Hodgkins to me one day, "I were my own master, like you, catch me staying here."

"Well," said I, "I will go directly I can get anybody to come with me. Will you?"

"Delighted, I am sure, to get anywhere out of this place; but you know Mopus is so particular about the duty. They say, the service has been going to the dogs ever since Pharaoh's host. I really think ours will get there before long, if Mopus is so absurd."

The crocodile! As if I didn't know that Colonel Mopus would have been delighted to get him away from his dangerous proximity.

At length I steeled myself to being one of a party to Lake St. John, which was to cut a straight exploration line through the bush, and to return by the Saguenay. On the 31st of January, I was to be at my last party—a picnic to Lake Beauport. At ten o'clock the next morning the expedition started, and I should be away for two months. It cost me a great struggle, but I was able to accomplish it, by resolving to try conclusions at the picnic. As for leaving my rival behind me without doing so, that was not to be thought of. The festivities, which always took place indoors in those rigorous winters, were over, and they were beginning to dance; still the Falklands were not there. At that moment, affairs appeared to me most gloomy. "What a fool am I," thought I, "to hasten matters like this! What can she care about me? She has not given me a thought. Why, she has only known me two months, and that very slightly." Then I thought, "Could I not go away, and try my fortune on my return?"



But the idea of leaving my rival to himself was too much. Here, to my unspeakable delight, I heard a music of familiar bells, and the next moment a sleigh, with a well-known pair of black horses, was trotting up to the auberge. My doubts cleared away like a mist before the sun, and I ran to help Miss Falkland to get out.

"I am so glad to see you," said I, radiant with delight, and quite forgetting any other presence. "I had begun to give you up."

Was it the reflection of my own feelings that I saw in her face? There *was* something that made me hope, as she said, very simply—

"I did not expect to see *you* here."

"Why not?" said I.

"Because you should be preparing for that excursion you start on to-morrow, which appears to be the only thing you think of."

"I assure you," said I, earnestly, "it is not only not the only thing I think of, but by no means the first subject of my thoughts."

Miss Falkland glanced at me with a soft, sad expression for a moment, and then said, in a prim manner—

"I am quite aware that your *first* object is to amuse yourself in any way you can"—disappearing, as she spoke, into the ladies' room.

As I stood there, thinking how charming she looked in her fur dress, her face glowing with the colour brought on by the open air, her brown eyes sparkling, her hair all disordered and falling about, I heard a brusque voice behind me—

"Malet," it said, "if you are waiting for Miss Falkland, you may spare yourself the trouble: she has promised *me* the first dance."

"Not at all," said I, as I recognized Joe. "Quite a mistake on your part—just you wait a minute and see."

But before the words were well out of my mouth, she reappeared and took his arm, without so much as looking at me.

Nor could I get more than one dance from her the whole evening. I was glad to see that *he* only got two, most of her time being passed sitting with her brother—who seemed much out of his element. After a good deal of jockeying, I managed, besides my one dance, to have the melancholy pleasure of handing her out of the room on her departure. Though inwardly I felt desperate, outwardly I was calm; and talked hypo-

critically of my excursion of the next day, of the country, and so on.

Opposite the dancing-room was another large room, partitioned into two. The larger of these was kept for refreshments, and lighted; the smaller room was again divided into the ladies' dressing-room and a small, dark antechamber. When Miss Falkland got through the refreshment-room into this, she stopped.

"Good night, Mr. Malet," she said, in a constrained tone. "It is getting late, and I am not going to dance any more, as Simon wants to go immediately. You are going to-morrow without fail? Then I must say *good-bye*, as I shall never see you again. We decided this morning to leave Quebec on the first of March: by which time, I suppose, you will be about at Lake St. John, will you not?"

"Is it possible," I gasped, "that we are going to part like this, and for ever? I wish I had had any idea of it. I shall not go to Lake St. John. I would not do it for anything."

With a half smile she replied—

"You are surely not going to give up your excursion? Consider all the glorious anticipations you have just been telling me of, and what you would lose by not going—the finest country in the world, beautiful scenery, the chance of treading where no foot has trodden before. What a pity to think of losing such an opportunity—!"

And so on, repeating all my mock rhapsodies.

By this time we had got to the antechamber, and sat down on a ramshackle little sofa in it.

"Consider," said I, "what I should lose by going. I could have joined many such expeditions during the last two months, if I had liked. Why, do you think, I have not done so?"

She made no answer; but I could see her, in the dim light, looking hard at me with her bright eyes.

I caught hold of one hand. She made a faint effort to pull it away, looking at me with a soft, sad expression.

"What *can* you think?" I continued. And then there was a pause, during which I looked into her eyes. "You know I love you!" and I caught the other hand. This time there was not even a show of resistance. "I love you," I continued, "very, very dearly. If you care at all about me, do tell

me so, or let me know in some way—do not leave me in suspense.”

I felt my pressure of both her hands returned—ever so slightly, though—and the next moment, without in the least thinking of what I was doing, I had clasped her in my arms. In an instant she disengaged herself, and said, with a return of the old primness—

“You must not talk to me like this. You know I am engaged to another man.”

“Yes, yes,” said I, “I know that; but do excuse me. I cannot think you care about him, and that is my reason for having ventured to talk to you as I have done; besides, I am sure he does not care about you half as much as I do. I love you far more than I ever thought I could ever love anybody.”

“I must repeat that I am engaged, and that I have no right to listen to you,” said she, mechanically.

“Oh! do not talk like that. Surely, you will not keep an engagement that must have been made when you were too young to know your own mind? I feel that you like me, though you do not say so. Is not that enough reason not to keep it? You cannot marry a man you do not care about.”

“Whatever my feelings may be, I have no right to think of them. I am engaged to General Edelmann, and I like and respect him too much to think of breaking off with him. I am so sorry this has ever happened.”

“Whatever my feelings may be”—that was, at least, encouraging.

“Well,” I returned, “I am not sorry—I am very glad indeed. You have encouraged me to hope.”

Looking into her eyes, I saw there no denial. I pressed both her hands. There was no resistance; but at that moment the door opened, and Simon Falkland stood before us. Everybody had been busy dancing, and so we were unnoticed by anybody save Simon, who looked angrily at his sister, and said—

“Lilla, the horses have been waiting half an hour.

Lilla resumed her wraps, and then took my arm to the sleigh, not noticing her brother. The horses started directly they felt her get in.

The next day, I called at their house in St. Lewis-road, and was denied admission with a promptitude which showed orders with reference to me. I had deserved this, as I had spoken words to the girl which she

should never have heard; but it made me very angry, and the reflection that I should never see her again was indeed a despairing one. With much bitterness, I read a letter at my hotel from my father, demanding my immediate return; and as I walked to the —th mess, I felt reckless, and ready to do battle with anybody.

At the billiard-room was the usual afternoon pool and the usual players—all old hands, except a middle-aged stranger, with an air of great majesty, which affected me much as a piece of red cloth does a bull. This gentleman took one of my lives by a most aggravating fluke, saying, with severe dignity—

“I will trouble you for a shilling, sir.”

“There it is,” said I, “in the usual place, on the cushion.”

The gentleman looked round helplessly, and seeing no coin, mentioned the fact to Joe, whose guest he seemed to be.

The shilling, like the lock in Pope’s poem, was not to be found; and I, enraged by everybody being against me, refused to supply another. The proceedings were ended by the elderly gentleman tendering me his card, and informing me that a friend should wait on me in the morning; to which I answered that I was “rejoiced to hear it,” and departed in great wrath, with his card crumpled up in my hand, which turned out to be—“Major-General Eugene Edelmann, Confederate States Army.”

## TABLE TALK.

WHEN Judge Keogh was at Longford the other day, a dinner was given, at which he made a humorous speech, with great good taste avoiding any allusions to the threats or the military force that accompanied him. A gentleman in the town, for a joke, kept sending sensational telegrams to his club in London all day. “Serious disturbance here”—“Several lives lost”—“A judge killed”—“The military driven back”—“The town in flames.” But we do not take this as a fair specimen of native wit; nor do we think many Irish gentlemen would have seen any fun in such an amusement.

IN REFERENCE TO the words which the Rev. Canon Kingsley is said to have used when closing one of his lectures on history, a Chester Correspondent sends us the follow-

ing characteristic little story:—"The Canon was presiding at a meeting lately, for business, of the members of a natural science society, when an amendment followed a motion, and, after putting each, he was uncertain which was carried, and said, 'Now, if we have balloting, it will take some time. Suppose I toss up half a crown, and decide it.' (Putting his hand in his pocket.) 'But I haven't got half a crown, so I think we had better let the matter rest as it did before.'"

ROWLAND HILL, HOWEVER, made half a crown go further than the celebrated Canon Residentiary of Chester Cathedral. This anecdote of him has come down to posterity. In one of his sermons at the Surrey Chapel, he took for his text the words of the apostle, "I can do all things—" Here he stopped in his reading, and said, in his abrupt and eccentric manner, "You can do all things, can you, Paul? I'll bet you half a crown you can't, though—and here's down with the money" (pulling half a crown from his pocket, and clapping it down on the pulpit cushion); "but let us give him fair play, though, and hear what he has to say for himself further." He then read to the end of the text, and remarked, "Oh! that's quite a different thing, Paul. You can do all things; but it turns out, after all, that the Lord is to do them for you—eh? It's a drawn wager, so I'll put my money into my pocket again." Hill's real half-crown was as effective at the Surrey Chapel as Burke's real dagger at St. Stephen's.

A VILLAGE SKETCH, in which thirty-five authors are buried:—

"Close by the clover field in green arrayed  
That skirts the moor edged in with pleasant shade  
Of orchard, where awake at spring's behest,  
The birds their sweet, new tones, the trees fair  
dressed

In blossoms pink and white; or later still,  
When one sees lambs disporting on the hill;  
Or later, sweet as sugar ricks of hay  
The cow perceives, and tempted is to stray;  
The donkey burns to snatch a mouthful sweet,  
And Dick ensures to Tom a jolly treat  
In tumbling 'mongst the grass, till their rude foe,  
The farmer comes, who, odd enough, won't know  
Why boys with leapfrog art his ricks should spoil.  
Alas! he'll eye them soon, and then they'll cease  
to smile.

Where the long rays across the pathway fall,  
John's cottage stands—a place well known to all.  
A somewhat crabbed man is John, whose age  
The thoughts of long past eras must engage;  
Long since he's taken sides with ancient ways,  
And odd and dry denies to moderns praise.

His hens to neat-made fowl-pen take their way,  
On foot each night to roost when tired with day.  
His dog, as out he yelps defiance loud,  
To scamp belligerent 'mongst the schoolboy  
crowd,

Disturbs the song old smiths, across the way,  
Hum everlastingly throughout the day.  
The parson, as his pen serenely glides  
Swift o'er the paper, a moment bides  
Annoyed, 'That monster never seems to tire!'  
Then thinking, 'Ay, why need I aspire,  
And to waste elegance of style on boors!  
(John's one who never comes within church doors.)  
My words worth much that me great labour cost,  
Now all erratic to the winds are tossed,  
And every line I add is only lost.'"

In these doggerel lines the names of thirty-five celebrated men are to be found, principally poets. None of them are living authors. 'A key to this puzzle will appear in our next number.

IT IS REMARKABLE when we have come into possession of some object we have long had in view, how much less in value it seems to be than it appeared to be in the distance, and how soon we begin to look from it into the mists of the future for some other prize. We perhaps blame that great victor who sighed for more worlds to conquer; but the same spirit, with lesser aims and more moderate wishes, is in all of us. A little ambition is a necessary magnetism for energy, and is quite lawful, if followed after honestly, and without doing injury or injustice to others.

OFTEN THE MAN who has made twenty thousand pounds, in his attempt to make it into thirty, tumbles down into the work-house—filled, no doubt, with a feeling of perfect astonishment at the swiftness with which a four-course dinner can be exchanged for a mess of pottage, and good society for spirits rough and unpolite, however radically kind.

IF YOU DON'T want to be bothered with valentines, get married, and you will find in future months of February an entire relief from them; except, perhaps, a stray one, not of a complimentary nature, from somebody who has forgotten to pay the postage.

*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 240.

August 3, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER IX.

BACK AGAIN.



Y the churchyard where his mother lay; along the upward winding path, every pebble of which seemed familiar to him; past the cottage which was as a body without its soul, and rather like a model of

his former home than that home itself, hurried Arthur Lennard, a prey to one of those violent storms of emotion which, always dangerous to the system with any flaw in it, would prove fatal to the strongest heart and healthiest brain if they recurred often. Twice before had he been moved to such an extent, and both times while hurrying along that hillside: once when, called suddenly from college, he had hastened towards the cottage where his mother lay, he knew not whether alive or dead; next, after his last interview with Edith, before he left for Australia. Other minutes of intense feeling, both of joy and grief, he had known; but lacking that disorganizing element of uncertainty, that struggle of hope and fear, which makes such wild work with the delicate fibres of the nervous system. He had learned from a villager that Edith and her mother were living, and still at their old house; so that a portion of the load of anxiety with which the protracted period that he had been without news had burdened him was removed, and hope predominated over fear as he vaulted over the stile—how well he remembered his last crossing it!—and entered the avenue.

There was a female figure advancing towards him under the stately trees, and in a couple of seconds he found himself with his

arms round it, kissing hard at a face on the top of it, till it occurred to him to stop and look whether it was the right person he was embracing; for really such a mist swam before his eyes that he might easily have made a mistake. Happily, it was all right: it was Edith herself who stood before him (rather close), very pale, thinner than he remembered her; but still Edith. Nor was Arthur himself unchanged: his shoulders were broader, his skin darker, his eye bolder, his carriage more erect—improvements which Edith noted when she was emancipated from the freedom of the press, which she could hardly deny her subject on this occasion of resuming the reins of government. And in truth he deserved some little reward; for however natural it may seem in a book, and though every poet and storyteller passes over the feat as one of easy accomplishment in the case of his hero or heroine, it is in reality exceedingly creditable for a man to remain in love with the same woman during so long a period of absence, and that, too, without ever receiving a message or a single line in the way of a letter from her. Constancy is a great and rare virtue, and ought to be much commended when we find it, seeing that it is one which we all hope while young will be exercised in our behalf; and whether such hopes are habitually fulfilled, let those readers who have passed the age of forty declare.

They wandered for two mortal hours up and down that avenue, which was, to the man at least, as a bower in Eden; and that, too, without the serpent that had on a former occasion lurked behind the shrubs. For the Eve, it was different. She had to tell a long story and suppress the principal episode; to recite the play of "Hamlet," and omit any introduction of that important character. Or worse, rather—she had to mention him and talk about him, without allowing her auditor to suspect anything of the real rôle

he should by rights have enacted in the comedy. For she had determined to speak of Hartman at once, lest Arthur should hear of the man from some other quarter, and feel surprise at her ignoring the existence of any habitual visitor to a place so little frequented. It was better to have done with the unpleasant subject; and then, even if by bad luck he heard some rumour of what had really happened, he might treat it as calumnious gossip, and never speak of it to her.

And she really did it very well, considering that deceit was a most unpleasant thing to her nature; narrating how that "a man named Hartman" had come to the neighbourhood, ingratiated himself with her mother, and, doubtless with a view to embezzlement, had proffered his services in the matter of reinvesting her little capital; how they had gone to Plymouth by his advice, and that while there he had happily been arrested for a former crime before he had time to complete his arrangements for their spoliation. She even mentioned that "this Hartman had been transported, and had sailed in the *Bellerophon*, the ship at whose death Arthur had so singularly come in; and that doubtless he was the very Hartman mentioned in the paper found in one of the bottles as one of the convicts who had refused to join the mutiny, and had therefore been murdered and thrown overboard by the others." Any stumbles she may have made during her course over this very ticklish ground were of course attributed by her hearer to a cause flattering to himself.

Then she had to tell him all about her mother's illness and sad state, at which Arthur was really shocked and grieved; and Edith's heart warmed towards him for his genuine sympathy and emotion.

But why had she not written to him?

I regret to say that, in reply to this question, Edith told an untruth. She said that she had; which was true in fact, for she had begun a letter, which she had fully intended to post to the colonial post-office agreed upon when they parted; but her views having changed, she thought it better not to finish or send it—a fact which she now concealed. So Arthur Lennard abused the high postal authorities and all their subordinates, and was happy. She avoided all the falsehoods he thrust upon her by asking whether she had ever forgotten him, &c.,

&c., &c., by being modest, looking coy, blushing, and letting him answer himself.

And all young gentlemen in love are here strongly advised to content themselves with similar replies to all those exceedingly unfair queries which they are in the bad habit of putting to those charming creatures who have had the good fortune to engross their affections. If the ideal She has flirted with no one during your absence, well and good; but if she has, you really cannot expect her to tell you so; and why risk making her incur the guilt of a possible untruth? When she smiles, and looks first on the ground, then up, and then sideways, ask no more, but interpret her silence in any way you prefer. I should recommend you to let that interpretation accord with your own wishes on the subject; but this, of course, is at your choice, and I do not presume to dictate. Arthur Lennard did so, and wondered how he had ever, in early days, doubted whether Edith loved him; and the hot fit was so strong that it was some days before he had a cold one, though such vacillations of crises are as invariably common to love as to the ague.

Then they went into the cottage, and Arthur saw Mrs. Rosier, who did not know him from Adam; and he was so much shocked that he could not refrain from tears. After a few days, however, he became accustomed to the thought that he and Edith were alone in the world, and must manage their affairs without taking counsel of any one else, and he urged the desirability of their marriage taking place without delay—a course to which, as it was evidently the best, and Arthur was now very well off, Edith acceded.

It was decided that they should quit Bodston at once and for good, leaving the cottage for sale in the hands of an agent, and remove to the neighbourhood of London, where, if not better, at least dearer advice could be had for Mrs. Rosier; and the marriage was to take place directly affairs could be comfortably arranged.

Two days later, the Edith, with her mother in tow, and convoyed by the Arthur, once more put out from the snug but secluded port of the Cornwall village. The first time she had been driven back in distress, the protecting vessel having proved to be a pirate; but now she was about fairly to prosecute her voyage over the sea of matrimony. Of course, she regretted the dear,

dull old place, now that she was leaving it; nor did Arthur bid a final farewell to a hundred familiar spots without a similar feeling.

We are for ever regretting something, except when we are longing for something else out of our reach; which proves our superiority to the cows, who never bother themselves—poor things!—about past or future, but browse as long as they can keep on their legs, and then, reclining gracefully, chew the cud.

On arriving in London, Arthur Lennard set to work to hunt up certain old school and college friends, and not without success. Some of these had mothers and sisters residing in town, and one a wife; and several of the ladies took a liking to Arthur Lennard, thought his story romantic and interesting, and cultivated the acquaintance of Edith. But though he was glad of all this, his first state of exuberant rapture did not last very long. He perceived that his passion was not returned in the manner he had at first hoped; that his extravagances rather bored Edith, who was no hypocrite, and yawned one day when he was in the midst of a poetical rhapsody. So he cooled down, and grew rather melancholy, being of a sensitive temperament, and very easily snubbed. However, he flattered himself that it would be all right when they were once man and wife; and so he took a house at Kensington, with a garden and stable attached to it, and bought furniture, and a pair of horses, and a carriage, and a plain gold ring, and a gorgeous costume, and a licence. And some of her new friends coached Edith, superintended her get-up, and acted as her bridesmaids.

And so Arthur Lennard and Edith Rosier stood up before the altar and promised a number of things which they fully intended to do, and the *Morning Post* announced the affair as a "Marriage in High Life"—why, I cannot imagine.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### MARRIED AND SETTLED.

THE gifts of fortune are much like the presents hung on a Christmas tree, for which the guests draw lots; for from off it a middle-aged bachelor will get a pair of earrings, a schoolboy a bracelet, a girl a pegtop, the mother of a family a pair of skates, and an elderly single lady a baby's cap. So, in the larger lottery of life, the prizes

do not fall exactly as we would have them. The childless peer sighs for a heir, while the poor curate could well spare him half a dozen; young Stables would be much happier as one of his own grooms; and while Sawyer the carpenter feels himself qualified by nature to guide the destinies of nations, the nobleman who owns his village, and by whose patronage he principally lives, finds no pleasure in life equal to turning.

The dream of Arthur Lennard's youth was domestic happiness. Some men have a particular desire for a seat in the Cabinet, others wish to amass colossal fortunes; many a young fellow would give an arm for the right to wear a medal on his breast; and to win the Derby with a horse of his own breeding is a secret desire which causes the heart of more than one Englishman to pant. All these objects of ambition would have been the veriest trifles to Lennard, valuable only as gewgaws to lay at the feet of his wife. He was perfectly willing to own that his standard of man's career on earth was not high; but was it not therefore all the more easily to be attained? He was of an indolent and amiable disposition, and sought as his sole good what numbers around him seemed to accept as a matter of course. For you meet scores of happy, well-assorted couples every day in England. In foreign countries it may be different—I do not know. French novelists may be false to nature and fact; and, in my ignorance of the true state of society over the water, I am willing to hope that the masses of the population do not really consider that the acme of female virtue is the fidelity of a woman to any man who is not her husband, the depth of unpoetical vulgarity her attachment to him. In this little island, however, the majority of marriages turn out happily; and in very many that perfect state of easy confidence, good understanding, and complete merging of the hopes, fears, and sympathies of two into one, which formed Arthur's *beau idéal*, is actually reached. But to attain this the minds of the husband and wife must be, not necessarily similar, but harmonizing and free from jarring elements, and in the present case there were hardly half a dozen points upon which they felt in common. About half a hundred things which made up the sum of existence to Lennard, his wife did not care a rush. To her the higher class of poetry was unintelligible rubbish, pictures were a

nuisance, scenery without a charm. He could not let his feelings or sympathies grow warm in her presence without getting a bucket of cold water dashed over them instantaneously. The fact was that when his heart first opened to the influence of the other sex; when he found that his boyish theory that women were inferior, troublesome creatures whom it was cowardly to hit when impudent, was by no means an exhaustive view of the relations between the sexes; when he made the important discovery that he himself could write rhyme (poetry he at first thought it) by the yard; at the age of adolescence, in short, he had set up in his mind an ideal of a perfect woman, possessed of all the graces and charms of mind and body most congenial to his own tastes and disposition. When he first met Edith, then, who was sufficiently endowed with the external attractions of his ideal, he took it for granted that her mental perfections must harmonize with them, and fell in love, not with the real Edith, but with an imaginary, impossible, faultless creation that the world never saw, enveloped in Edith's form.

The mischief of this was that, in paying his court to her, he appealed to sympathies and feelings which had no existence, and so missed his best chance of winning a return for his passion. He was like a deaf man playing upon a piano without any strings in it—his own imagination supplied the music.

The art of love is a very capricious science, hardly to be fixed by any general rules; but this much is certain: you may annoy, disgust, enrage—nay, you may even strike a woman, shoot her, poison her, cut her throat—without losing all chance of her falling in love with you; but if you once bore her, the game is up. And Arthur had from the first often bored Edith.

When he first discovered that his wife was his very good friend, but nothing more, Lennard grew very miserable—for the hopes and dreams of a life cannot be dispersed without a vast amount of mental anguish—and then gradually resigned himself to his fate. Now, the fate of the constant one in a union where the love is all on one side is to be the slave of the other, and so Lennard was henpecked. How should it be otherwise? He was always trying to please, conciliate, and win her by kindness, and consulting her wishes in everything, while she went her own way, utterly careless whether he liked it or not. As for his devotion and

constancy, she thought it weakness, and rather despised him for it. Women are so utterly pitiless where they do not love! And so, I repeat, he was henpecked; as you will be, dear male, bachelor reader, if ever you marry and remain uxorious about a woman who does not care twopence for you.

Nor was Edith quite happy—no woman is without loving some one; and if she had no very great affection for her husband, she at least kept clear of even the most Platonic attachment to any other man, and so was free from all blame—for, I suppose, we cannot command our affections. Indeed, for my part, I pity her more than Lennard, who ought to have found himself some active employment in life, which would soon have dissipated his poetic regrets. If a man cannot have domestic happiness, there are other prizes worth trying for. But he was indolent, and indolence is selfishness, and as such deserves punishment.

A year after their marriage Mrs. Rosier died, and, under the influence of this grief, Edith softened a while towards her husband, and this was perhaps the happiest period of his life, for he flattered himself that he had discovered the way to her heart at last. But as the sorrow wore out her old imperiousness gradually returned, and their former relations were resumed.

Another event—which often has the effect of pointing the walls of matrimony when the cement is getting rather loose—occurred two years later, and the hopes of this husband-lover began once more to look up: Mrs. Lennard brought him a little daughter.

Now, surely, they would have a common interest, upon which the sympathies of both might rest. Alas! the child had come too late: Edith's indifference was now a confirmed habit, and the possession of an object on which to lavish her thought and care only increased her husband's insignificance in her eyes; and it was an extra pang to him to see his daughter, as she grew up, imbibing the impression that he was a nobody in his own house. How should the little girl, quick, sharp, and attentive as she was, conceive any respect for a father who was continually snubbed in her presence?

And so this last hope faded away; and Lennard, giving the matter up as a bad job, endeavoured to console himself by the society of friends. He was a member of several clubs; became one of the theatrical, musical, and artistic *cognoscenti*; played a

great deal at billiards and whist; visited all the principal races of the year, and backed the favourites with varying success, but not to an extent to damage his fortune; and came to look upon dinner as the all-important business of life. And thus an ill-assorted because a premature union, engaged in before the contracting parties had had sufficient experience of life to know their own minds, or judge by comparison of each other's qualities, had turned a man of good abilities and affectionate disposition into a useless, pleasure-seeking idler, without an object or ambition in life; and had caused a woman capable of urging and assisting a husband whom she loved and respected on a career of fame and honour, and of herself becoming an ornament to any society in which she moved, to sink into a discontented, querulous, unhappy wife, who was only saved from utter listlessness by the occupation of spoiling her daughter.

How absurd these sentimental discomfords, the luxuriant growth of a high state of civilization, would appear to the Indian, whose idea of domestic life consists in possessing a squaw who can cook his game well, and who would knock her down with his club if she neglected her household duties!—or even to the European labourer, far too much occupied with his struggles for daily bread to attend to any such niceties, and who would feel perfectly contented with his "old woman" if she kept his cottage comfortable and his children quiet. But if we will etherealize our hearts and affections until this pampering reaches such a pitch of refinement, we must expect the more exquisite happiness of some to be balanced by the more poignant disappointment of others.

After all, things might easily have been a thousand times worse. There was no scandal about the Lennards. They went out into society, ate the dinners of others, and gave similar repasts in their turn; sat together decorously at theatres and in concert-rooms, and were guiltless of flirtations. All their friends and neighbours thought her a pleasant woman, and him a delightful man, and those who were poorer than they were envied them. It is true that people saw that Mr. Lennard was in subjection to his wife; but that is a calamity which he shared with many better and wiser men, and is not a weakness at which many husbands can indulge in violent stone-throwing. Besides,

was it not just as well? Mr. Lennard was a careless, extravagant man, rather too fond of bachelor society; and it was, perhaps, good for him to be kept in order by some one. So the world judged—and, to own the truth, not without a show of reason; for, some nine or ten years after his marriage, and at an age when most men about town are beginning to think that their hours should be a little earlier, their habits a trifle more regular, and that all other wines should be discarded for sherry, Lennard did go ahead, for a married man—rather: seldom dining at home unless he had company; returning to the conjugal roof at unseemly hours, and decidedly flushed with wine; devoting his afternoons to billiards or pigeon shooting, much tobacco, and abundance of soda and brandy.

When a man of mature age, and a mind capable of better things, falls into such habits, more especially if he has a secret disappointment which makes him avoid reflection, he is in terrible danger of sinking into the mere sot and gambler; and this might at last have been Lennard's fate, had he lived entirely with the very "fast" set of men with whom he was only too intimate. But, fortunately, his favourite companions were a knot of old school and college friends, who worked for their bread;—clever fellows some of these, most of them sharp, all able to see a joke or follow the thread of an argument: struggling barristers, writers of the ephemeral literature of the day, with a sprinkling of artists: men with as strong a love for pleasure, perhaps, as the wealthier West-end lawyers, but who, being forced by circumstances to cultivate their minds and restrain their appetites, were not so liable to push joviality over the boundary, or to glide from gaiety into dissipation. With these men, Lennard was a general favourite: it is so pleasant to get hold of a man who appreciates your *jeux d'esprit*, and does not write himself; whose anecdotes and original ideas you can appropriate for the foundation or embellishment of an article, when you have a task to accomplish, and are not in the vein—and who will be pleased and flattered, instead of injured or offended, by the larceny (the number of puns provided for the Christmas pantomimes by Lennard would form a new Joe Miller); who will make his richer acquaintance buy your book, inspect your picture, or go to see your new play. It was amongst these men that Lennard had



his real friends, and in their society he spent his happiest hours; but they were so often busy that most of his time was spent at his grander clubs, and his connection with the quieter set would not have sufficed to check his deterioration if he had been sunk in the grosser and more hardening vice which was thought so lightly of by those around him. He was of a cold temperament, and a woman-hater, said the charitable minority; the majority considered him to be simply sly. None of them guessed the real cause, which would have convulsed them with inextinguishable laughter could they have divined it. He was still in love with his wife.

So the years slipped by, and the Lennards reached to middle age. Edith, who had no child but her first little daughter, was now a portly, commanding dame, thought greatly of by a little clique of ladies who considered that Woman had not even yet reached that position which she ought to hold, and saw degradation in her fulfilling contentedly and happily the holy duties of wife and mother; while Arthur's tailor informed him that he was getting a trifle broader in the waist, and a sharp twinge in his great toe one morning, like a red-hot wire thrust suddenly through that member, warned him that Strasbourg pie and Burgundy were rich things for lunch.

At this period of his life, however, joy came to him from an unexpected quarter, as blessings generally do. Into his theories of domestic happiness, parental affection had hardly entered. He had, indeed, thought how delightful it would be to watch the dawning of the infant mind in company with a genial wife; but had considered this merely as an auxiliary to conjugal bliss, by forming a common point for the interests and affections of husband and wife to centre. Yet from this source he began to taste those home delights which fate had hitherto denied him.

Mary Lennard had passed from childhood into girlhood, from girlhood into charming womanhood, by those imperceptible degrees which cause us so often to feel startled when we hear that the young things associated in our minds with plum cakes, tops, and dolls are suddenly preaching sermons, pleading causes, fighting battles, going to drawing-rooms, walking about followed by children of their own. Up to the age of fifteen she had lived at home, with a capital governess, and learning accomplishments from all sorts

of masters; but at that age, Mrs. Lennard, conscious that she had rather spoilt her, sent her to a finishing school for a couple of years, and, by good luck, with the best possible results. In early days, Mary had been quite what is called "her mother's child." True, she loved her father—as how, with her affectionate disposition, should she not love one who was invariably kind and gentle towards her? But, from seeing him continually slighted by her mother, his opinions unasked, his wishes unconsulted, she naturally concluded that he was not of much account, and felt none of that respect for him without which the relations between child and parent can never be beneficial to either. And this state of things was so painful to the father, that he as much as possible avoided the child, whose imitative want of respect for him he perceived, but could not tell how to remedy; and when he did see her, he was so guarded and constrained in all he said, that close sympathy between the two was impossible. But when Mary returned home after being "finished," with a more disciplined mind, a heart more matured, a quiet natural insight into character sharpened and strengthened by association with many different dispositions, she soon discovered that she had never yet known her father. It was surprising how quickly she perceived the bright side of his character—now, alas! somewhat dimmed—the delicacy of his feelings, the superiority of his judgment; and how, by careful observation of her parents when together, she intuitively learned something of the true state of the case between them; and then, without exactly putting it to herself like that, she felt a wish to compensate her father for her mother's indifference by making his home a happier place for him. And Mr. Lennard, only too open to any appeal to his affections, yielded readily to her influence, so that father and daughter drew together more and more daily.

For there was a great similarity in their humours and tastes, so that Mrs. Lennard would sit in astonishment at the eagerness and delight with which Mary would listen to her father's conversation, which she had always thought very insipid and uninteresting; nor was it without a pang, which all the young girl's tact could not entirely soothe, that she found herself no longer looked upon as the only parent.

So now Mr. Lennard often absented himself from the pool-room or the studio, to

ride out with his daughter; frequently let Tattersall's get on as well as it could without him, while he strolled with his wife and daughter through flower-show or fancy bazaar. But a customary course of life is not to be suddenly and entirely altered by such gentle influences; and about a year after his daughter's return home, his careless habits produced consequences which well-nigh stifled this newly found happiness at its birth.

### A HOLIDAY PEEP AT COUNTRY LIFE

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

IT is certainly a commendable custom that allows the overworked slaves of legal toil to free themselves for a while from the meshes of red tape, which, like a huge spider's web, surround on all sides the purity of the law, and, escaping into the green fields, to refresh themselves after their past and strengthen themselves for their future labours. And yet the phrase, "going to the country," has now, through the force of custom, no other meaning for most people than that of going from a large town to a smaller one; and it is in this sense that almost everybody "goes to the country" in summer. There are, however, some who, like myself, love to bury themselves in the *very* country, far from the towns and from the din of business, and there dream away their time delightfully till the unwelcome day comes which calls them to mingle once more in the busy paths of men. To one who has just left some busy city, the country brings such peaceful repose, such a pleasing quietude; and yet it is so full of life—a healthy, vigorous life; yet one so free from the feverish excitement of towns.

It was when I went to the north of Ireland for my usual holiday that, for the first time, I enjoyed a taste of the pleasures of real rustic life. There is beside the Commons, near Carrickfergus, a farm called C—, situated as far as one could wish from any town of importance, and in a retired part of the country. I remember how, when I came here one day on a visit to its owner, I was first of all surprised with the abundance of substantial comforts that surrounded me on every hand. I sat down to breakfast with the family before a table literally piled with eatables. Plates heaped high with slices of home-baked soda-bread, potato

and oatmeal cake, and (but this was probably in honour of my arrival) mounds of buttered toast were ranged before us; and blocks of honeycomb, dripping with their amber juice, were in the same profusion. I had certainly expected a spare diet, for I did not at that time know how comfortably our northern farmers live at home, nor indeed would a stranger guess it from the rough appearance of the men themselves or their dwellings. The room we sat in had also been furnished with an eye to comfort, and many curious articles were ranged as ornaments about the walls.

From the conversation of my host, I soon found that his mind was of no common cast. He possessed, however he had come by it, a fund of information, wonderful for a man in his position. His remarks were shrewd, and delivered in very pithy and forcible phrases. Of a bold and independent nature, his likes and dislikes were strong, and he took no pains to hide them.

The conversation at breakfast was sustained by my host and myself; for his wife, who also sat down with us, did not seem to possess more than the average portion of ideas which falls to a countrywoman, and had not even the usual chatty disposition of her sex. Their children, several of whom were grown up, appeared to have a natural reserve, which was probably increased by the presence of a stranger, and confined their share of the discourse to a half-bashful sort of smile when anything which amused them was said, or a stare of wonder when they heard something they thought strange. One soon became tired of talking to people whose entire vocabulary consists of "Yes," "No," and "I don't know;" and in a short time I had accordingly almost ignored the existence of the rest of the family, and was perfectly willing to be monopolized by the "man of the house."

By the time breakfast was over, it was decided we should go to see some friends of his, whom, I think, he had been wanting to visit for a good while, but had not as yet found a sufficient pretext; for country farmers do not, as a rule, take a walk of five Irish miles merely to pay a complimentary visit to their neighbours. Unluckily, just as we were about to start, he discovered a slight breakage in one of his boots. This was enough to upset the expedition, for the girls at Geordie Gray's were "very partic'lar, an' wud ha' remarked it." The farmer then

proposed I should go and see two of his children, a daughter and son, who were living together on a farm called B——, about five Irish miles distant. I agreed to this, and, setting out at once, we went for a short cut through the fields, across bogs—and into them sometimes—and over those abominable fences of stones, loosely piled one upon another, which always come rolling down upon your ankles when you attempt to get over them. Along the whole of our way we scarcely saw a specimen of the human kind, except one old man, about sixty years of age, who was leisurely employed in picking blackberries and eating them, and was good enough to inform us that “it was a guid, moderate soart o’ day.” My inquiry if the old gentleman had retired on the income of his estates, since he took his ease so contentedly, tickled my companion so much, that he burst out into a fit of laughing several times in the next half-mile on thinking of it. On recovering from his first attack, he pointed out to me two fields—very productive, apparently, of stones—and gave me to understand that these constituted the old man’s estate, together with a small cottage, situated at the foot of one of them. By what tenure they were held has escaped my memory, though I was informed very precisely on the point; and it is curious to observe how well the country farmers know how almost every acre of ground within miles of them is held, and every particular connected with it nearly as well as the owners themselves.

We had passed over a rather uninteresting and dreary expanse of country, and now, descending a hill, came in view of our destination. This farm was not in the least like that we had left. Outside, everything seemed to be in disorder, as if no interest was taken in the management of affairs by the owners, and things were allowed to remain just where they chanced to fall. At our entrance into the farmyard we received our first salutation from a flock of geese; but, disregarding their noisy greeting, we went into the house, the door of which stood hospitably open. No one was in, and I had leisure to observe the interior before the mistress of the establishment made her appearance. The kitchen was about as bare as a kitchen could well be. An earthen floor, a deal table, and two wooden chairs, supplemented with a “creepie” or joint-stool, and a few articles

of cookery and clothing hung upon the walls or suspended from the rafters, made up its entire furniture. On entering the inner room, I made a further discovery of a clock, another wooden table, a chair, and a cupboard. This apartment was as little adorned as the kitchen. The earthen floor swelled into small hillocks and sunk again into hollows; the walls and roof were bare. After I had looked round me, I occupied one of the chairs in the kitchen; and while the farmer, seated on the other, was apologizing for the ill-kept appearance of the place, and informing me that his son and daughter merely remained in it to take care of it for his son-in-law—a man who heeded little how the farm looked so that it brought in the money—we were interrupted by the approach of his daughter, exclaiming—

“Well, fether, a did’na expect to see ye ower here the day.”

“Hech, Susan—a’ cud’na stay away from ye. An’ this is Mr. Alston a hae brought to see ye.”

And thereupon ensued a shaking of hands and the usual inquiries about relatives and friends.

Susan was a tall, comely country girl, dark-haired and black-eyed, with a rich northern brogue, and, unlike the other children of my host—he had ten, by the way—was full of life and spirit. We had not been many minutes in the enjoyment of her society, when an old woman came into the house, and began to address herself to the farmer.

“Watch now, Mr. Alston,” cried Susan to me. “This ould wife’s deef as a post, an’ ma fether is a little hard o’ hearin’, an’ ll no understan’ her ether.”

I was not near enough to hear what the old woman said, for she seemed to talk thickly; but she burst into several hearty fits of laughter, and the farmer on every occasion followed her example. When his series of cachinnations had subsided, he called Susan to him, and asked her to get rid of the old woman.

“A canna’ be fashed wi’ her talk,” said he. “She deaves me.”

Then turning to me, he explained—

“A jist laughed because she was laughin’, for a cudna’ mak’ out a word of her; but she was jokin’ about Susan.”

The old woman was soon disposed of, and Susan began to make apologies for our meagre reception.

"A niver thought you were comin'," she said, "or a would ha' had somethin'; but that's aye the way o' fether. He still comes when ye dinna expect him."

"It's no such great matter," replied her father, "an' a man can't aye havè a horn blown afore him when he's goin' anywhere. Mr. Alston nor me's very particular, an' we'll go and walk down to the nut grove, while ye get somethin' ready for us. Ye can gie us a cup o' tea, I suppose?"

"I don't feel in the least bit hungry, Susan, for my part," I assured her; "but I want to go by all means to the nut grove."

"Ye canna miss but be hungry," she persisted, "after your walk across the country. Ma fether can tak' ye to the nut grove, but mind ye dinna stay above an hour."

I assured her I would not, and so we departed.

We passed through a gate lately erected by the owner of the holding, with a pillar on each side of it (whose appearance my companion's remark, that Robin "must have built them of mortar and pitched the stones intil them," aptly described), and then entered upon the direct road across the fields to the nut grove. There were several stone fences to be got over—as gingerly as possible, lest the loose stones should roll down on our feet; several brooks, with boggy banks, in which we sank up to our ankles, to be crossed; and sometimes a path to be torn through the briars. One of these fences was composed of large boulders, each of which would have required at least three men to lift it. My companion assured me that these had all been taken out of the land, and placed one upon another by the unaided strength of an "ould Roman"—i.e., Roman Catholic—who had dwelt there many years, and at last died in the poorhouse at Carrickfergus.

By the time he had ended his biographical remarks on this mighty "Roman" of former days, whose thumb he stated to have been as large as another man's wrist, we had arrived at the broad slope on which the hazel shrubs grew.

I could not help thinking how enjoyable the farmer's life is, if he himself could only appreciate it—to retire, after performing his day's labour, to the kitchen hearth, glowing with the blaze of the cheery turf fire, and there to rest at his ease while the strains of the fiddle or the pipes soothe him to repose, or the dances and sports of the young people

amuse him and cause him to forget his toil.

My companion was now filling his pockets with nuts, intended for the olive branches at C—, and declaiming at the same time against landlords, whom he described as "a parcel of drones who eat up the hard-won earnings of honest men." He thought it was the duty of the Government to buy up all the ground from the landed proprietors of the country, and permit the occupying tenants of every holding to purchase by degrees the freehold of their farms; and even suggested that if this were not soon done the tenantry would only be adopting a most justifiable measure if they were one and all to refuse to pay rent to any landlord at all, and assist each other throughout the kingdom in enforcing what he considered their rights. He wound up his arguments for the abolition of landlords by referring to the condition of the peasantry of France and Prussia in this respect; although, when I reminded him of their liability to military service, he owned that the idea of a free people being dragged from their occupations to risk their lives in the quarrels of governments about which they neither knew nor cared, by no means pleased him. Yet even this, he was of opinion, should be preferred to a dependence on private landowners.

After we had explored the nut grove in all directions, and filled our pockets with the nuts, we turned our faces again towards B—, and were not long in arriving at the entrance to the farm. As almost every farm in that part of the country is approached by a path precisely similar, I think it would be a serious omission on my part if I failed to describe the road we were now walking in.

From the high road, then, a long, mud-covered lane ran, winding slightly, up to the farmhouse, bounded on each side by a sparse hedge of hawthorn. These hedges were again bordered at foot by a straggling margin of briars, which flung out their long shoots here and there like the arms of a polypus, and industriously strove to pick away as many fragments of your garments as they could, whenever, to keep clear of the mud, you tried to hold the uneven tenor of your way along the side of the lane. The middle of the path was full of large stones, and consequently full of deep holes. These holes, too, were full of water; and where

the water failed, soft clay supplied its place.

Having reached Susan's fireside, and suffered a mild reproof for staying out twice the time we had permission to stay, we were conducted "ben," *i.e.*, into the inner room, where the table was spread to receive us. Susan had been hospitably industrious in our absence, and abundant fruits of her labours lay before us in the shape of piles of hot cakes of several kinds. We sat down to eat and to talk, to laugh and be pleased. The old clock upon the wall quietly ticked overhead, the crickets chirruped merrily out of the holes and corners, the geese cackled in the yard.

We bade Susan good-bye at last, and addressed ourselves to the task of climbing the hill before us, which was not, however, very steep; and more quickly than we had come, we left heather and stones and bog behind us. Yet the road now seemed longer than before, for it wanted the charm of novelty; and we hastened to reach C— before nightfall. While we were passing through the parish of Ballyvalloch, at a point where a large farmhouse could just be seen, my guide, pointing to this, informed me it had lately been the scene of a murder. The incident, as he related it, was this:—The proprietor of the house had a dispute with his nephew about the boundary of a field. A law-suit was the result of their disagreement, the event of which was unfavourable to the nephew. High words occurred one evening afterwards between the old man and his relative on the subject of the boundary, and when they separated the younger had been heard to say, "I'll nick him for it yet." That very evening, as the old man was sitting at his fire, he was struck by a bullet from a gun, discharged outside the window. His wife declared she had seen the face of his nephew through the glass; the ball which killed him fitted the gun of the accused; the footsteps outside the window were also of a size with his. But at the trial the witnesses could scarcely be got to swear to anything—probably because they were afraid that if Shaw escaped he might "nick" them too; and so the man was acquitted.

On entering the kitchen at C—, I threw myself on a long bench before the blazing turf fire, while my host, taking his fiddle down from its peg on the wall, proceeded to tune it; and, after some preliminary

scraping, fiddled away through a host of country tunes, such as "The Antrim Rifles," "Protestant Boys," "What the devil ails ye?" "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife," &c.

Carried away by the magic influence of my friend's fiddle, I was lost in my dreams, when the door opened, and some of the farmer's sons came from their evening work, with a young neighbour, who had been assisting them, as it was a busy time of the year just then. The music ceased at their entrance, and the young men, providing themselves with stools, sat round about the fire, when a plate of porridge and a bowl of milk was handed to each.

When the mouths of the hungry were filled, the fiddle was taken up again—this time by the young neighbour who had been helping to get in the stock; and after playing a few airs on it, he handed it to the farmer, asking him for a reel. The lively notes of "Flora McIvor" were struck up at once, and chairs, stools, and dogs were cleared out of the way in a trice. Seeing what was going forward, I jumped up, and secured the prettiest of my host's daughters for a partner. After a little arranging, the dance—"a sax reel" they called it, I suppose because there were six dancers in it—commenced, easy at first, but as the fiddler and the dancers warmed to the work it became fast and furious, till we spun and flew round and round, intoxicated with the rapid motion. Mirth beamed in every face; merriment was the spirit of the hour. The farmer, grinning from ear to ear, swept his bow across the strings with the utmost speed his arm could give it; the dancers whirled round in each other's arms, the girls now and then squealing, the men shouting and laughing. And so the night wore on. The "Sojer's Joy," "Bally," and a sort of polka—not like the polka of fashionable ball-rooms—succeeded the reels at intervals. Considerably before midnight, however, all dancing was at an end, and the various members of the household beginning to drop off one by one to their beds, I also took my candle, and retired to the room set apart for my use. I remember I thought the bed curtains especially charming that night; their snowy whiteness gave them a cool and refreshing appearance, which my late execution of "sax reels" had qualified me to appreciate.

The next day was Sunday, and had none of the excessive humidity of the day before.

After breakfast, I went with three of my host's daughters—the only members of the family who were inclined to go—to "meetin'." A bridle-path led up from the farmer's dwelling to the little meeting-house, which was built on the side of a sloping field. On entering, we found ourselves in a sort of hall, running directly forwards from the outer door. An inner door on the right hand led into the body of the house. On the left a fire was burning, for the weather had been cold lately; and a long form, like those used in schools, was placed in the middle of the hall, facing the fire. A coarse strip of carpet was laid under this form, not by any means covering the floor, which was composed of red bricks, but, apparently, merely to prevent its being worn by the feet of the long wooden bench. The whole appearance of the building was simple in the extreme. In the body of the house, the pulpit and pews seemed no less homely and quaint than the objects I had noticed in the hall; and the rough and weather-beaten visages of the congregation supplied what was wanting to complete the scene. The service was very long, commencing at eleven o'clock, and continuing until three without interruption. I say without interruption, because it had formerly been the custom, about two o'clock, for the minister to adjourn the meeting for three-quarters of an hour, in order that his flock might take some slight refreshments and fortify themselves for the endurance of his sermon, which concluded punctually at four. But experience having proved that sundry members of the flock, when they had once strayed among the hills, far from the eye of the shepherd, were unwilling to return, and that a service which, at its commencement, might number forty or fifty of a congregation, often lost a third at dinner time, this laudable custom was discontinued; and the meeting being over an hour earlier than before, its members were compelled to fast during its continuance, or—as many of them did—to eat their meals, as they best could get an opportunity, in the meeting itself. I had not, indeed, expected, even in this out-of-the-way part of the country, to find such an air of rusticity about a church. We are so little accustomed to associate the idea of homeliness or poverty with the successors of Peter and his brother fishermen, that we can scarcely connect it in our minds with anything in which they are concerned.

Surprised with the primitive aspect of the house, I turned to the preacher, wondering whether in him, too, I was to meet with a type totally different to what I had been used to. But, no: here was something I could perfectly understand—a man who had a smattering of Latin and Greek, and could tell his hearers—because of course they could appreciate it—what was the original word in the case in hand, and what the commentators thought about it; who could draw out a tedious sermon until he had tired himself and the listeners, who woke up when they no longer heard the drowsy tones of his voice; a man who called the attention of his congregation by whacking his Bible or his desk; and who constantly stuffed the gaps with "O, my brethren, my brethren!" The tenor of the present discourse was that all men were fools; and it must be admitted that I was profane enough to think the parson had no right to answer for any man's imbecility but his own. Whatever weaknesses he might have had, he seemed to thrive in spite of them, if one were to believe the story his features told of a comfortable enjoyment of the good things of "this profane world."

We left the little meeting-house as soon as the service was over, and returned to C—, where dinner was waiting; for your country folk do not understand the principle on which late dinners have been found to be so suitable to digestion by their more enlightened brethren of the towns. One of my fair convoy now proposed that we should pay a visit after dinner to a Miss Martin, who lived some distance off; and accordingly we set out—the proposer, her sister, and myself.

On the way, we passed a place called Glen McDowell, and the spot looked so charming, I insisted on our turning off the road to see its beauties more closely. Entering the field, we stood at the foot of a gully, which ran down the hill, through a bed of limestone. A low, green rolling bank bounded each side of the stream in its lower part; but above, its sides became steep, and were overhung with shrubs and brushwood. A sea of light green foliage rippled and waved high above us in the evening breeze; the turf extended upwards along the streamlet, verdant and smooth, until it reached the trees, where the grass sprouted forth, long and tangled, in wild luxuriance. The mellow beams of a declining sun gilded with their softening tints this sylvan scene, as they were

poured down across the lofty summits of the hazel trees.

We had made our passage to good Miss Martin's house along the usual long and dirty—I don't think I ought to call it avenue, but I know no other name for it—when she stumped out herself from among the trees that stood where her lawn should have been, and began very hospitably to salute us. A little, blithe, busy sort of body she was—bustling and talkative and merry, and, withal, about forty years old. Her head was full of two things—her “kye” and her potatoes; and she intended to look out for a “man,” after she got the latter out of the ground. These were the principal pieces of information we elicited from her in the course of the evening we spent in a little back parlour, quaintly supplied with articles of furniture that seemed for the most part “old enough to be good enough.” Yet the place had an air of comfort, though it had also an air of gloom; for the sun appeared to have been a rare intruder in the apartment, owing probably to the situation of the house in the centre of a clump of trees. An accordion lay on a side table, and we endeavoured to squeeze a tune out of it; but the unfortunate instrument had lost its voice, and, with all our coaxing, would only breathe a few asthmatic sighs; so we were obliged to fall back upon our own resources for amusement—since our hostess, after chattering a hasty apology, had left us to take care of ourselves while she got tea ready. We excused the busy dame, however, willingly enough, and set to work to amuse ourselves with all our might.

When people are merry they will make fun out of anything; and so it was with us that evening. We sipped inspiration from the tea cups, and said whatever came into our heads; and so we enjoyed ourselves. We did not worry the weather, nor talk about plays and operas, nor dilate upon newspaper topics until we got tired of fagging our brains as to what we should say next; and, though the ancient and plump little dame did once or twice lug in a few sentences about her cows and potatoes, the conversation was sprightly enough on the whole.

After our meal was ended, our hostess begged leave to run off to milk the cows, which had been brought home. Mary, taking an interest in the animals, followed her shortly; and I, taking an interest in Mary, followed also.

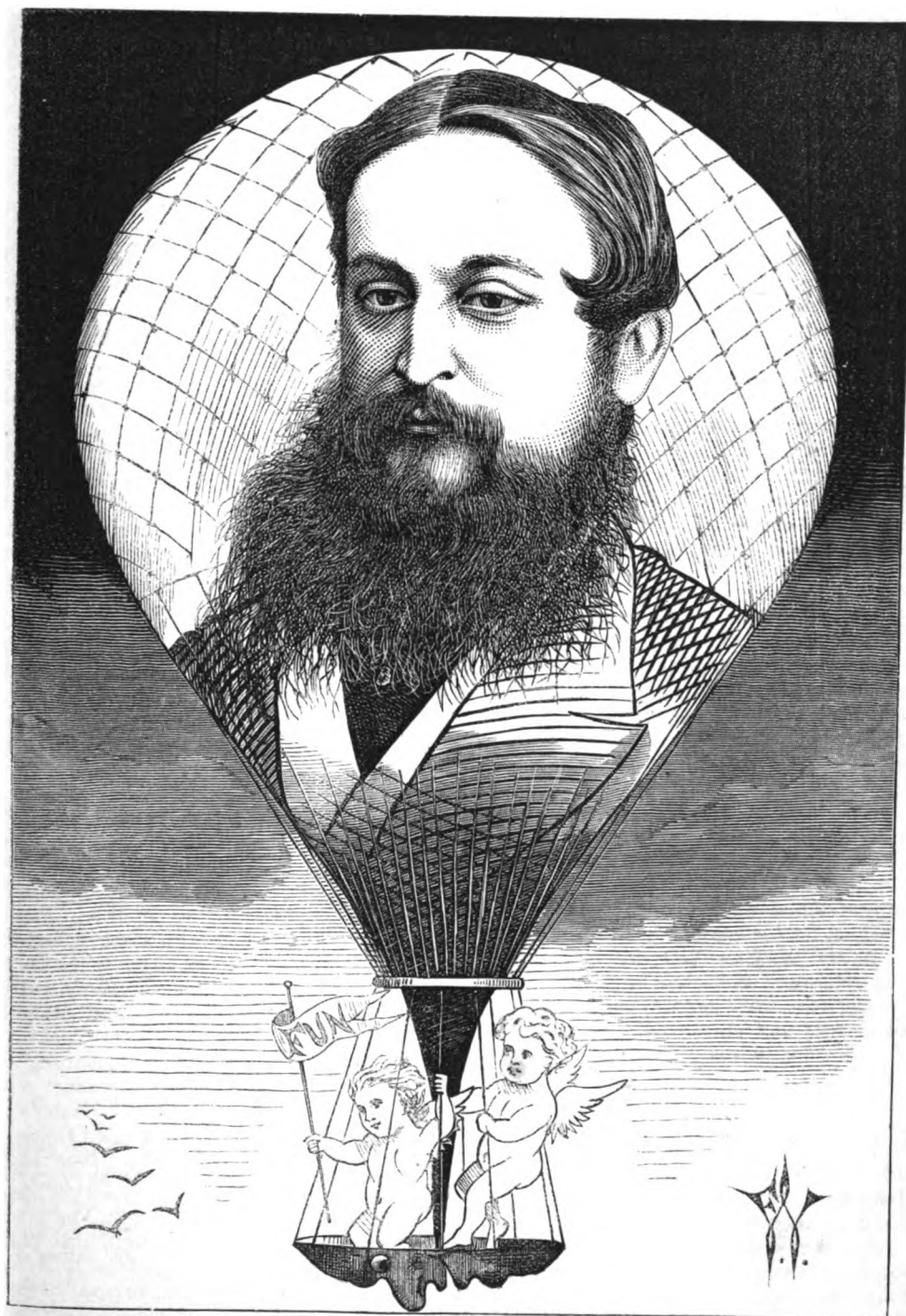
Both Mary and Miss Martin had preceded me some time to the byre, and as the night had now become dark, I had considerable difficulty in making my way thither. At length I espied a light glimmering at some distance, and, on reaching it, fell in with the individuals I was in quest of. I proffered them my services for any light and easy job they might feel inclined to put me to, and was forthwith promoted to the office of tail-holder to the cow that was being milked. Two or three times the mischievous animal, in her anxiety to slap the face of the milker, almost twitched her tail out of my hand; but patience and perseverance overcame everything, even a cow with an uneasy tail.

After a pleasant walk back to C—, it was late enough to go to bed. The morrow came, forcing me to bring my stay to a close, which I did with regret; and, bidding farewell to my warm-hearted friends, I started for Dublin, again to pursue the monotonous round of a city life.

#### TOM HOOD.

THE subject of our cartoon is the well-known editor of our humorous contemporary, *Fun*.

Hood, Tom, son of the late celebrated poet and author, born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, January 19, 1835, was educated at University College School and Louth Grammar School, Lincolnshire; entered (intended for the Church) as a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1853, where he passed all the examinations for the degree, but did not put on the gown, of B.A. His first work, “Pen and Pencil Pictures,” written at Oxford, was published in 1854-5. It was followed by “Quips and Cranks,” and “Daughters of King Daher, and other Poems,” in 1861; “Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep: a Rhyming Rigmarole,” in 1862; “Vere Vereker's Vengeance: a Sensation,” in 1864; “Captain Master's Children: a Novel,” and “Jingles and Jokes for the Little Folks,” in 1865. Novels: “A Disputed Inheritance,” and “Golden Heart,” “A Lost Link,” and “Love and Valour.” He has written several books for juveniles, and illustrated his father's comic verses, “Precocious Piggy,” having on other occasions wielded pencil as well as pen, and was appointed editor of *Fun*, which had passed into the hands of a new proprietor, in May, 1865. Tom Hood is a



Once a Week.]

[August 3, 1877.]

"FUN."

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contributor to many magazines and periodicals, and has had some experience as a journalist. He is also author of two books on English verse composition. In 1868 he again started the "Comic Annual," which has achieved a decided success.

The popularity of *Fun* under Mr. Hood's care speaks volumes for his skill and judgment as an editor; and his recognized position as an author, standing high in public favour, hardly needs more than passing mention here.

### A DINNER À LA CHINOIS.

THE Colonel had just returned from foreign parts. The Colonel was, fortunately, in that state at frequent intervals. Nor did he ever return with an impaired appetite. But with all his aptitude for the pleasures of the table, there was one little dinner he loved above all—one he could only get in England, and only at the Talma Club, in the perfection his soul delighted in. I, therefore, being a member of the club, always took care to be informed of his arrival in England, that he might dine with me at the earliest opportunity; and, indeed, it was an unnecessary precaution on my part, for he was not behindhand in giving me information of his movements—though I am sure he would have been very angry if it had been suggested to him that the strangers' room at the Talma was the object he had in view, in his affectionate inquiries after my health.

We had finished our dinner—the dinner—and the Colonel was in a delicious frame of mind. As there are many ladies who would be glad to learn how their husbands can be made to attain such a happy disposition after that meal, it may be as well to describe it as it is, simple and short:—

Clear Mulligatawny.

Fish.

Sirloin Steak.

The Bird of the Season.

The butler had just put down the first bottle of Léoville and a plate of devilled biscuits; the room was bright, cosy, and warm, and, after a good old fashion, the table cloth had been taken off, and the mellow polish of an old mahogany table added a deeper lustre to the wine; while, luckily, we were the only occupants of the room, it being Sunday, on which day club-men disappear so mysteriously from their favourite haunts.

"This is charming," said the Colonel, as he poured himself out a glass of the claret; "there is no snugger corner in a snugger club in the world than this. And the dinner! I wish some of those poor devils in Paris had been dining to-day a quarter as well."

We were then approaching the last days of the first siege of Paris.

"Yes," I replied; "it would take a good deal of hunger to make a palatable sauce that would induce me to eat a rat or swallow a Skye terrier."

And I shuddered as I remembered the enormous beast that used to cross my path in Paris, as I was returning home, more or less late at night, to my hotel, and called a rat.

"I don't know about that," said the Colonel, filling up his second glass with claret, and eyeing it affectionately; "there are more things to be eaten on this earth than have ever been dreamed of in your gastronomy books, and very good they are, till you know what they are."

"How do you mean, till you know what they are?"

"Did you ever dine at a two-franc and a-half dinner in the Palais Royal?" asked the Colonel, in a tone of terrible import.

"Once," I replied, "but never again."

It is probable that we were overcome by our reminiscences, for silence supervened for a minute or two. The curious odour of rotten apples and garlic combined, which used to haunt the staircases of those establishments, seemed to float around me again, and the second bottle was sent for.

"I once had a very curious dinner," said the Colonel, becoming confidential as the Léoville acted favourably. "I'll tell you all about it if you like; but you must not mention my name in connection with it, as I might become too prominent an object of curiosity to my friends."

I promised, and have kept it, as the reader may judge for himself. And here follows the Colonel's story:—

"In the year 18—, the ship to which I then belonged"—the Colonel had begun life in the navy, and had transferred later in life his services to the sister service—"was stationed at Moulmain, in the Burmese Empire. It was a dull and dreary place. There was no European society, except the officers of a wing of a Queen's regiment, with their families, and one or two English merchants,

who did not seem inclined to amalgamate with their kind.

"The Burmese are not at all an enterprising people—at least, in mercantile matters; and the Chinese settlers are certainly the favourites. They can supply anything, as sailors say, 'from a sheet-anchor to a cambric needle.' The *Providor* for our ship was the chief merchant of the town. We found him satisfactory in his dealings with us, and I flatter myself we were by no means antipathetic to him. (Will you send over the bottle, and order some more devilled biscuits? Perhaps you'll be glad of one presently.)

"Well, at any rate, about two months after our arrival, he invited the whole of the officers to dine with him, Chinese fashion. Our entertainer, who rejoiced in the name of Li-Tung, was a fine, powerful-looking fellow, and it was evident that he not only appreciated the good things of this world, but also did not stint himself in the enjoyment of them. He spoke English perfectly, and was really as good a fellow as you would wish to meet. On the appointed day, five of us only arrived at his house, as we did not think it fair to swamp him with our entire party of thirteen. The hour was three p.m. We were punctual to the minute, and were at once ushered into the *salle-à-manger*, an enormous room, nearly as big as that of the Grand Hotel in Paris—though, unlike the latter, entirely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a long, plain table which ran along the centre, and chairs placed at rather wide intervals on either side. Our host received us in good style, and at once proposed to open a bottle of champagne for our delectation. This we declined for the moment, promising him, however, to punish it during dinner. The other guests were Chinese, who most of them spoke English well, and made themselves exceedingly agreeable.

"But now for the dinner, which was all on the table when we entered."

(Here the third bottle arrived, and the Colonel smacked his lips over the replenished glass—whether at the claret or the recollection of the dinner he had on that occasion, it is difficult to decide on.)

"It was, indeed, an extraordinary sight! In the centre of the table was an enormous wooden dish, about two feet six inches in diameter, on which was a perfect mountain

of rice, beautifully cooked, and dotted over with raisins. I imagined that such a quantity was intended more for ornament than use; but I soon found that I had greatly undervalued the capacities of our entertainers, as in this case the mountain went over to them, and disappeared with marvellous rapidity—at the end of the banquet presenting a very dilapidated appearance. Around this dish were placed, without any regard to order, a number of small basins, each holding about half a pint, and filled with an endless variety of succulent messes. What these might be I couldn't tell; and on the whole, perhaps, I thought it better to refrain from asking. All I do know is that the odours were Sabean with spicy perfume, and that they had a stimulating effect on the appetite. Along each side of the table were ranged bottles of different kinds of liquors, thirteen in number. There were Champagne, Moselle, claret, port, sherry, brandy, &c.; and for each person a plate and a tumbler were placed. But we alone were provided with knives and forks. Every Chinaman came armed with his own chopsticks, which he carried in a case underneath his frock. Some of the cases were of silver, others of tortoiseshell, and all handsome.

"We did not wait long. Why we waited at all, I could not conceive. Our host seemed to take a great fancy to me, which did not surprise me in the least, as both before and since that day the same thing has occurred, and I sat down beside him. Then commenced the onslaught; and certainly I never saw a more vigorous one, nor more justice done to the viands. Conversation ceased altogether for some time, and the host kept handing me the basins, strongly recommending some five or six of them. I tasted all, and found them excellent.

"But the last!—the one evidently intended as the *bonne bouche*. How shall I describe that exquisite dish? I can't. It would require the pen of a Brillat-Savarin, or the muse of Horace to do it justice. Suffice it that I was in the seventh heaven, and that my delighted host shared my raptures, and triumphed in my joy. It was a thick jelly, smoking hot, highly spiced, and eaten with rice. Once, twice, thrice I covered my plate with the delicious compound, and then subsided, with a deep sigh of delight."

"Colonel," I exclaimed, "your enthusiasm has gained me. Surely, you cannot suppose that I can rest satisfied with so meagre a description of so exquisite an *entrée*."

"Seek not to know more, rash mortal!" said the gallant one, in mock-heroic accents; "but fill thy glass and pass on."

But I persisted; and my friend, eyeing me with pity, continued his narrative:—

"When the dish was presented to me, I had asked my host what it was. He replied that he would tell me later, but that I must eat it first. When I had arrived at the ecstatic stage described above, I reminded him of his promise; which, with what looked very like a wink to his compatriots, he redeemed as follows:—

"The Burmese, like the French, are very careful not to waste that which with judicious management may be made into a nutritious and palatable dish. You have just experienced a proof of it. You have professed yourself delighted with the result; and I am rejoiced to find that my efforts to please you have succeeded. But I do not think you would have partaken of that dish had you known of what it is composed. Do not think I am playing tricks upon travellers; it is esteemed a great delicacy with us, and this is how it is prepared. The Burmese collect all the scraps of fish and fish bones of every description, also all the stale fish which has become unsaleable in the bazaars, it matters not in what state of decomposition, and bury it in large earthenware jars. It is left in the ground for at least two months, and when exhumed is reduced to a glutinous mass, the smell of which is something too horrible—"

"But, halloa! here, waiter, bring some Cognac, quick. My dear fellow, you seem quite overcome. Here, this will put you all right again."

"Pruah!" was my only available exclamation, as I thought I never should be able to look a turbot in the face again.

"Well, I told my host," continued the Colonel, "that I had often been obliged to turn back in the streets when the operation of digging it up was going on—for in those days there were no very strict sanitary arrangements, and these burials took place close to the houses in a public thoroughfare—but I never thought that anything so good could be made out of such material."

"Well, but didn't it make you—didn't it make you leave the room?"

"Oh, dear no! Although I did feel a little queer, I merely forbore to inquire into the genealogy of the dishes that preceded it; and after a *petit verre*, and sundry libations of Champagne, I felt quite myself again. And, I assure you, I have discussed many a good dinner since then, especially in this club, but I do not ever recollect enjoying myself more than on that occasion. And that was everybody's opinion. We parted the best of friends, after two hours' symposium. I confess that our heads felt a little woolly in the morning—not that the liquor was bad, but I fancy we must have fallen into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it."

"And what was this delicacy called, Colonel?"

"Well, I can't answer for orthography, but it is called—I am spelling phonetically—Nappy."

"Ah! now for coffee in the smoking-room, and a pipe. I think the next time you dine with your friend the provider, you can give him a better name for his horrible dish."

"By all means. What would you call it?"

"*Compôte de poisson puant à la chiffonier*."

## IRON PRINCES.

FROM my window, as I write, I see a range of hills which contain iron that would, at its present price, pay off the national debt twice over.

Forty years ago, these hills were considered valuable only as sheep pastures and rabbit warrens—now, a twenty-one years' lease of three seven-acre enclosures is let for twenty-five thousand a-year.

The mountain sides for miles are covered with burrows for the ironstone, which lies in rich, thick, continuous blocks, a few yards below the surface.

It is brought down from these clefts into the valley by miniature railways, that run into the main line as streams into the sea.

About five miles farther down the valley are the iron furnaces which melt this valuable stone into what we call "pigs."

These are bought by manufacturers, who turn them into rails, wheels, bridge-spans, and all kinds of things. Altogether it is a most profitable trade.

A single furnace will yield the proprietors ten and fifteen thousand a-year.

The income of one or two of these iron princes may, without exaggeration, be estimated at one thousand pounds per diem.

They are not all polished gentlemen, but some of them would be quite equal in manners and address to almost any social occasion.

Three years ago, Prince Arthur was the guest of one of the chiefs.

Their mansions dot at interspaces, long and short, the lower slopes of the little hills which rise here and there in front of the giants, looking like babies that have been born from them.

These gentlemen understand how to turn money into splendour and art, as well as they understand how to turn iron into money.

They have at times on their tables as much gold and silver as Nebuchadnezzar had when he entertained his lords and vassals; and have also upon them the fish, flesh, and fowl of every clime, and every rarity of *entrées* which the most scientific men-cooks of the day can invent.

Fruit and flowers, from glass houses nearly as long as their foundries, fill up the vacant spaces, and the festive board looks like a land of Eden where the sun never goes down.

Paintings and sculpture, by the most ancient and celebrated artists, clothe the walls, or stand out from the niches of every room above and below; and the pheasants in the plantings outside have more food and attention given them than half the Christians in the world.

Some of them are not only good judges of a horse, but good riders of one; and may be seen, odd days in winter, going out in scarlet to meet a celebrated pack that disturbed the peace of the foxes long long before either railways or ironstone had been found out.

Anyhow, judges or not judges of a horse, riders or not riders, they think it necessary to their dignity to add to their domestic establishment stables that look more like the offices of ministers of state than the residence of hunters and roadsters.

These iron princes seem partly to take rank amongst one another according to their wealth and possessions; but other considerations come into the estimate, and are nearly as large an element in classification

as the acreage of their park and its surrounding farms, and the number of the chimneys that smoke night and day, far away at right angles, in their name.

They seem to think there is something in blood when it goes hand-in-hand with iron.

It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. I suppose that this means that the great-grandson of a successful tailor or tallow-chandler may be considered a full gentleman if the two intermediate stages have been proportionately on the rise.

Some few of these iron princes answer to this proviso, and take up a recognized social standing a little higher than that of their furnace brethren.

It is not many cubits that it adds to their stature; but the distinction, if never named, is understood.

These princes of the hills are, without exception, profusely hospitable; and are moderately charitable, and without partiality, to the various organizations in their neighbourhood for turning their workpeople from the error of their ways.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF CANADA.—IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE next morning, my gloomy meditations were interrupted by a visit from a formal, precise, and desperately polite youth—far other than the frank and debonnaire "Joe" of former days—who, on hearing that I had no friend, suggested, with a wooden smile, Colonel Oldbuck, the senior major of the —th, who had joined it the year after Mopus, the colonel, was born; and who was delighted to act, though I should never have suspected him of being a man of blood.

The affair was arranged for the next afternoon, at half-past four—when the general, returning with the Falklands from Lake Beauport, was to leave their sleigh on some excuse, and join us in a clearing which we all knew well.

Colonel Oldbuck brought the pistols, and we drove in his sleigh to the clearing. The snow, like that of Hohenlinden, was as yet bloodless, though not untrodden. On arriving, we saw only Mr. Hodgkins and the surgeon of the —th. Colonel Oldbuck, notwithstanding the paternal light in which he stood to Joe, was very angry.

"Pray, sir," said he, "do not trouble yourself to apologize. You had no business to lose sight of your principal. Sir, you have made a fool of me, and this is not the last you shall hear of it."

However, the general's arrival somewhat pacified him. Appearing on foot, he gave us a collective bow, and said, in a low tone to me, to my astonishment—

"Pray, sir, come with me, your presence is urgently required."

I told him stiffly that I was in the hands of my second.

"Dear me," said he, "of course, I forgot." Advancing to Colonel Oldbuck, he said, "Gentlemen, I must apologize for being late. My sleigh has broken down. I must also apologize for asking you to put off the duel till to-morrow, at this hour. I must see after a friend who is, I fear, dangerously hurt."

Mr. Hodgkins, I think, acquiesced; but the colonel declined to be a party to any postponement. The general then whispered a few words to me, which made me say to Colonel Oldbuck that he must really excuse me that day.

"Well, sir," said he, "I will not be your second on any other."

"That is as you please," said I, going away, to his disgust, with him who should be mine enemy.

Thus was a stop put to our hostile meeting, and the colonel's thirst for blood remained unslaked.

The presence of the —th doctor prevented me from asking the general what his whisper had meant. When his absence with his patient gave me an opportunity, that taciturn and gloomy officer had nothing to add; but he *did* say—

"Miss Falkland has told me all—more, perhaps, than you ever knew. I have released her. She can do as she likes."

Overjoyed as I was, how was a man to thank one of his stony impassiveness?

In the outer room of the farmhouse to which we had come were several habitans, not jabbering, quite silent.

At the door of the inner room, the general said to me, with dignity—

"You must withdraw, if the doctor makes me do so."

On the bed lay the form of her I loved, with a deep wound on the forehead, senseless, breathing heavily. I caught hold of one hand.

"Wrecked in port," thought I, "just as the last obstacle had been removed."

And I remained silent, being roused by a tap on the shoulder from the French doctor whom Simon had brought from Quebec, and who, volatile and undignified there, was here grave and stern.

After an anxious, comfortless, and silent night with the general in the outer room, the little doctor came in the gray daylight, and announced, to our exceeding joy and relief, that his patient, after a most uneasy night, had just fallen asleep, and was, in all probability, out of danger. The general was allowed to see her during the day, and immediately afterwards proposed that we should return to Quebec. We left in the Falklands' sleigh with the fiery black horses, with Simon, the two ladies going on by easy stages in the general's.

On the road the general said to me abruptly—

"I leave by the night mail for the States."

Which he did, and here was the last I ever saw of that gallant, but most silent, morose, and ungenial officer, until the war had been carried into Pennsylvania, a few years later. He was, at least, fortunate in that he was killed there, and did not live to witness the irreparable defeat of the cause for which he had ventured his life and his fortune. Disagreeable as he was in manner, surely I ought to remember only his self-denial in resigning to me the girl he loved.

Two days afterwards, I was received at St. Lewis-road with the usual "Not at home." But, being resolved to act, I prevented the girl from shutting the door, and said—

"Come, now, you know that Miss *is* at home."

"Well, sir," said the girl, "she *is*, but she is seeing nobody."

On which I squeezed a five-dollar piece into her hand, and said—

"Show me into the drawing-room. Nobody will say anything—I know Miss won't; and I will leave when Mrs. Falkland rings."

"Sir," said the maid, "she is out driving, and you must leave when you hear the bells."

"All right. Come to the door when she arrives."

So I was admitted.

Miss was on the sofa, a little pale, and a small cap on her head.

She said she was glad to see me. After which, a pause.

"Mr. Malet," said she, apparently embarrassed.

"Miss Falkland."

"Sir, I never see anybody when my mother is away. If you were a casual acquaintance, I should say nothing; but I think I know you well enough to ask you to withdraw."

"Please do not spoil my only chance of seeing you alone. I will go when I hear your mother's sleigh."

"I do not want you to look out for my mother. I will give you ten minutes."

"Then, I must first apologize for anything that happened at Lake Beauport. I am very, very sorry."

"Mr. Malet" (with dignity), "I have tried to forget all about that picnic, and hoped you would not bring it to my mind. The less you allude to such things the better. Allow me to remind you that three minutes have gone," pulling out her watch.

"I am very sorry, but I did not like to begin with what I want to say. You know my feelings. I know you are again free"—a pause, and a gaze into her eyes. "Will you be mine? Will you?" (a desperate effort to pronounce the word) "marry me?"

A couple of taps at the door, as if by one in a hurry.

"Come in," I said, involuntarily.

The same maid stood before us, and said to Miss, looking at me—

"Miss, the mistress is coming up the walk."

"By George!" I cried, "I haven't a moment to lose"—and I rushed to the door, which I just reached first.

"How do you do? I have come at a lucky time. How is Miss?"

"Getting on nicely, sir," said the old lady, sourly.

I followed the old lady into the drawing-room, and shook Miss's hand as though I had not seen her before. Soon, under the pretence of showing a puzzle, I wrote on a piece of paper, "Write your answer." She wrote something, after some consideration, on another piece, which I pocketed; and departed shortly, anxious to know my fate.

Anxious, but almost certain of its being favourable. When I got on St. Lewis'-road, it being dark, I had to pocket it; and was shortly joined by Joe, who was walking homewards, and who seemed as friendly as

ever, and, like me, most airy in his manner—why, I could not tell. At length it came out that he had been favourably received by the daughter—in a manner, said he, quite different from anything before: no *gêne*, no reticence.

"Well," said I, very imprudently, "I think I can tell you the reason of that. The young lady's mind was probably relieved at the engagement with the general being off." This was certainly imprudent; but, in palliation, it must be remembered that I thought myself as good as accepted.

"Do you mean that she is not now bound to marry him?"

"Yes, of course I do; but don't say I said so."

"The d——," quoth Joe, and walked on silently.

Here Mr. Louis De Gaspé, passing in his dogcart sleigh, gave us a lift. We ran into something which, in the gloaming, I made out to be a wood sleigh. Mr. De Gaspé, flinging the reins to Joe, had a set-to with one of the men; when I tried to follow suit with the other, the wretch hit me a blow with a *buche*, which caused me to see many more stars than up to then had appeared in the firmament. We then drove to Mr. De Gaspé's house, where he insisted on doing up my face with a raw beefsteak, for the black eye.

So that I did not reach my hotel until midnight, when I eagerly opened Miss's paper. It merely contained these words: "I cannot answer in writing; come to-morrow, and I will do so verbally; come to-morrow." How could I now? Meantime, my rival was sure to seize the opportunity I had given him. He did seize that opportunity, as I afterwards found out, with what result will be hereinafter seen.

The next afternoon the young lady had, of course, been astonished and put out by my non-appearance. The same evening, after tea, as I afterwards heard, the following conversation took place:—

"Mamma," said Miss, "I know I should have no secrets from you."

Her mother looked at her grimly, and said nothing.

"You know that Mr. Hodgkins was here to-day? Well, he proposed—he asked me to marry him."

"The wretch!—knowing, too, as he does, that you are engaged to the general. Lilla, I told you, you always encouraged

that man too much. Now you see what has happened."

"Mamma, he is not a wretch, indeed. He knew—I cannot tell how—that I can never marry the general."

"Lilla, I do not understand you. You are *engaged* to the general."

"No, mamma—I should have told you that he has released me. Notwithstanding, I refused Mr. Hodgkins."

"Oh, Lilla! Is your engagement with the general really off? What *can* you have done? And *I* was so proud, and so fond of him!"

The murder being now out, the girl became mild and even affectionate in her tone.

"Mamma," said she, "I am really very sorry to give you any pain; but I did not care about the general as I should have done. He saw it by my manner: he led his conversation up to it. I could not keep it from him. He taxed me with it, and I could not deny it. On which, the dear, good, noble man released me. Mamma, do you remember that, the last time Martin was with us, he said something in Latin to somebody, which he translated to us? It was—'You may expel Nature with a pitchfork, but she will return in spite of you.' That was what happened with me. I did expel Nature for three years, but she returned in spite of me. I saw that I could not behave to the general as I should. I really have a great respect for him—perhaps I am a little afraid of him—there is no man whom I respect or like so much; but—he is much older than I am."

Surely the reasoning style of this speech should have convinced the mother that her affections were in no way engaged to the subject of it.

But it was not in human nature that the old lady should be so easily put off her idea of years. She recapitulated her arguments for the general—his proximity, his devotion to their cause; above all, his being of the same religion.

"No, Lilla, said she, "I am sure the general is only hurt at something you said. I will write to him by this mail. I am sure, he is not the man to mind a girl's capricious changes of manner."

"Mamma, you may write to the general, but I am sure he will only return the same answer as to me. And do, please, remember that what *he* may say does not matter, as *I* cannot have *him*."

"Lilla, do you not infinitely prefer our noble and dignified general to any of the young puppies you see here?"

"That is just where it is, mamma," smiling, but really annoyed. "*They* are young, and *he* is not."

On the fourth day I ventured to call, well wrapped up as to the face, to inquire for the young lady, and to leave a note. Almost mechanically, I said—

"I hope Miss is well?"

"Miss?" said the servant. "Oh, dear me, sir, hav'n't you heard? She has been very bad again for a day or so, with the same thing as before."

I staggered back; and the servant, summoned by an impatiently rung bell, shut the door in my face.

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#### LIFE SHADOWS.

A SHADOW haunts us through our constant lives,  
In all our hours; we count it at the best  
As something weird—impalpable, that gives  
Our souls a solemn or a sweet unrest.

Is it the memory of a golden past,  
All struggling with the would-not and the will?  
Is it a present dream, too fair to last?  
The same inconstant shadow haunts us still.

Is it the hope—the yearning that *will* come—  
Of hearts uneasy, even through the strife  
Of this mad world? Yet ever sad comes home  
The gentle shadow on the vexed life.

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#### TABLE TALK.

IN a queer little book on the antiquities of the town of Ross, I found, the other day, a statement as to a popular superstition which appears to me one of the most singular I have ever met. The writer, after explaining that, even down to the seventeenth century, this custom was found in the villages near the borders of Wales, quotes a passage, which was first printed by Ellis, taken from the Lansdowne MSS. It is as follows:—"In the county of Hereford was an old custom at funerals to hire poor people, who were to take upon them the sins of the party deceased. One of them—he was a long, lean, ugly, lamentable poor rascal"—the accumulation of adjectives is very expressive of his scapegoatish life—"I remember, lived in a cottage in Ross highway. The manner was, that when the corpse was brought out of the house and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread was brought out and delivered to the *sin eaters* on the corpse, as



also a mazar bowl of maple full of beer, which he was to drink up, and sixpence in money; in consideration whereof he took upon him, *ipso facto*, all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." Is not the long continuance of this custom a bitter irony on the true appreciation of our religion by the common people? I should like to know if any vestiges of it are left. Perhaps, too, some one could tell me what is a "mazar bowl," and why maple was the wood selected.

KEY TO LAST week's puzzle, and  
LIST OF THIRTY-FIVE NAMES MENTIONED.

- |                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Fielding.      | 19. Akenside.   |
| 2. Moore.         | 20. Dryden.     |
| 3. Keats.         | 21. Shenstone.  |
| 4. Newton.        | 22. Foote.      |
| 5. White (Kirke). | 23. Southey.    |
| 6. Lamb.          | 24. Campbell.   |
| 7. Garrick.       | 25. Goldsmith.  |
| 8. Cowper.        | 26. Hume.       |
| 9. Burns.         | 27. Spenser.    |
| 10. Dickens.      | 28. Swift.      |
| 11. Defoe.        | 29. Sterne.     |
| 12. Hood.         | 30. Gay.        |
| 13. Garth.        | 31. Steele.     |
| 14. Shelley.      | 32. Johnson.    |
| 15. Gray.         | 33. Wordsworth. |
| 16. Scott.        | 34. Waller.     |
| 17. Crabbe.       | 35. Addison.    |
| 18. Erasmus.      |                 |

THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS have been, from time to time, clipped from Irish papers:—

From the *Freeman's Journal*, 1870:—"One pound reward.—Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra-road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening."

From the *Cork Reporter* (advertisement of a wine merchant):—"The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about sixty dozen of prime Port Wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet."

The two following advertisements appeared in all the Dublin papers, emanating from a well-known livery-stable keeper:—

"To be sold, cheap, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new."

"To be sold, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail."

From *Saunders's Newsletter*:—"Ten shillings reward.—Lost, by a gentleman, a white terrier dog except the head which is black.—To be brought to, &c."

To these Irish advertisements may be added one English one, which was the subject of a humorous article in the *Saturday Review*, some four or five years since:—"To be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut-wood case, with carved legs."

YOU MUST HAVE the inward capacity for enjoyment, or the outward means and circumstances of it will be in vain. We put our hearts out of tune in various ways; and then neither the song of the birds, nor the rising sun, nor the summer breeze of the sea, nor a beautiful face, can strike the lights of joy within us. On the other hand, if our faculties of happiness are kept healthy, we find delight in the smallest things, as the bee finds honey in the smallest flowers.

IT IS SAID there is a point where opposites meet, and that in happy marriages you often see a contrast of disposition and character. Now, this is the case when opposites are content to be opposites, and recognize in their variations a great provision of nature against tameness and insipidity.

IT IS CERTAIN that, nine times out of ten, we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons rather than ill. Human nature is a tree bearing good as well as evil; but our eyes are wide open to the latter, and half-shut to the former.

THE STOMACH, if not the devil himself, is one of his chief agents. What ill and sour tempers, what misunderstandings, what discoloured imaginations are traceable to this disordered organ, which Abernethy called the master of the house!

Shortly will be published in *ONCE A WEEK* a new novel by the authors of "*Ready-money Mortiboy*," entitled "*MY LITTLE GIRL*."

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 241.

August 10, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.



### CHAPTER XI.

#### FATHER AND SON.

IT was a fine afternoon, early in the London season, and the biscuit-china appearance which Richmond Hill presents on such occasions was at its utmost country-cockneyfied height. It would have been only common charity for some medium to have called the ghost of Pope up into the leg of one of the seats placed about for the convenience of the public—that polished poet would have so enjoyed the scene. Gay carriages and mysterious broughams paced slowly along the road, while male and female equestrians cantered past them, on sleek, high-actioned horses, on their way to the park; and men, all of whom wore perfect coats, glossy hats, lavender gloves, and sticking-plaster boots, with ladies on their arms attired in the most fascinating bonnets, the airiest of scarves, the most voluminous silk or muslin dresses, promenaded on the terrace; while before them stretched an extensive panorama of wood and meadow, with the broad, glittering Thames meandering through the Watteau-like scenery. There was only wanting a few very clean sheep, with ribands round

their necks, browsing on the slope of the hill towards the Duke of Buccleuch's, tended by shepherdesses with coquettish hats, little crooks, Dolly Varden petticoats, and very good ankles, to make the scene complete. But with the exception of certain knots of foreigners grouped here and there, trying to make out Windsor Castle in the distance, hardly any people regarded the prospect. They were there to pursue "the proper study for mankind," not to look at trees, fields, and rivers; to be seen themselves; to flirt; above all things, to get an appetite for the dinner which was preparing for them at one or other of the excellent hotels in the neighbourhood.

It being now between five and six o'clock, some of the visitors were already commencing that important business of the day; and of these were two men, who sat in a little private room on the ground floor of one of the smaller restaurants, sipping Chablis while waiting for their soup. One was a man whose hair, whiskers, and beard—bushy, though carefully trimmed—were grizzled by time; though age had not bent his tall, muscular frame, shaken the nerves of his sinewy hand, nor dimmed the fire of his searching eye. A broad, deep scar, which traversed his cheek and cleft his nose, rendered it impossible to say whether he had ever been handsome or not, so disfigured must his features have been by the wound. His companion was quite young—some twenty years old, say, perhaps less—for his jet black eyes and hair, olive complexion, and supple form showed that his veins ran with a fluid which ripens quicker than our Northern blood.

"I do not like these English," he was saying; "they are only a shade better than the Yankees. I declare that I have been watching them these ten minutes, and have not seen a smile. The stiff, solemn, proud asses, how I long to kick them!"

"And yet," replied the elder, "your

friends in the South were rather proud, and not much given to laughter. Your worthy father, Don Antonio Perez, was rather a grave man, if I recollect right."

The young man made a significant grimace.

"What!" said he, "are we to carry on that game in private?"

"It is better," answered the other. "As you have a difficult part to act, always be rehearsing it; else filial affection may betray you into some unguarded expression in public which would make people suspect our relationship. By the bye, I am plain Mr. Robert Clements—the English are suspicious of foreign titles. And so you don't like the natives, Don Perez?"

"I should think not—a parcel of red-haired, baby-faced, solemn aristocrats, who think themselves superior to every other set of people on earth!"

"And are, perhaps, not so far out. And the women?"

"The women are angels."

"Ah, here comes the dinner."

While the meal—as good a one as the house could afford—lasted, the *convives* confined their conversation to remarks on the whitebait, salmon, lamb, and Moselle upon which they were feasting; but when left alone with a bottle of claret, they resumed their somewhat mysterious discourse.

"Then you do not think this place will do?" said Perez, holding his glass up to the light.

"Neither the place nor the house," replied Clements. "Richmond is too far from town, and the villa could not be made safe against police visits without attracting attention. No, we must fall back upon that house near Chelsea. It is in a dull spot, and has not been let for years, so the owner will not ask questions—easy drive from town, is near the river, stands in the middle of a garden with shrubbery. I shall tell Dubourg to sign the lease, and go in to-morrow."

"I thought the difficulty of going there in the daytime unobserved had made you give it up?"

"It is an objection; but there is no other place to be had at the moment, and every day of the London season we let slip by is so many hundreds lost. We must make Dubourg come to us as much as possible."

"Why not take a house in London?" asked Perez.

"Because," replied Clements, "the police would be down upon us in the first fortnight. Ah, when I was in London last, there were six *salons* in St. James's alone; but those days are passed. You cannot expect always to have our Paris luck, where we carried on for six months before we had to bolt."

"And yet," said the young man, "what were our winnings there, to the sums we made in Mexico?"

"Hum!" said Clements. "Mexico is a very good place to make money in, but a deuced bad one for keeping it. How many times had we to defend the bank with pistol and sabre? There is no order, law, or police out there. Eh?—what are you laughing at? Laws and policemen are for the protection of the rich? We are rich, and shall be richer."

"And if we are cleaned out?"

"Then it will be the crank and the halter if we stop in Europe; but we won't—the New World shall in that case be once more honoured with our presence. But there is no fear of failure—roulette with two zeros, combined with bill-discounting, is a safe game, my Carlos. We did not do badly in France, where I was a stranger and had to trust to others; here I am up to every move on the board. It is true that you are given to making the yellow boys fly; but what of that? You shall roll in money, my boy; you shall mix as an equal with these haughty young swells. Young, handsome, rich, you shall marry one of their proud beauties, and choose what career you please; and who will guess that the elegant, noble Don Perez is the son of—but I am forgetting my own rule, and the walls are thin."

The young man's eyes sparkled, his nostrils dilated, and the warm-southern blood flushed over his cheeks and forehead, as the other placed this picture before him. Clements gazed on him with the hungry admiration of a tigress watching her cub, and both sat sipping their wine in silent reverie for some minutes.

Don Perez was the first to speak.

"But how am I to gain the first footing in this society, which I have heard you describe as being so inaccessible?—which is always on its guard against the adventurer and foreigner, and will hardly answer a remark on the weather hazarded by a stranger in a railway carriage, lest it should compromise itself by conversation with an inferior in birth or position?" he asked.

"Leave that to me," replied Clements. "Enough that I have determined it; and whatever I determine, I do. I think," he added, after a pause, "that we had better have separate lodgings. We will leave the hotel to-morrow, and I will get you chambers in some fashionable part of the West-end. Quieter rooms will suit me better. For we must not be seen too much together. Perhaps we might do without you at the place at Chelsea. I must be there every night; and though I shall not call myself the proprietor, the men whose paper I cash will take it for granted that I am, and if you are seen with me they will think there is something queer about you too; and though our *habitués* will not talk very freely about the house or those they meet there, reports will get about which will increase the difficulties of our game. Yes, it shall be so. Dubourg and I can manage, with Thomson and Puzzi for decoys; and you will do more good by keeping entirely away, until you have formed acquaintances amongst the swells, and then bringing a few of the richest down to us. You have got up your birth, parentage, and education thoroughly now?"

"Oh, yes. My father, Don Antonio Perez, was an adherent of Don Carlos, after whom I was named, and made himself so obnoxious to the reigning family of Spain that he found it advisable to fly to Mexico, where he made some money, which he left to me when he died, and I have come over to Europe to spend it. It is all right. As for descriptions of Mexican life, I can give them enough of that; the 'cutest traveller of the lot shall not find me tripping there."

"That is it, my Carlos: try to believe it all yourself—you will almost, in a week or two—and all will go well. You can ride: that alone is a passport to the society of a certain set in England. I shall send an announcement of your arrival in this country to the papers to-morrow; some of them may put it in, and that is always a help."

"I like to see the little ball rolling, and the notes and rouleaux passing over to the bank," observed Perez, thoughtfully.

"Bah! you shall play at whist, at loo, at faro, at poker—brag they call it here—when you have established yourself; and what chance will amateurs have against you? Then there is billiards."

"And the horse-racing, the turf, I have heard so much of?"

"Ah!" said Clements, "the less you have

to do with that the better. I know no way for a backer of horses to win, unless he is in a stable, and knows of some dark flyer who has been pulled time after time. It is like our little game—the punters never get fair odds. No; the only way of realizing on the English turf is by laying, and to do that you must give your whole time to the business. Then it is not bad for a man with a head for it; and when the roulette gets blown, which it must sooner or later, I dare say I shall take it up. But if you bet upon horse-races it must only be for amusement."

"Can Dubourg be trusted?" the young man asked.

"Implicitly—as far as you can see him; and I never yet met the man or woman whom I would trust further. He will have no more capital entrusted to him than is necessary to form the bank for the night. He will have a per centage on winnings, and if he played us false he knows that he would die," replied Clements, with horrible calmness, and a cruel expression in his eyes: a compression of his massive jaws rendered it probable that he was mentioning a fact, not uttering a bravado.

Perez slightly shuddered, as if at the memory of some former scene evoked by his companion's words.

"Well, well," continued Clements, seeing the unintended effect he had produced, "if the rascal did his worst, he could but secure the bank and profits for one night, and that would not hurt us much—not more than if some fellow with a run of luck were to break it."

"He might do worse than that," replied the other. "He might wait till I had, to a certain extent, succeeded in establishing myself, and then make me his slave by holding the threat of exposure over my head."

"He will hardly try that on while I am alive," said Clements, with a stern smile.

"No, but you cannot live for ever, you know. You are getting old, and are always running your head into danger. Suppose he waited until you were out of the way, and then threatened me?"

Instead of resenting this heartless speech, Clements seemed to enjoy it.

"He thinks of everything," said he, admiringly. "But, my Carlos, it is a mistake to calculate upon what *may* happen too long beforehand, else you will be paralyzed by your immediate actions. Yet if I *were* out of the way, and Dubourg *should* ever act in

the manner you suppose, there are only two courses to take. One to call him a liar, beard him, defy him to do his worst; the other—"

"Well, what is the other?"

"Pretend to fear him," pursued Clements, bending over the table, and speaking below his breath; "bribe him, fawn on him, and the first time you have him in a fit place and off his guard, put just three inches of that delicate triangular blade of yours into his spine. You know the spot."

Perez nodded.

"That would be dangerous," continued the mentor, slowly sipping his claret, "especially for a young hand, and in a country where the police is so good as it is here. But any risk is better than to live at another's mercy. I have had my thumb on others, and hope to do so again, so I know what it is. And to punish him in a rage would be more perilous still; and with your mother's blood in your veins, I fear lest you should break out in that way some day. However, I fancy that I am good for many years yet, and it will be time enough to parry when any one attacks us. Dubourg is a first-rate croupier, and we were lucky to light on him. Finish the bottle, and let us have a smoke on the terrace; it is hot in here."

There were the same description of people pacing up and down in the same solemn manner, like an assembly of peacocks. Perez sighed.

"Poor Carlos," said Clements, casting a glance of compassion on the youth. "He is dying for a fandango."

The reader's imagination must be very vivid if he can think of a crime which this man Clements had not committed. He was one of those rare monsters who seem to have no conscience, no innate fear of a day of reckoning; and who consequently cannot even understand what is meant by the word remorse. He could take the life of his fellow-man with no more emotion than a dog would feel in killing a rat; and if this seems an impossible horror, read the trial of Palmer for poisoning. One would fain, for the sake of our common humanity, have thought him mad; but his brain was particularly strong and clear, and he never committed a useless crime. He was even unable to see any beauty in the virtue of others. Let the lowest criminal go to a theatre, and, as a general rule, he will instinctively side against the villain of the piece, when the

crimes represented are not his own; but Clements was devoid of even this barren germ of goodness. Right and wrong were to him mere words with which fools were gulled. He really believed what so many rogues urge, with the knowledge that they lie—that others were no better than himself, and that indolence, cowardice, or self-interest alone kept men from offences against the law. And yet this man loved his son.

For that was the youth's real relation to him. In the course of a long career of wickedness, there were few nations on whom he had not preyed, few countries through which he had not passed like the plague; but it was on the American continent that he had made the longest sojourn; for having, as the captain of a band of desperadoes, known under the name of Pirates of the Prairies, accumulated a vast booty by the plunder of several caravans of gold-seekers, he had retired to Mexico, and, purchasing an estate near one of the large towns, had compensated himself for the hardships of his late career by a life of ease and Southern luxury. Here this son had been born to him by a woman for whom he had conceived one of those wild passions to which the lawless are subject, and who had died of the deadly *vomito* when the boy was about seven years old, and Clements would have killed himself if it had not been that his money was nearly gone, and the child therefore unprotected; and to the little Carlos his affection for the mother was transferred.

He sold his estate, sailed with his child to North America, where he placed him in a good school; and again set out on his evil wanderings. And now he had an object for which to plunder, a cub dependent on the prey he might secure; and for the next five years he always found means, wherever he might be, or whatever temporary distresses he might be contending against, to forward money to those who had care of the boy. At the end of that time he returned and claimed his son, who thenceforward became the associate of all his schemes, which, however, were not now of the rash and dangerous nature which had formerly characterized them. Gambling was the business upon the profits of which they principally lived; and, in the exercise of this profession, they wandered through the United States, Mexico, California, and thence to Europe, moving from each town just before it grew too hot to hold them. And Clements' in-

tense love for the boy increased in strength as the wickedness of his nature became developed; he felt as proud of the growth of evil as ordinary parents are of the signs of good in their children. And yet his love was real and true. He would literally have given his life for the lad, would have sacrificed himself in any way to forward what he considered to be his interests without a moment's hesitation: he hardly lived for anything but him.

Up to middle age he had never cared for a human being; had never known father or mother, or had a real friend; "his hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against him." So that when this unknown passion of love stirred at last in his breast, its intensity was such as cannot be imagined by ordinary men.

But this parental affection, usually the holiest emotion of the human heart, the silken cord by which the most depraved can often be led back to the path of virtue, had no hallowing or softening influence upon him. In that crucible the diamond turned to charcoal, not charcoal to the diamond. Does it seem incredible? Who shall explain the mysteries of the human heart? Can you even interpret those of your own?

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

GORDON'S INN is an oasis in the desert of the present; one of those institutions of the past which quietly ignore the flight of time, and flourish in the midst of restlessness and innovation, like the windmills, which still grind corn in the face of steam, and appear to be lucrative concerns, though no one builds fresh specimens. Are there any new windmills, by the way? I never saw one that looked younger than a hundred. However that may be, the maddest of men would scarcely dream of founding another Gordon's Inn. Gordon's Inn has a chapel which, I feel sure, is never prayed in; a hall which, as far as I can make out, is never dined in; and a garden which no one ever walked in but the man employed to keep it in order, and the cats. And yet there is nothing ghostly about the place; for the seventeen staircases in its two courts are tenanted from the ground to the chimney pots, flocks of sparrows twitter about the trees, sleek cats blink at them from sunny window-sills. The laundresses who minister to the wants of the community are elderly widows, the porter is

stout and jolly, his wife and children are jolly, and the night watchman, whose duty it is to call the hours from twelve to five a.m., (think of that, with railway engines whistling all round him!) and let in those inhabitants of the Inn who return home during the dissipated House of Commons period, is particularly jolly, and rolls out "two o'clock—frosty night!" in a rollicking way which often acts as a shoeing horn to draw another tumbler on to students who are having a bit of supper before separating after their "midnight Hoyle."

Two or three years ago, the first floor of staircase No. 7 was tenanted by William Fletcher, Esq., a barrister who had never held a brief, and would have dropped it like a hot potato if he had; a gentleman of income sufficient to form an excuse for idleness, but not large enough to give him an occupation in the management of it. He had furnished his chambers, which consisted but of two rooms, with some taste and comfort; every article, from the table and the bookcase to the frames of the mirror over the mantelpiece and the pictures on the walls, was of walnut-wood. There were three easy chairs, of a soft, padded, lazy character, in the room, and the recesses of the old-fashioned windows were cushioned into divans. The prevailing colour of the curtains, table covers, and hangings was chocolate, a favourite tint with William Fletcher, who, at half-past ten on the morning of the first of June, 18—, was one mass of it. He had on a chocolate smoking cap, a loose chocolate jacket, intensely baggy chocolate trousers, and chocolate slippers. He was seated in a chocolate-coloured chair, and had a cup of chocolate at his elbow, having just finished his breakfast, and commenced his matutinal quarter of an hour of bliss. There are two joys in the world before which all other pleasures pale: one, the first pipe after breakfast, with no companion but a damp, unrumpled *Times*; the other, the first cigar after dinner, in the society of an old friend. The second of these luxuries may be indulged in with benefit to heart, brain, and temper by everybody; the former is dangerous to those who are not strong-minded. The after-breakfast pipe is as great a snare as the forty winks more, so tempting to a lazy man when called on a cold morning. No; if you have any headwork to do, admit no easy chair into your study, and let your pipe remain cold on the mantelpiece—unless, of course, you are one

of those firm persons who can jump out of bed at the first rap at the door, and who can push back the arm-chair, throw down the paper, and hang up the pipe the moment the fifteen minutes have expired.

William Fletcher was one of the weak. He did not get up till he was tired of bed, and his morning pipe was generally renewed more than once before he laid aside the *Times* and rose to get a book, which even then, alas! was often a novel. But, then, he was one of the lilies with no occasion for toiling or spinning, and so perhaps tobacco and "our own correspondent" kept him out of some of the mischief which is laid up in stock, like oakum, for idle hands to do. A sad thing—was it not?—that a fine young man of twenty-seven, by no means a fool, who had received as good an education as could be had for money, should have no other object in life than to get through it with as little discomfort as possible; just for all the world as if he had been a tom-cat. A fine end it will be to our boasted progress, a noble sequel to poor Buckle's "History of Civilization," if the entire human race merges eventually in the feline.

There came a tremendous kick at the door.

"Why, that must be Arnold!" said Fletcher, sitting upright in his chair, while a smile of pleasure came over his face—"Arnold or a battering-ram; no one else could—Hang the fellow! why does he not call out? He will have the door down."

And he rose and admitted a tall, broad-shouldered man, of about thirty, with big whiskers, shapeless nose, good eyes, and a massive jaw—a very English face indeed.

"Why didn't you knock?" asked Fletcher.

"Because it was uncertain whether you were up, and I was afraid of awakening you."

"Why don't you shout through the letter slit, man? If it had not fortunately occurred to me that it was you, I should not have opened the door."

"Perhaps, if you had known—thank you, no, I have got my own pipe—my errand—where is the baccy?—you would not have been so willing to admit me. What a luxurious chair. Confound the thing, there goes a castor! What do you have chairs that break for?"

"They are meant for people to sit down on, not to shoot themselves into like a cart-load of paving-stones. But why am I to be sorry to see you?"

"Simply because you are likely to have too much of me. I have given myself a whole holiday, and intend hauling you off to the Crystal Palace. It is a magnificent day."

"Is it? Oh, well then, we might as well go to Sydenham as anywhere else. Why did you not let me know last night, and come to breakfast?"

"I could not afford to risk its turning out wet," said Arnold. "And, besides, the idea only occurred to me about an hour ago. I began work early this morning, having been roused at six by the man over me coming home from a ball, and pulling off his boots, which with him seems always to be a fearful operation. On knocking off for breakfast I discovered that the sun was shining, and the glass rising. I always feel lazy when the weather is bright and warm, and had I been born in Naples would have laid on my back and eaten grapes and macaroni with the do-nothingest."

"I can understand that," said Fletcher.

"I believe you can!" replied his friend. "So, feeling lazy, I naturally came to you for sympathy."

"Then, as I have not seen you for a fortnight, I conclude that you have been busy. Briefs coming in at last, eh?"

"Well, I am beginning to pick up a few crumbs; but I have got another iron in the fire—I write leading articles for a weekly paper, and as I am not used to it yet, I find it rather harder work than I expected. But let us be off. Go and dress, while I look over the papers. Any news?"

"I don't know, I had not got beyond the leaders when you came in."

"The leaders!—why, you never read them?"

"Indeed, but I do—every one every morning. Remember, my dear fellow, you do not write them yet."

"Good!"

"Of course I read them," pursued Fletcher. "It saves one the trouble of forming opinions on all the questions of the day for oneself. I first of all learn the light in which I am to view what happens, and then I read the account of it. It is true that I am sometimes puzzled to reconcile the two."

"Yes," said Arnold, "we exercise a vast influence on public opinion. Now, I have only written two political essays at present, and the odds are that I have produced an

effect on the mind of more than one man with whom I might have talked and argued for twenty years without making any impression."

"It is possible—who knows?" replied Fletcher. "Most men believe in some paper or another; and even those who rebel against the leaders and try to judge for themselves are entirely dependent on the press for their news, which is given with a bias favourable to the views of the journal which they habitually read, and with that bias they must take it. Upon my word, I think that the opinions of women are more original, though narrower, than ours."

"Not a bit of it," cried Arnold. "When they do not follow their father's opinions implicitly, they are guided by the clergyman of their parish, and he takes his from the *Guardian* or *Record*, and it all comes to the same thing in the end. Or else they go by their husbands, whose opinions must be right if they love them, must be wrong if they don't."

"Poor fellow!" said Fletcher, "what a thing it is to have such an ugly nose!"

"Go and dress, you puppy!" roared Arnold, snatching up a roll.

Fletcher disappeared into his bed-room, and when he had changed his chocolate-coloured garments for the apparel of an ordinary European, the pair emerged from the inn, and threaded their way to Fleet-street.

"How are we going?" asked Fletcher. "I vote for a Hansom. It is a pretty drive, and we shall escape those enormous flights of stairs leading from the station to the palace."

"A proposition," said Arnold, "the extravagance of which is only equalled by its indolence. We go by rail."

"Hum; then there is a cab."

"We go to the London Bridge station by steamboat."

"What! And I suppose we are to take second-class tickets?"

"No, third."

"Well, anything you please. I only make two stipulations. First, that you provide yourself with a pair of gloves."

"Look here!" cried Arnold, triumphantly producing a small parcel twisted up in whitey-brown paper.

"Good. Secondly, that we do not dine till we return to London."

"And when not?"

"Because I hate having to move after dinner."

"But I shall get hungry," expostulated Arnold.

"Then," said his friend, "you can stay your stomach with pork pies and bottled stout, administered at intervals of half an hour."

By this time they had reached the pier, where they each purchased a twopenny blue ticket of a human pigeon, who dispensed such articles through the hole to which his seed or water should by rights have been attached; and after a minute or so a bustling little steamer came churning up the mud and water, and after bumping and grinding against the pier like a bluebottle on a window-pane, calmed down sufficiently for them to step on board. The deck was rather crowded. There were three tall, handsome Guardsmen, with as many short, dowdy, ugly cookmaids, their sweethearts; a knot of policemen off duty, smoking pipes, chatting, laughing, chaffing, just like other mortals; a number of lawyers' and other clerks, some of them elderly men in threadbare clothes, who seemed quite at home; others, young fellows, dressed in what a ready-made tailor considers "the height of fashion," and who tried to look as if they had never travelled in so cheap a manner before. There was a fat old woman, with an umbrella exactly like herself in figure, who was always in everybody's way; there was a seedy-looking individual eating shrimps out of a playbill, and a holiday-making costermonger, who had his trousers pockets full of periwinkles, which he ate with a pin; there was a man with cheap literature, and another with oranges and lollipops for sale—the general company being composed of elements as incongruous as the supers in a pantomime.

"Very lively, is it not?" asked Arnold.

"Very," replied Fletcher, his eyes fixed on the long and unbrushed hair of the costermonger.

"Please, is that the 'Ouses of Parliament?" asked the fat old woman of Arnold, poking out her umbrella.

"No, that is my friend's hat."

"I axes your parding, sir, which were quite haccidental—I mean *that* place."

"No, that is the Temple; the Houses of Parliament are a long way behind."

"Thankee kindly, sir. I axes because



you must understand that she's not *my* darter, because—"

"Stop her!" screamed a small boy to the engineer; and as if in obedience to the call, a peripatetic rabbit man, hurrying to the gangway, ran his pole into the old lady, who staggered backwards, crying—

"Drat the man!"

"Turn astarn!" cried the boy.

"By your leave!" shouted a porter, who had just come on board, swinging the corner of a large box he was carrying against the unfortunate dame, who was tottering back upon him. The shock propelled her into Fletcher's arms, who made a very wry face as he deposited his fair burden on the knees of four respectable clerks, who occupied one of the seats.

"How fine St. Paul's looks from here!" said Arnold.

"What a disgusting object a periwinkle is," cried his friend.

"Now, confess that you would have missed something if we had gone to the station by cab."

#### THE TOILERS.

**S**PEED on, slave of Mammon, in quest of the dross—

Speed on, for the fierce fight grows ever apace;  
Speed on, lest thy neighbour should gain to thy loss,

And seize him the treasure away in the race.  
Speed on!—nor take pause for a holier breath,  
For each moment you lose but leads nearer to Death.

Work on, sainted pilgrim, in valour and trust—

Work on, through the scorn in your mission of love;

Work on for the good, and the true, and the just,  
Though the shadow of sin mark the radiance above.

Work on through the greed of the self-seeking strife—  
Work on to the sleep that awakens in Life!

#### A DAY AFTER ELAND.

**I**T was in Southern Africa that I hunted eland. A party had been made up for the expedition, and a day fixed. We looked anxiously at the signs of the weather the night before our journey to the hunting-ground. Our doubts were not confirmed; the day broke fine and clear, the sun poured down his rays on the dew-moistened ground, and a slight mist hung about the high grass which here and there stretched in unequal patches.

The clouds had lifted from the mountains

which lay before us; still, a few white fleecy masses floated in the hollows.

The mountain tops, snow covered, shone and sparkled in the sunlight. They raised their lofty heads till they seemed almost to strike the pale blue above.

The sunlight, which had called us from our tents, seemed to have roused all nature too. The breeze whispered through the slightly waving grass. The eagle, flying high, sailed in circles, or, with motionless wing, hung poised over some luckless prey. Upon the green hillside the nimble buck rose and shook the dewdrops from his sides; or, with head erect, stood and sniffed the air; then, with impatient whistle, fled, bounding towards the nearest covert.

What scenes could have been more delightful than those we saw? The artist or the poet might have revelled among them; but the sportsman would look to his gun, and see that all was in readiness for certain sport. And we were sportsmen; so we turned our eyes from the beauties of nature to objects nearer our own noses. We watched with interest the steam as it began to puff from our kettle; we unfastened our horses from the trees they had been made fast to during the night, and saw them roll the stiffness from their limbs before they had their corn; we called our dogs together, and gave them a little food.

By the time all these things were done, we found that our own breakfast was ready, and that we were nothing loath to commence it.

Before we had finished our meal, we heard the singing of the natives who had promised to accompany us on our hunt. The men came in single file from the neighbouring kraals. Some were mounted, but most of them came on foot. A very few were armed with old guns, but the greater part carried only sticks, spears, and shields of hide.

In a short time our black friends presented themselves at our encampment.

After the chief had exchanged the usual good morning, he asked for a little grog, which we gave him. We then saddled our horses, gave a portable tent in charge of one of our own Kaffirs, and without more delay set out, leaving the waggon in charge of our Hottentot driver.

By the time we began our march, the sun had already risen to some height, and the heat was so great that we were very glad to

take off our coats, and give them in charge of one of our men.

The first part of our journey lay along the hillside. Gradually the path became rougher, and, in places, very stony. In one of these spots a Kaffir who was riding a bare-backed horse fell, and in his fall dislocated his arm. We managed, with some trouble, to set the injured limb. In the meantime, one of the Kaffirs had plaited a very good splint out of strong grass. The arm was bound up, and the man returned to his home.

By degrees our path grew steep; trees became scarcer; here and there a few shrubs were scattered about; here the naked stem of the cabbage tree sprang from the crevice of the rock; there the tree-fern lay embedded in a mossy ravine. Now the ground was yellow with golden flowers; then, lilac-tinted with wild hyacinths.

If we had taken our shot guns with us we might have had sport at once, for partridges rose frequently just before us—so close that the Kaffirs knocked them over with sticks.

We sighted some antelopes, but we did not want to frighten the game, being anxious to meet with the eland.

The Kaffirs told us that we should reach our hunting-ground by sunset.

As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more beautiful. Our path lay beside deep gorges, through which rushed rapid streams, white with foam as they dashed over their rocky beds; and often we had to wind round impending rocks, while the waterfalls we saw were countless.

By evening, we arrived at the foot of a steep ascent, which rose towards an overhanging rock. This slope was covered with stunted scrub. Our guides told us we must mount this incline, and that there was a cave at the top, where it was their intention to pass the night. It would have been impossible for English horses to climb this hill; but our animals succeeded in doing so, though with much difficulty. We caught hold of the shrubs with the right while we held our reins in the left hand, as well as we could, and were thus enabled to be of some help to our horses.

In time we found ourselves, almost breathless, in a kind of cave. This was formed not by a hollow in the hill, but by a huge overhanging rock. We soon perceived that we were not the first occupants of this retreat. We found little walls of piled-up stones,

which the bushmen had built to protect themselves from the wind, when it happened to blow towards the entrance of the cavern.

The sides of the cave were covered in all directions with drawings or paintings, executed by means of some pigment obtained from the different coloured clays which abound in the neighbourhood.

In the back part was a hollow in the stone floor, which appeared to have been commenced by the constant dropping of a little spring which forced its way through the porous rock, and then to have been enlarged by the hand of man. Round this pretty fount grew a quantity of ferns—the maiden's hair, the hart's tongue, and other sorts common to that part. Such was the spot where we were to spend the night.

Under the shelter of the overhanging rock we pitched our tent. The ropes required to be stretched; but the floor of the cavern being of stone, our pegs were useless; we therefore placed large stones upon the ends of the cords.

When all had been made ready for the night, we went with the Kaffirs to beat a small piece of bush which lay at no great distance from our encampment. The men entered at one end, and we stationed ourselves at the other.

After having waited some time, we heard the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the men coming near.

A crashing was heard amongst the scrub, and the next moment I caught sight of a wild pig, and immediately let fly at it. He appeared to fall, and we jumped into the river which lay between us and our quarry: what was our dismay to find that the pig had got up and decamped, the only vestige he left behind being a few drops of blood.

A few minutes after my unsuccessful shot, the keepers and dogs emerged from the bush. They had been more fortunate than we had, for two of them were carrying a buck apiece on their shoulders.

It was now near sundown, so we gave up hunting, having been successful in our endeavours to provide supper; though, it must be confessed, we had got but a small one.

On returning to the cave we found some fires burning brightly. The Kaffirs who had not joined in the hunt had evidently not remained idle, for large piles of dry wood had been collected, sufficient to keep the fires alight all night.

We were not sorry to put down our rifles,

or, having done so, to find some large, smooth stones which served well for seats.

The sun went down, and night seemed to fall at once; with it the air came very cold. We unfastened our blankets from the saddles, and were very glad to throw them over our shoulders; for our voluntary ducking in the river had not added to our comfort. We drew near to a blazing fire, and soon we were enveloped in steam.

The scene around was exceedingly picturesque; the fire cast a lurid glow over each nook and corner. In one part it lighted up a group of Kaffirs skinning the spoil, over which they still exulted; others were placing sharp pointed sticks, propped up with stones, on which to roast the meat when ready; others, less dainty, placed the entrails upon the fire, then let them quickly scorch, and when removed, quite black without and raw within, they devoured the savage mess with avidity.

By this time the buck was skinned, and we had our portion, which we cooked, in as primitive a style as the Kaffirs did, on wooden spits.

Our frugal supper finished, we produced a flask of brandy, and asked one or two of the chief men among our coloured friends to partake of some. This they were not at all backward in doing. They drank as much as we could spare, and then retired to join the swarthy group which lay already stretched upon the ground. We lighted our pipes, and spent a pleasant half-hour after the toils of the day. As we turned to our tent the fires had burnt low; the flames shot up in fitful starts, covering the cavern with a rich glow, and then expiring, left a total darkness.

All sounds were hushed, save that at intervals the howling of the distant wolves in the mountains came borne upon the wind; or, perhaps, a restless horse would break the stillness, and with impatient hoof send some loosened stone bounding into the valley below us.

We rolled ourselves in our blankets, and, although the rock on which our tent was pitched was not as comfortable as a feather bed, we soon fell asleep, leaving the guarding of the camp to the numerous dogs which lay curled up around our beds.

The next morning we rose before the sun. A very short time was sufficient to put everything in readiness for the start; and after a long march, it was about eleven o'clock

when we reached the promised hunting-ground.

The country here was very undulating, so that only a very limited extent of ground could be seen at one time.

The Kaffirs widened into a line which stretched far over the hills; they hoped by this means to drive the game towards one point.

We saw a few bucks, but did not fire at them, fearing that the report of our rifles might frighten the eland if they chanced to be in the neighbourhood.

After proceeding some distance, on turning the fork of a hill we saw a herd of fourteen eland grazing, all unconscious of the approach of danger.

Cautiously we drew nearer. We hoped to be able to stalk them; but, unfortunately, we were disappointed, for some luckless dog betrayed us by barking. This caused the eland to raise their heads; they looked at us, then started away at a measured trot. Seeing that all chance of stalking was now at an end, we remounted our horses, gave them spur and bridle, and started in pursuit.

Where the ground was tolerably level we gained, but where a hill had to be climbed the eland gained on us; for all ground appeared to be the same to them—they kept up the same measured pace at which they started. If an eland can once be forced to break into a gallop he is soon done for, as any speedy horse can then run him down on level ground. For some time it appeared as if our ride would be fruitless, but in the end we were rewarded. A fine male separated himself from the herd, and him we determined to follow. A certain distance was kept between us; but at last the eland turned along a hollow which lay between two hills. Now came the trial of speed.

The ground was torn beneath our horses' hoofs. We drew nearer—then in range. We raised our rifles, lowered them again; at length we fired. The eland went on untouched.

We still had our second barrels. Once more the sharp cracks sounded; the next instant the eland fell, but only for a moment. He raised himself from his knees, and went off at a greater speed than before. This we knew could not last long, for we saw the red spots he left behind him upon the grass as we passed over it.

He soon slackened his speed, almost stopped; then again attempted to overcome

his pain, and stretched a few rapid strides: all to no good, for soon the gallant fellow was brought to a standstill. There he stood till the almost unwilling shot was fired which brought him to the ground. The dogs came up, and howled around the fallen animal, and licked his tawny sides.

The eland was cut up as quickly as the bucks had been the night before, and parts given to some of the men to carry. A portion was cooked upon the spot, and was washed down with copious draughts from a neighbouring stream.

By the time our frugal meal was finished we were ready to set out on our return to the waggon, which we hoped to reach before sundown; for the road being all down-hill, we expected to take a very short time over the journey, in comparison to the day and a half we had passed in gaining our present position.

But before we had proceeded far the clouds gathered about the mountains, and soon the thunder rolled from rock to rock, reverberating; the leaves hung motionless upon the few trees we passed; the horses appeared to fear the coming storm, pricked up their ears, and stepped with quickened feet.

By degrees we passed objects we had noticed on the previous day; but the scene had changed. The mountain tops no longer stood sharp against the sky; their white summits were now hidden in clouds, and their sides looked dark, wrapped as they were in heavy shadows.

When some way down the mountain, though still far from our waggon, the storm burst over us with a violence peculiar to such climates. The stillness had gone; the wind blew in gusts at first, then in one fierce blast; the thunder rolled close overhead; the lightning seemed to run along the ground, to form a network in the sky, or in a crooked line appeared to play between earth and sky.

To add to the wildness of the scene, hail came down, not in small rounded frozen drops such as we see in England, but in pieces of ice, rough, and as large as hazelnuts.

The Kaffirs shivered as, almost naked, they trod on the rough, slippery ground. Our hands were blue with cold; and, cut and smarting, were hardly able to hold the reins.

There was no shelter near, no tree or

rock—the country entirely open on every side. At length, however, the hail ceased, and the rain came instead—a welcome change to us. By degrees the storm abated, but the rain continued. The sun went down without our knowing it, and night came on.

Onwards we went—wet, tired, hungry. At last we reached the waggon, where we had hoped to find things comfortable; but, alas! we were disappointed. The outskirts of the storm we had encountered in the mountains had fallen in the valley, and our waggon lay in a marsh. The tents were wet, the fire out!

We cut up the lid of a deal box, and by these means provided dry wood enough to boil our kettle for coffee; then, even without our ordinary after-supper pipe, we in no pleasant mood took off our wet clothes, and crept into the waggon, wishing, for the time at least, that we were in far-off England. We soon forgot our hunger and fatigue in sleep, and thus ended our eland hunt in South Africa.

## BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

THE veteran actor who is the subject of our cartoon had earned a great reputation many years ago. His name will go down to future generations of playgoers as that of one who was a master of the art of embodying on the stage every variety of character. No man has played with success in a greater number of characters than the proprietor of the Adelphi.

Benjamin Webster is descended from a good Yorkshire family, though the city of Bath was his birthplace. He made his first appearance on the stage of life on the 3rd of September, 1800. He was educated for the navy, and a commission was procured for him by the late Duchess of York; but he never entered the service. The navy has been the loser and the stage the gainer by the circumstance. He was fond of music, and made that his first profession. While fulfilling an engagement in the orchestra of the theatre at Warwick, he first threw down the fiddlestick, and put on the mask and tights of a harlequin—a character different from those with which in after years he pleased the public. But his real *début* as an actor took place in the same theatre, in the character of Thessalus in "Alexander the Great." He succeeded, and resolved to devote himself for the future to the stage.

His career after this was that of most young actors. He travelled from town to town, playing all sorts of parts at all sorts of theatres—a training which proved most beneficial. After various adventures in England and Ireland, he turned up in London, where he played trifling parts at several houses. At length, in 1825, "Measure for Measure" was being performed at Drury-lane, with a strong cast, and Harley had the part of Pompey, the clown. The popular comedian was suddenly taken ill. At three or four hours' notice, Benjamin Webster took his place, delighted the audience, pleased the manager, and filled the press with his praises. From this time his name was made. He had plenty of good offers; and in 1829 he opened at the Haymarket, in "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen." When Morris, the lessee, retired, Mr. Webster took his place, and for sixteen years was lessee of that house. At the end of that time Mr. Buckstone took it, and Mr. Webster devoted himself exclusively to the Adelphi.

In 1858 he rebuilt that theatre, an old and inconvenient house, and raised in its stead one of the most complete and well-constructed houses in London. The Haymarket owes its position to his energy and liberality. He spent £2,000 a-year on English authors at a time when, as now, there was a cry that everything worth seeing was cribbed from the French. Knowles, Bulwer, and Jerrold supplied him with plays; and Macready, Phelps, Wallack, Warde, Farren, Reeve, Buckstone, Charles Mathews, Power, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Warner, and Mrs. Stirling illustrated them. Not least in this list of "all the talents" was Benjamin Webster himself. It has been said of him that "his motley assumptions remind us of a crowd of Hogarths. In looking back over all the years of his career, the mass is overpowering. Though each face is individual—old age and youth, fops and vulgarians, Cockneys and countrymen, misers and gamblers, blacklegs and priests; Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Dutchmen; negroes, Jesuits, and Jews—their habiliments would form the wardrobe of a theatre." Perhaps his greatest impersonation, out of all the characters he assumed, was that of Robert Landry, in the "Dead Heart." This was a wonderful delineation of character; and the scene in which Robert recovers his memory, after many years' incarceration in the Bastille, is as fine a piece of acting as ever was seen on the English

stage. Old playgoers, too, will recall with delight his George Darville, his Richard Pride, and his Tartuffe. In all his characters, he entered heart and soul into the author's meaning, and the spectator was lost in the reality of the scene.

One other feature of Mr. Webster's career deserves notice, it is his connection with the Royal Dramatic College. This valuable institution he has from the first assisted with his purse and his labour, and has always done all he could to help it on to its present usefulness to decayed members of the profession; in which efforts he has been well seconded by the assiduous secretary, Mr. Anson, who has been for many years connected with the management at the Adelphi.

Mr. Webster's very long connection with the stage has caused him to be looked upon as a sort of Nestor among actors; his friends, private and professional, looking up to him as "the Governor."

## OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.

BISHOP CORBET, WIT AND POET.

IF there is one quality on which the bishops of the present day may justly pride themselves, it is that of harmlessness. With the greatest possible respect to the lawn sleeves, it may perhaps be humbly advanced that this quality, carried to an extreme, is liable to provoke misconception of motives on the one hand, and timidity on the other. Sleekness may come of it: the desire to make things smooth, and preserve pleasant paths as private property; an appearance of the wish to keep one's own nose in the manger, and one's neighbour's out of it; also, even the appearance of cowardice, and distrust as to the soundness of foundations. All this, I say, might, if one were inclined to carp, sneer, and make oneself disagreeable, come of a too persistent habit of virtuous inoffensiveness.

Some time ago, prying about in those by-lanes of literature, which, though they certainly do not boast the same splendid avenues, glorious views, grand lines and curves, and gorgeous colouring, of the beaten roads, are yet shady and pleasant to him who loves rather to loiter than to hasten along the way, I came upon the life and works of a certain right reverend father in God, of a type so curiously and utterly different from his brother of the nineteenth century, that I made notes of him forth-



Once a Week ]

[August 10, 1877.

"THE GOVERNOR."



with, and put him in a pigeon-hole. I do not know whether he has been revived of late years; but if my good Bishop is as new to my readers as he was to me, they will, perhaps, be glad to make his acquaintance; it being always understood that we are not touching on points of theology, or such other matters as, being too high for us, we leave to our betters.

His name was Corbet, and he came of a good old stock, the Corbets of Shropshire, whose crest—a raven—he bore. His father, Vincent Corbet, or Poynter, as he also called himself—a physician and great gardener—was a personal friend of Ben Jonson's. He is celebrated by Ben in an elegy—

“Dear Vincent Corbet, who so long  
Had wrestled with diseases strong,  
That though they did possess each limb,  
Yet he broke them ere they could him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Much from him I profess I won,  
And more and more I should have done,  
But that I understood him scant;  
Now I conceive him by my want.  
And pray, who shall my sorrows read,  
That they for me their tears will shed;  
For truly since he left to be,  
I feel I'm rather dead than he.”

Richard Corbet was born at Ewell, near Epsom, in 1582. His parents removed from Ewell to Twickenham, and sent their son first to Westminster School, and when he was sixteen years of age to Broadgate Hall, Oxford, whence he emigrated to Christ Church, where he proceeded to take the usual degrees, being Master of Arts at the age of twenty-three.

Oxford life offered then, as it does now, peculiar attractions to a man who united the love of scholarship with the love of genial and scholarly society. Nowhere else could be found such freedom from ignorance and stupidity. Bigots have flourished on the banks of the Isis, it is true; but to be a successful bigot there, you must be a learned bigot, and learning implies a certain activity of the brain, as well as receptive power. Dolts and dullards belong not to Oxford. Life, too, is pleasant in many ways. College and university posts bring, with their not too difficult duties, an income large enough for the necessities and simple luxuries of a bachelor. There is exemption from the grinding cares of poverty, and from the disappointments of ambition. In a limited circle, it is easy to be persuaded of your own transcendent powers, which you

may yet be loath to test in the greater arena. So it is that, in the charmed coteries of Oxford and Cambridge to this day, no great man or rising man, no successful man or popular man, but has his greater and more illustrious man, so far as the *dynamis* is concerned, in Jones of Trinity, or Smith of John's, or some other pet of the circle. Only the unknown great one, owing perhaps to disdain of the outer world, is destined to go down to the grave unwept by the great public, who do not even suspect his existence, and have actually forgotten that he was third classic in Robinson's year.

This was the case with young Corbet. He began by being the pet of a circle, and his first poems are certain satirical verses, directed against the rival institution at Cambridge. And, probably, he never thought of doing anything better than directing the studies of his own university, and ridiculing those of the other establishment. Thus, when Cambridge received James the First in great state, and with every show of extravagant loyalty, Corbet writes a poem, in which he laughs at their oratory and their abject devotion.

“They gave the King a piece of plate,  
Which they hoped never came too late;  
But cried, ‘Oh, look not in, great King,  
For there is in it just nothing.’  
And so preferred, with turn and gate,  
A speech as empty as their plate.  
What cries the town, and what cry we?  
What cries the university?  
What cry the boys—what everything?  
‘Behold, behold, yon comes the King.’  
And every period he bedecks  
With ‘En, et ecce, venit Rex.’”

Shocking doggerel, but it was so well liked by the Oxonians that it was turned into Latin rhyming verses; and the Cambridge men, supposed to be cut to the quick, retaliated by means of a learned doctor of their own, whose verses have by this time fallen into oblivion. The custom of satire by means of verse has by no means left our universities, and there is at least one bard still living who knows how to employ Greek if not English verse to lash offenders.

Richard Corbet is described at this time as a man of dignified appearance, of courteous carriage, “and of no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaid with a jest upon him.”

With a jest, indeed, the learned Mr. Corbet was ready to receive and repay anything. He made enemies enough in his pilgrimage



through life, as everybody must; but he never seems to have treated a single person with harshness, or said a word of animosity against one. Laughter and satire were his weapons. He used them for the same ends as Laud, his friend, whom he admired and supported, used the knife for slicing off ears, and the red-hot skewer for piercing tongues: perhaps, too, with better effect.

He remained at Oxford more than twenty years, living in Christ Church, and acting as college officer, probably tutor, dean, and so forth, as university orator, and as proctor. In the capacity of orator, he delivered the oration, which is published in the last collected edition of his works, on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales. Such was the gush of loyalty and regret on the death of this prince, that it was gravely proposed at one time to have an annual sermon in commemoration of the disastrous event—a piece of folly which was only averted by the common sense of Corbet, expressed in dogrel verse.

It was not till he was thirty-four years of age that he took holy orders. What an excellent thing it would be if no one was allowed ordination till after the age of thirty! He brought to the profession a mind imbued with learning, a copious wit, a biting humour, enormous animal spirits, great powers of enjoyment, and a complete disregard of all conventionalities. His sermons were long remembered, though none have been preserved, for their quaintness and originality. Not cramped by a long course of theological reading, designed to keep the mind in one groove, he was able to give to the pulpit an unconventional style, with the illustrations and language belonging to the layman rather than the theologian. And surely, if ever the Church is to regain her old superiority in preaching, it must be by some man who has the power and the courage to give up the language of the pulpit, and preach to men as men talk to one another. This is what Corbet did, in strong language, easy to be understood, with such homely illustrations as occurred at the moment, with the force that comes of courage, and the familiarity which comes of conviction.

Not that he was remarkable solely for his preaching, for his love of fun continued long after he was a doctor of divinity. Thus it is related that he and some of his friends being once at a tavern called the Cross, at Abingdon, they found there a poor starving

ballad-singer, who complained bitterly of not being able to dispose of his ballads. Whereupon Dr. Corbet, taking off his gown, puts on the singer's leathern jacket, and begins to sing the ballads himself in front of the tavern; and being a handsome man, with a rare good voice, we are told that he had a good audience, and presently sold a great many.

Drinking in a tavern—exchanging his gown for a leathern jacket—singing ballads, perhaps jolly ballads, in front of a tavern—shades of Oxford dons, what a scandal would this cause now!

Then he wrote nonsense verses, which have been preserved—good, honest fooling, with no moral at the bottom, like the rhubarb powder in a spoonful of jam: the rubbish which some men are able to enjoy in the writing as well as the reading: verses which no man can write unless he has the rare talent of being able to put off his dignity like a coat, and put it on again when he pleases. When men like Corbet write nonsense verses, it means that they are so assured of themselves, so easy in their conscience, so full of honest self-respect, that they care little or nothing how men may laugh at them. Of such was Rabelais. Here is a verse of pure nonsense—

“Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches,  
Or like a lobster clad in logicke breeches;  
Or like the gray fur of a crimson cat,  
Or like a mooncalf in a slop-shod hat—  
Even such is he who never was begotten  
Until his children are both dead and rotten.”

And here is another—

“Then goes he to the town,  
And puts it all in starch;  
The other rhyme he could not find,  
To fit the seventh of March.”

Do any bishops nowadays write nonsense verses?

When he was past forty he took unto himself a wife, Alice Hutton by name, who, one hopes, turned out a lucky choice. Two years after this he was made Bishop of Oxford, and at the age of fifty Bishop of Lincoln, which latter post he held till his death.

I have said that he was a friend of Laud's. He was an upholder of the Archbishop, so great and so small, particularly from the point of view of authority. He disliked freedom of thought in unlearned persons. Without setting up, as it would seem, the authority of the Church, he set up the

authority of learning; and, with an iron hand in his kid glove, he was determined to be obeyed. If he had any resistance, strong measures were resorted to; if show of opposition, an episcopal letter, with a sting at the end, generally overcame it;—as in the following, where he addresses a refractory clergyman of his diocese:—

“And that you may not think I mean to deal with you as Felix did with Saint Paul—*i.e.*, to make you afraid, to get money—I shall keep my word with you, which you did not with me, and, as *near as I can, be like you in nothing.*”

To the episcopal period of his life belong most of his verses, and nearly all the stories that are told about him.

Let us give a few *échantillons* of his stories and verses.

He goes to Paris, and writes an account of what he had seen. It might almost have been written by Hood himself.

“To Saint Denis fast we came,  
To see the sights of Noster Dame—  
The man who shows them snuffles—  
When who is apt for to believe  
May see our Lady’s right arm sleeve,  
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown,  
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,  
When in the inn she lay—  
Yet all the world knows that’s a fable,  
For so good clothes ne’er lay in a stable  
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade  
Gain so much coin as to have made  
A gown of so rich stuff;  
Yet they, poor fools, think, for their credit,  
They may believe old Joseph did it,  
’Cause he deserved enough.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,  
When Judas led them forth, did use—  
It weighs my weight down right;  
But, to believe it, you must think  
The Jews did put a candle in’t,  
And then ’t was very light.

We came to Paris on the Seine:  
’Tis wondrous fair—’tis nothing clean—  
’Tis Europe’s greatest town.  
How strong it is we need not tell it,  
For all the world may easily smell it,  
That walk it up and down.”

The following is in a different style; but again one is reminded of Hood, in his celebrated “Epistle to Rae Wilson, Esq.” It is supposed to be a letter from one Puritan, in London, to another in the country, who wanted to pull down the Maypole.

“I needs must say ’tis a spirituall thing  
To rail against a bishop or the King,

Nor are they mean adventures we have bin in  
About the wearing of the Church’s linen.  
But those were private quarrels—this doth fall  
Within the compass of the generall.

Whether it be a pole painted and wrought,  
Far otherwise than from the wood ’twas brought,  
Whose head the idol-maker’s hand doth crop,  
Where a lewd bird, towering upon the top,  
Looks like the calf at Horeb, at whose root  
The unyoked youth doth exercise his foot;  
Or whether it reserve its boughs, befriended  
By neighbouring bushes, and by them attended—  
How canst thou aught but, seeing it, complain  
That Baal’s worshipped in the groves again?  
The simple wretches say they mean no harm:  
They doe not, surely; but their actions warm  
Our purer blood the more—for Satan thus  
Temptus us the more that are more righteous.  
Oft hath a brother most sincerely gone,  
Stified in prayer and contemplation;  
When, lighting on the place where such repair,  
He views the nymphs, and is quite out in’s prayer.  
Oft hath a sister, grounded in the truth,  
Seeing the jolly carriage of the youth,  
Bin tempted to the way that’s broad and sad.  
What is the mirth, what is the melody,  
That sets them in this Gentile vanity?  
When in our synagogue we rail at sin,  
And tell men of the faults which they are in,  
Sounds not the pulpit, which we then belabour,  
Better and holier than doth the tabor?  
Yet such is unregenerate man’s folly,  
He loves the wicked noise, and hates the holy.”

And then in his address to the Fairies, which is in quite a different strain:—

“At morning and at evening both,  
You merry were and glad;  
So little care of sleep or sloth  
These pretty ladies had.  
When Tom came home from labour,  
Or Ciss to milking rose,  
Then merrily, merrily went the tabor,  
And merrily went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs which yet remain,  
Were footed in Queen Mary’s days  
On many a grassy plain.  
But since of late Elizabeth,  
And later, James, came in,  
They never danced on every heath  
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the Fairies  
Were of the old profession:  
Their songs were Ave Marias,  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas! they all are dead,  
Or fled beyond the seas;  
Or further for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease.”

One more example of his anti-Puritan spirit. Here is an extract from a supposed Puritan’s song—

“Am I mad, O noble Festus,  
When zeal and godly knowledge  
Have put me in hope to deal with the Pope,  
As well as the best in the College?

Boldly I speak, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
Mitres, copes, and rochetts;  
Come, hear me pray, nine times a day,  
And fill your head with notchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel,\*  
I had my education;  
Where, my friends surmise, I dazzled my eyes  
With the light of revelation.  
Boldly I speak, &c.

They bound me like a Bedlam,  
They lashed my four poor quarters;  
Whilst this I endure, faith makes me sure  
To be one of Foxe's Martyrs.  
Boldly I speak, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns, God bless us,  
I have knocked off three already:  
If they let me alone, I'll leave him none;  
But they say I am too heady.  
Boldly I speak, &c.

I appeared before the Archbishop,  
And all the high Commission;  
I gave him no grace, but told him to his face,  
That he favoured superstition.  
Boldly I speak, &c."

Clearly a Bishop who loved honest mirth and cheerfulness, while he detested fanaticism, and that sour spirit which was creeping like a cloud over England, to fall in showers of bitter rain before many years. He set an example, too, to his flock, if all the stories told of him are true. For it is related of him that he would go into the cellar with his friend and chaplain, Dr. Lushington, and, taking off his hood, would say, "There goes the Bishop;" and his gown, "There goes the doctor." Lushington doing the same, they would drink to each other, "Here's to thee, Corbet," "Here's to thee, Lushington."

On one occasion he was confirming, when a man with a bald head knelt before him.

"Some sand, Lushington," said the Bishop, "to keep my hand from slipping."

On another occasion, a man with an immense beard appearing before him—

"You, sir," he cried, "behind the beard."

And when the people pressed to the rails, he brandished his cudgel, saying—

"Bear off there, or I'll confirm you with my staff."

One saying of his is as good as anything of Sydney Smith's. He was in a coach with one Dr. Stubbins, a very fat man. As was not unfrequent in those days, the coach upset.

"Stubbins," said the Bishop, relating the

misfortune, "was up to the elbows in mud. I was up to the elbows in Stubbins."

It is difficult to understand from these anecdotes—what was, however, undoubtedly the case—that this rollicking Bishop was a man of a profound and sincere piety, of unblemished life, holding the deepest respect for his Church and her ordinances, and desirous, above all things, of maintaining her discipline and forms. Probably a great part of his joviality, naturally springing from his animal spirits, was intentionally paraded, in order to show, by his own example, how a man could be at once religious and happy. And there are passages among his writings which clearly show the depth of the current of religion which ran beneath those bubbling surface waves of geniality. Can anything be better in its way—not our way—than this little epitaph written on Arabella Stuart?—

"How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,  
That I have passed the guard and 'scaped the  
Tower!

And now my pardon is my epitaph,  
And a small coffin my poor carcass hath;  
For at thy charge both soul and body were  
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear:  
That among saints, this among kings is laid,  
And what my birth did claim my death has paid."

Let us conclude our extracts with the verses he wrote to his son Vincent, better known than anything else of his:—

"What I shall leave thee none can tell,  
But all shall say I wish thee well.  
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,  
Both bodily and ghostly health;  
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,  
So much of either may undo thee.  
I wish thee learning, not for show,  
Enough for to instruct and know—  
Not such as gentlemen require  
To prate at table or at fire.  
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,  
Thy father's fortunes and his places;  
I wish thee friends, and one at Court,  
Not to build on, but support:  
To keep thee not in doing many  
Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,  
Not lazy or contentious days;  
And when thy soul and body part,  
As innocent as now thou art."

Life at best is to most of us a sad and disappointing business. But we may laugh when the sun shines, which is not often. Good Bishop Corbet shows us, if we want Church warrant, how mirth may be harmless and laughter innocent. Sour looks do not necessarily accompany religion. A Maypole

\* Emanuel College, Cambridge, was a Puritan foundation.

is not the worship of Baal. We are not necessarily sinning—

"When merrily, merrily goes the tabor,  
And merrily dance our toes."

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF CANADA.—IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

I SHOULD explain that the young lady was called "Miss," not through any sort of disrespect, but as a matter of course—the term having originated with the French servants, who seem to accompany Louisiana Creoles everywhere, in their national "Mademoiselle," translated into "Mees," and picked up by the English servants. You know a Creole is not a "nigger," but a descendant of the original Louisiana Spaniards, who holds his head higher than I do mine—perhaps as high as you do yours.

What a shock was this! My easy confidence suddenly turned to anxiety and alarm! Her I loved, and looked on as mine, dangerously ill!

Ringling the bell again, I asked what the doctor said.

"Sir," said the girl, "I heard him say he did not quite know what to do this time."

I resolved to see him at his own house, and to ask him at the same time about myself and Miss.

He was consolatory about me, stiff and evasive about her.

"I go," said he, "near that house no more. Dr. Slasher, of Montreal, will try an operation I will attempt not. If successful, he will restore Mees to health. I am sure he will not be so."

Nothing, not even compliments, would extract anything more.

During the whole night I was in great pain. When the doctor came, he pronounced it a case of erysipelas, and ordered one prescription, concluding, of course, that I was going to remain in bed.

But as soon as he went, I got up, and started, ill as I was, for the Falklands—a most painful and imprudent step, only to be excused by my anxiety.

When I arrived, the Montreal doctor was upstairs; and I was allowed to spend a feverish and uncomfortable hour and a half alone in the drawing-room. The exhaustion of hunger and the fever of illness produced

thought—"Will nobody come?" Afterwards, I merely wanted to be left alone. Then I was moved somewhere, much against my will. Then a short calm, followed by another move. Finally, a blank; after which, I awoke in my bed, at Russell's Hotel.

My senses being soon about me, I did not utter the conventional "Where am I?" Merely—

"When will you let me get up?"

"Glory be to God!" said a Milesian voice, "he's himself again."

This nurse then informed me that I had been insensible for five days, and was now approaching convalescence. But neither from her nor from the doctor could I get any information about Miss. She couldn't tell me—he wouldn't. Consequently, I had some excuse for departing in my sleigh for St. Lewis—road directly he had gone.

Before I left I received a letter from my father, informing me that he had had a stroke of apoplexy, begging me to return home, and giving me authority to draw for a certain amount on a Quebec bank. Of course, I would go; but it was not pleasant to do so, and leave my heart behind me.

My anxiety as I again stood at Falklands' door can hardly be imagined. In reply to my eager question, the servant answered calmly, that Miss was getting on well. But when she heard my fervent "Thank God!" she must have understood my feelings to some extent.

A handsome girl—the servants were all girls in that house, and all handsome.

I entered the house with the old lady, and, to my unspeakable joy, saw Miss on the sofa, looking more than a little pale this time, and the same cap on the part of her head which had been shaved.

Absorbed as I was with hanging on her every word, I did not notice the departure of the old lady, to "take off her bonnet." But when I did notice it, though I thought I had not a minute to lose, still an odd sort of shyness oppressed me. Genial as Miss was, I could not get out what I knew I wanted to say, and I thought she would like to hear. I beat about the bush. I broached every other subject. I even mentioned my father's letter, and said that, in reply to it, I intended to go home next mail.

"If the doctor lets you," said Miss, with an incredulous smile.

"Oh," said I, "I do not regard him

much. I am here to-day without his leave: I knew he would never grant it. I came here when you were 'bad' (a Yankeeism) to find out how you were getting on. I was then so ill that I had very little senses left. I became unconscious in this very room. I could not, of course, find out if your operation had been successful, and was taken home, I believe, quite insensible."

A pause; then Miss said, with a most tender look—

"I have never heard anything about all this."

"Yes," said I, emboldened by the look, and approaching more closely; "and I was most anxious, I need not say how anxious." Then in a low tone, with as much tenderness as I could throw into it—"And I have had no answer to the question I asked you when I was here last. What is it to be?"

No answer, but she allowed me to take her hand.

I looked into her eyes, and saw there no refusal. So, when she whispered—

"How could you ever have doubted what it would be?"

I felt as if I could not possibly have had any doubt, as I pressed her, unresisting, to my heart.

At this moment the old lady entered, and I could never tell whether she had seen us or not.

The next mail for England was to start in two days' time, and I explained that I must go by it. Consequently, I was obliged to pay a farewell call the day after; and during my visit the old lady said—

"Sir, I am a plain person."

"Such has always been my opinion," I said, *pianissimo*.

"Therefore," continued she, unconsciously, "I will say, first, that I have for some time seen what your feelings are towards Miss; and, secondly, that I have sincerely hoped that those feelings were not returned, as I believed her, up to now, to be engaged to General Edelmann. But she informs me that the General has released her (at which I was deeply grieved), and that you and she have come to an understanding. Now, sir, I do not intend to make any objection on my part. My daughter cannot marry the man *I* should like, and I hope and believe she can be happy with you; nor needs there be any objection *on my part* on any other score. Everything, therefore,

is smooth as far as *I* am concerned. As regards your father—pray, sir, be kind enough to tell him that I intend to let Miss have quite as much of what we old people know to be the thing chiefly necessary as either Martin or Simon, and that that will be quite as much, I have no doubt, as he expects. If he corresponds with me, he will find that though, as a Southern, I am by no means safe, still I have taken the precaution to realize. Now, sir, I have no doubt that you think there are no difficulties. I have none; and your father, you imagine, will have none. Has it ever occurred to you that our religion is different from yours? What will your father say to that. One word more. I said I had no objection; but I may have one. I can never allow my daughter to marry a heretic."

Having said this, Mrs. Falkland left me alone with Miss.

The young lady said—

"I am sure, mamma means everything she says."

This was pleasant. The result, then, of all my devotion was that she contemplated apostasy on my part.

"But I am also sure you will put the matter differently to your father. I am very, very anxious to hear what he says, as I never will consent to marry into a family in which I am not received in every respect as a daughter."

I assured her that I would get my father's consent, and at once let her know; but my inward feelings were that it would be very hard, I might say impossible, to get that consent from so rigid an English Churchman, who looked on a Roman Catholic as a being not to be communicated with, to say nothing of actually marrying one. How strange that this most serious impediment had never even occurred to me!

"Look here," I continued, becoming colloquial in my eagerness; "it makes no difference to *me* what your religion is. I have gone through a great deal for you; I am sure it is nothing to what I would go through. I will never give you up. I start for England to-morrow. Before I go, do let me know something more than what you have just said. Do say you will have me, whether my father consents or not."

"Geoffrey," said the poor girl, in her anxiety putting both her hands, one over the other, on one of my knees, "do not ask

me. I feel I must do whatever you wish, if you press me. Do not ask me to do so wicked a thing as that. I never will marry anybody but you; still I had rather give you up than marry you against the wishes of your relations."

My impassioned reply was cut short by Simon's arrival.

As I walked home, my meditations were most despairing. Was it to end thus? Was this the result of all my constancy and devotion, that I was to give my Lilla up? It could not be otherwise. Would my father consent? Assuredly, never! And the girl would never marry me without that consent. Was I to be wrecked in port again?

"No," thought I, as I flung myself into an arm-chair; "though all the world be against me, still will I devise some way of gaining my object. But how?"

Here my reflections were interrupted by a servant, who brought me a telegram from England, which contained, I may observe, news at least a week later than the letter I had received a day before. It was this:—

"Sir Godfrey Malet died last night of a return of apoplexy. Come home at once. Telegraph who is to act for you."

Here was a solution of all my difficulties; but one, indeed, far from what I had wished for, or even thought of. To my shame, I may say that my feelings were not of un-mixed sorrow, on reflecting that I was now my own master, and could do as I pleased.

After a night of watchfulness and self-reproach, I called again at St. Lewis'-road, clad in a complete suit of black under my winter coat, before starting by the evening train for Boston. Melancholy I was, indeed, as I thought of my bereavement; still more so when I thought, in addition, of my approaching separation from my love. As I took farewell of her in the hall, I could not shake off a gloomy feeling that it might well be for the last time. As I left Boston Harbour, my mind went back to her, to all the sufferings which I had undergone for her sake—above all, to the girl herself, my charming Lilla—to her unaffected partiality for me.

"Surely," I thought, "nothing in this world can compare with the possession of the girl one loves. I must, indeed, separate from her; but, I hope, for a very short

time. Soon I shall return to Quebec, and then"—

But, as to that return, the reader must draw his own conclusions.

THE END.

## TABLE TALK.

AN old abbey reminds one of the Athanasian Creed. It would be just as ruthless to uproot the one as the other. Let the ivy grow over its damnatory clauses, as it has grown over the cells and dungeons and refectories of the monasteries; and let it stand as a monument of the interest that good men in former times felt in the salvation of their fellow-creatures. They thought to save them by damning them, just as doctors formerly thought to cure all diseases by bleeding. It is the plan of Providence that we should gradually feel our way towards the light. Why should we destroy the old mile-posts which make us feel how much wiser we are than our fathers? An old Delectus or Xenophon on the bookshelf reminds us of the feeble attainments of our infant years. Moreover, a little cayenne in religion is as necessary as it is in white soup. I think the Athanasian Creed ought to be said once a-year to aid spiritual digestion. I recollect a contractor on a new line of railway in process of making telling me he could not get the men to work hard without damning them well; perhaps this applies to spiritual work. The most refined and cultivated people feel that there is something heavy about their intellectual and spiritual natures that wants raising, as it were, with a pulley.

A CORRESPONDENT: Alnwick July Fair. —Although there are many fairs held in this old border town in the course of the year, yet that which is held on the last Monday of July is Alnwick Fair *par excellence*; and in connection with it are observed some curious old customs, relics of feudal times, which may not be known to and yet be of interest to many of your readers. This fair is one which has been held from time immemorial, having been in existence, it is supposed, even before the time of the De Vasceys, the family to whom William the Norman first granted the barony of Alnwick after his conquest of England. Situated close upon the borders, and liable

at any time to an incursion of lawless thieves and marauders, with whom the district abounded in mediæval times, it was then found necessary to keep "watch and ward" for the protection of people frequenting the fair, and of the valuable goods and merchandise gathered together for sale within the walls. The various townships of the barony then owing suit and service were, therefore, bound to furnish a certain quota of men, properly armed, to guard the town during this critical time. The ancient custom is still kept up, in form at least. On the Sunday evening preceding the fair, the Duke of Northumberland's bailiff, attended by the constables and other petty officials, carrying old swords and halberts, assemble within the walls of the Castle, and, after having been regaled with wine and ale, march in procession to the cross in the market-place, where the bailiff, standing on the top step, reads out a lengthy document, from which, after enumerating the numerous high-sounding titles of the lord of the manor, the reader proceeds to call out the names of the different townships owing suit and service, and the number of men required from each, and then proclaims the fair to be held on the following days. This is locally known as "calling the fair." After this ceremony, the men from the different townships who have responded to the roll-call, or their representatives, depart from the market-place, and take up their stations, in company with a rusty old halbert, at the different gates of the town (two of which yet remain standing *in situ*, although only a few traces of the old wall remain in existence). Here they are supposed to remain all night, and by their courage and vigilance prevent all lawless thieves and reivers from over the border entering the town, and making a transfer of goods not exactly recognized by the laws of trade. This service of keeping "watch and ward" frees the townships rendering it from the necessity of paying all tolls in Alnwick market for the ensuing year. On Monday, the day of the fair, about noon, the retainers of the baron—or rather, as we should now say, the tenantry on the estate—mounted on horses of all sorts, from the well-bred hunter to the old worn-out carthorse, assemble in the inner bailey of the Castle. Having been regaled with horns of good strong ale, they leave the gates, preceded by the Duke's piper, also on horseback, playing some old

border tune on the Northumberland pipes, and headed by the bailiff, who is again attended by a body-guard armed with the rusty weapons of a bygone age, and followed by the retainers, riding two and two abreast. In this manner they ride through the principal streets of the town, a halt being made at certain appointed spots, at each of which the bailiff again makes proclamation of the fair; which duty being done, the whole cavalcade return to the Castle, where the ceremony is ended in comforting draughts of good old Northumberland ale.

LOOKING THE OTHER day at a group of umbrellas, it seemed almost as if, like ourselves, they were made "male and female." There was one of delicate frame, clothed with fine silk, and another of more robust form; and there was a large "verdant green" one, almost as thick as a young apple tree. Considering the proportions of that which is to come under them, ladies' umbrellas ought to be larger than gentlemen's; and in the days of crinoline, a showery day brought into view some inconsistencies not pleasing to the eye of a mathematician.

I RECOLLECT a song with the title, "By the sad sea wave," which I suppose must have been composed in view of a wreck, or in the mid-time of winter; for, as far as I am able to judge, the sea-shore is rather a lively place. Bad temper seemed to be confined to a few children working with wooden spades amongst the sand-hills. The countenances of young ladies were lit up with goodwill towards men. They seemed to wear their hair somewhat in the same fashion that Shetland ponies wear theirs.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from subscribers many correct solutions of the word-puzzle published in No. 239. The key to it appeared in No. 240.

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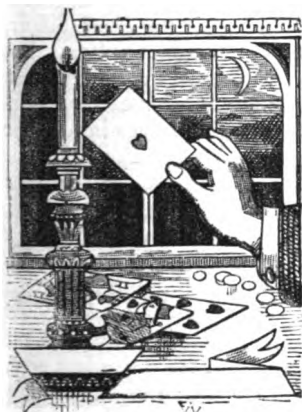
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## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XIII. AN INTRODUCTION.



"I SAY," said Fletcher to his friend Arnold, when they got to the station.

"What?"

"We go first-class."

"But you agreed—"

"I don't care what I agreed; if you like to be smothered

with old women and corrupt shrimps, I don't."

"Bloated aristocrat!"

"Aristocrat? My dear fellow, I am democrat to the backbone. I do not consider myself in any way superior to that fellow-citizen who is at present purchasing his ticket; only I do not like the smell of onions, and he does; just as, very likely, he does not like the perfume of eau de Cologne, which I do; and so we ride in different carriages."

"You are wrong," said Arnold; "there is infinitely more fun and instruction to be got out of people who are less polished and more natural. You miss a great deal by travelling first-class."

"Pooh!" replied Fletcher. "I am not a copy manufacturer."

They got into a carriage; when the first thing that Fletcher did was to let down the window on the further side, and stick his head out—a position in which he remained until his friend dragged him forcibly in by the coat tails.

"No doubt," said he, "your back is an elegant and interesting object, and one which your friends have often much pleasure in seeing, but it is not communicative, and I have no one here but yourself to talk to."

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, I was only looking."

"At that empty train alongside us? What can there be to interest you in that?"

"Yes, very much so indeed. I quite agree with you," replied Fletcher, who, though now seated in his place, continued to gaze at the neighbouring and untenanted train. Arnold, following the direction of his friend's glances, at last perceived that the window of the carriage opposite acted as a looking-glass, in which the heads of two ladies in the adjoining compartment were reflected. Having made this discovery, he stepped to the platform window, hailed a newsboy, and bought a *Punch*.

When the train moved on, Fletcher regained his conversational powers, and chatted and laughed over the caricatures in a rational manner with his friend until they reached the last station but one, where some of the occupants of the adjoining carriage got out, a fact not perceived by him before the train was in motion again, in spite of which he thrust his arm out of window and tried to open the door, which, however, was locked.

"Are you mad?" asked Arnold.

"Confound it, I wanted to get out here!" cried Fletcher.

"What for?"

"It is such a pleasant walk from here to the Palace, and one shirks those abominable steps."

"Well, don't stretch so far out of the window, or you will have your head ground off by the next brick wall we pass."

Fletcher threw himself back in his seat.

"Ah, Arnold," said he, "what softness!"

"Hum!"

"What a beautiful head!"



"Ah!"

"What grace in every movement!"

"My dear fellow, I had no idea that you admired her so much. I would give her to you if I thought she would stop with you."

"Give her to me! You!"

"Yes. You must let her have plenty of milk, and she is very fond of fish. Perhaps, if you were to give her a sole every day, and feed her yourself—"

"What on earth are you talking of?"

"My Angola cat, to be sure; the only creature to which your remarks seemed to be applicable."

"Pshaw! I met her last year at the Caledonian ball, and again at the Botanical Gardens, and on both occasions she vanished in the most mysterious manner before I could find out anything about her. And now she has escaped me again. I declare it looks like a fatality."

"Have I then by chance delivered myself over for an entire day into the hands of a man who is spooney?" cried Arnold, in dismay.

"No, not quite so bad as that," replied Fletcher. "Only I never met a girl I should get so spooney upon if I saw much of her."

"Then thank your stars that you have missed that miserable fate for the third time, and get out of the carriage, which is standing stock still. The idea of your being in love with anybody beside yourself!"

"Confound these steps!" cried Fletcher, pausing at the foot of about the third staircase. "Why did we not go through the garden?"

"Because the sun is hot. Cheer up—after a mile or so you will be able to get beer," replied Arnold.

"What on earth could have induced Paxton to stick his conservatory, like a great glass ark, on the top of a mountain?"

"Several reasons. It commands a fine view; it advertises itself to country cousins coming into town by the various railways, who must of course get a nearer view of the glittering thing which dazzled them in the distance on their approach to the metropolis; it initiated the respectable classes into the horrors of the treadmill, which has, I believe, been consequently abolished; lastly, the exercise sharpens the appetite of visitors, and that benefits the victualling department."

And so speaking, they attacked the final flight.

If they had had a Jacob's ladder to climb, they found a little paradise at the top. The trickle of the fountains was refreshing; so was the aspect of the white statues gleaming amongst the green shrubs; so was the hum of distant music, which seemed an atmosphere rather than a noise; so was the pale ale.

A first visit to any exhibition or place of amusement is generally a pain rather than a pleasure; you try to do too much, and after several hours the legs ache, and the eyes ache, and the back aches, and the neck aches, and you are very lucky if your head does not ache as well—a real calamity, as it prevents you from enjoying your dinner, which otherwise acts as a restorative. But our friends knew the Crystal Palace by heart, and did not fatigue themselves; but wandered about like a couple of bees in a flower garden, talking incessantly. For the best of the Sydenham lounge is, that all the sights there are eminently suggestive. Thus, on their very entrance they came plump on a tiger hunt, which led their thoughts to sporting, the grouse and partridge prospects, a little terrier Fletcher once had who could kill very many rats in a disgustingly short period of time; also to India, the last mail, the Eastern war of the day, &c. Then they came to a pretty little set-to between a couple of savages, dressed principally in circular bits of wood let into their under lips and ears, who were having it out with spears—their respective wives "doing the needful" for them in opposite corners of the ring—and they were reminded of the approaching fight for the championship.

One court set them talking about the "Last Days of Pompeii" and Bulwer Lytton; another recalled Mr. Layard; a third, Washington Irving. Then they teased the cockatoos and parrots, and had lunch. After which they strolled through the picture gallery, and then sat down to hear the organ. While they were listening to the long-drawn notes which came rolling and reverberating round the glass walls and along the roof, a gentleman and two ladies took seats some five rows of chairs behind them. He was a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man; one of the ladies a well-dressed, well-preserved ex-beauty; the other a pretty, engaging girl of eighteen.

"Shall we sit here?" Paterfamilias inquired of his wife.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Anywhere—I am tired to death. I declare that this is the most fatiguing place I ever came to. I can't see what people make such a fuss about it for."

"Well, at any rate, it is pleasant to sit here and listen to the organ."

"Horrible noise! it goes through and through one's head. Mary, dear, do look at that bonnet."

And the lady entered into a millinery conversation with her daughter, cutting her husband short, whenever he attempted to join the conversation, with a "Well, what?" delivered in a tone and manner which quietly and completely extinguished him.

When his wife and daughter relapsed into silence, however, he began talking to the latter, who was just as pleased to chat with him as with her mother—perhaps, a little more so. During this interval, the elder lady sat vacant, yawn-suppressing, taking pains to show that she took no interest in what was said; and, if appealed to by her daughter, starting as from a reverie.

"How would you like to be locked up in this place all night, Mary?"

"I should not mind it much, papa. I could make myself snug in that little back room in the Alhambra Court."

"Rash child! You would lose your way, and lie down in the dark in the Assyrian man-lion avenue, to awake with the broad moon spiritualizing all those 'calm, eternal eyes.'"

"How awful!"

"And suppose one of the monsters made a face at you."

At this notion Mary laughed, and as her laugh was a pleasant and musical one, it tickled the ear of William Fletcher, seated five rows before her, causing him to rise and look round—not suddenly nor rudely, but in a deliberate, absent way—to see whether the face matched well with the voice. He probably thought that it did, for a flush came into his ears and temples; his eyes, over which the lids ordinarily hung rather drowsily, opened wide; and his heart gave a sort of frisk behind his ribs.

"Arnold, old boy," he said to his friend, "do you believe in fate?"

"Can't say. Mahomet and Calvin did. Why?"

"Here she is again!"

"Who—fate, or a female clown?"

"Bah! Look there."

Arnold turned dutifully round, and, to Fletcher's surprise, raised his hat and bowed.

"What, do you know her?"

"*Her!*—what *her?* I know that man, and rather like him; and as he is cursed with a wife and daughter, I have occasionally met him with them."

"Introduce me, there is a good fellow."

"Idiot! Well, I have no connection with the Royal Humane Society, nor am I a policeman; so if you will commit social suicide, why do. How do you do? I suppose that you have not been back in town long, or I should have seen Lennard at the club. Will you allow me to introduce my friend?"

And Fletcher was had round and made known.

It would be flattery to say that Fletcher's conversation for the next half-hour was worthy of being recorded; still, it answered his purpose of producing a pleasing impression on the two ladies very well; for Mrs. Lennard thought him a most elegant and agreeable young man, while Mary was slightly piqued at his showing so much more attention to her mother than to herself—a fact which, had he known it, might have caused him to forfeit the esteem of the entire family, at once and for ever, by executing a hornpipe on the spot.

The young lady did not consider that *she* could not encourage the young man, and ask him to the house—her mother could; but William Fletcher had not ridden out three London seasons, and goodness knows how many flirtations, without discovering that the way to get into a port where there lay attractive craft was to secure the services of the mother as pilot. Some men, of Machiavellian tempers, add to this harmless strategy the making love in the first instance to a plain sister of the real object of their affections, thus securing intense encouragement from the watchful parent; but this is a cruel, unmanly, and shameful device. Mary Lennard, however, had no plain sister, so Fletcher could not be guilty of any such flagitious conduct, and he managed pretty well to show a certain amount of admiration for the young lady, while inveigling himself into the good graces of the elder. It not unfrequently happens—it had happened to him—that one gets disenchanted by a closer acquaintance and conversation with some seeming sorceress, who has bewitched one by a passing glance in the park or the ball-

room; but the charm was stronger in the present case; and when, at the end of about half an hour, the Lennards left the Palace, Arnold found that his friend was pretty securely hooked. Who and what was Mr. Lennard? What had been his wife's maiden name? Was he well off? Had he any other daughters? Any sons? The misogynist smiled grimly at these questions; but he knew better than to check his friend's inquiries, or endeavour to turn the subject, until it was well exhausted, and, by finesse, he brought him round to rationality and good fellowship again. They then returned to town, and had a very pleasant dinner together.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

HOW WILLIAM FLETCHER, HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE, COULD NOT GET OUT AGAIN.

LIFE is a snow-slope, from the summit of which we all start for a rapid glissade towards that fathomless gulf which must sooner or later swallow us. But there are other smaller crevasses into which we slip, and from which we may extricate ourselves, more or less bruised, according to our luck, dexterity, or toughness; and of these, the most frequent are certain cracks of inoffensive appearance and rose-tinted hue, to the brink of which we are constantly attracted by the clearness, the beauty, and the apparent security of the ice. Some of these love-crevasses, as they are called, are deep and dangerous; others of so slight a character that many travellers think the principal amusement of the whole glissade consists in slipping into them and floundering out again. The worst of it is that we cannot always tell the deep from the shallow cracks till we find ourselves too near the edge to arrest or alter our course, and then we slip down into the gulf of Matrimony, or, falling over the precipice of Disappointment, drag perchance a maimed limb with us for the rest of our career.

William Fletcher did not think very seriously of his own case at first; he felt himself magnetically attracted towards Mary Lennard, but so he had at various times towards twenty other young ladies. Her eyes were very soft and charming, but that was not an uncommon phenomenon; her cheeks and lips had a bloom and a plumpness which made him long to kiss them, but I am sorry to say that he had experienced a similar sensation with regard to a host of

fair faces; her hand was one which it required an enormous amount of self-control to hold without some gentle pressure, but he had hardly ever been to a ball without clasping fingers of that description. Indeed, he had been in love, more or less violently, all his life: at twelve, with a cousin of twenty-three; at fourteen, with his schoolmaster's daughter; at sixteen (this was serious), with the governess of the children of the cousin who had first engaged his affections; and since then with I really do not know how many—I doubt if he could say himself. He naturally thought, then, that this attack would pass off like the rest, and that a more intimate acquaintance would show this new idol to be fashioned of the same clay as other deities whose imperfections had become apparent to his fastidious taste after a short period of adoration.

He was mistaken, however, in his calculation. Whether Mary was really superior to the other fair ones who had held short leases of his heart, whether there was any subtle affinity between his nature and hers, which drew them together after the manner which poets have imagined, or whether he was merely afflicted by an acuter attack of that mental disease called love than he had suffered since that affair with the governess, I cannot say; but the more he saw of her the more he liked her—she was a good thing which he could not have too much of, and he saw a good deal of her; he visited houses into which Mrs. Lennard and the majority of her friends could not have gained admission, and was thus doubly welcome in those outer circles, a fact of which he was perfectly aware.

What, then, with finding themselves together at dinner-parties, balls, operas, theatres, picture galleries, and in the park, William Fletcher and Mary Lennard grew very intimate; and the young man found himself one morning seriously thinking of the advisability of quitting that snug, safe little harbour of Gordon's Inn for a voyage on the uncertain sea of matrimony. He considered that the girl was a nice girl, and a good girl; that a man must settle down some time; that he might never—if he let this chance slip—find any one so well suited to him; that her father was well off, and a good fellow, likely to come down handsomely, and so make the match a prudent one; that Mary was an only child, and had therefore considerable expectations—though, of course,

her parents were too young for that to be too confidently counted upon. And then the thought flashed across his mind that perhaps she would not have him, which proved that he was very far gone indeed; for no such idea had occurred to him with respect to the other sex for the last two years, the coxcomb! Yet he still wavered. When a man has led a bachelor life in London for some years, he acquires a good many self-indulgent habits, which are as hard to throw off as the bed-clothes on a cold morning. Clubs are pleasant institutions, freedom is a charming thing, latch-keys are not to be relinquished without a struggle. Licence to come and go whenever and wherever you please; the power of closing the outer door of your chambers, giving the key to the porter, and feeling that you can start for Japan or Calcutta, wander about for ten years, return, ask for your key, and walk into your rooms again without exciting inquiry or surprise. Is not this delightful? Why, if the married man goes off suddenly on a fishing excursion, and stays away from home for twenty-four hours, the canals are dragged, private detectives are engaged, and the second column of next morning's *Times* announces to the world that he wears a blue scarf and shepherd's plaid trousers, has a wart on his nose, and is implored to return to his &c., &c.

The fact is that, as extremes meet, the life of an idle young gentleman, comfortably off, in London, much resembles that of a savage: he dines when he feels hungry, at noon or at midnight; he takes up friends, and he drops them at pleasure; he gets tipsy, and no one blames him; remains sober, and no one praises him; he is sedentary or active, as the humour takes him, and nobody is any the wiser; he goes to bed when sleepy, if at four in the afternoon, and no one insists upon it that he is ill; if at the same hour of the morning, it is perfectly natural; he may even smoke when he gets there, without exciting astonishment or alarm. And thus the marriage of the idler on town is analogous to the civilization of the Red Indian, and cannot be compared to the union contracted by busy men of regular habits, to whom indeed it is rather a relaxation than a serious affair. The professional man, the merchant, or the statesman is already spied upon, and watched, and bound by social fetters, amongst which the silken bonds of marriage are hardly perceptible. To such a one, retirement into

the bosom of his family is rest, peace, and freedom. And so lawyers, doctors, ship-builders, bankers will always be marrying men. But, as was said before, William Fletcher did not toil, and he only spun when he waltzed. His mission was to be ornamental and not useful; to consume a certain amount of meat, drink, and tobacco, and then to return to dust. I am not sure that it was not wrong of him to think of thwarting this great end of his existence by caring for any human creature besides himself. Perhaps he felt the same; at any rate, he did not take any hasty steps, but dangled, and dawdled, and spooneyfied, but made no exact offer of marriage; though the affair was so well understood that he wandered in and out of the Lennards' house like a tame cat.

All his friends considered him as good as married, and congratulated or condoled with him according to their own particular dispositions. Arnold only alluded to the subject once, when he pointed out to him the extreme folly of preferring female to male society; but consoled him with the assurance that if he must have such a useless and burdensome thing as a wife, he did not know where he could find a less objectionable one. Jack Mainchance advised him to make quite certain of what he would get with the young lady before he finally committed himself; and Abraham J. Wittlelog, an American acquaintance, simply intimated his guess that William Fletcher was a "gone coon." As for Mary, she was perfectly ready to engage herself whenever he might ask her to, without thinking what his income might be. The first time she met him, she liked him better than all the other young men she had seen since she had been out; and when she discovered—as girls, however innocent, always will discover—that he was really in love with her, and not merely amusing himself, she returned the compliment. Her heart would very likely have frozen to him from the first if she had known that, had she been poor, he would never have trusted himself a second time in her presence. She would certainly have been very much disgusted if she could have had any inkling of the way in which she was balanced against bachelor comforts, in the frequent debates which were now constantly being held in her lover's breast; but, happily, she knew nothing of all this. It is just as well that clairvoyance should be, if not a mythical, a very rare gift. Read

each other's thoughts, indeed! Why the old knight, who thought he possessed such a treasure in the magic glass which merely showed him his mistress's actions, was a fool as well as a sneak. What, then, is he who feels a desire to read the passing fancies or the secret struggles of another's soul? Who would respect or love us after our own hearts had been laid bare?

If there really ever be a clairvoyant—not one who can merely see where the knave of clubs is in a pack of cards, or how the furniture is arranged in a distant apartment; but a real clairvoyant, who can see the passing shadows on our hearts—let him or her be tied up in a sack, with a proper complement of brickbats, and dropped over Waterloo Bridge on the very first opportunity; and if the person who, in the interests of humanity, acts thus be seized by the law, no sensible jury would find him guilty. Whether such a power exists or not, Mary, happily, did not possess it; so she only saw the bright side of her lover's character, and, as I said, was perfectly ready to marry him. She was in no unmaidenlike hurry, though; and preferred going on as they were for the present—William's courtship not having lasted much more than a couple of months yet. And in my opinion she was right. It is very nice to make love, while there is just a spice of uncertainty about the matter to give it a flavour; but directly young people are engaged, the sooner they get married the better.

At least, so they all tell me.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

**M**R. LENNARD liked young Fletcher, approved of him as a son-in-law, and felt a proper pleasure at the prospect of his daughter's happiness; but the constant morning calls made by the ardent lover interfered sadly with his newly found domestic comfort. And thus, the arrival of the young man to luncheon one afternoon put a stop to a ride which had been projected between father and daughter, and sent the former to seek amusement at his club, in the billiard-room of which he found three friends, Colonel Maurice, Jack Egerton, and Lord Sansoucy—the two first-named standing in their shirt sleeves, with cues in their hands; the last, lounging on a divan, raised so as to command a view of the table, with an enormous Regalia in his mouth, which he re-

moved on Lennard's entrance for the purpose of beginning a conversation.

"Hallo, Lennard!" said he, "you are just in time to relieve me of the responsibility of a decision. I hate responsibility and detest decision, so you have come in the nick of time."

"Well, what am I to decide?" asked Lennard, seating himself beside his friend.

"Why, these two fellows are perpetually playing together for a sovereign a game; each is certain that he is the better player of the two, and in support of their respective opinions each advances the fact that he has won some five pounds of the other in the course of the last twelve months—a proof of how carefully either one or the other, or both, must keep their accounts; also a sign that there has not been much harm done between them. The vexed question of superiority is left, however, still in abeyance, and it is to be settled this afternoon by a match of seven games for some original stake which will impress the remembrance of the victory on both; and the point referred to me, and which I pass on to your decision, is, what is that stake to be?"

"Ah, what is the use, you know, of fellows like us, you know, preying on one another? Why, we fly kites together sometimes. I am sure to win; but I don't want to get his money out of him," said Jack Egerton.

"It is not that," replied Colonel Maurice. "I do not want your money either—especially as you would probably pay me with an old I O U of my own; only if the loser drops nothing, he will not remember that he has been beaten."

"Spoken like a book," cried Lennard; "and I will tell you what I propose. You shall play for a dinner at Greenwich for us four this evening. Should Maurice think the stakes not high enough, I may inform him that there is some peculiar old wine for which they charge three pounds ten shillings a bottle; and I think we could run the bill up if the Colonel loses, Sansoucy?"

"Capital, capital!"

"It strikes me that you two will get the best of that," said Egerton.

"Why, my dear Jack," replied Lennard, "you never, after having been on town all these years, expected disinterested advice, did you?"

Finally, Lennard's proposition was agreed to, and the match began. The opponents were really very equal, Jack Egerton mak-

ing the most difficult strokes, and rattling the balls about in an exceedingly brilliant manner, not unaccompanied by flukes; while Colonel Maurice played a quiet, steady game, never missing an easy stroke, seldom risking a dangerous one, unless he was pretty sure to do it—together, the man it was, perhaps, better to back. And yet the other won the two first games right off; then the Colonel momentarily turned the tide of battle; the victory inclining once more to Egerton in the fourth.

Though neither of them was a first-rate player, the equality of the men made the match interesting and exciting; and the spectators, of whom a good many had now dropped in, laid the odds pretty freely on the man who had now got three games to the other's one. But now the tide of fortune turned, and in the next two games Colonel Maurice got easy breaks and won anyhow. Then came the decisive game, which was a very close contest, the players towards the end being forty-three all; and as it was Egerton's play, and he had an easy hazard off the red, he was already hailed as the winner. He made the hazard, but, playing too hard, brought the red into baulk; played for a cannon, which he missed, leaving a break; and Colonel Maurice went in and scored right out off the balls.

"Well, there is one consolation," said Egerton, the philosopher, as he put up his cue, "I shall have a plate at my own dinner, and I have had no luncheon. Robert, order me some sherry and bitters."

"And how are we to go down?" asked Colonel Maurice.

"You had better come in my trap," answered Sansoucy. "I ordered it round about five, and it is a quarter-past."

"And the coming back?" said Lennard.

"Oh, I never get beyond driving straight. However, as this is an occasion, and we have to swell Jack's bill as much as possible, I will give the groom a hint to keep excessively sober."

So Lord Sansoucy drove them down to Greenwich, where they ordered dinner, and took a stroll in the park till it was ready.

They were not a party of boys—the youngest of the quartette being past five and thirty—and so dinner was to them an important event, not to be hurried over in a light and anything-you-haveish manner. But though a fish dinner at Greenwich is very nice to eat, a description of it would

not be particularly amusing. It is only cows and their cousins who are fond of chewing the cud, so we will let them gorge in peace. And, indeed, how could it be adequately described? Whitebait, salmon cutlets, water souchy, &c., might—nay, have been—to some extent expressed upon paper; but who could give any idea to the inexperienced palate of lobster rissoles or Spey trout?

Suffice it, then, that upon whatever is nicest to eat and drink these four men regaled until they were full, and then they had coffee and cigars and talk; and then, after a while, they felt inclined for a glass of digestive grog, and did not check that inclination; so that eleven o'clock p.m. found them still at table.

"How shall we finish the evening?" cried one.

"I am game for anything," observed another.

And similar Burgundian queries, intermingled with equally Burgundian propositions, were echoed by all.

At last Jack Egerton, slapping his hand down on Mr. Lennard's leg, cried—

"I've hit it!"

"So I feel; but you need not have hit so hard."

"Beg pardon, old boy. Has any one been to the Chelsea *salon*?"

"The *what*?"

"Why, have you not heard of it, any of you? There is a roulette place opened at Chelsea, near the river. That Spanish chap who was at Lady Trumpington's the other night told me of it first."

"What, Don Something Perez?"

"That is the man. He had dropped a lot of money there. Those Spanish fellows from Mexico are all fond of gambling. I have not been myself, but Punter has, and he won a pot; so it is all on the square. He gave me the password, too; and I know the house."

"Let us go," said Sansoucy; "it would be rather fun."

And Lennard thought that "it would be rather fun," and Maurice thought that "it would be rather fun;" and of every five men who get into scrapes—pecuniary, combative, or amatory—one yields to direct temptation, while the other four saunter into the mess because they think that something or another "would be rather fun." And the phrase that does the mischief is only half grammatical!

"Now, then, you fellows," said Colonel Maurice, "just sober yourselves for a minute, and don't all talk at once, or you will not be able to hear the half-dozen words of sense I want to speak. We are going to this place, into which Jack says he can pass us."

Egerton nodded.

"Well and good. But you must remember that the law is rather down upon gambling-houses, and that if there is a row, and we are found playing, we can be pulled up just the same as the proprietors. Now, it is all very fine for you fellows; but I have a character to lose"—(oh, oh!)"—"and don't want my name to be ventilated in the newspapers, so I shall sport an alias."

"All right, my boy!" cried Sansoucy, "we will all have aliases. What shall 'ey be?"

"Good names."

"Spectable names."

"Bankers' names."

And amidst roars of laughter it was settled that Colonel Maurice should take the name of Smith, Egerton that of Payne, Sansoucy that of Coutts, and Lennard that of Drummond; and by these titles they agreed to address one another for the rest of the night.

"Well, then," cried Sansoucy, when all this was arranged, "I will order round the trap, and we will just have a soda and brandy and be off."

A friend, who has had great experience in these matters, informs me that it is the soda and brandy which men often take at the break-up of a party to steady themselves, which brings about that intoxication on the verge of which they were hovering; and in the present instance the effects of the doses were certainly not of a sedative character; for how, on earth the four got to London with unbroken necks, those who witnessed Lord Sansoucy's driving would have found it difficult to explain.

When they reached town, they dismissed the phaeton and engaged a couple of Hansoms, which soon rattled them over to Chelsea, and then, by Egerton's directions, along a retired road among market-gardens to the corner of a lane, where they stopped, paid the cabmen magnificently, and promised them an equally large fare if they found them there any time between two and five. Then, following Egerton, they walked along the lane till they came to a quiet-looking villa, with garden and shrubbery around it. There was no sound, no light proceeding

from the house, which you would have taken for the residence of some City man who had gone to bed early after the day's work.

"This must be the place," said the conductor, pulling the bell handle hanging by the side of an iron garden-gate.

A man came out of a small lodge, and asked them "What they wanted now the family had all gone to bed?" in so natural a tone that the others thought Egerton must have made a mistake. But that gentleman went close up, and whispered certain cabalistic words in a low tone which had a wonderful effect, for the porter pulled the handle of another bell communicating with the house, and ushered them through the garden-gate with a reverential bow.

There was no difficulty made about their admission to the house, but they were kept waiting for some little time—first, in a refreshment-room, where tea and coffee were handed to them, then in a billiard-room. At last, however, they were shown into the apartment dedicated to roulette.

Is it not strange that moralists have to preach, and legislators are forced into the grossest violations of the liberty of the subject, in order to deter men from engaging in a speculation where they must to a mathematical certainty lose? There is no chance about it. If I toss up heads and tails with a man, and bet him odds every time that I win, I may gain a few stakes at starting; but every one who will play the game with himself for twenty minutes, and dot down the result on a piece of paper, may see clearly that I must lose all my money soon. There is no fortune or luck about it: it is a sum. Now, at roulette, with two zeros, the odds are thirty-eight to one against any one number turning up, and the bank only lays thirty-six to one; while the even chances in the betting are uneven in fact. And yet we have to threaten men who have read Algebra with fine and imprisonment, to prevent them from rushing in shoals to ruin themselves under such disadvantageous circumstances. It is very odd!

One can understand how vanity, or the determination not to be conquered, would draw a man on to stake his last shilling on a game of skill, or even in a trial of luck, when he is fighting his antagonist on equal terms—for some men pride themselves on their good fortune as much as others do on their talents; but that he should go with eyes open to risk his money in a speculation

of which the best that can be said is that he may possibly win if he only plays for a short time, is certainly a most extraordinary proof of human eccentricity.

There were some thirty or forty men in the room, many of them known more or less intimately to the new arrivals, so that their assumed names were not of much use for the preservation of their incognito; but they stuck to them notwithstanding, and friends betrayed no surprise, for some of them had done the same thing, and most adopted the precaution of addressing each other by their Christian names.

Roulette has been described by a thousand graphic pens, so I will not attempt any minute delineation of the scene. There was the usual long table, covered with green baize, mapped out in partitions—some for the numbers, others for the rouge, noir, passe, manque, pair, and impair—and in the centre was the spinning contrivance, with its little ivory ball jumping and rattling round, till it delighted or dismayed all the full-grown babies by dropping into a black or red niche; there were the croupiers, with their never-ceasing croak of "Make your game, gentlemen," which would be so awful if it attacked one in a nightmare; there were the players, staking their money and trying to look unconcerned about its fate, but unable, most of them, to manage it—such rapid gambling as that being an unaccustomed thing; and there was a little table in one corner of the room with a desk upon it, and a strong, broad, elderly man, wearing green spectacles, behind it.

Mr. Lennard, or Drummond, had simply come to the place for amusement, so at first he merely stood near the table and looked on; but as the chandeliers and the ceiling swam round, and produced a slight giddiness, he took a vacant chair. Being seated at the table, he felt called upon to stake a trifle to avoid attracting attention; so he laid a sovereign down on a compartment allotted to the red. In a twinkling, and as if by magic, another sovereign was laid by its side. He left both there: a twirl, a rattle, and, lo! they were four. Again he left them, and in half a minute a five-pound note and three sovereigns lay before him in place of the one coin he had lately put down. The game began to get interesting. He had made a stake occasionally in passing through the rooms at Continental watering-places, but had not much taste for sheer gambling,

without struggle, contest, or trial of skill to temper the sordid passion with a less despicable excitement; and had on those occasions lost or won his single stake, and strolled on in search of more congenial diversion. But now he found his heart beginning to beat; and instead of carelessly leaving his stake to go, as he at first intended, as payment of his footing, he took away the three sovereigns, and moved the note to the black. Again he won, and again; and when luck deserted him on the colours, he tried the numbers, the passe and manque; and gold flowed in upon him from all. When he had won upwards of a hundred pounds—which seems an enormous amount when before you in gold and notes of small value—he got very excited, and as excitement produces thirst, he turned no deaf ear when a servant came to his elbow with the offer—

"Champagne, sir?"

Then he began to lose, and, according to the judicious gambler's rule, should consequently have left off; but that was the thing farthest from his thoughts. He had begun to consider himself the favourite of fortune, and was disgusted at the idea of that fickle lady's desertion. To tempt her back he increased his stakes; and just as he felt convinced that she was returning from her temporary flight, and about to settle once more upon his head, he found that he had no more money: he had lost all his winnings, and what he had brought with him besides. Never mind, Smith, Payne, or Coutts would accommodate him with a loan. Alas! those gentlemen had only borrowed the names, not the pockets of the great bankers. They were very sorry, but they only had just enough to go on with themselves; but that man at the little table in the corner would let him have what he liked. So towards this obliging person he took his way, with, I regret to record it, somewhat uncertain steps; for losing had proved to the full as thirsty work as winning, and the iced champagne was plentiful.

"Want to borrow trifle," said he.

"Certainly, Mr. Drummond—what will you have?"

"Say, couple hundred. But I say, yer know, my name, yer know—what the devil is my name?"

"Never mind that," said the man in green spectacles, rapidly filling up a slip of stamped paper. "I know you, and am quite certain that you will pay me. This is



merely a little memorandum between ourselves. Put what name you like to it; that you have adopted for the evening will do."

Lennard, flushed with the wine he had drunk, and the excitement of play, never thought what he was doing when he wrote "Drummond" on the bill; and he walked back to the roulette table with notes to the amount of one hundred and eighty pounds in his hand.

It was broad daylight when the four friends made their way along the lane towards the cabs which had returned faithfully for them to the appointed spot; and Lennard had not the trouble of using his latch-key when at last he reached his home, for he arrived at the very moment when Mary Ann was taking in the milk, much to the astonishment of that hard-working girl, who admitted him. Perhaps Fate considered that he had let himself in sufficiently for one night.

#### JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

IT has often been said that unsuccessful poets make the most virulent critics. On something the same principle, we suppose, is it that men of disappointed political ambitions so often resolve themselves, in a sheer spirit of defiance, into red-hot Radicals. The extravagances of such men as John Wilkes, Churchill the poet, Henry Hunt, Cobbett, and other notable agitators of the same family, may undoubtedly be traced, to a large extent, to the bitter animus inspired by the defeat of early hopes and expectations. It would be unfair, perhaps, to maintain that the ultra expressions of such men are only the forcings of a conviction which is merely assumed for the purpose of satisfying at the same time a life-long animosity against the settled order of things, and a morbid craving for cheap popularity.

A man may talk republicanism because he feels the conviction of the principles which he advocates; and possibly even the most rabid demagogue may come to reason himself into the belief that he is an ordained patriot and saviour of society. But, with a few single-minded exceptions, it may be taken as a rule that a man's radicalism of opinion is in proportion to his success in turning the world to the best account as regards his own early hopes and ambitions. And this has been proved in all time by the wonderfully pacifying effects produced, even upon the

most extreme democrats, by admission to place and power.

Of disappointed men of the class of which we have first spoken, perhaps no more signal example can be named than Horne Tooke. The prospects in life of this man were marred at the outset, and failing at the first to find any guiding principle for his career, he seems to have drifted into the dead sea of useless political agitation. Thus, the history of Tooke's life may be said to be more or less the reflection of that of most other similar opponents of established social order.

John Horne—for he assumed the name of Tooke at a subsequent period—was the son of a poulterer in Newport Market, and was born in Newport-street, in June, 1736. He was educated both at Westminster and Eton, whence he was sent to St John's College, Cambridge. In 1758 he took his B.A. degree, and although little is known of his academical studies, it may be taken for granted that if he carried off no great honours, it was from no want of the requisite ability, as his subsequent written works amply testify. Leaving the University, Tooke became an usher at a school kept by a Mr. Jennings at Blackheath; and following the advice of his father—the most unfortunate advice, perhaps, ever given by parent to son—he entered into deacon's orders. The worthy poulterer, with laudable ambition enough, wished to see his son in a more elevated social rank than his own; and with a view to the Church as the future field of his son's operations, had spent his own hard-earned money in giving the young man the education of a gentleman. So far, this was all very praiseworthy; but a temperament more unfitted for the vocation of a parson could not have been than that of Horne Tooke. His ambition was for the bar; and undoubtedly, if he had been allowed to follow the bent of his own natural inclinations, the whole nature of his career would have been materially altered, and to his own honour and success.

It is very necessary to keep steadily in view, in order to form a correct and candid estimate of his character, that he was, from beginning to end, a man labouring under great perpetual, irremovable civil disabilities. It was a real misfortune on the very threshold of life, to a man of an enterprising disposition, and to one regardless, as Horne Tooke was, of the means by which such a disposition may be indulged, to become a

member of an order in which propriety and duty enjoin a sparing and partial interference with the concerns of the world, and in which, if propriety and duty are found too feeble restraints, the law interposes peremptorily to curb profane activity and unprofessional exertions.

Tooke officiated for some time as a curate somewhere in Kent; but even now, before proceeding to priest's orders, he tried his best to leave a path which others had pointed out for him, and which he himself detested to walk in. He even carried out his original preference for the law so far as to get himself entered as a student of the Middle Temple. But the father was inexorable; and in 1760 the son was persuaded, most mortally against the grain, to be ordained priest.

For three years he officiated in the chapelry of Brentford, which the well-to-do tradesman had purchased for his son. Nothing unseemly in his conduct as a clergyman seems to be recorded against him. On the other hand, in the manner of mentioning the events of his poor parishioners, he seems to have been more delighted than might have been expected, even going to the trouble of studying the elements of medicine in order that he might be able the better to attend the sick poor.

But for the rest, a man was hardly in a fit state of mind to be a spiritual guide who could write at that time as Horne Tooke did to Wilkes:—

"It is true I have suffered the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over me, whose imposition, like the sop given to Judas, is only a signal for the Devil to enter; but I hope I have escaped the contagion. And if I have not, if you should at any time discover the black spot under the tongue, pray kindly assist me to conquer the prejudices of education and profession."

This letter was written while he was on a tour through France, in the capacity of tutor to the son of Elwes, the famous Berkshire miser.

On his return, he continued to officiate at Brentford; and about this time John Wilkes was a candidate for the representation of Middlesex. Tooke heartily espoused his cause, wrote an anonymous pamphlet in defence of Wilkes and his party, pledged his credit for the expenses of the contest, and, in the hearing of his parishioners, declared that "in a cause so just and so holy, he would dye his black coat red."

Soon after he returned to the Continent, and made the tour of Italy. At Paris he fell in with Wilkes himself; and the two, for the nonce at least, were sworn friends. In all these excursions Tooke threw aside altogether his clerical character; and from this time, with the exception of a brief period of parochial duty, he may be said to have given himself up almost entirely to politics.

No opportunity was lost by him of acquiring a reputation with the party opposed to the Court. Among these schemes he supported the widow Bigby in an appeal of blood.

Two brothers, named Kennedy, had murdered Bigby, a watchman, and were sentenced to death, but afterwards pardoned. It was suggested that this lenity was procured through the influence of the sister of the criminals, whose connections with a nobleman high in office were none of the most reputable; and it is pretty well proved that a more flagrant abuse of the royal prerogative was never perpetrated.

Horne took up the cause of the widow; but he was disappointed in making as much of it as he wished, for the woman accepted a money compensation, and withdrew from the suit.

His activity was also shown in sundry affairs arising out of election slaughters, particularly in the instances of Allen, Balfie, and Mo Quick. He was chosen a freeman of Bedford, in order to vex and oppose the Duke of Bedford; and he suggested the verbal reply which Alderman Beckford made to the King, which may be still seen engraved on the pedestal of Beckford's statue in Guildhall. He became, also, the founder of the society for supporting the Bill of Rights; and about the same time was chiefly instrumental in obtaining the release of Bingley the printer, whom Lord Mansfield had committed to prison in a somewhat too summary manner.

In the year 1770, Horne Tooke and Wilkes fell out, Tooke being dissatisfied with the conduct of Wilkes in some pecuniary matters connected with the society which we have just mentioned. As has since been sufficiently established, Tooke was in the right in the quarrel—his objection, a very reasonable one, being that the society for supporting the Bill of Rights was becoming merely an instrument for paying Wilkes's private debts. A wordy warfare ensued, Tooke abusing Wilkes, and Wilkes vilifying

Tooke, to the delight of all good Tories and the public amusement generally—the more so, as people at the time, while enjoying the portrait which each true patriot gave of the other, were utterly unable, amid the din and smoke of the conflict, to tell which was in the wrong. The end of the affair was that the society was dissolved, and re-organized by Wilkes under another name—the Constitutional. It would have been better for Tooke's reputation if he had retired from his partnership with the patriot in a more dignified manner. But he was naturally a polemic, and of a quarrelsome temperament. He saw, no doubt, too, that Wilkes was merely making a tool of him for his own glory and benefit, and once the acrimonious spirit aroused—a very easy operation—in Tooke's breast, a dignified silence was impossible. Like Dr. Johnson, Tooke was a good hater, and no abuse was bad enough for any one who did not happen to share the same opinions as himself. Thus, from time to time, the great Doctor himself, Burke, Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, and other more or less prominent characters, received their due allowance of insult, either in the public papers or by private animadversion. All through his life the Ishmael of literature and politics, his hand was against every man's hand, and every man's hand was against him.

In 1771, he went to Cambridge to take his Master of Arts degree, which was granted to him after some trouble; several of the members—notably the afterwards celebrated Dr. Paley—being strongly opposed to him. At a later period, when defending his eligibility as a member in the House of Commons, he complained bitterly of this attempt to deprive him of his degree, by remarking that he had had but two struggles in his life before the present which were in any way personal. The first was when he applied for the degree of M.A., "which, by the way, a great dog could obtain if made to articulate *probo alteri*;" and the second when a *doubting set* of benchers rejected his claim of admission to the bar, without any reference to law or precedent.

The most interesting specimens of his style are some letters written in answer to the attacks of Junius.

By common consent, Tooke has the honour of being the only antagonist who ever proved victor in a literary duel with the mysterious Junius.

As has been said, "he displayed, if not

the brilliancy of style proper to his antagonist, at least as much energy and keenness of sarcasm." Junius was obliged to withdraw from the contest; and the "lurking assassin," as Tooke called him, who had foiled Sir William Draper, terrified Lord Mansfield, exposed the Duke of Grafton, and attacked the throne itself, for once found his master.

About this time an incident occurred which gave Tooke an opportunity of showing his powers of argument and eloquence in public.

A certain Mr. Tooke, of Purley, and a man of good property, had grown alarmed at an Enclosure Bill which threatened to injure his estate, and which he had in vain resisted. He applied to Horne for advice, who immediately volunteered to write a libel on the Speaker. The libel appeared in the *Public Advertiser*. The printer was of course summoned before the House of Commons, where he named the writer of the article, and added that he was at that moment in the gallery, and ready to answer for himself. On being placed before the bar of the House, our knight-errant made a vigorous and argumentative speech against the bill, the ultimate result being that the bill was reconsidered, and so modified as to remove the fears of Mr. Tooke.

Out of a feeling of gratitude Horne was made heir to his client's property. It was for this reason that he subsequently took the name of Tooke.

His next public appearance had not such a successful issue. The American rebellion had just commenced, and news had arrived of the battle of Lexington.

The Constitutional Society subscribed a hundred pounds for the relief of the widows and children of the Americans who had fallen in the engagement. The subscription was announced in an advertisement, signed John Horne, in which the victims were described as "Englishmen who were inhumanly butchered by the King's troops, for preferring death to slavery." In those days, much less than that was deemed sufficient to constitute a grievous libel, and Tooke was brought to trial in July, 1777.

Always his own advocate, he defended himself with consummate ingenuity, but without success. He was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the King's Bench, with a fine of £200. It was here, in his forced seclusion, that

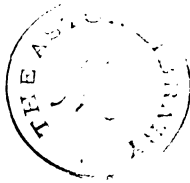


Once a Week.]

[August 17, 1878.

**"THE EARTHLY PARADISE."**

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he drew up his "Letter to Mr. Dunning," which contained the germ of his subsequent philological work, "*Epea Ptereonta*;" or, *Diversions of Purley*."

"He comes," to quote the words of a writer on the subject, "hot from the Court of King's Bench to discuss the nature of particles, of which, it seems, a shameful ignorance on the part of the judges had just been manifested in a verdict against him. His head is never clear from the politics of the day long enough to write five pages together without alluding to them; and he constantly rouses his readers from calm meditation upon the origin of *but*, and *to*, and *from*, by smart epigrams upon the natural objects of his hostility—the Prime Minister and the Chief Justice for the time being."

In 1779 he was released; and we now come to the great disappointment of his life—the one wrecked hope which, once gone, left him to feed for the rest of his days on the gall and bitterness of a strong man chained beyond chance of release. He had already entered himself on the books of one of the Inns of Court; he had fulfilled the necessary preliminary formalities; and the day for a call to the bar arrived.

To his dismay, the benchers refused to call him—the objection being that he was already in holy orders. This restriction is based upon the principle, introduced soon after the Reformation, of separating the two professions of the law and the Church; the idea originally being a just one—namely, that all the good things of the State should not be swallowed up by the clergy alone. But the decision in Horne Tooke's case seems to have been uncommonly harsh and strained. He had previously given up his living, which he had held for over ten years, and he had resigned all prospects of preferment in the Church.

The real ground of his rejection was, without doubt, the hostility he had shown to the ruling order of things; for, to the credit of Tooke be it said, no breach in the essential particulars of truth, honour, and justice, in all that in a popular sense constitutes the gentleman, was ever alleged against him throughout the whole course of his long life.

Utterly debarred from entering upon a career which he had laid down for himself, we now have the key for all Tooke's subsequent actions. Like a tiger at bay, he

was exasperated, and was ready to spring upon the first object that presented itself. Accordingly, in 1780, appeared a bitter invective, entitled "*Facts*," against Lord North's administration, particularly in reference to the war.

The next few years of Tooke's existence seem to have been tolerably placid. He went down to Huntingdonshire, and tried farming; but soon, as might have been expected of such a restless temper, getting tired of his new venture, he returned to London, and occupied a house for some years near Soho-square. In 1786, he published his celebrated work on the analysis and etymology of English words. "*Epea Ptereonta*," although a book showing in the writer extensive reading, especially of the Gothic, and full of curious speculations, has been much overrated; and its value has not been enhanced by the conversion of a grammatical work into a vehicle for political invective. Having retired into literary seclusion for awhile, he now came forth again, fresh and vigorous as ever, into the hot field of politics.

In 1788 appeared a pamphlet, "*Two Pairs of Portraits*," intended to serve Pitt's party in the elections at the expense of Fox. Two years later, he set himself up for Westminster, against two such powerful opponents as Fox and Lord Hood. As a hustings orator, he proved himself highly popular; and though he did not succeed, he polled nearly 1,700 votes. This gave him sufficient excuse—in his own mind, at least—to send to the House a petition against the return.

But it was so filled with coarse invective, and contained such little real ground of complaint, that it was declared frivolous and vexatious. In 1794, he was tried for high treason, the charge being that he, in connection with several other members of corresponding societies, was planning to introduce the principles of the French Revolution into their plan of reform. He defended himself with great ability, though with, perhaps, more firmness than discretion. The result, however, was that Tooke and his confederates were acquitted. In 1796, Tooke again became a candidate for Westminster, but this time also unsuccessfully.

But the dream of his life seemed soon about to be realized; for in 1801 this vehement Radical accepted from Lord Camelford the borough of Old Sarum, about the most

rotten of the old pocket boroughs before the Reform Bill of 1832.

But here, again, his evil genius pursued him. Again his priest's orders were made the excuse by his enemies for turning him out of his new membership. A hard fight ensued in the Commons over the question of his eligibility. The difficulty was at last settled, to Tooke's misfortune, by Lord Sidmouth, then Mr. Addington, bringing in a bill declaring all future persons ineligible who had previously taken priest's orders. The bill, of course, passed; and, on the dissolution in 1802, he was forced to retire from all further hope of parliamentary honours.

Here, a career of life-long disappointments may be said to have ended. He retired for the rest of his days to his house at Wimbledon, resting on a comfortable competency, and enjoying the society of a select circle of friends. Here he died, on the 19th day of March, 1812; and was buried at Ealing Church, although it was his desire, in his will, to be interred in his own garden, without any religious rites being performed over his remains.

And thus passed away a man whose life was spent in a continuous rebellion against the force of circumstances, and an unhappy step taken in the opening of his career.

#### WILLIAM MORRIS.

WE suppose that nobody will deny that the author of "The Earthly Paradise" has earned the right to be numbered among English poets. Whether his place is above or below Swinburne it is difficult to decide, as opinions differ very much as to the merits of Mr. Swinburne's poems. The style of Mr. Morris's verses is quite as good as that of Mr. Swinburne's, and he has the further advantage of being pure in tone, while he is classical in theme.

The first work of his to attract attention in a considerable degree was "The Life and Death of Jason," a long poem, divided into sixteen books. As its title imports, it is founded on the adventures of the hero, Jason, son of Æson, king of Iolchos, whose romantic pursuit of the golden fleece, and love affairs with Medea and Glauké, have formed the base of so many poetic edifices. "The Earthly Paradise," Mr. Morris's great work, has, although published at intervals and of great length, already become very popular. On this work his claim to the fame of a poet

must rest; and the very favourable reception the poem has met with will warrant the author in assuming that he is a poet of very considerable pretensions to a fellowship with Tennyson and Browning.

Our space will not permit us to review such a voluminous poem as "The Earthly Paradise" at length; and we shall therefore content ourselves with stating that, to people who have a taste for a poem in four or five volumes, the perusal of "The Earthly Paradise" will give great pleasure and some profit. The argument of the prologue is—"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it; and after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land of which they had never before heard. There they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people."

That such a theme gives a fine opportunity to a discursive poet is patent, and Mr. Morris has made good use of it. Many subjects are treated in the prologue, and perhaps it is as good as anything in the poem. A general lack of purpose will strike the reader; but for this they were prepared by the author in his introduction, where he says:—

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my running rhyme  
Beats with light ring against the ivory gate—  
Telling a tale, not too importunate,  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

\* \* \* \*

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day."

#### THE PICTURES OF TURNER AND MULREADY.

AFTER the eloquent and enthusiastic criticisms and descriptions of Turner's later pictures, which his worshipper John Ruskin has given to the world, it is startling to find a German surgeon advancing a theory that their peculiarities are the result of disease. Mr. Ruskin says that these—the later pictures—are conceptions of a man of the greatest genius, whose life had been spent

in acquiring the facile touch, and knowledge or power of appreciating colours, which produced them. Mr. Liebreich, an eminent scientific man—ophthalmic surgeon and lecturer at St. Thomas's Hospital—advances at the Royal Institution the theory that the vertical streakiness, caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line, which marks Turner's later productions, arose from increasing defects of vision. In a word, the ingenious theory put forward by Mr. Liebreich is, that Turner's altered manner of painting during the last twenty years of his life is exclusively the result of a change in his eyes which developed itself in that time. 'This news is not comforting to holders of his pictures painted in the decline of life; for they are only valuable because they are supposed to be remarkable imitations of nature in her most beautiful and wonderful aspects. If landscapes are not faithful imitations, at least, of natural effects of sky, water, distance, and the rest, they are of no value, no matter who painted them; for it is peculiarly the landscape painter's mission to hold the mirror up to nature. Therefore, if Mr. Liebreich's theory is true, the value of Turner's later pictures must be greatly depreciated, for they can no longer be regarded as correct representations of natural effects, the artist seeing in nature what other persons, with artistically trained powers, would not have seen—*i.e.*, colours and effects that did not exist.

The enemies of Turner's landscape have always denied the truthfulness of the painter's colouring, and they will rejoice if the new theory can be established. Mr. Liebreich considers that after the year 1831 pathological conditions are required to produce the effect visible in Turner's pictures.

At this period the alteration offers the peculiarity that it only affects the appearance of natural objects, where the light is strong enough to produce this disturbing effect, whilst the light of his painting is too feeble to do so: therefore, the aspect of nature is altered, that of his picture correct. Only within the last years of Turner's life, the dimness had increased so much, that it prevented him from seeing even his pictures correctly. This sufficiently accounts for the strange appearance of his last pictures, without its being necessary to take into account the state of his mind.

On seeing Turner's pictures at the Na-

tional Gallery, the question that presented itself was this:—"Was the great change which made the painter of 'Crossing the Brook' afterwards produce such pictures as 'Shade and Darkness,' caused by an ocular or cerebral disturbance? Researches into the life of Turner could not afford an answer to this question. All that I could learn was, that during the last five years of his life his power of vision as well as his intellect had suffered. In no way, however, did this account for the changes which began to manifest themselves about fifteen years before that time. The question could therefore only be answered by a direct study of his pictures from a purely scientific, and not at all from an æsthetic or artistic point of view.

"I chose for this purpose pictures belonging to the middle of the period which I consider pathological—*i.e.*, not quite healthy—and analyzed them in all their details, with regard to colour, drawing, and distribution of light and shade.

"It was particularly important to ascertain if the anomaly of the whole picture could be deduced from a regularly recurring fault in its details. This fault is a vertical streakiness, which is caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line. The elongation is, generally speaking, in exact proportion to the brightness of the light; that is to say, the more intense the light which diffuses itself from the illuminated point in nature, the longer becomes the line which represents it on the picture. Thus, for instance, there proceeds from the sun in the centre of a picture a vertical yellow streak, dividing it into two entirely distinct halves, which are not connected by any horizontal line. In Turner's earlier pictures, the disk of the sun is clearly defined, the light equally radiating to all parts; and even where through the reflection of water a vertical streak is produced, there appears, distinctly marked through the vertical streak of light, the line of the horizon, the demarcation of the land in the foreground, and the outline of the waves in a horizontal direction. In the pictures, however, of which I am now speaking, the tracing of any detail is perfectly effaced when it falls in the vertical streak of light. Even less illuminated objects, like houses or figures, form considerably elongated streaks of light. In this manner, therefore, houses that stand near the water, or people in a boat, blend so entirely with the reflection



in the water that the horizontal line of demarcation between house and water or boat and water entirely disappears, and all becomes a conglomeration of vertical lines. Everything that is abnormal in the shape of objects, in the drawing, and even in the colouring of the pictures of this period, can be explained by this vertical diffusion of light."

How and at what time did this anomaly develop itself?

Till the year 1830 all is normal. In 1831 a change in the colouring becomes for the first time perceptible, which gives to the works of Turner the peculiar character not found in any other master.

Nothing in Turner is arbitrary, assumed, or of set purpose. His manner is, in Mr. Liebreich's opinion, exclusively the result of a change in his eyes, which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. In consequence of it the aspect of nature gradually changed for him, while he continued in an unconscious, almost *naïve* manner, to reproduce what he saw. And he reproduced it so faithfully and accurately, that he enables us distinctly to recognize the nature of the disease of his eyes.

After he had reached the age of fifty-five, the crystalline lenses of Turner's eyes became rather dim, and dispersed the light more strongly, and in consequence threw a bluish mist over illuminated objects. This is a pathological increase of an optical effect, the existence of which, even in the normal eye, can be proved by the following experiment. If you look at a picture which hangs between two windows, you will not be able to see it distinctly, as it will be, so to speak, veiled by a grayish haze. But if you hold your hands before your eyes so as to shade them from the light of the windows, the veiling mist disappears, and the picture becomes clearly visible. The disturbing light had been diffused by the refracting media of the eye, and had fallen on the same part of the retina on which the picture was formed. If we examine the eye by an illumination resembling that by means of which Professor Tyndall, in his brilliant experiments, demonstrated the imperfect transparency of water, we find that even the clearest and most beautiful eye is not so perfectly transparent as we would suppose. The older we get the more the transparency decreases, especially of the lens. But to produce an effect equal to that visible in Turner's pic-

tures after the year 1831, pathological conditions are required. In the years that followed, as often happens in such cases, a clearly-defined opacity was formed in the slight and diffuse dimness of the crystalline lens. In consequence of this the light was no longer evenly diffused in all directions, but principally dispersed in a vertical direction.

After the year 1833, Turner painted trees that were unknown to any botanist, had never been seen in nature, nor been painted by any other artist. It is not likely that Turner invented a tree he had never seen; it seems more probable that he painted such trees because he saw them so in nature. If we search for them with the aid of the lens, they are soon discovered: the glass changes a common tree into a Turner tree.

Let us now turn from the individual case of a great artist to a whole category of cases, in which the works of painters are modified by anomalies in their visions—cases of irregularities in the refraction of the eye. The optical apparatus of the eye forms, like the apparatus of a photographer, inverted images. In order to be seen distinctly, these images must fall exactly upon the retina. The capacity of the eye to accommodate itself to different consecutive distances, so as to receive on the retina distinct images of objects, is called accommodation. This faculty depends upon the power of the crystalline lens to change its form. The accommodation is at its greatest tension if we adapt our eye to the nearest point. It is, on the contrary, in complete repose if we adapt it to the farthest point. The optical state of the eye during its adaptation for the farthest point, when every effort of accommodation is completely suspended, is called its refraction.

There are three different kinds of refraction: firstly, that of the normal eye; secondly, of the short-sighted eye; thirdly, of the over-sighted eye.

The normal eye, when the activity of its accommodation is perfectly suspended, is adjusted for the infinite distance; that is to say, it unites upon the retina parallel rays of light.

The short-sighted eye has, in consequence of an extension of its axis, a stronger refraction, and unites therefore in front of the retina the rays of light which proceed from infinite distance. In order to be united upon the retina itself the rays of light must

be divergent; that is to say, they must come from a nearer point. The more short-sighted the eye, the stronger must be the divergence; such an eye, in order to see distinctly distant objects, must make the rays from a distant object more divergent, by aid of a concave glass.

The over-sighted eye has too weak a refraction. What we call colour-blindness is a congenital defect of vision, which is characterized by the absence of one of the three primary sensations of colour. The primary sensations of colour are red, green, and violet, according to Thomas Young and Helmholtz; or red, green, and blue, according to Maxwell. When, as may easily happen, to this defect is joined a decided talent for painting, drawing alone ought to be attempted, because so absolute a defect will soon assert itself. But we meet with slighter degrees of colour-blindness, where the perception of red is not entirely wanting, but only considerably diminished; so that, for instance, an intense or strongly illuminated red can be perceived as such, while a less intense red appears green. This moderate degree of colour-blindness does not always deter people from painting. A proof of this was seen at last year's Exhibition, in a picture which represented a cattle-market. The roofs of the surrounding houses were all painted red on the sunny side, green in the shadow; but, what was particularly marked, the oxen also were red in the sun, green in the shadow. The slighter degrees of this anomaly, in the form of an insufficient perception of colours, have probably been the real cause why several great artists, who have become famous on account of the beauty of their drawing and the richness of their compositions, have failed to attain an equal degree of perfection in colouring.

Imagine now that in the course of years one of the transparent media in the eye of a painter had gradually become yellowish, and that this yellow had by degrees considerably increased in intensity, and you will easily understand the influence it must exercise upon his work. He will see in nature almost everything correctly; but in his picture everything will appear to him yellowish, and consequently he will paint it too blue. Does he not perceive this himself? Does he not believe it if told of it? Were this the case, it would be easy for him to correct the fault, since an artist can paint in a yellower or bluer tone, as he chooses. There are two

questions which are easily answered by psychological experience. He does not perceive it himself, because he does not remember that he formerly saw in a different way.

As a striking example, Mulready may be mentioned. It is generally stated that in his advanced age he painted too purple. A careful examination shows that the peculiarity of the colours of his later pictures is produced by an addition of blue. Thus, for instance, the shadows on the flesh are painted in pure ultramarine. Blue drapery he painted most unnaturally blue. Red of course became purple. If you look at these pictures through a yellow glass, all these faults disappear: what formerly appeared unnatural and displeasing is at once corrected; the violet colour of the face shows a natural red; the blue shades become gray; the unnatural glaring blue of the drapery is softened. To make the correction perfect, the glass must not be of a bright gold colour, but rather of the colour of pale sherry. It must be gradually darkened in accordance with the advancing age of the painter, and will then correspond exactly with the colour of his lens. The best proof of the correctness of this statement is, that the yellow glass not only modifies the blue in Mulready's pictures, but gives truthfulness to all the other colours he employed. To make the proof complete, it would be necessary to show that by the aid of yellow glass we saw Mulready's pictures as he saw them with the naked eye; and this can be proved. It happens that Mulready has painted the same subject twice—first in 1836, when he was fifty years of age, and his lens was in a normal state; and again, in 1857, when he was seventy-one, and the yellow discoloration had considerably advanced. The first picture was called, when exhibited, "Brother and Sister; or, Pinching the Ear;" the second was called "The Young Brother." In both pictures a girl, whose back only is visible, is carrying a little child. A young peasant, in a blue smock-frock, stands to the right and seizes the ear of the child. The background is formed by a cloudy sky and part of a tree. Both pictures are in the Kensington Museum. The identity of the composition makes the difference in the colouring more striking. If we look at the second picture through a yellow glass, the difference between the two almost entirely disappears, as the glass corrects the

faults of the picture. The smock-frock of the boy no longer appears of that intense blue which we may see in a lady's silk dress, but never in the smock-frock of a peasant. It changes into the natural tint which we find in the first picture. The purple face of the boy also becomes of a natural colour. The shades on the neck of the girl and the arms of the child, which are painted in a pure blue, look now gray, and so do the blue shadows in the clouds. The gray trunk of the tree becomes brown. Surprising is the effect upon the yellowish green foliage, which, instead of appearing still more yellow, is restored to its natural colour, and shows the same tone of colour as the foliage in the earlier picture. This last fact is most important to prove the correctness of the supposition.

Such, briefly stated, is the argument in support of Mr. Liebreich's theory. The question for buyers of pictures to consider, when they bid thousands for a late example of Turner, is, will this theory be generally accepted? If it is, the art value of the great painter's later pictures is gone. And it would point to the necessity of superannuating painters at about the same age as policemen.

### OUR VILLAGE.—V.

#### THE SQUIRE'S ESTATE.

**S**IR EDWARD WORSSELL'S last sleep had left behind it some objects that in his wakeful moments were very dear to him, an excellent wife and three daughters. Let us charitably hope that if it had carried him out of one Eden it had brought him into another.

It is hard to view things as spirits view them, whilst the pulse is beating at about seventy a minute. The deep purple tide flows quickly over the jewel beneath it, and it is only now and then that a clear ray from it sparkles through. Those who habitually enjoy good health see very little way into the spiritual world—there is a crimson veil before their eyes. You must be five years dying, like poor Mr. Timepiece was, to get to know, before you leave the body, what is in the third heaven. He could have written a second Gospel, but his fingers trembled too much to hold a pen, and sometimes he was obliged to shade the eyes of his spirit from the glory which was revealed to him, lest its intensities should cause quickly his dissolution.

The old Squire, as may easily be imagined, had never, during his incarnation, seen much into the world of spirits. The purple tide was very thick in him; but now it had overflowed its banks. One night, it had surged upon the brain, and with the overflow his spirit had been carried where there is no night, and no veil before its eyes. He was a kind, loving husband and father, when he was sufficiently awake to manifest signs of affection. The purple tide in him was genial, when the fog and mist was lifted off it. It would have been an awful pain to him if he had at all been able to realize beforehand that it was about to float him away from his dear wife and children, and the dear old hall of his forefathers. But Providence dealt gently with him, and he slept all through his voyage into the spirit world. External nature was not so quiet that memorable night as he was. The wind from the northern shore swept through the oak trees in the park laden with the sound of broken billows, and moaned in the chimneys like souls in purgatory. Perhaps he found that, after all, he had not gone very far; and was content with the change. It seems easier for the poor to die than the rich; but the Squire slept through his voyage.

The estate produced an income of about nine thousand per annum; and stretched down towards a tidal river, on whose banks had risen, with wondrous rapidity, a large town that became the centre of the iron trade and manufacture in the north. His father had shot partridges in the oats stubble where now stand eight or ten huge furnaces, whose belching fires, on a dark night, give one rather an image of the mouth of hell; but, frightful as they look, they may be said, without stretch of figure, at the present time to be coining gold. No doubt there will be, by and by, what is called a smash; for trade, like human beings, brings on by excesses the dreadful disease of paralysis. And there seems to be some secret and subtle law at work that brings, at intervals, a sort of cholera upon commerce—perhaps a law that, in its principles, might be classed with that which brings eruptions from Etna and Vesuvius. At these spasm-times, you see the men who are dining now upon turtle soup, and other equivalent luxuries, going about with hearts failing them for fear, and for looking upon those things that are coming on the earth. But the spasms go away in

time, and they get themselves, as it were, re-vaccinated, and forget that there ever have been these peculiar visitations.

If Mrs. Timepiece's father-in-law looks out of the spirit world upon those burning and fiery furnaces, he will—if spirits can be surprised—be greatly surprised to observe that marsh land, which was good for little else but snipe and duck shooting, is easily saleable, and in much demand, at the price of a thousand pounds an acre. Sir Edward's income, under these circumstances, became very much larger than that of his predecessors; but I think, in his wakeful moments, it gave him some pain to part with his marsh land, even at the rate of one thousand pounds an acre.

The old hall was three miles away from these furnaces, and they had not much infringing upon its rural felicities. An extra gamekeeper had to be taken on to the estate; for rough iron-puddlers have a delicate palate that appreciates pheasant and the back of a roasted hare. There was a fine avenue of trees stretching out a mile in length from the front of the hall; and to the north, distant about ten miles, there was a range of hills with iron enough in them to pay off the National Debt. The ancient church stood in the park, surrounded by a rookery, and was clothed almost from head to foot with thick ivy, which, I should say, if sparrows and other birds could have given their mind and help upon such a subject, would have influenced them to pick out the eyes of the members of the Liberation Society, and to publish an opinion that dissenting chapels were unnecessary. Sparrows, like human beings, are greatly swayed by self-interest.

Mr. Roecliffe, the vicar, was a friend to sparrows, because they were mentioned in Scripture. He was bald, so he could not literally apply the context to that in which they appear to himself. He had no hairs upon his head to number; but the sacred passage helped his plaister to stick. The jolly young doctor of the village used to say that Mrs. Roecliffe had burned them all off with the coals of fire she had heaped on him. But I suppose he meant by doing it in a way different to that which Scripture indicates. It is the fire underneath the scalp which causes baldness. But in his case, an exception to the general rule, the hairs were scorched through a cause which brought a like issue to the seeds mentioned in the

Parable of the Sower, which fell upon stony ground where there was not much earth. Mr. Roecliffe's bones weighed heavier than his flesh and blood. Mrs. Timepiece, if she had been vicar, would have destroyed these sparrow-nests in the ivy—and, may be, the ivy too—for the birds often during the service made a chirruping noise that spoilt the severity of her prayers. I think she liked to see a church best with bare walls; for ivy gives a cosy appearance to a sacred building which seemed to her to be out of keeping. But Mr. Roecliffe liked the sparrows. It was sufficient for him that they were mentioned in Scripture, and mentioned, too, in connection with a place of worship. He mildly ordered Jonathan to spare their nests; but Jonathan knew that a mild order from him was as strong as a strict one from another man. He rarely gave any orders at all, in the strict sense of the word; it appeared to his meek nature rather a harsh mode of expressing his wishes, and Providence would be sure to fill up what was lacking behind. He liked the ivy as well as the sparrows; for its ever-green appearance typified to him the celestial body which the saints wear in Heaven.

There were a great many owls which also had their dwelling-place and nurseries in the region of those old church bells which Jonathan loved so well. These also were regarded with great interest by him. His scientific nose did not feel it necessary to interfere with a little superstition respecting these sepulchral birds. They were the sentinels posted, as it were, on the boundary line between the two worlds. They saw all the souls that passed away from his spiritual domain cross the mysterious border, and could tell more about their salvation or otherwise than their surviving friends. Jonathan answered for them in man's words, and the verdict was almost always salvation. No wonder Jonathan was a favourite in the parish.

They had given their verdict—through Jonathan—most decidedly about the safety of the old Squire after his voyage. They were sleepy birds, and might be prejudiced in his favour; but, on the whole, I agree with their verdict.

Sir Edward was the patron of Mr. Roecliffe's living. His character, whilst he held a curacy in a neighbouring parish, had attracted his attention during some of his wakeful interludes, and he offered it to him when it became vacant. Perhaps he thought

that he would let him sleep on without rebuke. And he had calculated rightly. Mr. Roecliffe never interfered in any way with the squire's sleep. But he was an unmarried man when the presentation took place, and Sir Edward had not calculated on the introduction by his marriage of such a stormy petrel into the parish as Mrs. Roecliffe.

He looked at her out of the hall windows, as she crossed the churchyard, with much of the feeling that sailors view that hungry storm-bird, the cormorant. But though he occasionally, in his wakeful moments, heard that her chariot-wheels were heavy, and that at times she—like Jehu—drove furiously, he had not been molested by her, or at all disturbed in his sleep. Perhaps she remembered one or two things about him which would operate greatly as a sedative in her mind. He had given her husband his living, and he was the grandson of a lieutenant-general. She derived, in her own estimation, an immense status from her hereditary connection with the 17th Foot Regiment, of which her father was colonel. And, to tell the truth, I think that this military connection of hers had a certain weight with the Squire, and brought forth, in his wakeful moments, a slightly deferential and complimentary manner towards her, which brought the cream upon her blood.

#### TABLE TALK.

THE OYSTER this year reached London on the seventh, instead of landing at Billingsgate on the fourth of August, according to time-honoured custom. The supply is as good as was expected; the quality, for the early period of the season, excellent; and the price the same as last year, though a rise was anticipated. Economical people talk of eating oysters for dinner in the winter, because they eat best raw, and the price of coals will render all cooked food a luxury for the tables of the rich. The high price of oysters arises, not from an increase in the demand, but from a continuous run of bad breeding seasons. A warm May is a necessity to the oyster at that time; and failing a certain temperature, the spat does not develop. There has not been a good spatting season for some years, and hence the high price of the oyster; all attempts at artificial culture having proved almost, if not quite, failures.

JUDGING FROM THE REMAINS of their dining-halls, I should think the monks were fond of the pleasures of the table; perhaps they felt trout and venison act as a pulley to the heavy part of their intellectual nature. It is the same passion and rapacity, under a thicker guise, which destroyed these monasteries that is now seeking to destroy the national Church of England; but she is doing her best to aid her external enemies by internal suicide. The most foolish of all men are certain clergymen, and especially certain bishops. Providence, no doubt, will in the end—as it has always been—be stronger than the folly of men, and not suffer them to finish their Tower of Babel. It would not be one of the most unwise things that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners could have done, if they had restored all the abbeys in England, as far as possible, according to their ancient plans and proportions of architecture, and provided them with the means of a ritual suited to the more chastened imagination of modern times. It would turn the valleys of Studley and Rievaulx into a Paradise to fill them with the echoes of tower bells, and with the sanctification of matin and vesper hymns settling over them, as the pillar of the cloud, in former times, hovered over Israel. Now, you see vulgar people munching beef-pies and drinking ginger beer on the very steps of the altar of incense, and making the sainted aisles reverberate with a coarse, unhallowed revelry and laughter.

THIS RATHER awkward confusion of persons may be taken as one of the penalties paid for fame and popularity. Two young ladies were catechizing their class of children at the Sunday school on the ninth chapter of St. Matthew. The class exhibited the usual dense rural ignorance, till at the thirty-fourth verse there came a transient spark of light. Their teacher asked them, "By whom did the Pharisees say that our Lord cast out devils?" There was a dead silence, followed by leading questions, to put them on the scent. "By a great personage, was it?" Silence. "By a—a great prince?" Silence. "By the prince of—?" The whole class in a perfect roar to be first, "WALES, teacher!"

*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 243.

August 24, 1872.

Price 2d.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A MORNING'S REFLECTION.



HEN Lennard awoke, about noon on the following day, his head was in a state of considerable confusion.

The events of the past night were vague, uncertain, smudged as it were, and would not come out clearly on his memory. The only facts he felt quite sure about were that he had a splitting headache, was very hot and feverish, and as thirsty as an Arab. When a bottle of soda water and a cold bath had cleared the cobwebs out of his brain, he recalled the billiard match, the whitebait dinner, and the visit to the gaming-house; but the last was still rather a mystery, and he was even now inclined to consider the whole roulette episode as the fantasy of an exceedingly vivid nightmare. Everything of the sort is so sternly prohibited, so vigilantly spied upon and promptly put down in London, that he could hardly believe in the possibility of such a revival of ancient institutions. Why, he had been living for years in the society of men who would be sure to receive the first intimation of the whereabouts of such places had they existed, and he had never known of one before! All his doubts vanished, however, when he came to put on his clothes, and found the pockets laden with notes and gold. In great astonishment, he sat down to count: one hundred, two hundred—two hundred

and twenty-seven pounds! He had won, then; for he only had about fifty pounds about him when he went out. Stop, though; what was this—a card?

"*Mr. Robert Clements, Adam-street, Adelphi.*" Ah! to be sure, he had borrowed some money. How much? He hoped not a large sum, but could not remember.

"How drunk I must have been!" he murmured as he went downstairs.

He had some breakfast in a little room which he called his study, put his cheque-book in his pocket, and walked out of the house, determined to find out at once what his folly had cost him, settle the matter if possible that morning, and dismiss it from his mind.

The air and exercise of walking had, in a great measure, brought him round by the time he reached the Strand, and it did not take him long to discover Clements's lodgings. That gentleman was living in comfortable but unostentatious chambers, which bore no resemblance to either of the conventional types of money-lenders' dens—the "sordid" or the "princely;" and Mr. Lennard surprised him in dressing gown and slippers, lounging in an easy chair, with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth and a bottle of claret on the table near him. He was without his green spectacles, and had a large note book in his hand, which he closed as his visitor entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Lennard," said he, with an easy familiarity which somewhat disconcerted that gentleman. "Take a seat, sir. May I offer you anything? I have some first-rate cigars—try one. You won't? Ah! not quite recovered from the effects of last night, perhaps."

Lennard was considerably taken aback by having so free-and-easy a customer to deal with, where he had expected to find a smooth-tongued, oily rogue.

"I have not called for the purpose of intruding upon your hospitality, sir," he said, haughtily; "I have come here on business."

"Very good," replied Clements. "What can I do for you?"

"I believe that you accommodated me with some money last night?"

"Did I? Ah! well, I think I did. Let me see," said Clements, turning over the leaves of his memorandum book. "Two hundred pounds at six months—all correct."

Mr. Lennard gave a sigh of relief when he heard the sum. He had feared it would have been five times as much, judging from the large amount he had brought away with him.

"Two hundred pounds," said he. "Well, I wish to pay it at once."

"Nay, nay, my dear sir, the bill has six months to run yet."

"But I can discount it, I suppose, take it up before the time, or whatever the technical phrase is? I am ready to pay the full interest all the same."

"There is no interest due—that was deducted at the time I handed you the money. But I do not wish to get rid of the bill before the proper time—it puts me out in my accounts."

"But, surely," said Lennard, "if I am willing to pay you in hard cash at once, it is not for you to object; you must get the best of the bargain."

"Indeed," said Clements, looking his visitor fixedly in the face. "Show me that, and the business is settled. At present, I am not so sure of it. Do you remember nothing curious about this note of hand?"

"Something curious! No. What do you mean?"

"Simply that your name is Arthur Lennard."

"Well?"

"You signed the bill in your ordinary handwriting."

"Of course."

"But not with your own name."

"Ah," cried Mr. Lennard, "I remember now. A party of us went to the gambling-house under assumed names. I took that of Drummond, which I probably signed. What absurd things men do when they are drunk!"

"They do, very."

"But, surely, this is an additional reason why I should take up and destroy this memorandum at once, lest by some accident it should pass into the hands of a stranger to the circumstances of the transaction."

"So far as your interests are concerned," said Clements, with a smile, "you are quite

right; but what becomes then of my getting the best of the bargain? Why should I run the risk of compounding a felony?"

"Felony, rascal!"

"Be calm, be calm; and let me sincerely recommend you not to clench your fists and look at me like that, or you will stir up certain feelings which are apt to get rather too strong for me at times, and that will be all the worse for both of us. Bah! I could wring your neck, break your back, and chuck you out of the window, as easily as I could a mouse. But it would be safer," continued Clements, sinking back in the chair from which he had risen, "to call a policeman, and give you into custody."

"And on what charge, pray?" cried Mr. Lennard, who with difficulty restrained himself from rushing on the Herculean frame before him, so blinded was he with anger.

"Dear me, can you ask? I gave you credit for more sharpness. For forgery, of course."

All Mr. Lennard's passion evaporated in an instant. Pale, giddy, breathless, he sank into a chair.

"But—but, do you mean to say," he stammered, as soon as he could find his voice, "that my signing a name which I had assumed for a short time and a special purpose to a bill which I am perfectly able and willing to meet is forgery? Absurd, ridiculous—I don't believe a word of it," he suddenly added, remembering that to show timidity was not exactly his best game.

"Perhaps you are right," said Clements; "but I will back my own opinion. Come, Mr. Lennard, we will try the point; and—you are fond of a little gambling—I will lay you fifty to one in ponies that you are convicted."

"But here I am, on the following morning, ready to pay the money. What object could I have in committing such a crime?"

"Well, if I were one of the jury, I should fancy that you wanted to get the cash at the moment—Drummond was a good name, better known in the city than your own. Or else I might suspect that the money-lender induced you to give a wrong signature for his own better security. That is a common dodge just now; for it is found that the most shifty gentlemen manage to meet their bills under such circumstances."

"I have a good mind to take your bet," said Lennard—who saw more and more plainly every moment that he was in a trap,

set by a very powerful and cunning hunter, and that perfect coolness and affected *bon-homie* were necessary for getting out of the mess—"for I was drunk at the time, many witnesses can prove that."

"A circumstance," said Clements, "which might perhaps mitigate the sentence of the judge, but could not affect the verdict of the jury. But come, my dear sir, I do not propose to let this document pass out of my own hands, unless you oblige me to. Sit down and have a cigar, and let us talk the matter over quietly."

Lennard conquered his repugnance, and accepted the offer this time. He was in the hands of a rascal, that was evident; but the man seemed of a genial temperament, and a kindred tone of joviality and banter would probably go further with him than anything else. Lennard was no fool, though he often did foolish things, as indolent men whose hearts are softer than their heads will; but he did not know his present customer.

"Well," said he, making sail on this new tack, "I suppose you intend to bleed me pretty freely; but, at all events, this is a magnificent cigar that I have got out of the fire. Come, now, what am I to pay for this confounded bit of stamped paper?"

"Merely the two hundred pounds."

"Aye, at the end of six months; but now?"

"It is not for sale."

"I know, I know," said Lennard; "of course you talk like that to enhance the price, but it will save time to mention at once something like the sum you expect to get. For though I do not believe you could hurt me legally, I freely own that I should not like the affair to be made public, and I am willing to pay for my folly. What do you say to an extra fifty?"

"You are on the wrong scent altogether," said Clements. "I do not seek to make money out of this business—at least, not directly. I shall keep the bill safely locked up in—oh, it is of no use your glancing round the room, you would never find it—in a safe place until it becomes due, and then you shall have it back, either for money or for another bill signed with the same name, according to circumstances."

"In fact, you intend to hold it perpetually *in terrorem* over me. Pleasant!"

"What would you have? I am a man playing a game against the world. Chance has thrown into my hand a trump card, and

I shall use it, that is all. And I demand of you nothing perilous, expensive, or likely to injure you in the opinion of your friends—I merely ask for your hospitality. Oh, not for myself—do not look so frightened. You would not suspect a man like me, known to you only as a money-lender connected with a gambling-house, who is so ready to take a mean advantage of the slip of a gentleman's pen, for a chivalrous supporter of fallen greatness, eh? You would think me a singular person to choose for a political agent? Not a man capable of gratitude or disinterested devotion? Well, say, then, that I have some mysterious reason, unconnected with any such motive, for wishing to carry out a little plan I have in my head, in which you can aid me; and that, thanks to the acquaintance which has so fortunately sprung up between us, I am sure you will not refuse me your services."

Lennard, it must be confessed, was mystified. Who or what could this extraordinary man be, who was as unlike all the gambling-house keepers, money-lenders, and rogues he had ever heard or read of, as possible?

"I am bound," continued Clements, "by ties of the strongest character—though what they are is no matter; you would probably not understand my explanation—to a noble Spanish family, the last member of which was left under my charge when his father, an adherent to the cause of Don Carlos, died an exile in Mexico. I brought the boy up; and while he could be kept at school felt no difficulty about the matter; but now that he is too old to be treated as a boy any longer, I am at a loss. Of course he thinks that his steward and devoted follower is a somewhat more respectable character than I claim to be, and I do not wish him to be undeceived. He must not require or seek my society; he must have friends of his own, suitable to his real rank and proper position. How you can help me is evident. Profess a former acquaintance with the family, and ask the young man to stay at your house. He has travelled in America, France, and Italy; and you will find him a delightful companion. His name is Don Carlos Perez, and he is staying at the Clarendon at present. He has been a little into society. I am afraid, though, that he is getting into rather a fast set; and it would be everything for him to enjoy for a short time the advantages of an English home. You see that it is a good, benevo-



lent, and highly moral work that I am imposing upon you, Mr. Lennard; and you need not even much trouble yourself about him, for the task of introducing him into the houses of your friends will devolve principally, I imagine, upon your good lady."

The idea of proposing such a thing to his wife was too much for Lennard, who had for some time with difficulty preserved the calm demeanour which he had determined to assume.

"What!" he cried, rising and dashing his cigar into the fireplace—"ask one of your gambling gang to my house—bring him into friendly contact with my wife and daughter—introduce him to my friends, that he may decoy them to ruin! Never! Name some other terms: these I cannot accept."

"Oh, yes, you can and will," replied Clements, quietly. "If Don Carlos Perez sleeps to-morrow night under your roof, I shall consider myself under such obligations to you as will incline me to keep the forged acceptance in my own hands; if, on the contrary, I find that he is still at the Clarendon, I shall act as I should towards any other stranger who had got a loan out of me by a fraudulent signature. Go, and think the matter over quietly. I am sure you will come to the conclusion that my moderate request had better be complied with. Good morning. You need not call again until I send you word—unless, of course, you wish it; for if you like to look in at any time in a friendly way, of course I shall be most happy to see you. Good morning."

And Clements bowed his visitor out with sarcastic deference.

When he was alone, Lennard felt like a man half-way up the face of a precipice, and just arrived at a perfectly inaccessible spot, the crag by which he scrambled on his present ledge having been displaced by the effort. He could not go back. He did not see how to act. To remain passive was impossible, for the ground was slipping from under his feet. If he had been an aristocrat, with landed property and a "confidential family lawyer," he would probably have applied to him for advice and assistance; but he had never employed an English solicitor in his life but once, when he made his will, and the man who had managed everything for him when he came into his uncle's property was at Melbourne, which was rather far to go for a consultation; and he felt such a repugnance to placing his dilemma before a stranger, who

might only partially believe his story, and might think him really culpable, that he soon dismissed the idea of taking what would have been by far the wisest course.

Nor could he make up his mind to confide the matter to a friend. To go to a man who had hitherto looked upon him as beyond the reach of dishonour, and say, "I have signed another man's name!" No, he could not do it. But what was he to do, then? Ask this man Perez to his house, and so gain time? What would his wife say? After all, Clements had declared that this Perez knew nothing of his own rascalities, and that might be true. One certainly did meet occasionally with instances of extraordinary devotion on the part of the most indifferent characters to ruined scions of noble families; or, at least, one read of such cases. And he would not have the responsibility of introducing him, because he was on visiting terms with several families already—and that, by the bye, of itself looked as if there might be some vein of truth in Clements's insinuations. What a queer man Clements was. His language was so good; and his manners, though startling occasionally, anything but vulgar. What a devilish expression he had at times! Just the sort of man to keep his word if he promised to do you harm. Would he be as particular about fulfilling his engagement if he conformed to his wishes? Lennard thought so; at all events, he could see no other choice than to trust him. And yet, supposing that the real object was to force on a marriage between Perez and his daughter! Her affections were, he felt pretty sure, engaged by Fletcher, so she was safe against the young Spaniard's machinations; but how would Fletcher like this fellow to be staying in the house and always dangling after her, and pushing his suit with the ostentatious pertinacity of a fortune-hunter? Sooner than risk his daughter's happiness, he would snap his fingers at Clements, and take his chance; but then, would a man of honour like to choose for his wife the daughter of one who was accused of forgery, and whose only plea was that he was drunk when he committed the offence, and had repented of it on the following morning when sober? What mincemeat the counsel for the prosecution would make of such a defence as that! Have you ever dreamed that at some distant period, in some vague way, you have committed a murder, and felt seized with a paralyzing horror at realizing the fact that the

labour of eternity will not enable you to undo that work of a moment, which you are sensible of having been guilty of, though you cannot remember the details? That was how Lennard felt now.

As, with these thoughts seething in his brain, he strode on rapidly towards Kensington, a voice called out his name, and turning round, he saw William Fletcher.

"What a pace you are going at!" said he. "I am on my way to call on the ladies, and will join you if you do not mind, and will moderate your speed to my degenerate maximum."

"Ah, Fletcher," said Lennard, making a desperate effort to put down the thoughts and cares which oppressed him, and talk with his usual ease and freedom; "when you have come to my age you will find the necessity of an occasional brisk walk: it makes a man step out freely when he fears that Mr. Gout is behind him. But you ought to complain of my poor pace: your wind should stand more than this!"

"It isn't the wind," said Fletcher. "It's the hair and collar."

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Lennard, absently; and then he was silent for several minutes, not appearing to hear his companion's remarks; and then he roused himself, and told him in quite an apologetic way that he could not help asking a young Spaniard, whose parents had placed him under an obligation, to his house, but that he hoped he would not stay long.

Why on earth should Mr. Lennard, a remarkably social and open-handed man, feel annoyance at having to show his hospitality to a foreigner whose relations had befriended him? Fletcher naturally suspected that there was something more than met the ear, and that probably this was connected with Mary's future matrimonial prospects. So that poor Lennard's precautionary remarks suggested the very ideas he was endeavouring to fence out.

They reached home at last, and Lennard did not tell his story in quite so embarrassed a way to his wife as he had to his daughter's lover; but it considerably surprised her, nevertheless.

Son of an old Spanish friend now dead! When, where, and how could he have formed this desperate friendship with a Spaniard without her hearing of it? The husband gave very vague and unsatisfactory replies to all her questions, and the lady would have

pressed him more closely if it had not been for the presence of her daughter and Fletcher.

Mary astonished everybody by catching at the name of their threatened guest.

"Don Carlos Perez!" she cried; "why, I have met him at several parties lately. I do not like his manners much; but then, poor fellow, he has been educated in America, and had wandered a great deal about the Prairies, which are rather uncivilized places, I expect. However, he was quite a lion at Lady Startler's the other night, and really tells delightful anecdotes about bull-fighting, and grizzly bear shooting, and Arkansas tooth-picking, and gouging, and all the other amusements of the American continent."

"You seem to have taken great notice of this noble Spaniard," said Fletcher, in an undertone, which was covered by another little aside going on between the husband and wife.

"I should think so," replied Mary, saucily. "Who would not notice an operatic, fallow youth, with jet black eyes and hair"—Fletcher stroked his own red whiskers—"aquiline—is it aquiline?—well, some interesting sort of nose, white teeth, and who dances like—like—"

"Like me?"

"Conceited man!—he dances better than you do—as well as you might if you were not so lazy. I am sorry he is going to stay in the house, though; there is something about him I do not like. But it is wrong to be prejudiced against any one, especially a man whom papa wishes to be civil to."

At this juncture, the controversy at the other end of the room was concluded by Mr. Lennard saying, in a low voice—

"Well, my dear, I am sorry if you do not like it; but, to own the truth, I must ask this man."

And he left the room abruptly.

Were his head wife to walk up to the Sultan, and say—"By the bye, Abdul, I have asked some Russian friends to look us up; so see that the beds are aired, and order something nice for dinner, will you?" that potentate could not look more astonished than Mrs. Lennard did at *her* subject's announcement. To invite any one to come and stay without her permission! What next? And then he said that he *must* ask him! Must! Why, what authority over him could there be superior to her own?

At first she thought she would nip such

conduct in the bud by refusing to appear at table during this visitor's stay; but further consideration showed her that this would be an extreme measure. Besides which, she had some curiosity to see what this mysterious stranger was like.

Mr. Lennard went to his study, wrote the note of invitation, and started off once more—but this time in a Hansom for London, intending to call at the Clarendon, and ask Perez, if he was in, by word of mouth, having at least as keen a desire as his wife to see his compulsory guest; for though he remembered having noticed some dark youth of that name at a party a few nights before, he had not particularly observed him. The young victim to the fluctuations of Spanish politics was not at home, however; so Lennard left his note and card, and went away to brood over his position, and astonish the friends he met by his abstraction of mind, until it was time for him to go home and dress for dinner; which meal, fortunately for him, was to be eaten at the house of an acquaintance, so that he would be able to stave off for a while the curious inquiries of his wife and daughter. It was not so much that he wished to put off this conversation upon a subject which must, sooner or later, be fully discussed, from the mere childish feeling which tempts people to defer swallowing a nauseous dose till the last moment, thereby prolonging the unpleasantness indefinitely, as that he wanted time to arrange his own ideas, that so he might be able to talk about the matter more rationally and composedly than he was conscious of having done that afternoon.

An hour after Mr. Lennard had left Clements' lodgings, Perez entered them. The ruffian's face lighted up at the sight of him.

"Well, my Carlos," he said, almost softly, "and how do you get on with the English aristocrats?"

"Not so badly," replied the young man, throwing himself on a sofa. "There's a lot that wouldn't have me at any price, I can see that; but others are not so particular, and there are some who treat me devilish well: rich people too, and with daughters. Ah! by the bye, I have fallen in love."

"Ha, ha!—of course. Face or cash?"

"Both. Why, you don't suppose I should care for any one of the dolls' faces of these insipid English beauties, unless there were dollars as well—I mean for marriage? And yet there is a sparkle in this girl's eye that I

like, and her figure might captivate a toothless old Sioux Indian. Her father is well off, and she has no brothers or sisters."

"And have you taken her fancy, do you think?"

"I can't tell. I have only seen her twice, and had little opportunity of speaking to her—I have to be so on my guard in those cursed cold assemblies; and I don't know how I shall manage to meet her again. I don't make way fast, and it is all a chance if I meet her again—unless, indeed, you can manage something for me."

"We will see. What is her name?"

"Lennard. Her father lives in Kensington: I have found that out."

Clements smiled sardonically.

"You have a real fancy for this girl?" he asked.

"More than I care to tell you, old sneerer."

"You would like to stay in the house, as her father's guest?"

"Ah, if that were possible!"

"Well, my Carlos, you shall have an invitation from Mr. Lennard to-morrow at farthest, perhaps to-night."

"What!" cried Perez, jumping off the sofa. "But you are mocking me."

"Do I ever joke upon matters of business?"

"You mean it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I do believe you are the devil."

"Do you? Other people have thought that. But there is this against it, that the devil does not exist, and I do. But bah! enough of mystery. This Lennard came drunk, and under an assumed name, to our place last night; lost, borrowed money of me, and signed the bill with the name he had taken for the evening."

"How did you know his real one?"

"Oh, I knew him by sight years and years ago, before you were born. This morning he came to me, wanting to pay the money and get the bill back. Of course I laughed at him—showed him that he was under my thumb; and, to give him a taste of my power, told him to invite you to his house—for though I knew nothing of your fancy for his daughter, I did know that he could bring you where there were plenty of good prizes to be got in that line. However, I suppose that you will find the game pretty easy now, with such cards in your hands. The girl will hardly show her fine

airs to a man who can send her father to gaol, especially when he offers to marry her. If there is any bother, though, I can give the screw another twist, I fancy. What are you sighing about?"

"This marriage is a dull thing, at best!" said Perez.

"A flea-bite, my boy. Once collar the cash, and you can make the yoke sit as lightly as you please. The world is wide. When you are tired of your wife, and can get no more cash from her relations, you can always realize and bolt. It is the safest way of turning an honest penny; and you must do something, for our present speculation, though it pays, cannot last long. You would perhaps prefer a life on the Prairies, with the gold caravans for your bankers, and the rifle for your cheque-book. Your eye sparkles, but the hardships are hateful to a man who has lived long in cities. No, no—keep savage life for your last resource always. As for living by the exercise of your talents in Europe, it is wretched work to go to bed every night with the idea that you may be routed out before morning to go to the convict ship or the hulks. The hulks!—you do not know what that is. I do. No, marriage is your game, my Carlos; so go in and win this miss as soon as you can. I don't think you will find it a very hard job," added Clements, as his peculiar look of feline affection dwelt on the graceful figure of the youth.

"Did her father drop much last night?" asked Perez, after a pause.

"No. He played low, and what little he lost he picked up again towards the end. But we did very well—about a couple of thousand altogether. Have you got that horse you took such a fancy to?"

"Yes. I had to give a big figure for him, though: a hundred and fifty."

"Never mind, the firm can stand that."

Clements then gave the young man some words of counsel. This advice, though not deficient in shrewdness, was rather different from that which a father usually gives his son.

And, alas! it was more likely to be followed.

### SHAKSPEAREAN DOGS.

THE dog is a highly interesting animal, from his intimate association with man as his valuable servant and protector, and his constant faithful companion throughout

all the vicissitudes of life. He is to be admired also for his natural endowments, not consisting solely in the exquisite delicacy of his olfactory nerve, but qualities of the mind which actually stagger us in the contemplation of them. In constant fidelity, the dog offers a high model for our admiration and gratitude; numberless are the cases where they have been found on fields of battle, watching the bodies of their slain masters. Landseer's "Chief Mourner" is no fiction. Yet, strange to say, this admirable creature is treated with contempt by our immortal bard! Not a word has Shakspeare to throw to a dog, except words of obloquy and abuse—not a word of kindness or esteem, to which they are so justly entitled. This startling assertion is derived from the amusing "Recollections of Past Life," by Sir Henry Holland, which, being in a foot note, may have escaped the notice of many a reader.

Lord Nugent, the greatest Shakspearean of the day, affirmed at a dinner that there was not in the whole series of Shakspeare's plays a single passage commending, directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog. Thinking this to be impossible, the literary physician accepted a wager, which Lord Nugent offered him on the subject, with the concession of a year to make the research. Even with the aid of several friends he failed to find any such passage, and at the end of the year Sir Henry paid the guinea which he had lost. At that time no concordance was in existence, otherwise the question might have been set at rest in a quarter of an hour; but, thanks to the industry and patience of a literary lady, that advantage is now possessed. On looking out the word dog, it will be discovered that it occurs 174 times: hound, 31; greyhound, 13; spaniel, 8; mastiff, 5; cur, 45. With a few others the amount is nearly 300; and, true enough, they are generally mentioned with contempt and disrespect, never with commendation.

Macbeth enumerates hounds, greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, which with mastiff, beagle, brach, and lym, comprise all the varieties noticed in the plays. As terms of reproach, we find, "Out, dog!—out, cur!" "false hound!" "blasphemous, uncharitable dog!" "most impenetrable cur!" "inexorable dog!" Several passages such as this in "Cymbeline" occur, where Cornelius speaks of "killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs of no esteem." Trinculo tells his companions, with a double

meaning, "You will lie like dogs." To fawn, which may simply mean to caress, coax, or fondle, is repeatedly perverted to the injury of the family. "Base spaniel fawning," "fawned like hounds," "even like a fawning greyhound." Helena thus pursues her unrelenting lover:—

"I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me I will fawn on you.  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worse place can I beg in your love  
Than to be used as you use your dog?"

No dog possesses greater affection for his master, or more expression of countenance, than the spaniel; it is ever petitioning for acknowledgments of regard, and is boundless in its joy at the slightest manifestations of kindness. Why, then, should their signs of affection, their endeavours to establish a friendship, their caresses and humility, be so cruelly misunderstood? Why should Helena take for granted that Demetrius ill-treated his dog? Such a wretch would not be worthy of her heart. Should she not rather urge "love me only as you love your dog"? Are dogs guilty of deceit? Look at the movements of that peculiar feature, the tail. "Thanks!"—"thank you very much!"—"a thousand thanks!" cannot be more truly expressive of the degree of gratitude felt. A slow wag, like a cool shake of the hand or a nod, means "you are only welcome as my master's friend." There is a graduation for all comers, the utmost vehemence being exerted in—"Dear mistress, I am most delighted to see you. I jump for joy." Is there anything like dissimulation or insincerity in these eloquent oscillations? "Comparisons are odious." But an anecdote is brought to remembrance. At a literary party two ladies met, who were unbounded in their exclamations of delight, and apparently overjoyed. Whereupon Thackeray whispered to a friend, "What admirable acting! I know both these ladies, and they hate one another." Alas! if human beings retained this appendage, it would not be always exercised with the sincerity of dogs.

Celia says, "Her words are too precious to be cast away upon curs." The only dog that appears upon the scene is Crab, who meets with nothing but unmitigated abuse, and is pronounced by his master Launce "the sourest-natured dog that lives." Des-

demonia, it may be gathered, had a pet to amuse and comfort her in her distress; probably, as we may imagine, a sweet little Maltese poodle; yet all we hear of it is from the horrid Iago—who, no doubt, teased it—where he says of Cassio, "He'll be as full of quarrel and offence as my young mistress's dog."

It is strange—indeed, "passing strange"—that a poet of such amiability and tenderness of heart as his biographers attribute to him should evince no marks of affection for this superior creature, the paragon of four-footed animals; that, being so intimately acquainted with all the workings of the human mind, he should fail to appreciate the virtues of the canine race. Having all the passages connected with the subject brought before us by the privilege of a concordance, let us endeavour to ascertain whether anything can be found in refutation of Lord Nugent's astounding affirmation.

Justice Shallow considers his fallow greyhound to be "a good dog—a fair dog." Theseus is proud of his hounds, admiring their form, their fleetness, and their music. Yet these are "perfections that are set in bones and nerves:" here is no commendation of their moral qualities. Some show of kindly feeling towards his hounds is exhibited by the lord in "Taming of the Shrew"—

"Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,  
And sup them well, and look unto them all." ■

Self-interest, however, peeps out in a preceding line—

"I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds."

Launce's lady-love is said to have "more qualities than a water spaniel;" but they are only to be classed with "fetch and carry." Timon of Athens exclaims—

"For my part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something;"

yet only in bitter irony, to express the intensity of his hatred to mankind. Proteus calls the dog to be presented to Silvia "his little jewel;" in allusion, probably, to its personal beauty, not its moral qualities.

Sir Henry Holland's foot note concludes thus:—"At a dinner at the Bishop of Exeter's some time afterwards, where I related the anecdote, Mr. Croker, with his wonted ingenuity, struck upon a passage which came nearest to the point; but it was an ingenious inference only, and would not have won me

the wager." What passage this was must be left to the reader's conjecture, for it has in all probability been produced above. Lord Nugent, then, under any circumstances—even with the assistance of a concordance—would have been fairly entitled to his guinea—the transferred fee. The physician and his literary friends, in their keen pursuit of Shakspeare's utterances in favour of the attributes of dogs, like "panting time, toiled after them in vain."

We read in "Hamlet":—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

The dog, however, in these inimitable plays never has fair play—never has his day, is never "highly commended." How astonished would the spirit of the mighty dramatist be to witness the institution of dog-shows, and to learn that the Dog of Montargis was, at one time, the hero of the stage. "Give a dog his due," and "love me, love my dog," are ancient proverbs, which have not met with attention at his hands.

There is no accounting for tastes, and very likely no better explanation can be advanced than that of Shylock—

"As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;"

so it can only be observed "it was his humour."

A bite, or a dread of hydrophobia, have in some instances implanted an inveterate dislike. A suggestion, humbly offered, must be taken for what it is worth. Deer-stealing, three centuries ago, was so common and so audaciously carried on, that foresters found themselves under the necessity not only of keeping an incessant watch, but of using bloodhounds in pursuit of the robbers. Shakspeare was a poacher; so might not his dread of these terrible detectives have fostered an antipathy to the whole tribe?

The great prolific author is something more than an individual: it is a marvel, since so much of human nature pervades the canine, that no sympathy should be displayed by any of his numerous characters, the creatures of his brain.

Other illustrious authors are of a different disposition in this respect. Scott highly esteemed their friendship, and not only fraternized with dogs himself, but showed by his writings an admiration of their cha-

racter. The noble Wolf, which saved the boy's life in "The Abbot," Harry Bertram's faithful follower Wasp, and Dandie Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard, bear ample testimony to the fact. Byron thinks it "sweet to hear the watch-dog bay deep-mouthed welcome," and his misanthropic epitaph proves more than enough.

Dickens leads us to like the favoured Diogenes, and Gip, the confidential friend of the sweet little simple wife; and thus many more eminent writers might be cited who treat these agreeable and useful members of society with proper consideration and regard.

It is also not a little remarkable that in the Holy Scriptures dogs experience the same treatment, although the circumstance will admit of an easy solution. Dogs are found in great numbers in the cities of the East, and crowd the streets. They do not appear to belong to any particular person, nor to be fed by such as might claim some interest in them. In fact, they are regarded as nuisances and scavengers. In the pictures of harems by artists acquainted with the country, a cat or a fawn, or some other pet may be perceived, though the luxury of a lap-dog is unknown. The Apostles John and Paul, each in a solitary instance following the Psalmist, liken the wicked to dogs. Our Saviour uses no such opprobrious term, but the good qualities are unnoticed, and the reason is obvious. In His teaching He generally drew His doctrine from the objects around Him, forming His arguments and exhortations on such things as offered themselves. It was His wisdom to accommodate His mode of instruction to the understandings, the feelings, and the prejudices of the people. Imagine a Jew or a heathen, or even a Christian of that day, exhorted to imitate any virtue in a despised dog, and the consequence may be readily conceived. In the Old Testament various animals are so held up, while in the Gospels our Lord refers us to the gentleness of the dove, the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of sheep, and the tender anxiety of a hen. Had dogs been estimated then as at present in Europe, what valuable lessons might have been derived from such a source—from their affection, sagacity, patience, perseverance, watchfulness, humility, obedience, courage, and tractability; and what parables might have been founded on their habits and actions!

The humane and feeling mind must be convinced that kindness to those animals from which we derive continual and essential assistance is a part of our moral duty. Legislation against cruelty, a dog-refuge, and a dog-hospital, are among the happy results of our blessed religion.

## OUR VILLAGE.—VI.

MRS. TIMEPIECE VISITS SCARBOROUGH.

THE most popular medical men are those who recommend to their patients what is pleasant, and the most popular persons in society are those who say agreeable things. How much nicer it is to have port and chicken broth prescribed than it is to have black draught and castor-oil! And how much nicer it is to be told by your mother-in-law that you have a clear voice than to be told that you speak through your nose!

If a priest were to say he had absolved me from my sins, it would do me no good, because I should not believe him; but if my medical man told me that port and chicken would help me towards health and strength, I should believe him; and the belief would greatly help the edibles in their good effect. Perhaps a belief in priestly absolution may operate in a similar sort of way upon the diseases of the soul.

There is more in what is called faith than we think of. It is quite true that faith removes mountains. I have known a bread pill, rubbed slightly in the most innocent magnesia, stop what appeared to the patient to be the beginning of serious illness. She had faith in it, but she did not know that it was made of damped bread-crumbs. Now, Mrs. Timepiece wants faith for her rheumatism. She will not believe that either hot whisky or hot bottles to the feet, or bran poultices, will do her any good; so they don't. When her daughters tried to coax her to take the whisky, she replied—

"No, my dear, it is no use. I recollect your grandmother was held in the same way."

I suppose it makes rheumatism more respectable to call it hereditary.

If Mrs. Timepiece could only be persuaded to have faith in Scarborough, there can be no doubt it would do her rheumatism good. But she has no faith in it. The medical man, however, having taken a diagnosis of her moral as well as her physical nature, persevered in his recommendation;

and at last the ship consented to be launched. It was got ready for launching very slowly, after its consent to be launched was obtained; and it was the first week in the present month before it began to move towards the sea.

Scarborough was about forty miles ahead; and, to take it easy, it would be a three days' ride. Christy, their old servant, set to work to make a pigeon pie, and to roast a small ham; and these, with accompaniments—including two bottles of very good, dry, invalid sherry—were packed in a hamper and put under the seat of the brougham, on the morning of the memorable 12th of August; and Mrs. Timepiece and her two elder daughters soon after loosed anchor and set sail for Scarborough.

It did not occur to the good lady that the delicacies in the hamper would have been doubly welcome at that mournful period when her rheumatism was contracted, and when her beloved husband required something nice to tempt him to eat at all. But our relatives rarely leave us money until our teeth are gone. We reap their benefit when our capacity for joy is about as seedy as a three-year-old Sunday coat.

I suppose we ought to regard this life as a school; though, on the surface, it seems rather hard to die just when you have had a fortune left you—

"There's something in the world amiss  
Will be unriddled by and by."

Yet, I think relations generally are very foolish in leaving the entire disposal of their money to their will.

That little bubble of joy which comes to the top of your heart when you hear of the death of a rich maiden aunt, or bachelor uncle, deserves to be hanged as a criminal, and you feel that it deserves to be. But it would not have come if your uncle and aunt had not kept their purse-strings so very tight all the while you were struggling to get on in your profession, and thirsting in Lincoln's Inn for a brief, or watching in vain the Bishop of London for preferment from your room above a flour shop at Hackney.

The two youngest Miss Timepieces are to follow the brougham by rail in two or three days. They have more of their mother in them than the upper strata. Their faces are rather shaped like that of a roach, and about as red. The second looks really well-

bred, and would be sparkling; but the lights of her spirit are not drawn out in the family atmosphere, which, though cheerful, is crisp and frosty. She may be said to be a lighted candlestick put under a bushel or bed. She has inherited more of her father's spirit and quiet intelligence than the others. There is evidently sheet-lightning in her, but no thunder. I wonder what she thinks of her mother? She thinks sometimes that her mother is rather big, and looks at her as a lily of the valley does at a mountain. She thinks sometimes that she speaks too loud, and that she never hears Lady Worsell sneeze more than twice or three times at the outside. She thinks her mother is rather like the centurion in the Gospel, who said to this man "Do this," and to another "Do that," without giving any reasons. She thinks it would be rather nice to have a lady's-maid in the house. She thinks that if a young gentleman like Will were to ask her to love him, she would probably consent. This is rather shocking; but she has not the slightest wish to rob her sister.

These are some of her thoughts; but she would be frightened if she saw them, or even their shadow. She is a spiritually-minded girl. I do not mean by this that she belongs to the tribe of young ladies who wear jet necklaces with a cross at the end, and deliver tracts. She has some very pretty thoughts in her, and they go about in her like butterflies to all kinds of flowers; but they only pop outside of her when her mother is in sunshine, and then fly very gently.

She says to the old sexton—

"You must mind, Jonathan, to take care of the sparrows' nest."

Jonathan grins, and touches his hat with an affirmative; and afterwards tells the landlady at the inn that she is "a 'nation nice lass, and prettiest of 'em all." The two younger sisters are comfortable, and not yet much developed. They nestle up and look content, like young thrushes in a nest when the parent bird has brought them a worm.

It may, at some future time, be advisable to show that the fifth commandment extends its "honour and love" to the husband after marriage; but at present the main current of all their thoughts is towards Scarborough.

Thomas, the old man who drove the brougham, had been in the service of the Timepiece family for forty years, and was very much attached to them. The attach-

ment was mutual, and he was looked upon as a fixture. A good deal of the sap had gone out of his arms, and he was now not equal to much more than driving a very steady horse and cleaning the family boots. Sometimes the little waiting-maid enlisted him to rub some polish on the dining-room table, and to clean the potato and pudding pans; but I think it went rather against his grain. He was a good-natured man, who never said an evil word against any one, and smoked his pipe with a countenance that had the Christmas hymn upon it—"Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." He was as great a favourite in the place as Jonathan; and one of the main distinctions between their characters in the village mind was, that Tommy (as he was called) never used the word "damn" in his sentences. It was a favourite salt with Jonathan's lines; but it came out in such a good-natured way, both in praise and blame, that it was not thought by any one but Mr. Roecliffe to be a sin.

When he called the second Miss Timepiece "a 'nation pretty lass," he only meant pretty in the superlative degree; there was nothing of the "lake of fire" or "the pit" in it. And if he called (which was very rare indeed) a man a 'nation villain, he did it with a grin that was equal to giving him a cup of cold water to assuage his "hell fire."

Thomas had a little fault: sometimes he got a drop too much, and became very talkative, and rather silly in his stories about his love affairs. He had, he said, been often on the eve of matrimony, and something had always come in the way to stop proceedings. There are four or five of his prospected mothers-in-law now lying in Mr. Roecliffe's churchyard; and there are, probably, three or four who yet remain to be buried.

Sir Edward Worsell, in his wakeful moments, sometimes joked him about his escapades.

"Thomas," he said, "you must get your cage before you get your bird."

My impression is that the women thought him rather soft, and only fitted by nature to give them a little amusement.

I don't think women in his station much object to a good hearty "damn" now and then. They put it about midway in the catalogue of manlinesses; and Thomas never damned. He looked as if he very much approved of this visit of his mistress to Scar-



borough. He had a wonderful liking for a roadside inn; and his heart was in its noon-tide of quiet joy as he inspected all the out-buildings, the horse boxes, and calf stalls, and as he smoked his evening pipe with the oster on the corner of the pump trough. He thought of the pint of good ale and the cheese yet to come, and wondered why Mr. Roecliffe called the world "a vale of tears."

They reached Barton-on-the-Hill the first evening. It had been fine and warm all the day, and the birds sang to them on the banks of the road as they went on at an easy pace. The yellowhammer, which may be called the bird of the road, has a short, sweet note, and expresses itself to the point, which is more than can be said of the speakers in Exeter Hall.

The woods are in their prime at the beginning of August; and if the day is not too warm, and your digestive organs are at ease, it is difficult to put Mr. Roecliffe's label upon anything you meet or see in the open. These sort of expressions about the world—viz., "a vale of tears"—like the white and yellow wash in our churches, are miserable relics of puritanism, which, after all, has not in its modern shapes lost its love of a saving grace and boiled salmon with fennel sauce. Anything greasy suits it; and perhaps we owe to it in some indirect way the discovery of the good properties of cod-liver oil.

There was a thunderstorm the evening they were at Barton-on-the-Hill, much to the delight of the ducks and geese in the corner pond, whose spirits were in harmony with the wet part of it. They began to baptize themselves afresh, and to wash the sins off their feathers, as teetotalers at revival meetings purge their souls, by penitent gesticulations, from the stain of their former drunkenness. Mrs. Timepiece liked the thunder and lightning part of it the best, and forgot all about her rheumatism in the forked arrows of fire which struck the distant hills, and the grand roll of artillery in the sky, which sounded like a battle on a large scale. Dr. Cumming would have thought of Armageddon, but Mrs. Timepiece had not the least temperament of prophecy in her. There was something in the storm that made her feel the majesty of her own spirit, and the crash of the thunderbolt ran up the marrow of her bones, and made her feel as if there was the music of a brass

band in her soul. I feel sure that Scarborough will do her good, if she will only have faith in it.

#### ENTRE TES BRAS.

(AFTER RONSARD.)

I ROBBED thee, my love, yester-eve,  
Of the sweetest of kisses—ah me!  
And straightway my soul took its leave  
To feast on the sweet lips of thee.

And soulless I had but to die,  
So my heart to my lady I sent;  
But my heart was enchained by her eye,  
To join my slaved spirit content.

But I stole thy sweet fragrance of breath,  
My love, when I ravished the kiss;  
It kept my poor being from death—  
I have lived from that hour to this.

For my heart, love, is resting with thee,  
And my spirit is slave to thy charms—  
O, would that with them I could be,  
To rest in my lady love's arms!

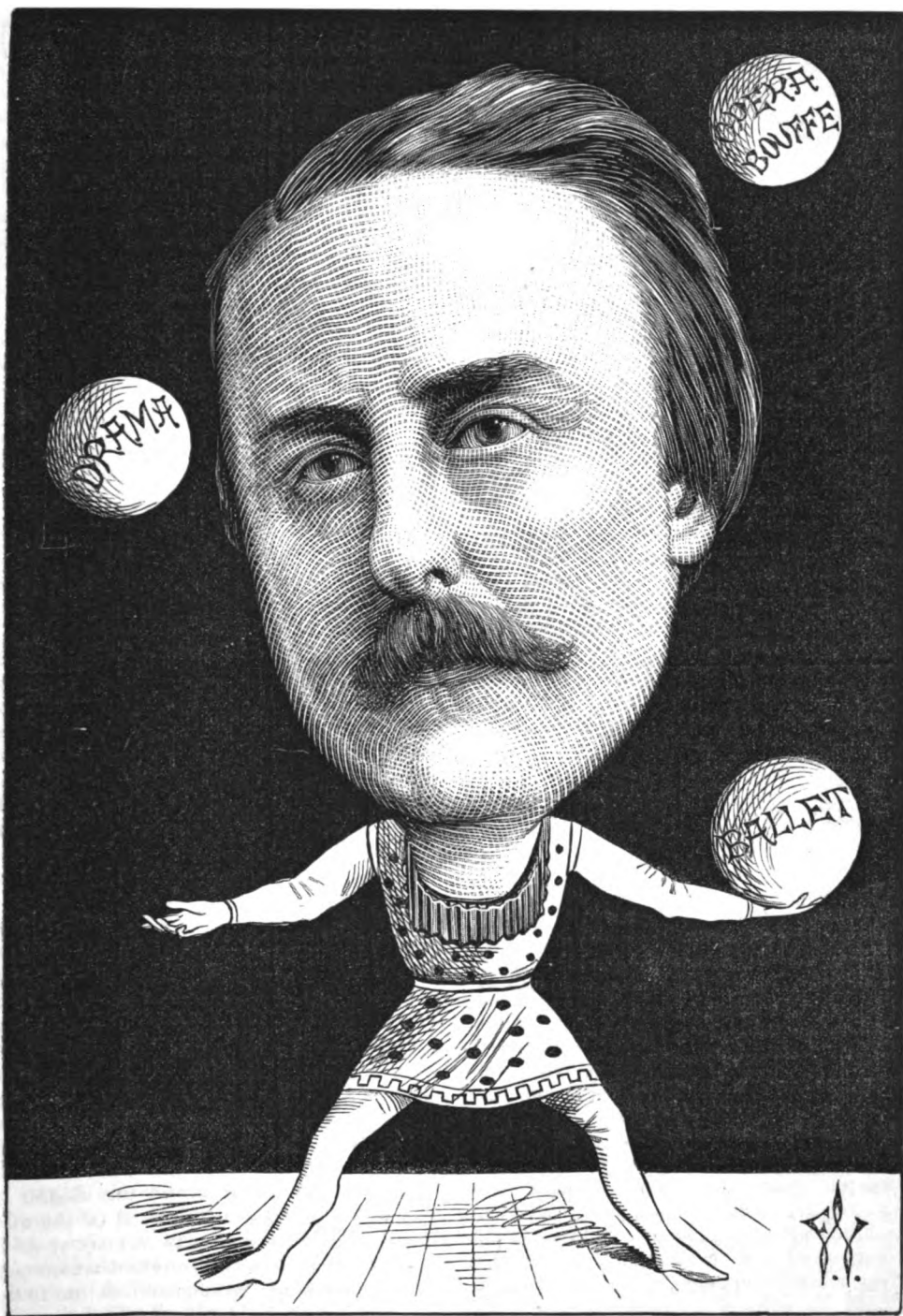
GORDON CAMPBELL.

#### JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

FOR fifteen years the subject of our cartoon has been an active literary and public man. His literary career was begun much later than that of several of his contemporaries, but by his industry and ability he speedily succeeded in placing himself in the van. And in that particular walk of life to which he has devoted his energies, he may be placed in the first rank.

John Hollingshead was born in London, in September, 1829. He is the son of Mr. Henry Randall Hollingshead, and being intended by his father for a City life, he was educated with this end in view at Homerton. His family have been connected for many generations with City and business circles, and at an early age Mr. Hollingshead was placed with a London firm. But his literary tastes were so strong that he decided to embark on what is to ninety-nine aspirants out of a hundred the frailest bark that ever was launched—literary pursuits.

Having left his desk and the Gillott of commerce, he took up the quill of the man of letters, and when only twenty-six years of age he had made such headway that his performances strongly recommended him to the late Charles Dickens, who engaged him permanently for the staff of "Household Words." Mr. Hollingshead was also a contributor to many leading papers, magazines, and re-



Once a Week.]

[August 24, 1879.

"SO HE PLAYS HIS PART."—*As You Like It*, act ii., sc. 7.



views, among which we may mention the *Daily News*, *London Review*, *Punch*, *Athenæum*, *Times of India*, "Cornhill Magazine," "All the Year Round," and to the columns of this magazine. Mr. Hollingshead was—we suppose is—a philosophical Radical, and in all the publications he wrote for he religiously preserved his political consistency. He was the devoted disciple of J. Bentham when that worthy was neglected. He can now see Jeremy's image every time he walks on the pavement in front of the façade of Burlington House. Many of Mr. Hollingshead's most successful papers were written with the intention of making popular the principles of Mill and Bentham; and it appears that though the great humourist had little sympathy with the school himself, he let his collaborateur say what he liked on the subject in "All the Year Round."

In 1859 some of his most popular papers were first collected and published in separate form, with the title of "Under Bow Bells." This volume contained the well-known essay called "The City of Unlimited Paper," which had attracted a great deal of attention in the monetary panic of 1857.

"Rubbing the Gilt off," which appeared in 1860, was a collection of clever political essays, written in a very lively style—very readable, even to people who do not care about politics—and dedicated to John Bright, at a time when the ex-Cabinet Minister had apparently about as much chance of being made Archimandrite as President of the Board of Trade.

This book was followed by a collection of eccentric and home travels entitled "Odd Journeys," and by a volume of humorous papers entitled "Ways of Life." In the same year (1861) "Ragged London" appeared. This was the reproduction of a series of letters which appeared originally in the *Morning Post*. The author's other publications are a collection of humorous stories entitled "Rough Diamonds," and two volumes of miscellaneous essays called "To-day."

Mr. Hollingshead is likewise a successful dramatist, and when the Exhibition of 1862 was projected he was called upon by the Commissioners to write the historical introduction to the official catalogues—work done in 1851 by Mr. Cole, C.B.

In 1866, in connection with Mr. Dion Boucicault, he had carried through an agitation which resulted in dramatic free trade;

and the attention of capitalists having been drawn to the want of first class-theatres in London, several have been built since that date. The Gaiety Theatre, in the Strand, is the best and most successful of the new theatres. Mr. Hollingshead opened it in December, 1868, and is still lessee and manager of this, one of the most popular of our London playhouses. He has so played his part as manager as to please every taste, and has always secured the services of a first-rate company. His new dramas have been written by Robertson, Charles Reade, Gilbert, Oxenford, Byron, and Boucicault; and his company has included the names of Toole, Wigan, Boucicault, Mrs. Boucicault, Miss Neilson, and Miss Farren. No wonder the Gaiety is an exceedingly popular place of amusement. It is at the same time one of the best ventilated, most comfortable, and well-managed of London theatres.

Our portrait is engraved from a drawing made from a photograph of Mr. Hollingshead by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, of Regent-street, whose photographs have the striking peculiarity of being works of art. Pose, light, and printing of these portraits are artistic; and their gallery of celebrities in politics, art, science, literature, and the drama, is well worth a visit from any admirer of the photographer's art in its perfection.

## OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.

ONE JAPHET CROOK.

THE wonderful interest with which the fortunes of the Claimant to the Tichborne baronetcy and estates have been followed by the public—before the trial, during the trial, in the Newgate episode, and in the starring tour under the patronage of Mr. Whalley and Mr. Ouslow—led the ingenious but impecunious *literati* of the British Museum to ransack the stores of that repository of knowledge, in the hope of finding some parallel case in the past history of litigation, which, being found, might forthwith be taken into the camp of the Philistines, and turned into copy—money. Under the impulse of this interest, a new translation of the French *causes célèbres* has been made, and a writer in the *Times* published a great French personation case—that of Martin Guerre—on the very morning when a contributor sent us a translation of it for publication in ONCE A WEEK. Quite by accident,

the other day, in the library of Lincoln's Inn, I lighted upon the case they were all looking out for. It is of respectable antiquity, Mr. Crook having left his ears in the pillory in June, 1831. The little history of the man's career is, I believe, rare. It is written by James Moore, and was printed at Hampstead, and is entitled "The Unparallel'd Impostor, or the whole Life, Artifices, and Forgeries of Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, Bart., with all the proceedings against him." Then follows a very full list of contents, and—the author, Moore, having a poetical turn—this couplet:

*"Peter throughout his Life has been a Ranger,  
And to no Fraud whatever is a Stranger."*

There are people who will be inclined to read *Roger* instead of *Peter* here. To them I would say that, though a caricature of the Claimant appeared in these pages, no discussion of the merits of the case was entered upon. The matter was then *sub judice*, and we had no right to discuss it. Still more would it be improper to enter upon the matter now when the Claimant—as he is termed—is about to be tried for felony. The English criminal law gives the prisoners the benefit of doubts. I venture to suggest these two. First: If he is Castro or Orton, or anybody you like, it must be as easy to prove that he is Castro or Orton, or anybody else you fix upon, as to prove that he is *not* the person he says he is. Secondly: He appears to have convinced every unprejudiced person he has come intimately into contact with that he is the person he says he is.\*

Having said thus much in deprecation of the story of Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, and our remarks thereon being applied to a more modern case, I proceed with my narrative:—

Mr. Japhet Crook was a prince among forgers, and his artifices were mostly contrived to forward his chances of forging title-deeds. His case, when made public, seems to have attracted quite as much attention as the Tichborne trial, and ended in an alteration of the law. Most people's first historical impression of the result of writing another man's name is the celebrated

case of the "unfortunate Dr. Dodd," whom Johnson wrote petitions for, and who was hanged in spite of them for forging the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for a sum of money. Dodd owed the severity of his punishment to the notice of Crook's case in Parliament; for, up the time of Crook's conviction, forgery was a comparatively light offence. A man who stole a handkerchief valued at twelvepence was hanged for it on conviction, while the forger of deeds involving thousands of pounds only lost his ears, and did not forfeit his property.

Mr. Moore remarks, indulging in his poetic vein by quoting a brother singer—

"— Little villains must submit to fate,  
That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

But he is original when he versifies on the theme: "When mankind become popular, either through the motives to good or bad actions, the inquiry of the public after them proceeds from one and the same cause, and the thirst of curiosity is raging in them till they are let into the original and course of life of the saint or the sinner—

'A plenteous crop of each our annals boast,  
But here the *former* in the *latter's* lost.'"

He adds:—

"The baronet of his own making, now before us, may for his transactions be said to have outdone the age he lived in, and seems by nature made\* to bear the weight of those curious endowments for which he has been so remarkable, and for which he is here handed down to posterity as a villain of the first rank."

To which, after a lamentation on the state of the law in relation to forgery, Mr. Moore expresses his devout hope—

"That this trifling ear-statute will be repealed, and that Mr. Ketch's anodyne neck-lace will hereafter cut off all false swearers and forgers from the land of the living."†

Japhet Crook was born in Hertfordshire, in 1662; was brought up a Quaker, and became a drayman to a wealthy brewer, Mr. Hawkins, living at Walthamstow, in Essex. After leaving Mr. Hawkins's employ he

\* Crook was a man of great size.

† This was the case. The doings of this impostor caused Parliament to make forgery a felony immediately after Crook's trial. The first person hanged under the new law was one Cooper, for forging a bond for £25 in the name of Holme, a grocer, in Hanover-square. He was hanged on the 16th of June, 1831.

\* Correspondence on the subject is respectfully declined. We neither espouse nor oppose the Claimant's pretensions. We wish him to have a fair trial, and shall be satisfied with the verdict of the jury, according to the evidence both sides will adduce. [ED.]

turned malt-jobber, and was lucky enough to marry a wife with a small fortune. He had now the means of turning his talents to account. He was a very fine writer, and able well to imitate the engrossing hand of a lawyer's clerk in ink of any shade of brownness demanded by circumstances for the imitation of old parchments. With his wife's little fortune, Japhet contrived to pay the deposit and get possession of the title-deeds of a small property in Hertfordshire, which he at once mortgaged for £600 to one Cooke; and directly after, by means of a duplicate set of deeds, for £1,600 to Mr. John Hawkins, the son of the brewer at Walthamstow. He thus succeeded in getting £2,200 in return for a deposit of £100 on a property only valued at £500 to begin with.

Mr. Crook's next step was to take his talents and his money to London, leaving his wife behind him. From double mortgages he proceeded very soon to double marriages, selecting for the second Mrs. Crook, Mary, sister of Captain Nash, of Tooley-street, Southwark. With this lady he had a considerable fortune.

By this means he secured the brewery of Sir John Friend, on Tower Hill, after the death of that gentleman, who was mixed up in the plot to assassinate King William, and suffered accordingly the extreme penalty of the law.

In a few months Japhet thought it worth his while to turn bankrupt, absconding with large sums of money to Ireland. He made Cork his residence first, dropping his scripture name Japhet, and his surname Crook. At Cork he was Sir Peter Stranger, Bart., giving out that Queen Anne, on account of some signal secret services that he had performed, had conferred the title upon him.

Sir Peter having at length made Cork a little warm for him, made for Dublin, where he gave out that he had such interest at the Court of St. James's that he could procure the good people of Dublin her Majesty's patent for digging their own coals, and for opening mines in Ireland. Here, after receiving various large sums of money from Colonel Kempson, and other natives of the Emerald Isle, for the services he was rendering them at Court, Sir Peter proceeded to confer the title of Lady Stranger on a young woman named Mary Savage.

At length it came to his ears that his

English wife was coming over to see him, as she had met with some one who had penetrated his disguise. Accordingly, Sir Peter gave his English and Irish wives leg-bail, and removed himself to the "land o' Scots," where he married a fourth time.

At last, after an absence of twenty years, Mr. Crook again appeared in London. Now, finding his old friend Mr. John Hawkins in a failing state, he set to work to make him believe that he had returned from his travels a very rich man, and the possessor of several estates—on which, by forging title-deeds from time to time as occasion required, he succeeded in raising £13,000.

Crook's last great stroke, however, was to make a will, leaving all his sham estates to Mr. Hawkins, who was a bachelor, very rich, and had no near relatives. This had the desired effect on Mr. Hawkins, who at once made a will leaving all his property to Crook. A few weeks after he died; and it was on a libel exhibited in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and on proceedings taken in Chancery by Hawkins's heirs-at-law, that the unparalleled impostor was at length made to disgorge.

Hawkins seems to have been very easily imposed upon; but Crook by no means confined his attentions to him. There was no end to his estates—he could make them as fast as he mortgaged them. He said he had an estate-royal at Holy Island, in Northumberland, and thus presented the title-deeds to Mr. Hawkins:—

"WORTHY SIR—Inclosed in the Bage is the Grant from the Crown with the other Writeinges be pleased to take them home with you and at your owen Laziour Peruse them and If it May be your Pleasuer to serve Me int I shall make the Tittle as ferm and good as any on earth and all that I have Afirmed of it is truth Your Most obledged obeidant Humbell Servant Till He's: I CROOK."

Mr. Hawkins seems to have advanced as much money on his title-deeds as ever he was pleased to ask for. He used to present the ex-brewer with doctored wines before he mortgaged an estate to him, "assuring him that these wines came out of the King's cellar, and were such as King George himself usually drank, and that one sort of them which he called *Ashcolon* wine had very extraordinary virtues."

"I kno'," he wrote, "the Jewes are the cunnings Pepell in the world, and they call it Long Life, and whatever is sold in England is sold to help poor wines."

All his dupes seem to have been favoured with consignments from his Majesty's own cellars, and poor Hawkins apparently drank too freely of the Ascalon wine.

His assumption for twenty years of an *alias*—Sir Peter Stranger—seems never to have been detected and exposed; though probably only the pigeons he plucked really believed him to be a baronet.

Hawkins's will was set aside by a decree of the Court of Chancery, and the further proceedings relating to it were referred to the Ecclesiastical Court. It is satisfactory to learn that British justice in those days was quite equal to the occasion, and the clerical lawyers seem to have gone into the matter with a will, as full restitution was made to as many persons as his estate permitted, and the unparalleled impostor left both his ears in the hands of the common hangman.

Japhet was indicted under a now obsolete statute—Ann. 5 Eliz.—which is to be found in our fine category of statutes at large. Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, had the sentence of the statute pronounced upon him, and it was accordingly executed. The common hangman cut off his ears, slit up his nostrils, and seared them on the pillory at Charing Cross, on the 10th of June, 1731.

After this act of barbarous justice had been carried out, and the letter of the law complied with, the "baronet" was carried back to his place of confinement, the then well-known sponging-house, kept by a widow named Pearson, near the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, with whom he had "run a tick" from the first day of his confinement; and the last we hear of the rascal is that, to keep his landlady in humour, he played his cards with her so as to induce her to become his fifth wife. He promised her Mr. Hawkins's estate, which, he said, had not passed from him with his ears; and, flushed with this good fortune, Widow Pearson sent her son down to Walthamstow to survey it.

A collection of his letters is extant that is calculated to give a genuine account of Japhet Crook's honesty to a distant posterity, spelled with his own peculiar views

of orthography, and written with his own character; and, as we all know, the *litera scripta manet*.

## THE END OF THE CAPE DIAMONDS.

THE Cape diamond fields appear to be pretty nearly exhausted, every successive account received of them being more disastrous than the preceding; so that, had we waited a few months longer, there might have been no need for the solemn act of annexation to the British Crown lately performed in these fields. In fact, it has begun to be merely a question whether the supply of Cape diamonds shall cease, or the prices become so low as to make the search barely remunerative. Theoretically, the price of a diamond depends upon the amount of labour required to bring it into the market. A great find of diamonds disturbs the equilibrium for a moment, by diminishing the labour without affecting the price. But sooner or later the equilibrium is re-established. If the African diamonds had not given out, the search for them would have soon ceased to be more profitable on the average than other labour; and to this would have been added the demoralizing effect of labour paid for, not by regular results, but by prizes in a lottery.

An association (limited) announces to-day the first arrival of their own Cape diamonds in London, and it is possible it may be the last, if current accounts are to be believed. The following narrative embodies the latest experiences of a digger:—

On arriving at the Cape, we made the mistake of taking tents, tools, cooking utensils, and so on, to the fields. They are cheaper here than at Cape Town, because neither successful nor unsuccessful diggers take such things away. Our journey was made, without an accident or misadventure, in fourteen days. We had no chance of shooting or sketching, for the waggon stays for nothing except a breakdown or want of cattle; and though we were jolted all day, till every bone in our bodies was aching, we always got good rest at night.

Arrived at Pniel and Klipduff—diggings on opposite sides of the Vaal River—we found they were almost worked out, so we started for Gong Gong and Cawood's Hope, twelve miles down. Here we found a crowd

of diggers, and fancy prices for the claims, so away we went again to Blue Jacket Rush, eight miles farther down the river, and found much the same state of things as we found at Cawood's Hope; but rather than run about any longer, and waste more time, we determined to begin, and so put pick and shovel into the ground, and went to work like Britons. Our claims were on a "Kopje"—*i.e.*, old bed of a river—and there were only three parties at work there besides ourselves. Very hard work it is, this diamond digging: up at daybreak, light fire for making the morning coffee—usually the firewood is damp—then down to our claims. We keep as far as convenient from the river, for health's sake. We breakfast at twelve, and have dinner or supper at sundown, so we give the day to work.

As soon as our claims—a claim is thirty feet square—were marked out and paid for, we began to remove the surface boulders, some of them as much as two men could roll. When they were out of the way, rolled and piled on one another by way of a hedge round the claims, we had to get rid of the bushes and grass; so we were some time getting our claim in order for work. At first we were not very quick at cooking—I knew but little of the mysteries of the *cuisine*, and we lost much time in blundering over our feed; but now, I flatter myself, we are tolerable cooks—in the bush style. After eight days' work at clearing our claims, we had just begun to get out the gravel and wash it, when there came news of a new "rush" nine miles away, and the air was thick with rumours of diamonds being found on the surface. I went there at once, marked out two claims, paid two shillings and sixpence each for them, stuck up our tickets, and returned to Blue Jacket late at night, after a walk of eighteen miles. The next day we left by bullock waggon, with all *impedimenta*. We were reluctant to leave our claims, on which we had spent so much labour; but two men who had worked near us were leaving: they had given the place a fair trial, they said, having washed more than one hundred loads of gravel without seeing the shadow of a diamond. Tents were being taken down on every side of us, and diggers were rushing to the new place from all quarters; so we overcame our reluctance. This new rush was called at first Moonlight; then Hoan's Rush; finally, at a meeting of diggers, it was changed to Delpport's Hope.

Mr. Delpport is a colonial, who bribed a Kaffir to tell him where any surface diamonds were to be found. He is said to have made a large fortune out of the place. The Kaffir disappeared, his chief, Jantje, threatened to hang him for "blowing" the new place, and probably was as good as his word.

In four days, the population at Delpport's Hope rose from 100 to 2,000. It was soon expedient to form a committee to mark out the claims, settle disputes, and otherwise provide for the rights of the individual diggers, for there was a deal of "jumping"—*i.e.*, stealing claims. We began work on May 8th, and dug and washed the gravel, expecting every moment to see a diamond on the sorting-table. We had plenty of encouragement, for we could hear the "Hurrahs!" go echoing down the river, sometimes every five minutes, as some lucky digger picked up a diamond in his claim, or found it on his sorting-table.

Encouragement was all we had at Delpport's Hope: our claims were on inferior ground. Although we made all haste in moving, we were only in time to be outsiders. There might have been a diamond in one or both our claims, but about that there was no certainty; whereas there was a great deal of certainty about the choice part of the Kopje. The rich ground was about six acres; outside of it only very few diamonds were found, and those very small. As many as fifty diamonds were turned out of the rich ground in one day. I know several diggers who have found from eight to seventeen in this one place; one man got twenty, and had worked only half his claim. The largest stone I can hear of at Delpport's Hope is one of twenty carats. Some three or four, of three carats or so, were found about forty yards from my partner's claim; and one of one and a half carat was washed out about ten yards from mine. The parties around us began to desert their claims soon after they found they were not on rich ground.

Our next neighbour, a Dutchman, told me of a new place where only Kaffirs were at work. He had been there prospecting, and thought it was a good Kopje; so he and all his started, and we followed. The place is now called Winter's Rush, four miles up the river from Delpport's Hope.

We were wide awake this time. One must be some time here to get up to the dodges about rushes and claims. If a man



goes diamond digging, he must keep his eyes skinned and his ears open, make no friends, and trust no one further than he can see him. Sometimes the rushes are got up by men who keep grog or other store huts, for the purpose of getting the diggers' custom. For instance, a man goes into a large camp, like Delport's Hope, and shows a diamond which he declares was found at such a place, where he has a store, or is in partnership in some business. Then comes a rush to the place. If diamonds are found—which is generally the case, as a large space of ground is turned over—well and good; if it turns out blank, they call it a "canteen rush."

Some cute ones try Kopjes at other people's expense. The cute one marks out claims in a new place for himself and friends—no matter if the friends are hundreds of miles away; then goes to another place, and shows a diamond which is said to have been found in the new ground. Of course, there is a rush, and hundreds of claims are taken. The cute one's claims are in different parts of the Kopje; and as soon as the best part is discovered, he works his promising claims, and allows the others to be "jumped."

Though the labour is hard and the living rough, it is astonishing how much work one can get through: every stroke of the pick, every shovelful of gravel thrown on the sorting-table, may turn up a fortune. And so we go on, day after day, hour after hour—what with the excitement and hope, we don't feel the labour at all. If there is nothing in the first shovelful, there may be half a dozen diamonds in the next; if we find nothing to-day, we hope for better luck to-morrow. Hope and perseverance are two necessities—without them, no one need dig for diamonds. There has been no great rush here yet. We have taken eleven claims in different parts of the Kopje. When the rush comes, and a managing committee is elected, we have to give up all but two; no doubt we shall find out which are the best before that. The usual regulation is, that the owner of a claim must mark it distinctly, by sticking up his name or initials, and dig in it at least once in three days; if he omits either of these performances the claim is jumpable, and the jumper cannot be interfered with by the jumper. Not far from my claim, a Dutchman found a stone of seventy-two carats and five or six smaller ones. He wisely sold his claim, and went down into the colony.

The diamondiferous ground as yet discovered extends along the River Vaal for about 150 miles. There are also inland diggings—Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontain, about twenty-five miles from the Vaal—where water is very scarce.

The apparatus we use for washing the gravel is like that used in gold diggings—a cradle, with coarse top sieve and fine bottom sieve. Our claim is about 200 yards from the river, so we carry the gravel down in buckets, wash it in the cradle, then empty the contents of the top sieve on the sorting-table and examine it, sweep off the refuse, and examine the contents of the bottom sieve. About half a bucketful of gravel is washed at a time, which is reduced to one-half by the washing. The sorting is easy and quickly done. When I came here, I thought it was done very carelessly, and that many diamonds must be overlooked; but I soon found that if there is a diamond on the table it is sure to make itself visible, and if I did not sort quickly I should not get through the work. We sweep off agates, crystals, jaspers, and cat's-eyes like so much dirt.

We at last found our first diamond—a good stone of two carats and three-eighths, worth, when cut, about £25. It has encouraged us to work away harder than ever, and to give the Kopje a fair trial.

On Saturdays, we take a half-holiday, and go shooting. There is no large game within thirty miles, but plenty of turkeys and guinea fowl; so we generally manage to get a good dinner on Sundays. On Sundays, no one works. The Dutchmen and their families amuse themselves with singing hymns for the greater part of the day. They are about the best specimens of humanity I have met here—steady, industrious, and as mindful of their traditional cleanliness as it is possible to be under the circumstances. They are shy of Englishmen, and well they may be, for a love of truth and honesty is not an attribute of the Anglo-Saxon on the Vaal River.

My own experience leads me to advise people to stop away from the Cape diamond fields.

#### TABLE TALK.

I ONCE heard a middle-aged common law junior heave a great sigh at the news of the death of a Chancery Q.C., and express in feeling language his profound aspiration that

if his seniors must die, it might now please Providence to remove a few leaders from the ranks of the common law bar. And it is told of the officers who dined after one of De Moltke's battles, that they grumbled, as at a serious grievance, that there had been no general killed. So the subalterns at the opera—that corps in which there are no promotions—unfortunate women who have the ill-luck to possess voices no better than good, not unreasonably grumble that the marriage of a prima donna only means that she will sing more than she ever sang before, instead of gracefully quitting the stage. Their chance never comes—for ever doomed to play the second fiddle; whereas, if marriage and retirement from the stage went together, the manager must promote them to the highest rank in the profession.

A TENOR VOICE is the thing a modern countryman ought to ask Jupiter for, if the god offered to grant any one request he might prefer, as he did Hodge in the fable. For a tenor voice of high quality and a good ear for music confer on their lucky possessor the power to convert all he touches into gold. Perhaps a splendid soprano is even better. A prima donna will be fought for by rival managers—will be implored to go to all parts of the compass at once; and, failing this, will spend her year in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Cairo, and New York. One lady has been receiving £150 a-night in London all this season, and is to have £200 a-night in New York. The true history of the peasant girl who becomes a prima donna in grand opera would be a very instructive tale: from the day when, a little child, it is found out that she sings better than any other child in the village, to the day when she makes her last curtsy before the footlights. What a story! The village gossips remark the sweetness of her voice—her parents find a patron who pays for masters—she is discovered by a manager, speculated in, brought out, makes a great success—is followed about from capital to capital by a tribe of pensioners, including her respectable parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins to the fiftieth remove, every sort of master she ever had—everybody that can show the least claim to help empty her purse. And they all fawn on her, flatter her, cajole and deceive her; until she marries the man she loves, who pawns her diamonds, breaks her heart, and

dissipates twice the income of a princess of the blood at the gambling-table. Though this picture has too often been realized in the history of the lyric stage, it must in fairness be said that there are many happy exceptions in the cases of great public favourites, who have found in their husbands better managers of their property and their affairs of business than any less interested agents possibly could become.

THE STORMY WEATHER in the Midlands has not done the farmers any good. After several really bad years, with foot and mouth disease among the cattle, all their hay washed away, and their corn not likely to improve with standing in the rain, they are grumbling with some reason. They have unanimously come to the conclusion that "farming's no good," though the prospect of their turning their attention to anything else is probably remote. One worthy of my acquaintance thus accounts for the last wet month, and firmly believes his proverb:—

"Sunday new and Sunday full,  
Allus did rain and allus wull."

So much for the moon's chance of fair play in that parish!

PRESIDENT GRANT is charged by the "bilin' hot" Greeleyites with having committed nearly every offence in the calendar. But he has given special cause, in the opinion of these gentlemen, for getting defeated at the election, by his weakness for giving his "relashuns" offices with salaries attached. Of course, no Greeleyite would give another the value of a red cent out of the state chest, if he had ever such a chance. All the organs of Grant's party kindly admit this, to start with, and the editor of the *Golden Age* thus enlarges on the subject:—"Yu make a grate fuss becaws Grant hez got so many relashuns. Wall, its human natur to hev relashuns, specially ef yu git rich or gits an offis. There Jo Snooker, poor as a meetin'-hous mouse and without a relashun in the world or a feller wat wood lend him fifty cents; but wen his bruther in Kentucky dide and left him a mint uv munny, hiz relashuns begun to kum and kep on kummin, until it seemed ez tho he wuz furst or second kussen to the entire populashun of the civilized globe. Ef he hadn't pulled up stiks and went tu parts unknown, heed ben a poor man afore this. But with all yer kunnin and kalkerlatin you

haint found but aity-tu relashuns that Grant hez put into offis. Ther may be some that wont own up becaws yu fellers make sich an adoo about it. Kall the hol lot a hundred; and I say it aint bad. Why, ef yu was President yood find yurselv related to every animal that come out uv Noah's ark. Grant has gin offisis to only a hundred of hiz! I say it's moderate." Now, there is more sense than nonsense in that.

"THE JOURNAL of the Society of Arts" calls the attention, we should suppose, of all top sawyers to an invention, or more properly a new application of a well-known fact, which has recently been patented in America. The originality of the special application will strike most readers. Everybody knows that when an electric current is transmitted through a fine platinum wire the wire becomes red hot. The patent in question is for the utilizing of this principle for the purpose of cutting wood. Hence, we may now have the sawing of timber effected without a saw. Dr. Robinson, the patentee, was led to this novel application of electricity by observing the facility with which a platinum wire, when raised to a white heat, effected the removal of tumours, and cut its way into the living flesh. It is anticipated that by means of this invention, which requires only a simple quantity battery, trees will be felled and divided into logs, and other operations of a similar nature performed. But if that station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call me were sawing up timber, I should not sell my saw and lay out the money in coils of fine platinum wire.

PROVIDENCE HAS COMPASSIONATELY given women an instinct to feel that they are of more importance than they really are, and it is a great support to them in passing through life. It would be a very unfortunate thing for both men and women—but especially women—if the poet's wish were granted—namely, the gift to see ourselves as others see us. We should lose that amount of self-confidence which is so necessary to the well-doing of both small and great things, and we should shut out more than half the mental sunshine which now makes our lives bright. As it is, we really fancy that the world will miss us when we die, and it softens the idea of death. And you rarely if ever find a man or woman who

does not wish and try to leave some footprint or other on the sands of time. I think philosophers must be rather miserable when they so clearly perceive that the world cares very little indeed about births and deaths, and that even a very large footprint on the sands of time is soon washed out by the flood-tide of events. The fact is, that things on earth as well as things in heaven require a background of imagination. It is to the human mind and heart what the summer skies are to the earth, and blessed are they who are long in finding out that it is a sell, or pious fraud, as the Romanists would call it.

THE CONVICTS have given us a good deal of trouble at one time or another, and they are always pretty expensive to keep up. They manage them better in the States:—

"Alabama hires out its convicts to work on the railroads. Each man has an iron spike about eighteen inches long around his ankle, held by a chain which reaches up to the waist. This contrivance keeps them from running. They trip and fall whenever making the experiment. The contractors feed, clothe, and guard the convicts, and pay the State 40 cents a day for each man's labour. For every six months they faithfully work on the road, a month is taken from their term of imprisonment."

Can we make some such experiment in this country? Mr. Bruce generally spends his recess in devising new bills. Will he consider the poor convicts and poorer rate-payers this autumn?

THE PASSION of old ladies for cats is well known, and not to be wondered at, since they have much of the feline nature in themselves. But I once knew a lady who had a passion for clocks. She had a clock in her sitting-room, another at the foot of the stairs, another in the kitchen, and a small brass ditto in her bed-room; it was as great a delight to her to hear them strike as it is to a young mother to see her first baby smile. They appeared to be very old and wayworn, and were probably afflicted with some internal disease that had become chronic; but this did not alter her love for them, or in any way lessen her estimation of them.

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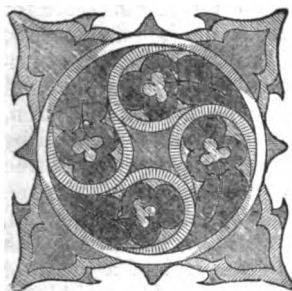
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## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.



UR friend Don Carlos Perez took up his abode, according to invitation, in the Lennards' house; and though received by the master of it

with embarrassed reserve, by the mistress with cold hauteur, and by Mary with a demeanour naturally suggested by that of her parents, he made himself thoroughly at home. He had never been in the habit of living on very cordial terms with his fellow-creatures; distrust was the air he had breathed from childhood; neutrality was all he asked from a world with which he had so often been at war; and so long as the Lennards were not actively hostile, he considered them as friendly. Of bashfulness, pride, delicacy of feeling, of course he had not a taint; the first and most necessary qualification for the career of an unscrupulous adventurer being the absence of all such sentiments. So he treated the family in the most free-and-easy manner; forced his company upon them whenever he chose; chatted to whom he liked; went and came at his pleasure, with but little consideration for the domestic arrangements; and accompanied Mrs. Lennard and Mary to all the evening parties they went to, in spite of the elder lady's marked repugnance to taking him. Mrs. Lennard had at first determined, at all events, not to introduce him to the friends she met at different houses. To the lady of the house she could not avoid presenting him, as a

stranger whose parents had been known to Mr. Lennard; but beyond that she resolved not to go. But Perez would come up to her when she was talking with some young lady, and say, "Pardon me, fair hostess"—he was always calling Mrs. Lennard "fair hostess," to her increased disgust—"I have not the advantage of knowing the young lady you are conversing with—will you introduce me?" And what could she do? And the young man's manners, though free and wanting polish, were not to be called vulgar; so that he passed muster very well in general society. Nay, he was not without admirers among the young ladies with whom he danced and flirted—for his conversation was animated and bizarre; he had wandered through many countries, seen various wild people, scenes, and adventures, and possessed the power of graphic description; his misfortunes made him interesting to those who believed in them; he was not bad looking, and his waltzing was perfection. These advantages did not count for very much with the mothers of his partners, who had been inclined at first to look upon him with suspicion; but when they found him taken up by the Lennards, who had a marriageable daughter of their own, they thought there could not be anything wrong about him; and as he was a decided acquisition at balls, parties, and picnics, he got a good many invitations on his own account, without any intervention on the part of his host and hostess.

One great mistake was made by Perez: he fell in love with Mary Lennard. I do not mean to say that he was capable of a high order of love, that there was any element of unselfishness or chivalry in his attachment; but still it was a passion of a violent character—like all southern feelings, a straw flame that might soon expire, but was very hot while blazing. Now, however gross and unpoetical the love of a man for a woman may be, it must give her a certain power over

him, must hamper the freedom of his actions towards her and those belonging to her in a manner decidedly prejudicial to the interests of an adventurer who has only the coolness and presence of mind arising from an utter indifference to the feelings, interests—nay, the lives of others, to depend on for success. Not but what the love for an honest woman, if returned by her, and crowned by a marriage contracted openly, with the consent of her parents, and everything fair and above board, might have been the salvation of the youth, in spite of his parentage and education. The influence of a virtuous wife, a pocketful of money, and a position to support, are wonderful incentives to honesty. Religion, honour, and morality are fine things to keep mankind in the right path, but lose their efficacy sadly unless combined with an absence of temptation. But there was very little chance of Mary's ever accepting him of her own free will, and he was decidedly spoiling his game by introducing a softer element into what was originally a pure commercial speculation, and which could only be won by intrigue and intimidation. No one ever plays as well for love as he does for money.

His constant attentions and undisguised admiration were a source of great annoyance to Mary, who had from the first conceived a great dislike for the youth, which she had striven to check until he began to force his company upon her; and then she thought that she had done enough for hospitality, and felt quite absolved from the necessity of showing any further courtesy to one who took such very long ell for the very short inches offered him.

Besides, William Fletcher might grow jealous. Well, he did not do that, but he did not half like it, nevertheless. He saw plainly enough that Mary was annoyed by the persecutions of the Mexican, and did not fear lest the dark eyes of that young man should supplant him in her affections; but he thought it very likely that Perez might have the parents on his side. Mr. Lennard had said that he was under great obligations to the father. Did those obligations extend so far as to render him unable to refuse his daughter's hand to the son? Or was there any former compact between the late adherent of the Carlists and Mr. Lennard that their children should be united when they had reached a certain age? The behaviour of Perez was just that of a man who had come over to claim a promised bride. He was

perpetually at her elbow, and seemed particularly anxious to prevent her being alone with himself; and he addressed her with a mingled deference and confidence which made him absolutely detest the fellow. And for that matter there was no love lost between them.

One thing was very evident to Fletcher, and that was that the sooner he put a stop to this state of suspense the better. For it is an odd characteristic of the animal, man, and one which you may possibly have heard remarked upon before, that he never prizes anything properly until there is a chance of his losing it. It is the strong, young, healthy man or woman, with no serious care or trouble, leading a life of ease and safety, who complains of the weariness and worthlessness of existence. Let him grow old and infirm, let his frame be racked with pain, and his faculties of enjoyment obscured by disease, and he will cling to life with the tenacity of an eel. When a friend of mine, a fine black Tom, was young and playful, we used to amuse ourselves sometimes with a reel attached to the end of a piece of string: so long as I let the reel lie within an inch of his nose, my playmate remained perfectly quiescent, with his eyes half closed, in utter disdain of the paltry article so close to his grasp. The moment, however, that I began, however gently, to withdraw it, his tail extended, his eyes dilated, his muscles contracted, and he sprang upon it with the eagerness—the eagerness with which William Fletcher now jumped at Mary Lennard. He had had plenty of opportunities for asking her to be his wife during the last month, but now he could never find her alone—that Perez seemed to watch him, and intrude his hateful presence in order to baulk him. He soon managed, however, to snatch a few words in private.

It was at Lady Ennamail's last ball of the season, and rather late—for in the early part of the night the rooms and staircases had been so crowded that there was not a spot in the whole house where it would have been safe to say anything which you particularly wished no third person to overhear. At about three in the morning, however, there was room to dance and a corner or two to flirt in; and Fletcher, who had just finished a waltz with Mary, and was walking about with her on his arm, trying likely places for oxygen, found, on entering a small conservatory connected with the first land-

ing-place, that there was no one there but themselves. There was a comfortable gloom, too, about the place, for a number of the little variegated lamps which had illuminated it had burnt out. It was an opportunity which he seized, together with the young lady's hand.

"Will you let me be your partner for the next dance too?" said he.

"Well—yes," said Mary.

"Ah, Mary," he whispered, "I wish you would be my partner for life."

"I am not aware that I have any other engagement," she replied, smiling.

And then, I regret to say, he kissed her; but, upon my life, I think any he-reader would have done the same under the circumstances. Young ladies who wish to avoid such treatment must not look so nice, or make such saucy answers to serious questions.

The settlement of this little affair was a great relief to both of them. Fletcher was glad to have a right to take decided measures when the mysterious Mexican intruded himself on their company; and he breathed more freely now he was sure that if there were any understanding between Perez and Mr. Lennard, Mary herself was no party to it. For he still entertained a fear lest her father should have some object opposed to his own wishes in view, but felt pretty sure that he would not persist when he found his daughter's happiness at stake. On the following morning, however, he would see Mr. Lennard, and get everything put square.

Mary herself had no suspicions of this kind; but she thought that the fact of her engagement would put a stop to Perez's annoying attentions, and gave herself up to the happiness of the moment. Just try getting engaged at a ball, and then dancing with the Object—but perhaps you have.

When she found herself alone in the carriage with her mother—Perez, for a wonder, not having accompanied them that evening, and Mr. Lennard having gone away a couple of hours before—she poured all out into that sympathizing ear.

"At last!" thought Mrs. Lennard. "He has been a long time in coming to the point. Well, if he has been brought to speak out by the presence of this Perez, the Mexican will have been useful, and now we will get rid of him."

She did not say all this, however, to Mary,

nets, dresses, future residence, &c. Marriage may be death to men, but it is great fun to the women.

In spite of the lateness of the hour and the fatigues of a ball, they talked with vigour all the way home; and then, having got on their dressing gowns, kept it up in Mary's room till the rays of the sun came right into the elder lady's eyes, and sent her scampering off to bed. In truth, the good mother was very much pleased; for she liked Fletcher, whom she thought just the man to make her girl happy, and had been waiting with some inward impatience for him to declare himself—a proceeding which he had not delayed so very long, after all, seeing that he had only known the family for a couple of months, which, however, seemed somehow to her like as many years, such had been her feeling of strange, unaccountable anxiety. Her unwelcome guest had caused this; but why? She was not of an inhospitable turn, and often entertained persons of whom she knew little or nothing. But then her husband had always come to her in the first instance and said, "I have met an old friend to whom I should like to pay some attention;" and she had replied, "You had better bring him here to stay." For if my lady bore the sceptre, she did not sway it with any ungracious or ungenerous hand. But in this case her will had not been consulted: the intruder had been forced upon her; and that, too, at the most provoking and inconvenient time, as if on purpose to interfere with Fletcher's proposing. Will her anger and annoyance account for the presentiment she felt that there was something uncanny about Perez, some mysterious peril hanging over all their heads? Or is there really a maternal instinct which is troubled at the unseen approach of danger to the offspring? However that may be, it is a fact that Mrs. Lennard felt nothing but pleasure and relief at the thought that Mary had now another protector than her father and herself—a consideration which would have given her proud heart a passing pang a year—nay, a month before.

Mr. Lennard could not make out what had come to his wife and daughter at breakfast next day, they were so chatty, so mysterious, and in such high spirits. The former particularly astonished him, for she was generally rather cross after having been up very late the night before; whereas on this occasion she spoke to him with a cordiality quite rare enough in their intercourse to be

remarkable. The cause of this happiness would probably have come out in the course of the meal, in spite of a previous determination to let Fletcher himself be the first to announce it to him, had it not been for the presence of Perez, who put his own interpretation upon the cheerfulness of his hostesses. He flattered himself that his own agreeable characteristics had at last thawed the ice in which he had hitherto been locked up, and he determined to seize the opportunity, and attempt to force his way into Matrimony Bay on the earliest opportunity.

"Can you come home to lunch early, papa?" asked Mary, as her father rose to leave the room. "I want to have a long ride this afternoon."

"Certainly, my love," said Mr. Lennard; and he went to his study with a lighter step than he had trodden with for some days.

The events of the last fortnight had quite changed him. From a light-hearted, jovial, social man, with a laugh or a joke always on his lips, he had grown absent, moody, restless, avoiding society. Those of his friends who met him, and took the trouble to speculate upon the matter, thought that he had lost a heavy sum of money. Mary concluded that he was ill, and determined to urge him to have medical advice. His wife alone, when her attention was drawn to the matter by her daughter—for she never noticed her husband sufficiently to observe whether his spirits were bad or good of herself—put this (his depression) and that (the presence of Don Carlos Perez) together.

Mr. Lennard was in his study, employed in a variety of futile efforts—smoking a pipe, which he could not enjoy; trying to sit still in a favourite easy chair, which might have been stuffed with hedgehog skins from the way he kept jumping up from it; endeavouring to read the *Times*, but unable to fix his attention upon anything but those police reports in which he was now in a daily and nightly horror of soon figuring, when there came a knock at the door, and William Fletcher entered.

"Ah, Fletcher!" cried Mr. Lennard—"glad to see you. Have you left the ladies to come and have a smoke with me? Sit down."

"Well, I have no objection to a pipe, as you know; but that is not exactly what I have come about," said Fletcher, determined to go straight to the point, and put an end to all his anxieties on the score of the

Mexican at once. "My immediate object is to ask you if you think me good enough for Mary?"

"Good enough! My dear boy, give me your hand. Why, you do not suppose that her mother and I would have encouraged you as we have done, if we had not been perfectly satisfied that you were a desirable sort of man—you understand. I must not compliment you now, or I shall have no butter left for the wedding breakfast," said Mr. Lennard, his old natural manner returning as, in the thought of his daughter's happiness, his cares and perplexities were for a moment forgotten. But presently all the possible miseries impending over him and those he loved surged back upon his mind, and it was with a moist eye and a trembling voice that he added, pressing the young man's hand, "Make her happy, William. She has been a dear good daughter to me; and that, they say, is a sure sign what sort of a wife she will make. It is a fine little heart you have won there, my lad: never grieve it."

Fletcher, who was a good-hearted fellow enough, was touched by the other's evident emotion, and vowed and protested all sorts of incoherent things in a somewhat choky voice, concluding with—

"I own that you have taken a great load off my mind; for though I hoped from the first that you looked upon my evident admiration of your daughter without disfavour, I confess that quite latterly I feared that you should have other views. But I ought, of course, to have known that a man of your well-known punctilious honour and straightforwardness would have at once stopped a courtship which he did not approve. In fact, I did know it; but lovers have such strange fancies."

Punctilious honour and straightforwardness! These words hit Mr. Lennard just now like stinging pellets. He felt more than half-inclined to tell the whole story of his present situation to the young man before him; but he had come to the resolution not to do so, after such long and deep consideration, that he resisted the impulse, and turned the conversation to details—such as what Fletcher's income and prospects were, what Mr. Lennard intended to give his daughter, and such matters, which were all arranged as amicably and comfortably as possible, as they much oftener would be if it were not for the interference of those confounded lawyers, who are for ever putting evil designs, or trouble-

some good ones, into people's heads. Thus their conversation lasted some couple of hours, though it is doubtful whether William Fletcher would have sat there chatting so long and so quietly if he had known what was going on in the drawing-room.

On arriving at the house that morning, he had gone straight to Mr. Lennard's study without disturbing the ladies: of whom the elder went off directly after breakfast to confer with her housekeeper about a dinner which had to be given next day; while the younger retired to her own room to avoid Perez, who, on finding himself companionless in the morning, generally strolled off to some billiard-room, and when she calculated that he had had time to take himself off, she returned to the drawing-room, and sat down to her work.

Now, there are rude persons who smile at the industrial performances of ladies—which, in truth, are not always remarkable for their utilitarian properties; but the labours of Mary were directed to a really useful object—that, namely, of wreathing a garland of the freshest leaves and flowers on the back of a cigar case.

But Don Carlos Perez was intent that morning on a hazard which could not be made on the board of green cloth, and before she could finish a single rose leaf he entered the room.

"Pardon me if I intrude," he said, with a self-satisfied smile; "but I much wish for five minutes' private conversation with you, and therefore seize the present opportunity."

Mary looked up in surprise, inclined her head coldly, and went on with her work.

"I have lost my family estates," continued the pseudo-Don, seating himself close to the young lady. "I am poor, and a stranger. There was a time when an alliance with the house of Perez would have been esteemed an honour by princes; and even now—but let that pass. Miss Lennard—Mary—I love you—love you with an ardour unknown to the cold temperament and sluggish blood of your countrymen. Here at your feet—"

"Really, I must stop this," said Mary, rising and stepping back. "I am much honoured, I am sure; but it is as well that you should know at once that your feeling can never meet with any response from me. Enough—it is not necessary to say any more. My decision is unalterable. I have given you no reason to suppose that I should

listen to any such words from you, and I own I am surprised at your thus addressing me."

"But, hear me—"

"What for? If you were a gentleman, and knew what was proper, you would leave the room. As you do not, I must. Let me go, sir!"

"Oh, you scorn me, do you? You will not even listen to my suit? Then let me tell you, that you *shall* have me. Your father is in my power; and if you ride the high horse with me, I'll send him to prison. Ah! that touches you, does it? Now, then, listen to reason. I wish you no harm. I love you, I say, and I wish to marry you—what is there offensive in that? I know why you flared up so at first: you have been listening to my rival, that Fletcher. Now, the sooner you send him off the better, for mine you must and shall be, and I don't intend to allow any fooling with other fellows."

Mary's eyes flashed grandly as she dashed the coarse wretch aside with an effect due rather to the suddenness of the action than the development of the biceps in her rounded arm.

"Fool that I was to be frightened for one moment by your bombastic threats!" she cried, as she swept towards the door.

"Beware!" began Perez, recovering his balance and voice. But she was gone.

Mary's first impulse was to go to her father, and tell him what had just happened; but on the stairs she paused. He might in his anger attempt to turn Perez out of the house by force. There might be a quarrel—personal violence; and Spaniards are supposed to carry knives about them, which they are by no means averse to use on slight occasions; and a Mexican Spaniard, brought up at an American school, ought to be something superlative in vindictiveness. No, she would say nothing about what had passed till the ruffian was out of the house, and then her father would have time to calm himself before he took any further steps. And this threat—what could it mean? Was there anything in it? Absurd—what power could the fellow have over her father? The idea was simply ridiculous. And yet she could not suppress a feeling of vague dread—a dull presentiment of impending danger, which impelled her to unbosom herself to some one; and so she sought her mother. She found her in her own room; and having shut the door, immediately threw her arms



round her neck, and burst into tears, much to that lady's astonishment—for Mary was not hysterical in temperament, and had not acted in the present manner since her childhood; so that Mrs. Lennard could think of no better consolation than that which she had found effectual in earlier years—namely, taking her head on her bosom, rocking her to and fro, and speaking in a soothing tone. This was as effective as ever; and Mary, having had her cry out, soon recovered herself, and told all that had passed to her indignant auditor.

"You were quite right not to go direct to your papa without telling me," she said; "but he must hear of it at once, nevertheless. Oh! I will see that there is no violence: everything shall be done quietly. Come to your own room and lie down, for I can see that your head is splitting. Go to sleep if you can, and forget all about it. You shall not be annoyed any more."

Speaking in this way, Mrs. Lennard got Mary to her room and laid on the bed; and then, having pulled down the blinds, she left her to quietude, and sailed away for her husband's study. As she descended the stairs, she heard the hall door slam; and looking out of the staircase window, saw Perez leaving the house. This simplified matters, as it gave them time to consider how to get rid of their guest, without the scene which must have ensued if they had met him at luncheon; and it also looked as if he was a trifle ashamed of himself, in which case he might go of his own accord. It is needless, however, to inform the reader that the interesting youth had no such intentions; he went away because it was a bore being alone, and because he, too, thought that a scene just at present would be a bad thing. He wished to precipitate matters, but not to be himself precipitated through the window, and so he determined to consult Clements before he made another move.

It was not natural to Mary to have nervous headaches, and go and lie down in the middle of the day, so pray do not set her down for so delicate a piece of machinery; but dancing till three, chatting till five, rising again at nine, two offers of marriage, a small set-to, and a threat to send her father to gaol, might well upset any young lady.

When Mrs. Lennard entered the study she saw William Fletcher there; and at once,

without waiting for explanation from him, spoke kindly of the new relations in which they now stood to each other, and then told him that she was afraid he would not be able to see Mary at luncheon, as she was knocked-up, and had gone to lie down.

"You need not be alarmed," she added, smiling at the look of concern which came over the young man's face. "It is nothing of any importance, only a headache arising from over-fatigue and excitement. If you will come to dine with us this evening, I have no doubt you will find her quite recovered."

Fletcher saw from his projected mother-in-law's manner that his presence was not wanted just then, so he took the invitation to dinner as a hint, and bowed himself out.

The moment he was gone Mr. Lennard cried—

"What is this about Mary? She was well enough at breakfast, and even said she wished to go for a long ride. I hope it is nothing serious. Had we not better have medical advice at once?"

"Oh, no, there is no cause for alarm. She will be well enough when she has had her sleep out. But there is a matter of importance which I have come to you to speak about, Arthur—this Spanish or Mexican guest of yours must leave the house at once."

"Well, really, Edith, it is very annoying, I know, and I would not have asked him at all if I could have helped it;—that is, you see, I—I am peculiarly situated, and it is very awkward, and—and—"

"Well, and—and what?" asked Mrs. Lennard, sharply.

"I really do not know how to get rid of him," replied the perplexed husband.

"Then you must find some method out, for quit this house to-day he must."

"I am sorry that you should speak in that tone, Edith. You know best whether I have ever opposed your wishes—whether I have not, during the whole of our married life, tried, though with poor success, to please you; also, how far you have endeavoured to meet me. You may feel sure, then, that I must have very strong reasons for persisting in keeping a visitor here who is disagreeable to you, and might, I think, have generosity enough to put up with a slight temporary inconvenience for once."

Mrs. Lennard was thunderstruck at the tone her husband had taken, but the matter

in hand was too serious for her to resent it then.

"It is not for myself," she said, "that I want to get rid of the fellow, but he is paying his addresses to Mary."

"Ah, I feared as much; but her affections are fixed upon young Fletcher, and she is now his promised wife. Perez will turn his attentions to some other quarter when he learns that."

"Grant me patience!" cried Mrs. Lennard. "Arthur, I begin to fear there is some truth in what this Mexican said—that he has you in his power."

"He said that?" cried Lennard, starting to his feet. "When—where—to whom?"

"This morning—here—to Mary. The fellow made her a formal offer of marriage, and when she refused him, insulted her."

"Insulted her! Why did I not hear of this at the time? Where is the black-guard?"

"Not in the house. Yes, insulted and threatened her. Told her that if she would not listen to him, he would send you—her father—to gaol."

"Damnation!" muttered Lennard, through his closed teeth.

His wife was half frightened at the intense passion that frowned in every line of his white features. It was possible to get violent emotion out of him, then, was it? She had not felt so much kindly respect for him for years.

"Tell me, Arthur," she said, in a tone very different to that in which she usually spoke to him—"what is this mystery? Surely you have no right to keep a secret which may affect the happiness of our child from me. What can it be? Oh, tell me, Arthur—tell me."

"Not now—not just now," he replied. "Leave me alone for a while: I want to think;" and he led her gently towards the door, which he locked when she was outside.

Directly he was alone he went to an escritoire which stood in one corner of the room, and took out of a drawer a case containing a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols, one of which he examined carefully, loaded it, capped it, put one or two spare caps in his waistcoat pocket, concealed the weapon in the breast of his coat, and left the house. This melodramatic proceeding did not intimate any intention on his part of committing murder or suicide; he was

only going to call on Clements, who had impressed him on his first interview as being such a desperate character, that a loaded pistol seemed as natural a thing to put in his pocket when he paid him a visit as a card case was on ordinary occasions.

## PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.—No. I.

MR. SERJEANT B——, BEAR COURT, TEMPLE.

**F**LEET STREET—everybody knows Fleet-street, the centre of literary association and historic tradition; and as you, my gentle reader, are everybody to the author at the present moment, that interesting locality cannot be altogether unknown to you. Well, then, when you get to Fleet-street, ask again—Bear-court: that's the destination—Bear-court, Temple—Mr. Serjeant B——, Bear-court, Temple. On the left-hand side, near the old Bar that bears its name, you will see the Temple gate. Sharp round to the left, underneath the houses, and you will find yourself—or lose yourself, as the case may be—in the mazy labyrinth of ins and outs that is characteristic of the residence, as well as the practice, of the law. Presuming, however, that you find yourself, steer straight for the church—for so long as you keep the church in view, you cannot go very far wrong; then "eyes right," and you will see in its native grime and soot the passage leading into Bear-court—not a great deal altered since Fielding made its walls resound with mirth, or Johnson woke its echoes with his heavy, measured thud.

Bear-court is a square surrounded by innumerable unwashed windows, which represent about as many untidy rooms, to get to which you would have to ascend a considerably multiplied number of crazy stairs. Appearance is evidently at a discount here, and, consequently, it is by no means a fashionable resort. It has but one green spot—apart from an occasional client—and that is an old tree that wages controversial warfare with the neighbouring pump, upon matters relating to the early history of Bear-court. In things concerning the first floor and upper storeys, the tree holds undisputed sway; but upon the varied experiences of the ground floor, the pump can see no reason why the tree should be in any way more accurately informed—hence the pump croaks its complaints to all that patronize its handle, and

the tree lashes the old pump's head with its longest boughs, whereupon the pump designates the tree an ancient vegetable, at which a storm ensues, and the indefatigable beadle flogs the first boy he meets for making such a discreditable noise. This, then, is where the celebrated Mr. Serjeant B—— lives—or rather, we should say, this is where the visible habitation stands in which Mr. Serjeant B—— receives his fees; he himself, great man, lives in so many places that it might be hazardous to assert any particular domicile as his exclusive abode. Foremost, he dwells in the love of his friends, and what a paradise is that!—the universal bosom of the fair sex, where every imaginable grace is added to already exaggerated virtues; where his silence is regarded as an evidence of wisdom, and his speech as a token of power; where his wit is the passport of innocence, and his thunder the apex of truth. The old ladies love him because he is rich—he is a bachelor, moreover—and so orthodox, too! If he preside at a philanthropic *déjeuner*, his is always the best speech of the meeting—for there it is he tells them, mid the flourishing of handkerchiefs and hurricanes of cheers, that, although he is nothing but a dry lawyer, his sympathies are not confined to legal forms; but, overflowing formal limitations, embrace the universe with brotherly affection, and greet with a kindred throb the great pulsations of humanity.

The young ladies love him. How can they help it? That he is rich is no reason why they should not, and that he is a bachelor is no great drawback either; and if his orthodoxy is no recommendation, he has other qualities that will act instead—he is such a fascinating champion in breach of promise cases, where, without wounding the feelings of his tender client, he endangers the jury's waistcoats and deluges their pocket handkerchiefs by his pathetic appeals to their sympathy. Juries are curious combinations of humanity—but they are generally middle-aged men; so he appeals to them as fathers to mark their disapprobation of the ruthless destruction which has been hurled with such relentless cruelty upon the head of his fair client; and if Captain Whitefeather was never in the Blues before, you will find him there by the time the verdict is recorded. He plays croquet, too, and that is a sure way of storming the affections of a young lady. He generally takes the

first ball, which he calls “the Lord Chancellor—true blue,” he would observe, and “that it was right that the first lawyer of his day should take precedence of every one else,” he would not forget to add. It was opinioned, however, by his fair belligerents that he had a sly satisfaction in knocking the “Lord Chancellor” about; for it was by no means an uncommon circumstance, in an abstracted moment, for his mental diversion to some recent legal decision to be supplemented by a sharp report, and away goes the “Lord Chancellor” bounding through courts of innumerable arches with more velocity than is consistent with either dignity or justice, and Mr. Serjeant B—— has to undergo the humiliation of fetching him back before the equilibrium can be restored and the game proceed.

The juries always like him, and he takes great care that they shall. He never shouts at or bullies them. He takes them into his confidence; and when a man does that, he can generally do what he likes with his confidants. “Ask a man his advice if you want him to do you a favour,” reasons Mr. Serjeant B——; “and although you do not follow his precepts, he will generally do your bidding.”

When he was a lad, he will tell you, if he thought a boy was going to punch his head, he would ask him the time. Thus, he always avoided by strategy what he could not overcome by force. A modern Ulysses is he in speech and action; and if triumph is within the reach of eloquence, Mr. Serjeant B—— is the hero of the day. If the evidence supports his case, he treats it in a humorous form; and, after complimenting the gentlemen of the jury, will observe, “That doubtless they had watched, as he had done, with considerable amusement, the ingenious devices of his learned friend to clothe the naked deformity of his case in the fair habiliments of truth; and he could not help thinking that it would be almost an insult to the intelligence he had the honour of addressing, were he to assume that they could possibly be blind to the extraordinary misfit that was the inevitable consequence.” But if the facts are against him, he adopts a more plausible strain; and having convinced the jury that he is in no way interested in the termination of the suit, beyond his ambition to establish equity and promote truth, he asks them, “in the interest of that justice which the institutions

of the country are organized to enforce—that justice of which our national character is the primary support—that justice which it is the glory of Englishmen to possess, the pride of his humble office to advocate, and of their exalted dignity to administer—to record their sense of the degree in which mercy should temper her counsels, by awarding the verdict to him.” In either case the jury are quite satisfied—neither the innocent mirth nor the earnest eloquence could have been animated by a weak and unholy cause. And this is why the judge likes him; he finds the summing-up already done for him, and is constrained to remark—“that really Brother B—— has so exhaustively represented the case, that it is practically and completely before the court; and it would be sadly inconsiderate on his part to burden the jury with the unnecessary repetition of observations which had already been made. He feels, therefore, that he cannot do better than leave them to consider their verdict upon the case in its present position.” And Mr. Serjeant B—— having fully enlisted the sympathies of at least half a dozen of the potato merchants and tea importers that direct the destinies of unfortunate clients for at least a week at a sitting, his chances of success are pretty sure. Not that he ever reads his brief—what counsel of eminence ever does?

It may be all very well for a youthful aspirant to legal honours to spend his days in studying and his nights in dreaming of the mazy problems that mystify his first brief; but Mr. Serjeant B—— is a made man, and if a made man cannot trust to the cross-examination for his knowledge of a case, it is a pity that law was ever instituted for the support of a learned profession. But he has another dwelling-place of which he holds a lengthy lease, upon the opposite side of the way—namely, the hatred of his enemies. This, however, is much the smaller of the two; it has but three storeys, whilst the other is unlimited in its proportions. On the ground floor are his juniors: they dislike him because they cannot contend against him; his equals of the next storey, because they cannot excel him; and a small portion of the ermine in the upper room is jealous of his popularity. And as in the case of the larger residence there is no known means of legal ejection, and unless Mr. Serjeant B—— voluntarily retires from his public capacity, he will in all probability continue

to live largely in both for the remainder of his days.

At his country house he is a different man: he hangs his pomposity on the same hook with his gown, and wears his natural air when he is divested of his wig. Neighbouring hospitality cultivates his society, in the midst of which he is the charm of a dinner party, the soul of conviviality, and always the best man at every wedding. He has three times been solicited to represent his division of the county in Parliament; and the local press has more than once recorded, in a special issue, that Mr. Serjeant B—— informed the deputation, not without evident emotion—“that, although he could not but be sensible of the honour conferred upon him by their not unnatural selection, he felt that he should be happier in the vocation which had been the study of his life, and in striking the balance between such laws as at present exist, rather than assisting to add fresh anomalies to an institution already obscure;” and if Mr. Serjeant B—— was popular before, how much more does he become so when it is evident that his devotion to the common interests of man prevents his emulation to the dignities of state.

But Mr. Serjeant B—— has not always been the centre of envy, affluence, and power. Time was when he was nothing more than plain Mr. B——; time was, at a still more remote period, when he entered, as Master B—— (a rosy-cheeked, apple-faced country boy), the office of a relative in the same court; and at that time of day he would not have minded pressing the bark of its solitary tree with his well-practised knees, in some such manner as he has subsequently climbed over the heads of his contemporaries; and it is not denied that he had sometimes filled the hollow in the crown of his cap at its eccentric pump, to slake his youthful thirst.

His stay, however, at this time was short, although sufficiently long to enable his native humour to precipitate his untimely retreat. At the back of the house in which he was located, and on a level with the office in which he was employed, was a skylight, beneath which sat an aged counsellor and his nervous, consumptive-looking clerk; and Master B——’s dexterity was considerably employed in discharging paper bullets through the ventilator at the bald target which surmounted the old gentleman’s

shoulders. In the main, his success was attended with happy results; for no sooner did the pulpy missile alight upon its intended destination than the smitten target would vibrate, and its owner spasmodically exclaim, "Lor, bless my soul! that never struck me before!" and down would go some important memorandum, which was destined to astonish some as yet unempannelled jury in the peroration of a future day; and it was on one of these occasions, when some six or seven bullets had produced their usually effective sequel in the energetic observations of the learned barrister, that his miserable clerk broke through the silence—which was worth considerably more than his life—with the timid expostulation, "If you please, sir, it's only the sixth time, sir, it's struck you to-day, sir."

Then followed an explanation, subsequently an ejection; and nobody knew exactly why, but Master B—— was sent to Cambridge to learn better manners; and when he returned, about three years after, he found that time had improved upon the ancient ventilator, and removed the old gentleman for his long vacation, from which he would never return. New ideas than began to mingle with his studious occupations; his professional success clustered round a fair face and a dainty figure; but, somehow or other, while he was preparing the frame, the picture vanished; and although he is the better for his dream, he wears the disappointment still somewhere in the region of his gold repeater. He is of opinion now that he would have been wiser had he secured the picture first, as a picture without a frame is better than a frame without a picture; and when he traces back his steady steps to fortune, he seldom gets beyond this period, when the little face again appears, and the full realization of the old feeling makes Mr. Serjeant B—— forget he is a serjeant-at-law, and almost that he is a man at all, until the spell is broken by his housekeeper's application for orders, and he finds that he is nothing else. So if any of my gentle readers have, in the course of their lives, observed this same little figure, and are at present in possession of trustworthy evidence as to the direction of its local habitation, taking such interest as I hope they will in the worthy gentleman's happiness, I trust they will, without delay, enclose all particulars, with any other matter requiring grave consideration, to the rendezvous of

the pump, the tree, the dirty windows, and the crazy staircases—addressed to "Mr. Serjeant B——, Bear-court, Temple."

### CRUSTACEANS IN CUSTODY.

"The shelly crawlers each returning year  
Cast off their coat, and new-made armour wear;  
Self-taught, when first the prescient crabs perceive  
Their loosing shell will soon the body leave,  
They cram their paunch, and, bloated, strive to thrust  
From off the rising back the tottering crust;  
But when their naked bodies lie exposed,  
No longer with the shelly fence enclosed,  
They senseless seem, stretched on the sandy bed,  
All pensive lie, and deem themselves as dead.  
But when slow nature moulds the viscous mass,  
And time begins to fix the hardening case,  
The rising crust, half formed, they joyous feel,  
And suck the sand, yet deemed the hearty meal;  
Till the firm finished wall can safe endure  
The rudest shock, and every part secure."

OPPIAN.

THIS hard-living, hard-shelled animal, whose "firm finished wall" can well withstand the attacks of most of the inhabitants of our marine vivaria, has been an object of great interest to naturalists since the time of Aristotle. But the crab has figured with particular distinction lately, as one of the most amusing objects in the new Aquarium on the shore at Brighton.

A writer who did the inaugural affair—"special"—for our most spicy daily, was enabled to enliven his copy by an almost Homeric description of a combat between a crab and an oyster that came off in one of the Brighton tanks on the opening day. Blows were not exchanged fast, and there was no "coming up to time," for both duellists remained at the scratch. The oyster held the leg of the crab in durance vile—the crab, once in thirty minutes or so, exerting himself to stir up the oyster with his imprisoned member. They were left fighting; and unless the crab has mortally stabbed the oyster by severing him from his deep shell, or the oyster has bitten his opponent's leg off, they may be at it now; for the crab is a very warlike fellow, while the tenacity of a native's purpose is remarkable. If you try to open one without a proper knife, you will find this out before you have cut your finger, lost your temper, or thrown the obstinate bivalve at the nearest wall, it is to be hoped.

*Aprapas* of the opening of the Brighton Aquarium, we have a little guide to it, and simultaneously to marine natural history—

*à la* "Common Objects of the Sea-shore." The little book is called "Life Beneath the Waves,"\* and the writer devotes a portion of her space to our friend the crab. She enumerates several varieties suitable for the aquarium. The angled-crabs, whose dispositions are more amiable and peaceful than those of some of their relatives, as they "never attempt to quarrel, fight with, or eat their companions;" but, on the contrary, so gentle is this spider of the sea, that he allows the smallest crabs to crawl "quite close to and even over him" without eating them up. A fine specimen of this crab came up to Billingsgate the other day with his brethren of the edible kind, and in him the likeness to a spider was very remarkable.

The nut-crab is another kind obtained by dredging at sea. It has short, plump arms and legs, and a curious resemblance in the marking of its back to a human face may be traced. It is shy and retiring in its habits, and its colour is a light brown or dull, muddy white; whence its name. The helmet-crab is another and rather rarer species, only to be obtained by dredging at sea. It owes its name to the peculiar shape of its body, which is something like an old-fashioned helmet. There is also a velvet crab, whose body is thickly covered with hair, as fine as silk and as soft as velvet; and as its colours are golden-brown and blue, it is probably not inaccurately described as "a most beautiful object in an aquarium."

The swimming crab is a variety of the tribe that swims as well as crawls. Its hindmost legs are furnished with a sort of paddles, with which it is enabled to swim along very easily, and even gracefully. The hermit or soft-tailed crab is rather, perhaps, a lobster, as his body is long and thin, and he has the striking peculiarity of having a tail which is quite soft, nature having neglected to cover it with the shell that protects and coats his body and legs. He is a very immoral crab; his propensities being burglarious, and cannibal into the bargain. He frequently leaves one shell on taking a fancy to that which properly belongs to a neighbour. If the owner does not give up possession without even the usual notice of ejectment, the hermit will "seize the animal with his claws, and, having devoured its

flesh, take the shell for his own use." Clearly, shell-fish want reform. Their habits of life are very lax, though their grasp is unpleasantly tight. The author's observation of the frequency with which the crab changes his shell is something curious. She says:—

"It is very interesting to watch the crab as he rids himself of the coat which has become too small for him. I have seen the whole proceeding many times. One crab, in particular, which lived in my aquarium grew very quickly, and, if I remember rightly, threw off his coat six times in one year."

Perhaps this was an exceptionally lively specimen, for I think so frequent a change of shell is uncommon. The natural historians of antiquity affirmed that the crab cast off his shell once a-year, and that this exuviation took place in the spring. The shell of the animal is formed of both carbonate and phosphate of lime, and its hardness depends upon which of these ingredients preponderates in the mixture of which the shell is formed. No doubt the opportunities for observation afforded by such aquaria as those at the Crystal Palace and at Brighton will enable us to learn for certain how often the different species of the genus *Cancer* cast their coat of mail. At present, our knowledge is not sufficiently definite on this curious point.

When very young, at intervals varying from a fortnight to three months, they are accustomed to cast their shells. But it appears that this process becomes less frequent as the crab grows older. The faculty of the oyster for attaching itself to any suitable surface is well known, and a crab has been taken alive with six-year old oysters fastened to its back, which furnishes conclusive evidence that that particular crab had not cast its shell for a period of several years. From this instance, also, we may almost draw the inference that the old crabs cease to exuviate altogether, or do so only at rare intervals.

Another interesting point for the Brighton observers to settle will be to what age the crab commonly attains. There is a belief that these animals reach a high degree of longevity; but there are not, that I am aware of, any statistics at present in existence that support this theory. It is a mere matter of belief, and may have originated in the stomach of some old gourmand whose cook had sent him up a remarkably tough speci-

\* "Life Beneath the Waves, and a Description of the Brighton Aquarium." London: Tinsley Brothers.

men in his mayonnaise or patty. In England, the crab is not greatly esteemed by good lovers as an article of food, though vast numbers are eaten; the crab's red-coated companion being preferred by all cooks and *bon vivants* as more ornamental and useful than his cheaper self. But in America a soft-shelled variety is regarded as a great dainty, and devoured by everybody in the proper season.

The changes the crab undergoes at different periods of its life are very remarkable; its appearance in its youngest and oldest stages being so different as almost to make the casual observer believe it is another animal. The aquarium, even on a small scale, as a source of amusement and study, has not been popular among us for more than fifteen or twenty years. The difficulty of preserving fish, &c. alive, and in a condition of life in which their habits could be observed, was so great before the glass tanks were thought of, that Fleming, writing in 1815, said—

"The aquatic animals are the most difficult to preserve in a living state; they have consequently presented so many obstacles to an examination of their manners that naturalists remain comparatively ignorant of their history."

The reverse of this is the case now. The glass tank, with a few vegetables growing in it, has removed all difficulties; and now, for a few shillings, anybody may possess that never-failing source of interest and amusement, a small aquarium. And from the peculiarities of their position, no animals' habits of life can more easily be observed than those of the aquatic tribes.

The name of the tanks in which fish and other marine or fresh water animals and vegetables are placed is not a very happy choice. But *aquarium* is now of such universal application that a change for the better is almost out of the question; though marine vivarium would be etymologically more accurate, as *aquarium* suggests *Aquarius*, the water-carrier of the Zodiac. *Vivarium* conveys the notion of a receptacle for live stock, and by the addition of the prefix *marine* the name is made complete. Almost all our knowledge of the inhabitants of water we owe to glass, which has done more for science than anything else. The best way of expressing our acknowledgments of indebtedness to this handmaid of the

sciences is, probably, in applying it to fresh uses. The great marine tanks at Brighton may be enrolled among these.

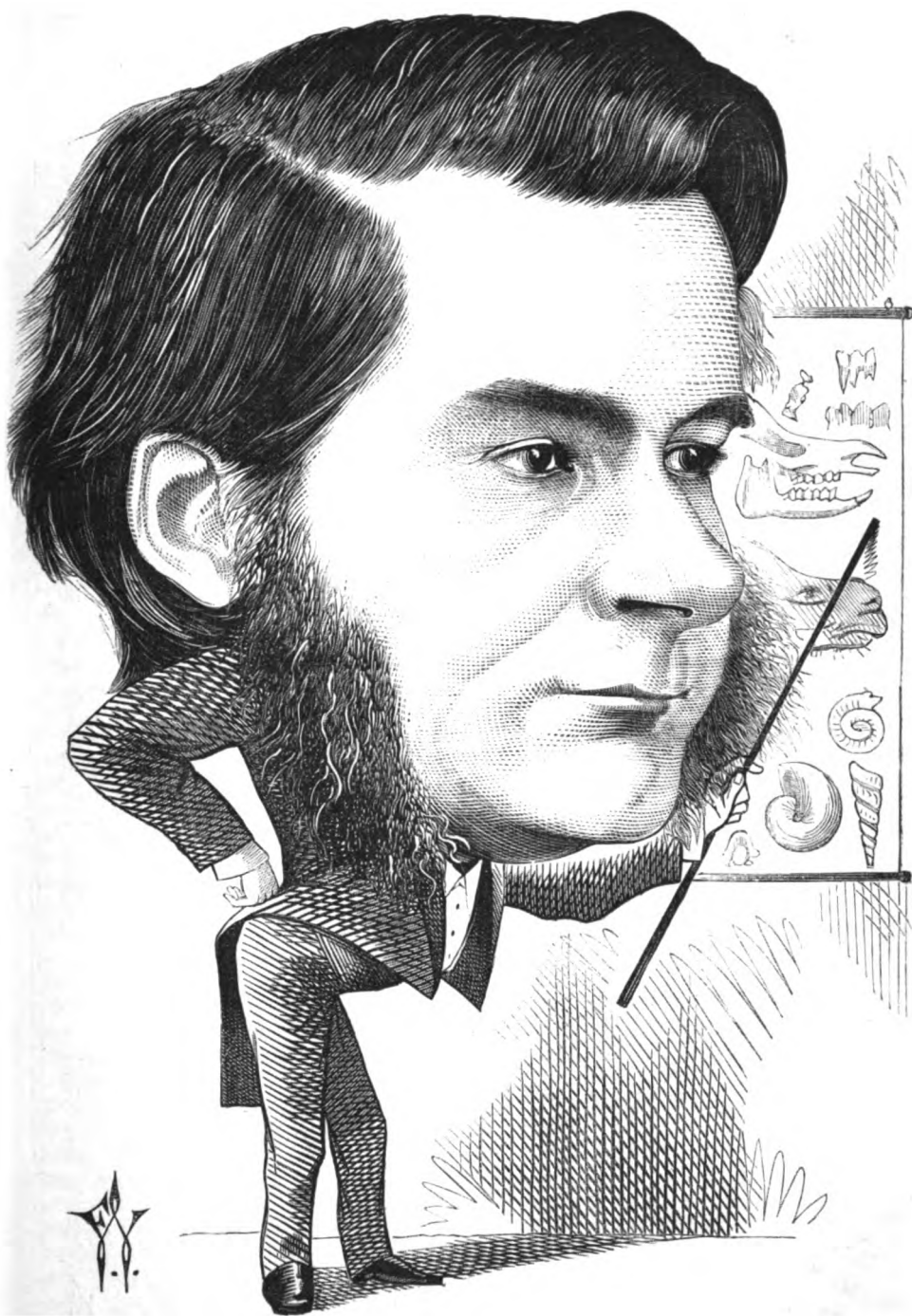
### PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE subject of our cartoon is the distinguished man of science, whose reputation is already European. Thomas Henry Huxley was born at Ealing, in Middlesex, in the year 1825, was educated at Ealing School, and subsequently studied medicine at the medical school of the Charing Cross Hospital. In the year 1846, H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* was despatched on a surveying cruise to the South Pacific and Torres Straits. Mr. Huxley was appointed assistant-surgeon, and remained with the vessel during the whole of the cruise, returning to England in 1850. Four years later he succeeded Mr. Forbes as Professor of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn-street; he was also made Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr. Huxley's works have the highest scientific merit and originality, but they are not of a kind for review in our pages. The best known to general readers are his "Oceanic Hydozoa," "Man's Place in Nature," "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," and "Lessons in Elementary Physiology." The Professor is also a frequent contributor to the Transactions and Journals of the Royal Linnæan, Geological, Zoological, and other learned societies. He is one of our most active men of science, and has made himself widely celebrated by his dissertations on "bones and stones, and such-like things."

### THE SAGE OF CHAPPAQUA.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

TO most readers of ONCE A WEEK, the title prefixed to this paper will fail to convey any definite idea as to the individuality of the personage indicated by such title. Possibly, as the word "Chappaqua" has a smack of the aboriginal red man of the forest about it, it may be inferred that the writer proposes to furnish a biographical sketch of some ancestor or collateral relative of Mr. Longfellow's Hiawatha. But to such readers as have resided in America, or are familiar with American matters, "the Sage of Chappaqua" will at once be recognized as the colloquial appellation of a gentleman



Once a Week.]

[August 31, 1877.

**"BONES AND STONES, AND SUCH-LIKE THINGS."**

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who, for more than thirty years past, has exercised an influence over the wide field of American politics second to no man of his day. In a word, the title of this paper is that commonly assigned in his own country—for reasons which will presently be explained—to HORACE GREELEY, the veteran journalist, the eminently practical political economist, the model agriculturist, the fearless exponent of the views and aspirations of his party, and—last, but by no means least—the democratic candidate at the forthcoming elections for the distinguished position of President of the Great Republic. Such being his distinctive claims to importance on the other side of the Atlantic, a few particulars respecting him can hardly be deemed out of place in the columns of an English periodical.

Only a few weeks since, a prominent London journal contained the announcement that Horace Greeley was the son of an enterprising printer, and that he was born in Westchester County, in the State of New York, in the year 1808. It is probably not a matter of paramount importance to English readers in general who his father was, or where or when he was born; but it is just as well, if they are informed respecting such circumstances at all, that the information should be correct. Mr. Greeley was *not* born in Westchester County, nor in any other part of the State of New York; and most likely was never within the limits of that county or state until twenty years subsequent to the date indicated. He was born at the little, obscure village of Amherst, New Hampshire, *not* in 1808, but in 1811. His father was *not* "an enterprising printer," as stated in the journal referred to, but a farmer, and a farmer of very limited means. While a mere boy, and while endowed with no better educational advantages than those afforded by the common school of his native village, Horace was apprenticed to the printing business at Putney, Vermont, where he served the whole term of his apprenticeship. His first commercial venture on his own account was in the year 1834, when he commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper, to which he contributed all the matter himself. This scheme, however, did not prove a success, and it was not until 1841 that he began to make himself known as a journalist of mark. In that year, he, in conjunction with several other persons of not very extensive capital, inaugurated the

New York *Tribune*, which at once took the place which it has ever since maintained—that of a first-class American journal. From that time, down to his nomination by the democratic convention at Cincinnati on the 3rd of May last, his name has been inseparably identified with the paper so commenced. Immediately after such nomination, he withdrew from all connection with the sheet which he had conducted for so many years, as the labour incidental to his position as a candidate for the Presidency would necessarily require all his energies; and, moreover, he did not regard it as judicious or in good taste to continue the management of a journal which was to be the exponent of his platform during the canvass. In point of fact, the latter reason would seem to have little force, inasmuch as the *Tribune* is well known by every voter in the Union to be in the hands of Mr. Greeley's personal friends and political supporters; but such was one of the reasons assigned for his withdrawal.

As it is not intended to constitute these pages a medium for the exposition of American political views, whether democratic or republican, no opinion is here expressed as to the ultimate issue of the spirited canvass at present being carried on throughout the Republic, nor will any suggestion be offered as to whether Mr. Greeley or Mr. Grant is the more eligible candidate for the high position to which both these gentlemen are aspiring. No one who is acquainted with the past career of both, and whose judgment is not blinded by personal or political prejudice, will deny that both have deserved well of their countrymen. Both of them are self-made men, and both of them are sons of the soil. Each, in his respective sphere, has fought manfully in his country's service. The pen is proverbially said to be mightier than the sword. A few months will decide whether the proverb is to receive another verification at the hands of the electors of the United States.

But, politics being left altogether out of the question, no man—not even the irrepressible George Francis Train himself—is more widely known, from one end of the Republic to the other, than the subject of this paper. No man has warmer or more numerous personal friends; and no man who has taken anything like an equally prominent part in public affairs has fewer personal enemies. No man's opinions have been more

extensively disseminated, no man's eccentricities have been the subject of more frequent remark, than his. No man has been so frequently caricatured; and, notwithstanding his occasional waywardness, no man, as the writer sincerely believes, is more universally respected—if universality admits of comparison—as an honest, patriotic, and right-minded man. All his numerous little peculiarities; his quaint jokes; his apt retorts; his blunt, uncompromising manner of dealing with what he believes to be *humbug*; his uncompromising, Fourier-like views on some of the great social questions of the day; even his old white hat and gray coat; have been the subject of comment and caricature, in every state in the Union, again and again. His broad shoulders, his long, unshorn locks, his peculiar gait, his Pickwickian expression of countenance, have formed the stock-in-trade of the illustrated comic periodicals any time during the last fifteen years. His contentions on behalf of some of the leaders of the Tammany Ring, last winter, brought down upon his head the indignation and resentment of many honest republicans; but the most scurrilous and unscrupulous of New York journals did not dare hint that he had in any manner participated in, or reaped any pecuniary benefit from, those unparalleled frauds. If Horace Greeley is defeated at the ensuing election, it will certainly not be in consequence of any doubt as to his integrity and uprightness of character.

As will readily be inferred from his success in life, Mr. Greeley has been the very reverse of an idle man. In addition to his manifold and onerous duties as editor-in-chief of the *Tribune*, he has written and published pretty extensively, and on quite a variety of subjects. The most voluminous of his works is a "History of the American Rebellion," in two large volumes, published about three years ago—too soon after the termination of the great struggle, one would suppose, to be either very accurate, very impartial, or of much permanent value. He is also the author of various other works, including a treatise on Political Economy, and another on Agriculture. Of the literary merit of these books the writer cannot speak, as he has never read any of them; but the last named, which was published under the title of "What I know about Farming," had a very large sale, and was reprinted in Canada. It has probably been made the subject of a greater number of quaint sayings

than any other single volume in the whole round of American literature. One of its chapters is devoted to an exposition of the best method of raising strawberries; upon which a would-be witty editor observed, through the columns of his paper, that the plan he had theretofore found most efficacious for *raising* strawberries was with a *spoon*. Another editor cautioned his subscribers against their unthrifty habits of throwing away their old clothes, and guaranteed that worn-out coats, hats, boots, and pantaloons, if wrapped up carefully through the winter in spare copies of the *Tribune*, would yield a plentiful supply of squashes. The humour in such attempts as these, it must be confessed, is rather far to seek, and when found is hardly worth the search.

Of his style as a journalist, the writer *can* speak. It is *sui generis*. There is nothing in English journalism with which it can be compared. Any one in the least familiar with his peculiar turn of expression could go through a file of the *Tribune* from its commencement, and pick out almost every paragraph from his pen. His sentences are conspicuous for a sort of uncouth verve and *snap*; and, of course, make little pretension to elegance. There is the same difference between his articles and those of contemporary English dailies as between Cobbett's *Register* and an article in the *Saturday Review*; while to compare his articles with those of his American brethren of the journalistic quill suggests Macaulay's comparison of Milton's "L'Allegro" with minor English pastorals: the one is the closely packed essence, the other is the diluted perfume. No style was ever more free from *wordiness*. He knows precisely what he wishes to say, and says it straightforwardly, without circumlocution. He is wide awake to the responsibilities of an American journalist, and trims his editorial sails accordingly. In a word, he knows precisely what will "go down" with the class of readers to whom he addresses himself, and drives his doctrines down their throats before they have time to offer any expressions of dissent.

As may well be supposed, the "leaders" of the *Tribune* are not unfrequently couched in terms which no well-conducted English newspaper would admit into its columns; but when compared with some of its local contemporaries, the *Tribune* may almost be pronounced temperate. An interesting and

instructive paper might be written on the distinguishing characteristics of, and contrasts between, English and American journalism. The amenities of literature are less understood, and are consequently less practised, in New York than in London; but it must be remembered that the articles in American journals are for the most part written for a class of readers with whom political and party feeling attains a virulence unknown in this country. Every fourth year the Chief Magistrate of the Republic is elected, and all minor interests are made subservient to the question as to whether the place of honour shall be filled by a democrat or a republican. All things considered, it is not to be wondered at that the adherents of both parties, more especially during the time of the canvass, and while the issue is yet undecided, assail each other with a rancour which on this side of the water would be considered little less than barbarous. Time, however, is gradually effecting a change for the better in this respect. Public feeling is becoming alive to the fact that error is generally to be found in extreme opinions—that, as Junius says, “there is a medium in all things, and there is a point on either side of which rectitude cannot exist.”

Not only as a political engine, but also as a commercial speculation, the *Tribune* has been a great success. Mr. Greeley himself is generally considered to be a very wealthy man. Some time ago he purchased a farm at a place called Chappaqua, about two hours' ride (by rail) from New York city; and he has ever since devoted a great deal of attention to the agricultural question, upon which he is regarded as a high authority. His farm is said to be a model one in its way. He spends a great deal of time there; and it is from his purchase of, and residence at, this place that his title, as placed at the head of this paper, is derived.

Another of Mr. Greeley's specialities is that of a public lecturer, and in this capacity he has traversed his country from end to end, and from side to side. His oratory is much of a piece with his journalism, being much more conspicuous for good sound sense and honesty of purpose than for elegance of diction or gracefulness of delivery, to neither of which accomplishments does he lay any claim. His lectures have dealt with a wide variety of subjects—slavery, political economy, woman's rights, capital

punishment, and, above all, temperance. He is himself not only a total abstainer from spirituous liquors, but even from tea and coffee; while tobacco is an abomination to him, and he neglects no opportunity of inveighing against its use. It may well be that in his abstemious habits lies the secret of his undiminished vigour of body and mind. Notwithstanding his sixty and odd years, he seems to have rather gained than otherwise, both in mental and physical power. He can, and frequently does, excite the astonishment of his farm hands by the amount of hard manual and bodily labour he can get through in the course of an afternoon.

He is munificent in his charities, and is pestered by a greater number of beggars and begging-letters than any other person in America. To many a young man just beginning life he has rendered efficient service, not only by means of good practical advice, but by more substantial marks of his regard for their welfare. More than one man who to-day occupies a respectable position on the New York press is indebted to “Old Horace” for a helping hand and a word in season. He boasts of having never been deceived in any one in his life, though he acknowledges that he has frequently afforded pecuniary aid, in the shape of loans, to persons from whom he never expected to receive any repayment. He still holds a torn, faded I O U, given him by poor Edgar Poe, in 1846; and for many other kindnesses to that unhappy child of genius he holds no recognition of any kind. Not many years since, an enthusiastic collector of autographs of literary celebrities wrote to Mr. Greeley, asking if, among his extensive file of correspondence, he had, and could furnish the applicant with, a signature of Poe. Mr. Greeley's reply was characteristic. He stated that he had only one such signature in his possession, which was appended to an I O U for the sum of \$51 50c.; and that he would be very happy to dispose of it to his correspondent at fifty cents on the dollar, interest thrown in, and *greenbacks taken at par*. He never heard anything more of the application.

It has already been stated that he is sometimes wayward and unstable in his opinions; and this instability has once or twice influenced his judgment to such an extent that he has seemed, for the time, to lose his usual discernment as to what would “go down” with his readers. His conduct at the time

when the Southern States formed the determination to secede from the Union afforded a striking proof of this, and was, beyond question, the greatest mistake he ever made in the whole course of his journalistic career. By the Declaration of Independence, signed on the 4th of July, 1776, it is recognized as a self-evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are formed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to substitute another government; that when a long train of abuses and usurpations evidences a desire to reduce the people under absolute despotism, it is their right and duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Upon these and other clauses—too long to be here recapitulated—in the Declaration, the Southerners rested their right to withdraw from the Union. To the astonishment of all parties, the *Tribune* recognized and advocated such right. Had such advocacy been persisted in, the office where the paper was printed would soon have been down about the ears of its occupants; but no sooner did the telegraph wires flash to New York the intelligence that “grim-visag’d war had reared its horrid front,” and that the rebels had fired upon Fort Sumter, than the *Tribune* wheeled about, without hesitation, and adopted “War to the knife” as its motto with respect to the seceding states. From being an advocate for Southern rights, it became the most uncompromising assailant, the sharpest thorn in the flesh of the Confederacy. Every day brought forth portentous births, in the shape of soul-stirring appeals to the people of the North to cast away the scabbard, and to crush the rebellion at any cost. “On to Richmond” was its watchword; and it is supposed, not without reason, that the premature advance of the Federal forces, under General McDowell, at Bull Run, and their ignominious defeat by the Southerners under Jackson (who there acquired his sobriquet of “Stonewall”), are to be attributed to the fiery enthusiasm created by the daily articles in the *Tribune*.

Except, perhaps, Abraham Lincoln, there never was a man of whom so many comical stories have been told as Horace Greeley.

It is impossible to travel far on a railway train in any part of the United States without encountering some newsboy offering to sell, among other standard productions, “Greeley’s Jokes.” It is unnecessary to say that nine out of every ten of these stories and jokes are not authentic, and that, though Mr. Greeley is rather fond of a joke and exceedingly good at repartee, he is not a great humourist. One of his retorts, which the writer knows to be authentic, is worth relating. When he first bought his model farm at Chappaqua, many of his friends laughed at the idea of his being able to manage a farm successfully. One of them remarked—

“You will soon grow tired of the spot, and in less than a twelvemonth your farm will be advertised for sale.”

“Such an event is possible,” was the reply; “but if so, the sheriff’s name will be at the foot of the advertisement.”

To sum up Mr. Greeley’s character in few words: he is a man of like passions and failings as the rest of his fellow-creatures, whether in the New World or the Old. At times rash and impetuous, he is always enthusiastic. He has done some very injudicious things in his lifetime, and will, doubtless, do many more; but when his debit and credit account is cast up by any disinterested spectator of his long and useful career, the only conclusion that can honestly be arrived at must be that he is a true, and in some respects a great, man.

## OUR VILLAGE.—VII.

### THE VISIT TO SCARBOROUGH.

OLD Thomas, having driven somewhat faster than usual, managed to get the brougham into Scarborough by the next evening. Lodgings had been previously taken for Mrs. Timepiece, by a friend of Mr. Roecliffe’s, on the South Cliff.

It was the height of the season, and a fine evening, and at high tide this cliff seems like the deck of a huge ship. The sea is calm and bright in the setting sun; and one can scarcely believe in such a thing as a storm. The gentlemen passing up and down seem to be quite unconscious of their ordinary vocations; and why should they not be, so long as they pay their bill at the hotel?

I wonder how all these well-dressed people walking on the terrace manage to keep

up their position. There are some young ladies leaning against the rails, playing coquettishly with their parasols, who, perhaps, have not such smooth, easy times of it at home; but these are Cupid's times, and may the little god come to them in his best form! The Misses Timepiece took a short stroll after their late tea, and their mother looked out of the lodging window, wondering what relationship the scene before her could have with rheumatism. Mrs. Timepiece's thoughts and inferences on some subjects are as simple as multiplication.

The lodgings were very comfortable, and the landlady obliging. She was not a very voracious shark; she had been housekeeper to a great fox-hunting squire, and was a good judge of a horse.

It is not the change of air only which makes your visit to the seaside beneficial; it is the change of scene, change of society, and change of diet as well. We do not realize the truth as we ought. The best cure for headache and rheumatism is an hour or two with a cheerful friend. Sympathy creates faith.

Don't dine on a mutton chop three consecutive days: change of diet is as good as change of air. And your visit to the sea ought not to be more than three weeks in length, for after this time the air loses its special and novel influence; and it is so, also, with society. After a certain time, new people cease to be new people, and lose their primary power over your pulsations. The Misses Timepiece thought the Spa very nice. The air was sweetened with delicious music, and the gentlemen seemed to be saying very sweet things to the ladies; but a very close observer would not fail to see that the strongest human current set in the direction of the refreshment-room, from which there came at times a strong smell of pastry and the sound of many corkscrews.

Poetry and sentiment, like greenhouse plants, require a continual stimulant. But the Misses Timepiece were too much under the influence of the feeling of wonder to be critical; and it dawned upon them by degrees that all the world was not like their own village. We are all apt to think that from our little pinnacles we see the kingdom of the world. The overflow of the trout stream that runs at our garden-end seems to our feelings as universal as the Deluge did to Noah from the windows of the Ark. That

there can be no higher or other motives than those which have sprung in our own breast, and that all other circles are a repetition of the one we have moved in, is a tone of mind that creeps upon us if we do not watch ourselves. But these two simple village maidens, who had been reared on Sir Edward's estate, were pleased to discover new worlds, though they wondered; but it was a pain to their mother to do so, and her rheumatism was always worse—or she said it was worse—when some new phase of life and things rose before her eyes.

There is not much danger in believing in Scarborough. Mrs. Timepiece had a drive on the sands in the morning. The contents of a cheap trip have been deposited thereon, and show a variety of tastes. The bathers are numerous. They seem to regard it as a kind of washing day, for many of them are seated or kneeling in the water, stroking down their skins like rabbits when they are cleaning their paws. A large crowd is around Punch, whose sheriff has foolishly allowed himself to be hanged instead of his prisoner. Poor Judy couldn't understand a joke, so Punch killed her; but the sheriff has been hung for it, and Punch looks too merry over the entire business to remain long a widower. He seems to have a bad habit of speaking through his nose. An old woman goes round to collect halfpence, and the company becomes thinner. Punch ought to know human nature better than to collect after his performance. He ought to clothe the members of his establishment better, for the old woman who collects for him has scarcely either flesh or gown on her bones, and her eyes have a hungry, rat-like look.

The sea is now as calm as the water in a bed-room jug, and bright and phosphoric with sunshine and the oil from shoals of herring sprats.

High above the bathing machines is the grand old castle, reminding one of feudal times, when Scarborough was not much more than a fishing village. Below the Grand Hotel there are refreshment-rooms where Lazarus may eat of the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. The soup on the ground floor is really better than that in the great dining-hall above. It has the flavour of everything in it, from turtle and calves' head down to mutton bones, and if these cheap-trippers would refrain from nuts and bad ginger beer in the earlier morning,

how they would enjoy their soup! Mrs. Timepiece wondered what all this had to do with her rheumatism; but the young ladies had begun to like the discovery of new worlds. They went out exploring, after an early dinner, and saw many things they had not seen before. They wondered where all the ducks and chickens in the capacious market-place came from, and also the fat bumps of hair at the back of the ladies' heads. Was the net round them to keep blackbirds off? The thought came from the currant bushes in the garden at home. They noticed that most of the people they met looked very good-tempered. Perhaps bathing in the sea has an effect somewhat like Naaman's dip in Jordan, and takes away ill-humours of all kinds. There is a high bridge across the valley between old and new Scarborough which rather tried Angela's faith; but her sister wrestled gently with her doubts. Mrs. Timepiece did not go out much in the afternoon, but interested herself with some woolwork she had in hand, and looked up from it occasionally at the pomps and vanities which passed her window. She felt very much tempted to take a nap, but struggled hard against it, as if it were a sin unto death. I believe once or twice Satan did get a little bit of a victory.

St. Martin's is what is called High Church. It seems to be an object of great attraction on a Sunday. It is impossible for all these gay, fashionable people lodging round about it, much as they love the world, to do without religion.

It probably occurs to them, now and then, that there is such a thing as death; or they get tired of their round of pleasures, and a little High Church is an agreeable change. They like the temporary feeling of being saints and conversing with angels; and so long as penitence confines its demands to a few tears, they are willing to shed them. Saints are not made in these days by lacerating the feet with thorny pilgrimages. The thumbscrew is gone out of fashion, and the way to the higher life is made easy by the ascent of incense, and by sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and other kinds of music.

Self-denial is out of the list, and Low Church is just as savoury in another way. What a contrast to those times when Christians wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, and in caves and dens of the earth, being destitute, forsaken, and afflicted.

The geographical position of St. Martin's

sued Mrs. Timepiece's legs, and legs are as important as High and Low Church appetites, though they occupy so modest and lowly a position in the human frame. The landlady had informed Mrs. Timepiece that St. Martin's was popular, and that it was necessary to go early to get a seat. So she and her umbrella and the younger girls got into motion full three-quarters of an hour before the service time.

There was at this early time a strong tide of church-goers setting in their direction. It was mainly a female tide; for women are naturally more religious than men. There seemed to be an eagerness and sparkling interest in their faces, as though they were sitting down to luncheon. It almost made one think that religion was an appetite.

These ladies had left their husbands murmuring at the breakfast-table, and during the sermon became unconscious even of the splendid silks and satins which surrounded them.

Monasteries are only needed now as almshouses for the poor. We don't want monks and nuns: we want marriage to be content with its proper limits. We want body, soul, and spirit developing in us in a righteous manner. We don't want the soul and body dried up that the spirit may become moist. We want the dew of Heaven on all the three.

The elder Misses Timepiece went to the old church on the hill, and were much delighted with the music of its bells, and the view of the southern bay from the west doors. How big the town looks from this point, and what a change in its proportions and tone from the days of the old wooden spa! A visitor in these days must be very great to attract much attention and notice. The Prince of Wales makes a sensation when he comes down, but the place is getting so large that it is not easily moved.

The sermon at the old church was comparatively a cold collation. The clergyman seemed to have the impression that we wanted our religion-making a little cooler than it had been—more thought in it and less excitement.

We are to wear the cross inside our breasts, and to circumcise our hearts.

Reason is the skylight of the mind, through which we see the heavens opened.

Feelings are a very untrustworthy indicator, and change according to the state of the liver.

There are dark patches of passion in the Bible; but it is easy to see what is gold and what is coal. Inspiration was in the world as much as ever, and science taught it higher lessons of self-control than it used to do.

I don't think the Misses Timepiece carried away much of the sermon from the old church at Scarborough. Angela was one of those blessed natures who have not seen, yet have believed; and the only remark upon the preacher her sister made was that he seemed to be a very gentlemanlike man. No doubt he was what he seemed to be, in doctrine as well as manner. Human nature has as much variety in it as human faces, and the clergyman at St. Martin's and the one at the old church were equally representative of its religious wants. There are some natures that love to receive and contemplate spiritual truth naked and unclothed. They can go behind the veil without the stimulants of imagination.

There are other natures that only realize the spiritual life in them through heated blood. They like an evening service in the blaze of gas, and to see the altar illuminated with candles, and to hear the organ and the hymn thrill through and through the aisles. It brings them before the Throne. To their vision, Heaven is a city paved with gold, and built up of jasper and sardine stone. St. Martin's is the place for these.

It would be a sad thing for human nature if St. Martin—like the fat kine in Pharaoh's dream that swallowed up the lean ones—were to swallow up the old church on the hill. It would be like dividing knife and fork at dinner from mutual action. Yet any one could see that St. Martin's mouth is very wide open, and seems to incline that the church on the hill would be better eaten and done for than acting as she does. It is a great pity. The church on the hill is too lean to even think of swallowing up St. Martin's, and probably considers it rather vulgar to open its mouth wide. But there are chapels down in the hollows of the town that think both St. Martin's and the old church ought to be swallowed up; and the Ranters who preach on the sands on Sunday afternoons stretch out dooming hands towards them, as the Babylon whose great fall is at hand. All this looks rather like dirty water seen through a microscope—the greater animalculæ swallowing up the lesser. It has a bad look with it that makes

some spirits conclude that religion is altogether a humbug.

This High Church, and Broad Church, and Low Church, and this Ranterism and Methodism, ought to know that there would be no beautiful faces at all if all faces were alike, and that diversity makes beauty. Their discord is as if the eyes murmured that the nose was not their shape, and the nose ditto of the mouth.

One way of accounting for it is that all human nature contains more or less of soldierism in it. We can't live without fighting one another. You can't make steam without a boiler, and fighting is the boiler that makes human steam. We shall all shake hands in the end. Contrast is one of the forces of nature.

It is the same with politics as with religion—Tories and Whigs must grow together until the harvest, and one is necessary to the existence of the other.

John Wesley is not the source of dissent—human nature is its true origin. There always was and always will be dissent, until the great day when the trumpet of the Archangel shall summon the universe to shake hands. Gold and silver fish, and bull-heads and prickly-backs, shall then all swim in the same globe. The Church of Rome's idea of unity shall be realized; but not yet.

## TABLE TALK.

WE have to thank one Mr. Coutts, a Scotchman, who has established himself in Mecklenburgh-square, for introducing a new "opathy" to Londoners. He hails from the "Land o' Cakes" and shrewd men, where his Acetopathy is in high repute for effecting cures. From his pamphlet, we gather that the *modus operandi* is very simple. His treatise is arranged in the form of question and answer, thus:—

1. Q. What is the meaning of your new form of treatment?

A. It will be quite plain, when you consider the names of other systems. Allopathy means treatment of disease by what is contrary; Hydropathy, treatment by water; Homeopathy, treatment by like remedies; Acetopathy, treatment by means of acetic acid.

2. Q. These you mention have all been tried; they are all assumed to be based on scientific and physiological principles. Can you give such an account of your treatment as will show it to be based upon physiological and scientific principles?

A. Very, also it were unworthy of consideration



3. Q. Will you give an exposition, then, of your physiology, and means of operation of this acid?

A. It simply means a description of the human body in all its parts, the work of each part in relation to other parts, and how all should work for the benefit of the whole.

And so on, through the thirty-two pages of the pamphlet. There are testimonials from persons who have been cured or have derived benefit from the treatment; and as it seems to be based upon principles not only scientific but also in accordance with common sense, it is likely to find many persons willing to give it a fair trial. Of course, the Acetopathists are down on all other "opaths;" but this is only natural, for when doctors disagree we all know the results. Mr. Coutts says:—"Should we set our minds to study hydropathy, we get lost amongst its many baths, packings, steamings, poultices, and diet, and are generally bound to give this system up in despair, unless we can afford to live comfortably at a hydropathic establishment; and this very few can do. In regard to the Turkish bath, we may remark that, whatever its benefits may be, it is not a very portable cure to carry about, and rather too costly for all classes. The Acetopathic treatment, we are convinced, has these advantages: the system of treatment is simple, and may be understood by any intelligent person; it causes little, if any inconvenience in the application, and can be used at home or when travelling; it is also so cheap that it comes within the reach of the poorest. These are advantages which speak for themselves, and which intelligent people will readily appreciate. They are inducements which, we believe, will ultimately cause many to adopt the Acetopathic treatment, with great benefit to their health." After carefully reading the arguments for Acetopathy, there is so much in its favour that we should be among the last to condemn it unheard.

How CAN a hungry man talk? Even women grow silent under the influence of hunger. The power of a good dish to bring forth ideas is wonderful. I sometimes think it would be well to harvest what is said at dinner. I mean what is said before digestion begins, because that acts as an eclipse upon the mind.

IT SEEMS providential that, at the time when public opinion requires the shelving

of the Athanasian Creed, a Scotchman is Archbishop of Canterbury. With that hard, knotty grasp and grip peculiar to the Scotch mind, Dr. Tait has compassed the situation, and found it untenable. It is probable he has not wasted a single sigh over the stern process and fact. An English prelate would have filled the air with them.

MR. PURCHAS'S NAME gives one the idea of the acquirement of goods and chattels, possessions and power, rather than that of deprivation. It seems a pity that a man should be shipwrecked by lighted candles, and suffer the pangs of suspension and deprivation, because he teaches, like his Master in the old time, by metaphors. Anyhow, he is a better specimen of his kind than the old port wine parson.

SUSPICION is a protective quality, something of the nature of that optic quality in cats which enables them to see in the dark, and procurative of a result which, it is said, these animals derive from a tenacity of life. Short-sighted people, to make up for their want of vision, use suspicion as a feeling, just as small insects use their antennæ.

IT IS A pity that we are not all agreed as to what constitutes consecrated ground. For my own part, I recollect the place where I was permitted to give my first love a kiss, and that is consecrated ground, although since marriage she has turned out a bit of a scold, and desperately fond of her own way, which takes a little discount of sanctity out of it.

"CONNUBIAL BLISS," though not always to be obtained in real life, may be got for a shilling at any bookstall, and will afford an hour's pleasant light reading. It is written by our friend O. P. Q. Philander Smiff, of *Figaro*—Mr. Arthur Dowty.

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## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. CLEMENTS'S TERMS.



ARELY had Mr. Lennard left the house before he saw an empty Hansom, which he hailed; and twenty minutes afterwards he was mounting the staircase in Adam-street.

Clements let him in, but said that he was engaged at the moment, but would

join him presently; and so, leaving him in the first sitting-room, passed into an inner apartment. Left alone, Mr. Lennard could not help wondering where the fatal document was concealed. Was it in that exceedingly solid-looking desk? Or in one of those drawers? Or simply folded and stuck in the mantelpiece, after the approved Edgar Poe fashion? If he only knew, he would have it at any risk! And he began to look at the door, and the window, and the different letters and papers lying about, in a very petty larcenous manner, when he heard a rustling in the next room—then the closing of a door—and presently Clements entered.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," he said. "How kind of you to call! I know your errand: you have come to thank me for sending you that charming Don Carlos Perez. A delightful young man, is he not?"

"That is a matter of opinion," replied Lennard, doing all he knew to keep cool, knowing that any loss of presence of mind would be to the advantage of his antagonist. "Whether his manners are generally pleasing or not, however, he must leave my house."

"Ah! I do not think that will be neces-

sary. He tells me—for he deigns to communicate sometimes with an old and devoted servant—that you have made him pretty comfortable."

"Pshaw! Enough of this banter. I tell you that the young man has paid his addresses to my daughter, and—"

"And you think," interrupted Clements, "that his prospects in life might be injured by his marriage with the daughter of a forger. Very considerate of you—very. But Don Carlos has consulted me on the subject, and I see no objection, for I alone hold the proof of your little slip, and I shall burn it on the morning of his marriage; so he knows that he is quite safe, and that the honour of his father-in-law will remain unblemished;—unless, indeed," added Clements, with mock alarm, "you are in the habit of doing this kind of thing."

"I have made up my mind," said Lennard, "to any amount of insult; so all this nonsense is quite waste of time. And I warn you not to push me too far; for even if a criminal charge could be got up against me, which I still doubt, I think it very unlikely that you would care to submit yourself to the ordeal of a witness-box, and advertise the existence of your gambling place to the police by prosecuting me."

"You are sharper than I thought for," replied Clements; "but you are out in your calculations, not being aware that you are by no means the only gentleman in my power, and that it would be necessary for me to make an example, or lose my business."

"However that may be," said Lennard, "you well know the impossibility of such a marriage."

"Do I?" interrupted the other. "On the contrary, I am convinced not only of the possibility but the probability of its coming off very soon, if Don Carlos still desires it. Oh, I know what you are going to say. You are about to tell me that she

is betrothed to this Mr. Fletcher; but I tell you that you must send this Mr. Fletcher to the devil, for his presence annoys Don Perez. Take your change out of that."

"My answer is simply, that I have considered the matter at leisure, and have come to the conclusion to turn and keep this Mexican pal of yours out of my house, and let you do your worst. I hope that is pretty clear."

"Clear enough. There is no accounting for taste. I suppose you are tired of salmon and venison, and think dry bread and gruel will make a nice change. It is rather selfish of you, though, to indulge your fancy in this way, considering the professions you make of paternal love. The forger's daughter will not be so attractive a match for Fletcher or any other swell. The forger's daughter! Why, it would make a good title for a romance, would it not?"

"Well," said Lennard, "at any rate, she will not be the wife of your accomplice."

Clements saw that he was hauling upon his fish too hard. When he had been drowned a little more in suspense and anxiety, he would be easier to land. At present, he must give him a little line.

"As you like," he said; "only as you might still be useful to me, I am sorry for the necessity of breaking and throwing you away—especially as I am a good-natured fellow at bottom, and hoped never to have to proceed to extremities. I just give you one more chance, then, before taking the proper steps for your arrest. Think upon it just once more. You have already compromised yourself as much as introducing Don Carlos Perez to your friends can compromise you—which, mind you, I deny; and all that is required of you is to extend your countenance and hospitality to him until this bill becomes due. You say that he is making love to your daughter. I reply that it is the correct thing for a young man to do, and that if you turn him out of your house on that account, you must take the consequences—that is all. A girl cannot be forced to marry any one against her will in this country, I know that; and am not so unreasonable as to threaten you with exposure if she refuses Don Carlos for her husband. All I stickle for is, that he shall have a fair chance."

"I tell you," cried Lennard, "that I cannot harbour him if I wished it ever so much. After what has passed, Mrs. Lennard would

never consent to his remaining in the house. If I insisted, I fully believe that she would leave it herself, and take her daughter with her, whatever the scandal; and then everything *must* come out. That would hardly suit your plan, I fancy."

Clements laughed sarcastically.

"Oh, oh! that is where the shoe pinches; the gray mare is the better horse, eh? Poor devil, upon my soul I pity you. What would you give me, now, to tame this shrew of yours? Come, come," he added in a different tone, as his victim ground his teeth and pounded his heel into the carpet in his efforts to contain himself, "I did not say that to rile you; the fact is, I have a way of putting things to ladies which assists their judgment, and induces them to take a reasonable view of them; and if I could only have the honour of five minutes' private conversation with Mrs. Lennard, I feel certain that she would no longer insist upon so inhospitable a course of conduct towards her guest as that which she had hastily determined upon when you left her. I will go and call on her at once."

"You call on my wife! You persuade her to agree to Perez remaining!"

"And why not? Bah! don't be a fool. Come, I will make a bargain with you. If I fail, the lad shall leave your house at once, and I will name a sum which you shall have that autograph for. Can I say fairer than that?"

"Pshaw! If Mrs. Lennard is to know the position I am in, I would sooner tell her myself than let her hear a garbled account from you."

"You are mistaken. I shall not wound the lady's vanity by letting her know that she is not the only person in the world who holds you in subjection. I pledge myself not to allude to you or your forgery either. There now, go to your club, and keep away from home for the next three hours. Don Carlos will not return to dine with you to-day: you put his back up somehow between you, and he has gone off to amuse himself elsewhere. But he will probably sleep at your house as usual to-night, and will continue his visit as long as he pleases, with your good lady's perfect acquiescence. Or if, as I said, I should fail in convincing her, neither Perez nor the bill shall bother you any more."

And the man's commanding earnestness so overpowered Lennard's hesitation, that

the latter found himself alone in the street before he had determined whether he would allow this interview between his wife and Clements to take place or not.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A SPECTRE.

AT four o'clock that afternoon Mary was still asleep in her bed-room. Her father was at his club, seeking solitude behind the folds of a newspaper; and Mrs. Lennard sat alone in her drawing-room, poring over a book—a conventional book, got up in the form which light literature wears until it becomes standard, with a violet binding, gilt letters on the back, and pages containing the smallest possible amount of type surrounded by the broadest expanse of margin—like a mountain stream at the end of a drought, when it is nearly all bed; though that does not matter to the thirsty soul, so long as the water is fresh and sparkling. A ticket pasted on the side of this volume proclaimed that it came from a well-known lending library; but it must have been of a deeper character than most of the half-guinea a volume literature which issues from that far-reaching circulating medium, or else the present reader had rushed into the opposite extreme of the skimmers, and was learning it by heart—to judge at least by the time it took her to master the contents of one page; for she had sat with her eyes—open, mind you!—fixed upon it for the last half-hour without turning a leaf. And yet the book was a novel of by no means a political or metaphysical tendency, written by an author who, whatever deep speculations he might have in his head, wisely kept them out of his tale; and it is just possible that Mrs. Lennard's abstraction arose simply from her mind being so full of her own affairs that she could not for the life of her manage to take any interest in those of the hero and heroine.

Indeed, the threats of Perez, and the mingled fear and anger of her husband, were germinating into several thrilling romances in her brain. What could Arthur Lennard ever have done to place himself in this man's power? Was it possible that a man apparently so amiable had committed murder? If so, whom had he sacrificed, when had he done it, and why? Eugene Aram was so tender-hearted that he objected to tread on a beetle. The crunch

forward a cloud of witnesses to testify to their humanity and gentleness of disposition; so that was no proof of his innocence. And perhaps he had a homicidal mania, which only recurred at intervals, like the ague. Possibly, he had only refrained with the greatest difficulty from cutting her own throat while she lay asleep, many and many a time: a startling thought that, of one's bedfellow!

Or perhaps he had stolen the property which he professed to have inherited from his Australian uncle. Any crime he might have been guilty of must have been committed while he was absent, as a very young man, at the Antipodes; if he had done anything very wrong since, she must surely have known of it. And was this Perez, who had travelled everywhere, his confederate? Hardly, for he could not have been born at that time.

Whatever the secret, it was extremely unkind and disloyal to keep it from her. There ought to be no concealment between husband and wife, and this was doubtless the reason why their marriage had not been so happy as some others—why they had so little pleasure in each other's society. He had kept something from her, and that, of course, had destroyed all sympathy between them. And she had stupidly, at times, when she thought about the matter, blamed her poor innocent self for the discomfort of their union!

"Well, at all events," she murmured, half aloud, "I did not go up to the altar with a secret—eh? ah! It was as much for his happiness as mine that that narrow escape should be concealed from him. He was such a sensitive, poetical lad in those days, that he would not have understood the necessities of my position, and would have been miserable at the idea of my ever having been on the point of marrying any one but himself. But why think about a nightmare which had almost faded from my memory? And, then, I did not know about my father until I examined my poor mother's papers after her death, and I could not have borne the humiliation of telling him that! Come in!"

"If you please, ma'am," said a servant, opening the door, "a gentleman wishes to see you. I told him you were not at home; but he said he would wait in master's study while I went up to see if I was not mistaken, and he sent this note in with his card."

She might have added that he also gave her five shillings to break the consign; but I suppose she forgot that trifling circumstance.

Mrs. Lennard took the card, which bore the name of *Mr. Robert Clements*, and then untwisted the note—a page torn out of a betting book—on which was written, in pencil, "*I wish to see you about Don Carlos Perez.*"

"In the study, did you say?" she asked; and passed, with the quick step prompted by itching curiosity that sees a prospect of being scratched, down the stairs.

On opening the door of the room, she saw a square-built, broad-chested man, wearing large blue spectacles, seated at the table. It was odd that he did not rise; but perhaps his bad sight rendered him unaware of her entrance; so, by way of appeal to another sense, she closed the door rather smartly.

"Impetuous as ever!" said the man, taking off his spectacles, and fixing a pair of bold, piercing eyes, about whose optical value there could be no doubt, full upon her face, without offering to get up from his chair. "Well, Edith, you seem pretty comfortable here."

A bystander might have remarked that he did not appear to be very uncomfortable himself; but there wasn't one, and Mrs. Lennard was too much astonished and indignant for repartee.

"Who are you, sir, and how dare you address me in this way?" she exclaimed, advancing into the room, with flashing eyes and clenched hands.

"Dare!—ha, ha! that is good. Dare! she said dare—I like dare! And who am I? Why, do you mean to tell me that you do not know me?" said the man.

"Certainly," replied the lady; for she began to fear that she was shut up with a madman, and felt rather frightened. "I never saw you before."

"Alas! alas! They do well to call women faithless and fickle. We have not met for some years, it is true, and I am rather altered in appearance; or else, indeed, I could not be here. However, there is one consolation, it is not likely that any one else should recognize me, if I am not known by the woman whose young affections I had the honour and delight of absorbing."

As he spoke, he pushed back his chair, and raised himself to his full height. Edith

stood bewildered, mystified. To look that man in the face now, and mark the calm cynical expression that characterised every line of it, and retain her passing doubt of his sanity was impossible. And yet who could he be? What could his words mean? Clements saw that her bewilderment was real.

"Look at me again," said he. "Cannot you imagine me some five and twenty years younger, without this scar across the face—a happy bridegroom counting the minutes, ignorant that his enemies were waiting to tear him from the idol of his heart? Ah! a light begins to break in upon you at last, does it?"

A gleam of recognition, a feeling that she had dreamt of that voice, those wolfish eyes, that cruel smile, had, indeed, flashed across her brain; and then a wave of such unutterable horror flooded it as paralyzed its power over the nerves, and left her for a few seconds motionless, speechless, without the power of stirring from the spot, from which she would fain have fled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Clements, with genuine amusement—"I do believe the woman takes me for a ghost! You need not be so scared, madam—I am in the flesh at present. Yes, I am the real Adolphus Hartman, who was on the point of becoming your husband a few years ago, and who was called away on particular business when all was ready for the ceremony. And so you did not wait for my return, or follow me out, faithless woman! On the contrary, you turned again to that fellow whom I cut out. Why, you don't look pleased to see me yet! I am really the identical man, only I have had the fancy of changing my name. But what's in a name? I am a trifle older too, but so are you, and you have changed your name, and yet I knew you at a glance. It is true that this sabre-cut has destroyed my beauty, though not my identity. A bad cut, was it not?" And he turned round and examined his features in a glass over the mantelpiece; but as Edith was not yet able to speak, he went on talking, to give her opportunity to recover, at the same time that he impressed her in the peculiar way that he designed.

"I got it by putting an absurd theory I had formed into practice. I fancied that if you gave point to a man instead of parrying his blow, the entrance of the blade into his body would paralyze his muscles, and render

his cut ineffective. I had tried it several times with success, but this beggar's arm was not much paralyzed, I think! And yet my sword went well into him, and in the right place too—just under the ribs. I do believe the point was out at his back at the moment he cut me down, and I never countered again in a game of sharps. Why," he continued, turning round, "you still look half-scared. Come, shake hands with an old friend, and you will soon see he is no ghost. I suppose a kiss would not be proper now, eh?" and he took a step towards her.

"Keep back!" cried Edith, shrinking to the wall—"keep back! The man you speak of is dead—drowned—at the bottom of the sea!"

"The devil he is!" laughed Clements. "Then all I can say is, that he's precious dry for a man in such a situation."

"But I tell you you are an impostor!" cried Edith, recovering herself a little. "The man Hartman was lost at sea, years and years ago. I have proofs of it—proofs."

"Have you? It strikes me that I possess better to the contrary. Will the woman stand it out to my face that I don't exist?"

"Proofs," continued Edith, without heeding the interruption, "that he was lost on board the *Bellerophon*. The ship was burnt, and not a man could possibly have been saved."

"Quite right," said Clements; "you have got the story perfectly. What, however, you could be hardly expected to know is, that there was a small boat called a dingy in the ship, and that three men made their escape in it to a neighbouring island. Since you seem to have perused the newspapers, which gave all the known details of the loss of the *Bellerophon* with an attention which flatters me, you may remember that an interesting note was found, in which one of the mutineers stated that three men, named Thomson, Adams, and Hartman, had been thrown overboard for refusing to join the rest? Well, I composed that epistle, Thomson wrote it, and Adams corked it up in the bottle in which it was found. It was not a bad plan to advertise my death; for if I had been recognized and retaken, the letter would have been a great hedge in my favour. They would hardly have punished a man who had been thrown to the sharks for defending the ship's officers against the convicts. How could I have accounted for my being saved, though? I have often

thought of that. People would hardly have believed that a shark carried me ashore on his back, would they?"

All the time he was talking, Mrs. Lennard was rallying from the shock to her nerves caused by the apparition of a man whom she had concluded for so many years to be dead; and now that she had got over the first superstitious terror, and knew that she had a mere mortal to deal with, she soon recovered her presence of mind; so that by the time Clements had finished the last sentence, she had mastered her fears sufficiently to advance towards him and ask, somewhat in her accustomed tone and manner—

"And supposing you to be the man you profess, what is your object in coming here? Or rather, as I suppose it is merely a question of money, how much do you want?"

"Now, this is most distressing," said Clements, sinking back once more in his chair. "Faithful lover, torn, almost at the very altar, from the arms of his loved one, is banished to distant lands, goes through all sorts of perils by land and sea, returns once more to his native country; but, alas! ber-ride, believing him dead, has become another's! Seeks her, nevertheless, for a little pathetic business, and is asked what he will take to go and hang himself! Have you no romance in your whole composition, Edith?"

The provoking, sneering tone in which he spoke this aroused Mrs. Lennard's spirit, and so enabled her to overcome her fears more completely. She stamped her foot with impatience.

"Don't be petulant, my dear," continued the returned convict, whose object was to sap her spirit by the wearing process of exciting different passions in succession—"I do not stand that sort of thing so well as my friend and successor, your husband; and if I leave this house in a dissatisfied mood, you will have cause to regret it. Well, you changed the old proverb, did you? Directly you were off with the new love, you were on with the old. I was taken, like a sandwich, between two Lennards, or rather, Lennard doubled. He was the bread and butter, and I the meat, eh? You waited until he had made his money, though; for you always had an eye to the main chance. By the bye, what a fool you must have thought me for wanting to marry you! I should not wonder if you were cal-

culating at this moment upon the early tenderness you flatter yourself I felt for you. You never knew that you were entitled to some money from a maternal uncle, and that I could have got it. Do not expect to find a soft spot about ME!"

"Do not distress yourself," replied Edith, whose nerves grew more braced every moment, as she got excited in the struggle—"I will give you all credit for being the hardened villain you are."

Clements bowed.

"I see our mutual positions, I think, perfectly. You have the power to annoy me in some measure by acquainting my family that I was on the point, when an inexperienced young girl, of marrying a man like you. I freely own that I have always been silent about the matter—it is unpleasant to have been associated with a wretch so low—and therefore, although I do not believe that you dare say or write a word which would give the police any clue to the fact of your existence, I am willing to buy your silence. But not at a high price; and if you do not alter your tone, I will give you nothing, and risk what, after all, will not be a very serious annoyance."

"And do you really think," said Clements, "that I am such an idiot as to reveal to you the secret of my being Hartman, without having a stronger hold upon you than the threat of a suicidal revelation which would not injure your own prospects or those of your family? Did you ever know anything of your father?"

Edith could not help starting and turning pale.

"I see you did," he continued. "He is alive, and has returned to England, where he has been living for the last seven years, although he was transported for life. I can have him arrested, and all his story, as well as your relationship to him, brought to light without injury to myself. Bless you! there are lots living who would recognize old Bill Broughton, if they were once put on the scent. Poor old man! he got to the diggings, and made some money; and then he could not keep away from the old country. It is a morbid weakness some of us have. So he came back, and has led a harmless, honest life in an Essex village ever since. He knows of his wife's death and of your position; and he has never done anything to disturb you with even the knowledge of his existence. And yet he must have longed

to sometimes. It would be a cruel thing if he were to be seized and tried and imprisoned again, through his daughter's means, would it not? You would like the husband you have ruled and scorned to learn his wife's noble parentage, perhaps? Your girl and her lover would feel proud of a penal grandfather, I dare say. If so, you can afford to defy me."

"And do you suppose I would suffer such injuries to go unavenged?" said Edith, fighting bravely against the vertigo which was coming over her. "You boast that you could ruin Mr. Broughton—if your story is true, which I doubt—with impunity to yourself. Do you suppose that at the first intimation of his arrest I should not denounce you?"

"That is right," said Clements. "You are worth two of your husband, and no wonder he gives in to you. I like to play 'cards on the table' with such a woman as you. But you are the only person in the whole world who knows that I and Hartman are the same person. You could not bring forward one single witness to support your story; and you know yourself how unrecognizable I am."

"You forget," cried Edith, "the two men who escaped with you from the *Bellerophon*, and whose evidence, if they could be found, would confirm the account I should give as having received from you."

Clements smiled.

"You allude to Thomson and Adams? If they could be found, indeed! Why, Adams died of fever and thirst two days after we landed on that island; and on the fourth day, when an English vessel hove in sight, Thomson, forgetting our oath not to seek assistance except from a foreigner, wanted to signal her, turned driveller, talked about religion and repentance; so that I could not trust him, and we quarrelled."

"Wretch! You did not murder him!" cried Edith.

"Didn't I? Well, it is rude to contradict a lady, so say that I didn't. One more or less does not make much difference. At any rate, he died; and I fed the sharks with his body by way of giving him a decent funeral. But all this is beside the mark. It is sufficient that I never yet shrank from personal danger when I had an object in view, and I do not mean to begin now. Be assured that if you thwart this object, your father will go back into penal servitude, and

you will be blazoned in the papers as his daughter, let the risk to myself be what it may."

## INVASION PANICS

AND

### THE MEANS OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THIS is the time of the year when the possibilities of the invasion of England being accomplished with success are commonly canvassed. It might also be added to the notes in the calendar—"August—th: Parliament separates for grouse-shooting, and invasion panics are due."

The fact probably arises from the dearth of other topics of conversation, and from the space just now at the disposal of our daily contemporaries. When the session has come to an end, it leaves an awful blank behind; and the sub-editor who is left in charge, *vice* his chief, who has gone to Switzerland or to Scotland, is at his wits' ends to know how to keep the circulation from falling more than twenty-five per cent.

The meeting of the Emperors at Berlin is the only topic of political importance to Europe. Is it peace, or is it war? To this question the German papers answer, peace. In the meantime—as Prussia has, since the French war, done all in her power to strengthen her marine force and fortify her ports—it is not unnatural that we should ask the Government how we stand ourselves in case of a general scrimmage, in spite of the assurance of an inspired German paper that "the Berlin interview is a pacific demonstration, calculated to bring back to its normal state of equilibrium the position of Europe, which was somewhat shaken by the events of 1870-1. Europe could not obtain a stronger guarantee of peace than an agreement between the three greatest Powers of the Continent, in which Italy, who requires peace above all things, will also join."

It has been said that the military strength of a country consists of three distinct things—

*Men*, and the organization requisite to obtain and train them.

*Stores*, and the administration requisite to preserve and distribute them.

*Administration*, or the power to keep the men supplied with food and clothes.

Now, what is the force of the British

consists of 63 battalions of 560 men each, or some 34,160 infantry, and about 20,000 cavalry, artillery, and engineers. It is admitted that 20,000 men have been reduced; but to compensate for this a first reserve of 1,900 men, and a second reserve of 21,870, have been formed, and credit is taken for the difference between the 23,770 and the 20,000! Behind these, in second line, we are told there are the militia and yeomanry, about 96,700; and the volunteers, 170,581 men.

A writer on this subject, in 1870, asked—"Who is there who dares to say that the military institutions of this country might not be put on such a footing as to afford us an army which would produce respect from our neighbours, security at home? Such institutions would bring class in contact with class, go far to humanize the rough, reform the dissipated, and knit together the various elements that constitute society with bands of iron."

We naturally look for information on the subject of our condition, were we called upon to defend ourselves—distant as such a contingency probably is—to other than lay writers. Among military men, Colonel Drummond Jervois is perhaps as good an authority as we can consult, and his remarks at the Royal Institution on the subject are summarised in this paper:—

During the year 1869, the total tonnage of British and foreign vessels entered and cleared at ports of the United Kingdom was no less than 34,910,281, of the total value of £532,475,266. Of this enormous trade, a large proportion is of the last importance, not only to the prosperity, but to the very life of the country. Grain and flour to the value of thirty-seven millions sterling were imported in 1869. Whatever may happen, it is absolutely necessary that this trade should not be altogether stopped. Some millions' worth of foreign corn we must have, or we shall starve.

There is a trade of about 98 millions with the northern and the western countries of Europe; of 72½ millions with the countries bordering the Mediterranean; of 83 millions with India and the East, of which a portion also passes through the Mediterranean; of 11 millions with Africa and the Mauritius; and of 25 millions with Australasia. Turning to the westward, we have a trade of 51½ millions with the West Indies, Central and South America, and of no less than 80 mil-



lions with the United States and our colonies in North America.

We must have swift and powerfully-armed vessels adapted to cope with the cruisers which would be launched against our trading ships, and armour-plated men-of-war to meet external attacks which might be made against foreign territories under British rule.

In connection with the necessity for the maintenance of naval squadrons abroad, it is of paramount importance to defend effectually the foreign stations at which our cruisers must be coaled and repaired.

Malta and Gibraltar for the Mediterranean,—Halifax and Bermuda for the Atlantic,—Port Royal, Jamaica, from its position with reference to the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico,—Bombay and Aden,—Simon's Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope,—Port Louis, Mauritius,—a harbour in Ceylon,—Singapore,—Hong Kong,—and some other ports, are, in military language, the strategical bases for our foreign squadrons.

The defences of several of our important colonial stations are being provided for by the respective colonies themselves. But they cannot yet take part in their external protection, and this we acknowledge that it is our duty to afford.

One most important function the navy has to perform is to keep open the ports of the United Kingdom for the ingress and egress of our merchant ships. Unless the shipping of the Thames, the Mersey, the Clyde, and numerous other ports be free to come and go, it will be of little avail to protect our *foreign* possessions. The measures adopted should of course be suited to the circumstances of each locality. As regards fixed defences on shore, an idea is prevalent that earthwork batteries could easily be extemporized for the protection of our commercial ports; but to any one who is aware of the nature of the appliances of a modern battery, intended for defence against attack by the powerful guns and ships of the present day, such proposals are known to be utterly delusive. Sometimes the defence of a port can be wholly provided for by shore batteries, supplemented by torpedoes; sometimes it is best to provide for it partly by shore batteries and partly by turret-vessels and gunboats, aided by torpedoes; and in other cases it may be desirable to employ floating batteries only in the defence.

As regards garrisons for the works defend-

ing our commercial harbours, besides the militia, we have large bodies of volunteer artillery at most of our seaports. These, if trained to the service of heavy rifled guns, by a few experienced Royal Artillerymen who should be stationed at each place, and who should have charge of the works and armaments, would be thoroughly efficient for the service of the guns in the batteries. Without such batteries, these Artillerymen are like infantry without rifles, and are useless. On the other hand, if the batteries were provided, they would form a very important element in our arrangements for defence.

Whilst these would man the land batteries, the gunboats might be manned by local seamen, under naval officers. A few military engineers would be required for the working of torpedoes, the stores for which do not deteriorate by keeping, and should always be ready on the spot. The defence of the commercial ports would thus be complete.

Our maritime frontier must be placed—it is to a great extent already placed—in a condition for defence. We have what I may call naval entrenched camps on the southern coast of the kingdom at Portsmouth and Plymouth, at Portland, at Pembroke, at Chatham, Dover, and Cork. A large fortified harbour on the eastern coast is still wanted. In the late discussions in Parliament, the proposal for a harbour at Filey Bay was discussed as if it were solely required as a refuge for the mercantile marine; but such a harbour, if fortified, would be the Portland of the eastern coast. From these naval entrenched camps our squadrons for the coast defence would issue for the protection of the adjacent shores; upon them our fleet might retire in security if assailed by superior force. The fortifications of such places protect the basins, the docks, the factories, the stores, the coaling and victualling establishments, the magazines, the anchorages for our navy, and when properly garrisoned they render them perfectly secure against attack.

Some other harbours, such as Harwich and Newhaven, would also form valuable *points d'appui* for gunboats and light-draught vessels, acting for the defence of the coast; and for this as well as for another reason—viz., that they would be good bases of operation for an enemy—they are being fortified; indeed, a strong fort, which will completely

protect the harbour at Newhaven, is just completed.

The Humber, which in addition to its value as a commercial port is a harbour of strategical importance, should also be strongly defended; and the several anchorages within certain limits, in which an enemy's fleet might lie, with a view to ulterior operations, should, where practicable, be denied to him, by some powerful guns placed in small secure forts.

There are several minor harbours—viz., Poole, Chichester, Littlehampton, Shoreham, Folkestone, Rye, Ramsgate, the Blackwater, &c.—which, though only tidal, would form very convenient places for an enemy to land his artillery, horses, and stores. These ought to be defended by a small strong work at each, to prevent their seizure by an enemy, and thus the operations of an invading force would be restricted to the open beach, and rendered liable to interruption from bad weather.

As regards the regular army, it is generally considered that we should maintain a comparatively small force, complete in all its branches; and that after having received a thorough training in this army, men should be passed to a reserve, by means of which, on occasions requiring, the available regular force may be largely increased. Some propose that the militia shall be reorganized, and more or less connected with the regiments of the regular army. With regard to the volunteers, every possible encouragement and assistance should be afforded to bring these forces up to such a standard of efficiency as will enable them to fulfil properly the rôle assigned to them in national defence.

Let us consider the plan of operations which an invader would be likely to adopt. There can be no doubt but that his great object would be to march upon London, and with this view his main descent would be upon our eastern or southern shores. If Portsmouth and Plymouth were not fortified to landward, he might detach a corps to burn the ships and naval establishments at one of these places. The fortifications of these places, however, garrisoned by auxiliary forces, with a nucleus of well-trained troops, would render these great arsenals secure. The enemy might make a feint, perhaps an attack, by a corps directed upon Ireland. In any case, we must leave a large body of troops there. Perhaps, instead of

a descent upon Ireland, he might send a corps to the Yorkshire or Lincolnshire coast, in addition to the main attack upon the eastern or southern coast. He would thus at least distract the attention of our defensive forces, and possibly this subsidiary attack might turn out to be one of great importance.

You will observe that if he succeeded in making good a landing with a corps at or somewhere near the Humber, he would be in a position to march upon the great seats of manufacture, and a successful advance against Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, and other places in the same quarter would probably result in enormous requisitions being levied upon these seats of wealth and manufacturing industry.

In view of an operation of this description, the defence of the Humber, to which I have before adverted, and the establishment of a Central Arsenal, which should probably be somewhere near Sheffield (in preference to Cannock Chase, where it has hitherto been proposed to place it), are both matters of very great importance.

At the same time that an attack or a feint was made on the north-eastern counties, the landing of the main invading force might be effected on the eastern or on the southern coast, with a view of marching upon London.

Until it be clearly seen whether the attempt to the northward was a feint or a real attack, we must keep a force there to meet it. When the line of the attack from the southward was fully developed, we should concentrate upon it, and dispute the possession of the soil, as far as practicable; of course bringing down the force from the north if not required there. The whole of the active army, except the force in Ireland, and such portions as must be detached for the nucleus of each of the garrisons of our naval arsenals and other fortresses, should be brought together to oppose the advance on London.

All railway arrangements for the ready transport of troops would be made by the military staff, in concert with the managers of the several lines. The telegraph lines are now in the hands of the Government, and would therefore be worked by the same employés as at present.

Temporary works, on the probable or expected fields of battle, would be thrown up between London and the coast; these would be executed by bodies of workmen, organized under the Civil Engineer Staff Corps, and

under the direction of military engineers, by whom the plans would have been previously prepared. The number of men and tools, as well as the time required for forming each work, would have been previously calculated.

Roads would be broken up, obstacles across them created, railways destroyed, and we should probably fight a pitched battle either on the ranges of chalk hills in Kent or Surrey, near Chelmsford, or in some chosen positions elsewhere.

Fight, no doubt, we should with fury, but we might be beaten! If so, the enemy marches straight into London. Our army might retire upon the fortified entrenched camp at Portsmouth, on the one hand, or upon the fortified Central Arsenal, if we had one, on the other; but with London in the hands of the enemy, what then?

Some say even if London were occupied by a hostile army, we should still continue the struggle. Look, they say, at the case of Madrid in the Peninsular War! Look at Moscow in 1812! Look at Vienna in the wars of the beginning of this century.

But it is almost beside the question to compare these cases, or that of Berlin and other capitals, except Paris, with that of London. The fall of London would render further resistance impossible. With London in the hands of an enemy, then the seat of government, the heart of the empire, the centre of all commerce, the focus of our communications, our government factories at Woolwich for guns, gun-carriages, munitions, stores (the only government manufacturing arsenal we possess), the great Naval Arsenal at Chatham, too (which is unfortified to landward), all fall into his hands! There would be a collapse of commerce, of government, and of order, from which there might be no recovery.

What shall the measures of precaution be?

The Duke of Wellington, in his memorable letter of January, 1847, said, "I know of no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from this danger except by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortifications which experience in war and science can suggest."

As regards the army, I believe that if the regular and other forces which it is proposed to maintain be trained, so as to be efficient for the duties they may be liable to perform, and if, to use the Duke of Wellington's

words, they be "aided by all the means of fortifications which experience in war and science can suggest," the defence of the country against invasion will be fully provided for.

Without the aid of fortifications, I submit that it will not be *possible*, unless compulsory service be resorted to, to organize and maintain an army capable of affording that complete security, to obtain which our military expenditure is incurred.

In this country, on account of its expense, and the withdrawal of men from industrial pursuits, which it involves, there is great repugnance to a large standing army.

The cost of fortifications is very small when compared with that of the maintenance of regular troops. The capital cost of an addition of only 5,000 men to our regular army may be stated as follows:—

5,000 men, with barracks	£	£
and non-effective charges, at		
£60 per man per annum	300,000	
Capitalized at 3½ per cent.		9,000,000
Productive labour of 5,000		
men lost by their being converted into soldiers, say £30		
per annum	150,000	
Capitalized at 3½ per cent.		4,500,000
Total cost of 5,000 regular troops		£13,500,000

Now, an augmentation of 5,000 men to our regular army is scarcely worth mentioning as a contribution to the increase of our defensive power; whereas the cost of this addition, if applied to fortification, would, with the forces already proposed to be maintained, for ever settle the question of the invasion of England.

The expense of the necessary permanent fortifications around the metropolis would be about eighteen millions sterling. Add to this the cost of the Central Arsenal, and of the works required for the protection of the seaports at home and abroad above referred to, and the whole expense, including armaments, would not be so great as the capital cost of 5,000 regular troops. The expense of the maintenance of fortifications is but trifling, and we already have more than an abundance of forces capable of manning them.

The works for the defence of London should be permanent, and provided with plenty of bomb-proof cover and deep well-flanked ditches. They should be impregnable against assault, and the ramparts

should be constructed so as to render the artillery therein secure against being silenced by the enemy's fire.

As regards the question where the works should be, there are two principles which have to be considered. One may be called the indirect, the other the direct system.

The indirect plan is, to construct at a distance of 20 or 30 miles from London, three or four fortified entrenched camps; one at Chatham (where, in any case, the works proposed by the Defence Commission for the defence of the Naval Arsenal should be carried out), one west, another north, and another south of London. The direct plan is, to construct a series of detached forts, crossing fire with each other, and from about 2,000 to 3,000 yards apart, according to the circumstances of the locality, all round London, at a distance of about twelve miles from its centre.

The principle on which the indirect system is advocated is, that each entrenched camp, or strategical fortress, would be capable of containing a large force which might act on the flank or rear of an enemy, and threaten his communications if he passed it; and that an invader would therefore be obliged to sit down and besiege it, or to employ a large force to mask it, before he could proceed on his march to London.

A system of purely strategical fortresses, such as we are discussing, would be inoperative unless the forces acting from them were fully equipped, thoroughly trained and disciplined troops. Even admitting that we had sufficient forces of this description capable of taking the field, the safety of London would still be dependent on the result of a general action.

Now, the direct system of defence would absolutely cover London; and the whole adult male population, as also the enormous resources of all kinds within the line of the proposed forts, could be drawn upon for the defence at any part of the circle. A ring of about fifty works would at every point afford a strong fortified battle-field twelve miles from the centre of London.

The perimeter of the line of fortifications being more than seventy-five miles in extent, it is impossible that it could be invested. The circle of the forts round Paris is less than thirty miles, and it took a quarter of a million of troops to invest it. To invest London, if defended as proposed, would require an army of 500,000 men. The dis-

tance of the works from London would be greater than necessary to protect even the suburbs from bombardment.

Paris held out for five months, and then only gave in from want of food,—the bombardment did not hasten the surrender for one hour. If Bazaine's army had retired upon Paris instead of remaining at Metz after the battle of Woerth; if MacMahon had gone to Paris or to Orleans instead of to Sedan; or if Metz had held out for a fortnight longer than it did, the result of the late war would have been very different from what it was. Paris would have been relieved, and the Germans would have been in a most critical position. The works round London, if we *were* invaded, and the army defeated in the field, would enable us to retrieve the fortunes of England.

### FREDERICK LOCKER.

POETS of society are, perhaps, rarer than poets of any other sort. The subject of our cartoon, however, has earned a place in the estimation of lovers of poetry by the side of Præd, and a little in advance of Prior, not only in time, but in skill and taste. Mr. Locker was born in 1821. He is of an old Kentish family: his father, Edward Hawke Locker, was a Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, a warm patron of literature and art, and the founder of the naval gallery of Greenwich Hospital; he also published the lives of some of the most distinguished naval worthies, as well as a tour that he made in Spain with Earl Russell—his own sketches illustrating the volume. The grandfather of the poet was Captain W. Locker, R.N., under whom both Lord Nelson and Lord Collingwood served. The former was especially his old and attached friend. In one of the numerous letters from Lord Nelson to his grandfather, in the possession of Mr. Locker, Lord Nelson says—"You were the first person to teach me how to board a Frenchman, by your conduct when in the *Experiment*. You said, 'Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him.'" Captain Locker died Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Mr. Frederick Locker married a sister of the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, by whom he has one daughter.

Mr. Locker has at different times contributed original verses to the *Times*, *Pall*

*Mall Gazette*, "Blackwood," "Cornhill," "Once a Week," *Punch*, the *Owl*, "Macmillan," "Good Words," "St. Paul's," and other magazines. Writing to a friend, his experience makes him say—"Do not despair. At first I had great difficulty in persuading editors to have anything to say to my verses. They were unanimous in declining them; but Thackeray believed in me, and used to say, 'Never mind, Locker—our verse may be small beer, but at any rate it is the right tap.' This encouraged me, and I wrote on; and when 'Macmillan' refused 'My Neighbour Rose,' I sent it to the 'Cornhill;' and when 'Fraser' declined 'A Nice Correspondent,' I sent it to 'St. Paul's.' I could get no one to accept 'My Grandmother.' What used particularly to discourage me was, having my verses returned as not suitable, and then to see in the very next number of the magazine a poem that gave me the impression that it was the work of some relative of the editor—perhaps his grandmamma. I think, if I wrote now, the editors would be more amiable; but it is too late, and this is what may be called the irony of destiny."

This may be so: it may be hard for a poet to find he has grown tired of writing just at the time when his verses are welcome everywhere; but the author of the exquisite little volume of "London Lyrics" may safely rest on his laurels. Thackeray, seldom at fault in his literary criticisms, was quite right in this instance. The verses are anything but small beer. They are gems of the utmost polish and beauty. That they are appreciated, a fifth edition is of itself sufficient evidence. A writer in the "Contemporary Review" for July, in an article on the genius of Prior, Præd, and Locker, makes the following remarks, which we should be wrong if we refrained from quoting. Let us premise that in 1867 Messrs. Moxon published a volume, edited by Mr. Locker, called "Lyra Elegantiarum," which was a collection of the best English *vers de société*. To this volume the editor contributed a charmingly written introduction, in which he set out at length the various qualifications indispensable to any poet's production of unimpeachable *vers de société*. Upon this preface the Contemporary Reviewer comments thus:—

"Among the qualifications of a poet of society, the following may be insisted on as indispensable: He must before all things be

a man of the world, educated up to a high level of contemporary culture, and gifted with that temper of mental health which, as Goethe says, can only be obtained by him who 'lives in the universal way with multitudes of men.' He must be privileged, either by right of birth or force of wit, to move in the 'upper' circle of the social sphere, and will be the fitter for his office as its prophet, the more he is acquainted with the circles below it. That he must have a definite artistic bias, a 'singing' faculty, or, as Mr. Locker phrases it, must 'be more or less of a poet'—*cela va sans dire*. His next essential qualification is the gift of humour. No society can ever have existed in which youth and beauty, genius and experience, freely commingled, without the atmospheric element of humour, the incessant play of mental summer lightning, produced by the gentle collision of electrical natures. A flow of light humorous talk, rippling with banter, bubbling into jets of wit and satire, is notoriously the staple of 'polite' conversation, and the brightest talkers are the most favoured guests. Lastly, and mainly for the same reason, he must be somewhat of an egotist; not only as any poet, if ever so little subjective, must be in becoming the self-conscious type of a class or race, but because the essence of polite conversation which he has to transfigure into art is never perfect unless the individuality of each participant be discernible in the amalgamated flavour of the whole."

That Mr. Locker not only possesses all the essential qualifications indispensable in a poet of society of the first rank—whether we take his own estimate of what may be necessary or that of his reviewer—every cultivated reader knows. But widely as his "London Lyrics" have been read, his poetry is no more likely to please as large a circle as the productions of Cowper, Pope, or Tennyson, than the verses of Prior or Præd are likely to do so.

We have spoken of Mr. Locker's verses as reflecting polish and culture in the highest degree; and, *apropos* of this, it is curious to note that he was almost as old a man when he began to write as Præd was when he left off writing. Though he is essentially the poet of the "upper ten thousand," to quote a hackneyed epithet, Mr. Locker's variety in his studies of life recommend him to all tastes. As an example of his method and matter in his graver mood, we quote



Once a Week.]

[September 7, 1872.]

"A MELANCHOLY JESTER."

"I only wear the cap and bells,  
And yet some tears are in my verses."

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five verses from his "Lines on a Human Skull :"—

"A human skull ! I bought it passing cheap,—  
Indeed 'twas dearer to its first employer ;—  
I thought mortality did well to keep  
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its blooming  
skin ;

Here lips were woo'd, perhaps in transport  
tender ;

Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,  
And never had my doubt about its gender !

Did she live yesterday or ages back ?

What colour were the eyes when bright and  
waking ?

And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,  
Poor little head ! that long has done with  
aching ?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)

Thy brains, Eliza Fry !—or Baron Byron's ;

The wits of Nelly Gwynne or Doctor Watts,—

Two quoted bards ! two philanthropic sirens !

\* \* \* \* \*

The end is near. Life lacks what once it gave,

Yet death has promises that call for praises ;—

A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,

But hands unseen will dress the turf with  
daisies."

But our "melancholy jester" is, perhaps, happiest in such poems as "The Pilgrims of Pall-mall," and the ode "To my Grand-mother," which he was unable to find an editor to accept; though it is difficult to see on what grounds such charming verses were declined.

His volume contains many "pretty conceits"—like this one:

#### A TERRIBLE INFANT.

"I recollect a nurse, called Ann,  
Who carried me about the grass ;  
And one fine day, a fine young man  
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.  
She did not make the least objection !  
Thinks I—'Aha !  
When I can talk, I'll tell Mamma.'  
And that's my earliest recollection."

This lay of the "Terrible Infant" is from the collection just published in the fifth edition of the "Lyrics," as also the following poem, addressed to—

#### GERTY'S GLOVE.

"Slips of a kid-skin deftly sewn,  
A scent as through her garden blown,  
The tender hue that clothes her dove,  
All these—and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately doff'd—for look,  
It keeps the happy shape it took  
Warm from her touch ! What gave the glow ?  
And where's the mould that shaped it so ?

It clasped the hand, so pure, so sleek,  
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek ;  
The hand that when the light wind stirs,  
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb !  
Were I but you, in days to come,  
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her.—Go !  
And tell her that I told you so."

But we refer the readers of this article to the book itself, rather than make more quotations from it. There is not in it one single verse of doubtful merit—with such care has the author finished all his work. Here is a poet, unrivalled in his particular line, who has only published verses that fill a couple of hundred pages. Would that all those other poets—true and sham—would follow his example. Yet by how few lines will any one of them be remembered by an ungrateful posterity ! Tennyson said, some time since, to a friend—"If I am remembered a hundred years hence by twenty lines I have written, I shall be a lucky man." Mr. Locker has written twenty poems that will be remembered a hundred years hence: as long as style in verse-making is an object of study. Of their kind, his verses are perfect. Having said this, it is unnecessary to praise his ear for rhythm, his skill in rhyme, his taste, his culture, his observation, or the genius that moves to all.

## MY VISIT TO AN IRISH COUNTRY DANCE.

SOME little time ago I was invited by a rural friend of mine to attend a country ball, which was to come off in a large barn adjoining his house, situate between Divis and Lough Neagh, in the lower part of the county Antrim. Having long had a desire to see a dance of this sort, I went ; and I shall now endeavour to give my readers a correct idea of one of these rustic gatherings in that part of the country, and to narrate briefly my rather strange adventures that night.

On arriving at the residence of my friend, I was ushered into a long room off the kitchen—or, as the country folk have it, I was taken "up the house." Here I found a few rosy damsels, dressed very gaily, partaking of wine or whisky and biscuits, and chatting over the coming events. On my entrance, however, they ceased to eat as well as to talk, and though repeatedly pressed to "put forrit their han'," resolutely



refused to refresh themselves further with the good things on the table. I observed, too, that those of them who had not finished their liquor sipped at it in a way that was anything but natural, and always glanced over to see whether I was looking or not before they ventured to drink. But in a little while they grew more confident; and half an hour afterwards, when I had shared in the hospitality of the house, we all proceeded to the barn together, the best of friends.

On entering the door of that important edifice, the first thing that attracted my notice was the chandelier. It consisted of a broomstick, nailed perpendicularly in the centre of two crossed sticks, and was thus suspended from a rafter about the middle of the room. On the four ends of these crossed sticks were fastened four halfpenny candles; and this, with the addition of two more candles at the same price which adhered to the walls at either end of the house, served to adorn and light the happy scene. All around the barn were placed, for seats, long planks, which rested on barrels and sacks of corn; and at the further end something like a platform was erected, which, on inquiry, I was told was "fur the fiddlers." We seemed to be just in time; for these gentlemen, two in number, entered immediately after us, and mounting the platform, began, with an air of great consequence, to screw up their instruments and resin their bows.

Every seat in the barn was already occupied. Girls and boys were sitting together in pairs, chatting, laughing, or whispering tenderly to one another; but all impatient to begin the dance. I ensconced myself in a quiet corner to watch the proceedings; and I had not long to wait.

When the gentlemen of the orchestra had got through the tedious and somewhat squeaky process of tuning, they began to step over some tunes lightly—whether on their own account, or by way of a preliminary coxer, I cannot say—but instantly up rose about a dozen pairs, and formed themselves round for the dance.

"Now, boys, give us somethin' fur a good figure!" said, or rather shouted, one of the happy swains to the fiddlers.

And forthwith the musicians began to make rather violent exertions in determined endeavours to give every one in the place the privilege of hearing the mellifluous harmonies of "Bessie Block." In a mo-

ment they were all in their places; and at a given signal from the gentleman who had commanded the violinists to begin, off they went into "hands across," "ladies' chain," "face yer partner," "shuffle and cut," &c., &c.; each one dancing as if every eye in the barn was upon him or her—the girls slipping about with all the grace they could muster, and the boys shuffling through, with their heads up, in what they evidently considered unparalleled style. This was kept up—it being an eight-part figure—for about fifteen minutes; at the end of which time the perspiration was to be observed trickling from a goodly number of noses, and most of all from the probosces of the fiddlers. At the conclusion, the boys led the girls to a seat—on their knees, be it whispered—and the fiddlers having refreshed themselves with "a dhrop of somethin' sthrong," a fresh party rose and arranged themselves for another dance. This time, a tall young man of rather primitive appearance, wearing a red necktie and a collar that enveloped about half his head, spoke to the musicians thus—

"Billy! a say, Billy! hi, Billy!—strack us up somethin' fur an owl reel; the divil a bit o' use the other dances is."

When he had thus politely made his request, he spat on his hand, and otherwise energetically prepared to "show thim a bit o' dancin'," as he himself expressed it. And "show thim a bit o' dancin'" he certainly did. In setting to his partner, he dived from one side to the other in the most ludicrous manner, no doubt intending it for graceful motion; and when it came to facing his partner, he drew himself up as erect as a maypole, and hammered the old dingy floor till he was lost, or nearly so, amid the dust he had raised. Then off he would shoot again, with the air of a man who has just performed a great action, mostly managing to come into rather violent collision with some unfortunate couple who chanced to be in his way. I may mention in his behalf, however, that the name of the "owl reel" to which they were dancing was the decidedly attractive and inspiring one of "The smokin' bowl of tay." This had doubtless something to do with the zealous manner in which he acquitted himself. "The smokin' bowl of tay" having been disposed of, a fresh set rose; and so on, until every one in the house had danced two or three times. The names they had given to

a good many of their tunes are worthy of notice.

As every tune was played, I inquired the name of it, and was sometimes gravely answered, "The pot of parritch," "What the devil ails ye?" "Pay soup," or such like unpretending titles. Shakspeare says, "What's in a name?" but really I think Will would have changed his mind on the subject had he heard a few like the foregoing.

When, at about twelve o'clock, the last set, previous to a change in the programme, were on the floor, it was observed that the barn was so full that there were no seats left for those who were dancing. Accordingly, my rural acquaintance, who had been vainly entreating me half the night to dance, came to me and intimated, with an air of the utmost solemnity, that as I would not join the dance, I should at least have to nurse—in other words, that I should have to take one of the damsels upon my knee. Of course, I remonstrated earnestly with him on the subject; but all was of no avail.

"It's no use, now," said he; "yer not goin' to git sittin' there, stuck up in a corner all night. I'll go and git ye a sweetheart afther this dance is over."

Here was a predicament. Anything in reason I would have gladly done to make myself agreeable; but this—and I think my readers will agree with me—I considered out of the question.

The fair creatures, with all possible respect to them, had an appearance of physical prosperity which at once brought me to the conclusion that most of their dresses contained from ten to twelve stones avoirdupois—a conclusion that made me not a whit less anxious to get out of my little difficulty.

However, seeing that I should probably give trouble, and perhaps offence, by refusing, and that the thing was quite customary and thought nothing of, I at length permitted my friend to introduce me to one of the rosy country girls by depositing her upon my knee—which, I may mention, she seemed to take quite as a matter of course.

All, or nearly all, the ladies having been settled in a similar manner, a song was proposed; and shortly the tall young man who had danced so vehemently, and who wore the prodigal display of linen round his neck,

stepped out into the floor, and after a few introductory semibreves began—

"Och, come all ye purty girls an' boys,  
An' listen unto me,  
An' I'll sing to you of my sweet love—  
Her like you niver did see.  
Her face it was like the mornin', boys,  
Jist afther a big night's rain;  
But now, ochone! my dar-lints——"

Here he suddenly stopped. Whether overcome by his feelings, or unable to reach the high note, I would not venture to say.

"I towl' yez I cudn't sing it"—(he had communicated nothing of the kind to any one)—"but with yer lave, I'll jist give yez a neighbourly growl iv another one."

Having made known this laudable determination, he jerked up the illustrious collar by the points, cleared his throat, and after a few unsuccessful attempts to come upon the note which it seemed necessary for him to begin upon, sang, with his eyes apparently fixed on a cobweb in the ceiling, the following love-ditty:—

"'Twas on a Sun-day maw-or-nin',  
When flowers they wur bloomin', O!—  
(O prolonged)  
The sun was shinin' brightly, and  
The birds they all wur singin', O!  
I met my love in Banbridge Town,  
My charmin', bloomin' Sally, O!  
An' she was the flower in the County Down—  
The flower iv Magherwally, O!"

In this strain he continued to tell his feelings towards the "charmin', bloomin' Sally, O!" through about eight stanzas—all quite as touching and beautiful as the specimen given. When he had finished, he was loudly encored by an appreciative and delighted audience, as the papers have it, and responded by giving them another, in which he lamented the loss of some fascinating "Mary Ann," who had first robbed him of his heart, and then had taken her departure for "Amer-i-cay," without having previously informed him of her intentions.

In this manner the time was passed until about one o'clock, when it was proposed that they should begin a game of "Kiss in the chair."

This proposal was readily agreed to; and accordingly the game—which is almost similar to our forfeits, generally known, I think, throughout the three kingdoms—was soon gone into in right earnest.

A chair was placed in the centre of the room. The young men then cast lots, and the lucky man became the first occupant of the

chair. His eyes were then blindfolded, and, all being ready, he named her who was supposed to have taken possession of his heart. The task of the happy lady thus named was to touch the chair and regain her seat without being caught by her blindfolded votary; and the penalty of being caught by him was, of course, a kiss.

When a lady occupied the chair, the case was reversed. He who escaped her came in for the kiss; and he who was caught by her had to content himself with the hope of better fortune. It is a remarkable fact, however, that none of the ladies seemed to believe in over-exerting themselves—doubtless for reasons of their own.

This gentle pastime was kept up, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, till about three o'clock. The manoeuvres of some of the gentlemen to effectually guard the chair from the touch of the fair ones, or themselves to touch it when a lady was the occupant, affording much merriment; and the taking or giving of forfeits—the sounds of which were sometimes rather more emphatic than the innocent lovers intended—causing even more amusement.

Refreshments followed; and I was taken "up the house" as before, and there found myself in the midst of peace and plenty. Upon the centre of a very large table were three formidable pyramids of loaf bread, oaten bread, and biscuit; and occupying a prominent position was a very stout, able-bodied bottle, containing, of course, the "rale stuff."

"Now, Mither —, take a sate—take a sate, and make yerself at home. Here, Tammy, raitch us over that dhrup iv whisky. Ye'll jist take a wee half-un o' this, won't ye?"

And forthwith my host poured out half a tumbler.

"Now, what kind iv bread will ye thry? Maybe, ye'll be fur the biscuit?"

And the pyramid of biscuit was, at the imminent risk of toppling down, placed beside me. I chose, however, a slice of the loaf bread; and I found it quite sufficient for me, for it could not have been less than an inch and a-half thick—not speaking of the quarter-inch more of butter. Twice or thrice I almost disjointed my jaw in my endeavours to get it between my teeth. When at length, by skilful management, I had succeeded in eating the entire slice, I was assailed with—

"Why, Mither —, yer atin' nothin' at all. Put forrit yer han', and do somethin'. Here, Tammy, shove over the oaten bread. Maybe, ye'll thry a farl of this this time."

A very pleasant hour having been spent here, we returned to the barn to dance the last dance. Whether it was owing to a different mood, or to the height my friend had raised his elbow when pouring out my liquor, I am unable to say; but the fact is certain—I joined the boys in this dance. The partner I chose was the lady for whom I had acted as nurse throughout the evening.

"May I have the pleasure?" said I, offering her my arm.

"Till be shure you can," she replied, with a bewitching smile.

And soon we were as actively engaged in the dance as any couple in the room.

Having nearly knocked down three other couples, seriously injured my shin against I cannot exactly say what, tripped my partner and myself twice by treading upon her skirts, I began to consider discretion the better part of valour, and—sat down. At this eventful epoch the dance was more than half gone through.

My partner and I adjusted ourselves on a couple of sacks of corn, and watched and talked till it was finished; an event that no sooner took place than—"O world of wonder, and O world of woe"—the candles were all suddenly extinguished, and everyone was left to scramble out of the barn as best he could.

Thus ended the ball in the barn, which I have sketched, in every particular, exactly as I saw it.

## OUR VILLAGE.—VIII.

### THE VISIT TO SCARBOROUGH.

THE line from York to Scarborough is through a rich vale. The woods and hills to the left and right were once famous for wild boars, but now are for more peaceful game. In the season, every station on the way is full of life and excitement. You pass within sight of the towers of Castle Howard, and, nearer the coast, the famous covers where the Prince of Wales and Lord Londesborough are sure of excellent sport in October.

It makes you heave a sigh for the farmers on the estate as you see the game, in passing, thick on the ground as hens in a farm-

yard; but Lord Londesborough is reputed to be both just and generous.

The railway station at the terminus is like a fair. As the train moves in, you see scores of upturned faces eager to recognize expected friends. Some look anxious, as if they expected serious news, or had some to tell. Some look hopeful and beaming, as if they expected a very dear friend indeed. Some look rather scornfully at the second and third class carriages, wishing the people about to credit them with aristocracy. How little the people about care or think what they are! But there is in most of us a happy delusion as to our importance in the world, which greatly lessens the number of suicides. We think we are cared for more than we are; we think we shall leave a blank when we die. We do not realize that our names are written in such faint pencil marks in the memory of friends that they disappear almost as soon as our funeral cake. There is a lady now staying in Scarborough with her fifth husband. The pencil marks must soon, in her case, have come against india-rubber.

I think, generally, you stand a better chance of being well received by waiting friends if you turn out of a first-class carriage. It seems to make them more respectable, and the guard asks you for your ticket in a gentler tone than of those in lower compartments. What a hollow world it is! Those whose cups are full have them poured into on every side, and those who have empty cups can get scarcely a drop of cold water put into them.

When you have alighted on the Scarborough platform, if you are a single gentleman or lady unmet by friends, you are soon made to feel as a minnow does in the neighbourhood of pike. Lodging-house cards are pressed into your hand, whilst cabmen squabble for your luggage with no over-squeamish regard about the third commandment.

The people who present these lodging cards are generally females, thin as their cards, and cause you to give an extra glance of vigilance towards the small hamper of temporary provisions which lies in the centre of your luggage.

I think they must live in the winter upon the heads and tails of the shrimps they pick for potting.

It is both amusing and reviving to notice the signs of friendship and love which a

departure of the early morning train brings out of varying natures. Some evidently think that nothing short of a kiss will prove their faithfulness; and you see here and there a man giving his wife one with a sort of pitying air, which seems to say, "Poor thing, I know you will not be satisfied without." Another says to his young daughter, "You'll have a ride on a donkey to-day, won't you?" and little Billy, who is pulling at his trousers, is promised at the same time a packet of Everton toffee. There are some gentlemen who, from the paleness and weariness of their faces, were probably at the Crown ball last evening; but they have business engagements at Leeds, and must be gone. The station-master seems to be everywhere at once. Just now two old maiden ladies are bothering him about the precise time of the arrival of the train at Rillington; and I dare say he wishes secretly that they had husbands. The mail has just come in, and brought eight large bags of letters. What money, and joy, and grief will be spread out from these bags in the next two hours!

It is difficult to believe that partridges have hatched their eggs where this magnificent railway station now stands. Probably, no partridges are now alive capable of giving evidence on the matter; but there are sportsmen ready on their oath to do so.

The old wooden Spa, in those days, had an air of innocence and simplicity about it which was very attractive. Now it is bright and gay; but heartless flirtations take the place of honest and tender confessions of love; and there is a general deceptive look about it, from the men and women and pastry stalls, downward to the verger who hands you your glass of iron water from the dripping well.

Marriage has become a very mercantile affair since the railways have come into full play. It is far too slow to be in keeping with the results of science. Who would like now to sit three weeks before a painter for his likeness? Photography has made people fast, as well as railways. These and other things have destroyed the patience of the world. The homes of very many of these people on the Spa feel terribly flat for weeks after their arrival back again. The craving for excitement has been set full a-going, and it ebbs back much more slowly than these waves which are dashing against the rocks. Formerly, people valued their homes more for their visit to Scarborough, when they

were content with a quiet walk on the sands, two church services on the Sunday, cottage bonnets, and to eat its potted shrimps. Now it is a round of ball and concert going; and even sensational novels scarcely touch the nerves.

Late hours make very pale faces in the morning, and wearied hearts peep out of artificial smiles, which turn at short intervals into the refreshment-room to keep up their delusion. Many of those who know the good clergyman at the church on the hill, and his habit of going to bed at half-past nine, on a crust of bread and glass of water, pity the iciness of his lot. They know nothing of the grandeur of his sensations, when, from his front garden, at five o'clock next morning, he looks along the sea at the rising sun, and listens to the lark singing its matin hymn high above his head to the opening heavens. Surely, if they did, they would, like the goodly merchantman of old, sell all that they have to get his pearl of great price.

It is the railways that have made short work of matrimony. Occasionally, there was a *bonâ fide* "offer" made on the top of a coach, when there was time to collect into the heart in a compact form the ingredients of true love—the varied expressions of the lady's face, an exchange of personal histories, the shape of her feet and the size of her hands, the influences of rural scenery, and to test her good nature in allowing you to smoke a cigar by her side. The kettle boiled, as it ought to do, on the fire by degrees, and its plaintive song came slowly and naturally through the spout. Now, love goes up like a rocket, shows a few evaporating stars, and then comes down—a dry stick. It is like the express train from York to Scarborough, soon at its journey's end. It has no time to gather lilies of the valley on its way, or to breathe the scent of sweet violets, or to listen to the dulcimers of the ring-necked yellowhammer. It effervesces like soda-water, and becomes eternally flat—and it is the railways that have done it all. They have spread an infection of fastness into everything. Visitors break the wind of their horses on the sands, and run over babies in their perambulators; they get up cricket matches against circus clowns (ordinary cricket is wanting in Cayenne); they smoke Cavendish and drink iced champagne; and even the bathing women smell of gin. The great object of life here at

Scarborough in the summer seems to be to make a sensation. Some of the ladies are trying to get it out of Wellington boots—a sort of Lilliput Wellington, that runs a taper or jet of polished leather up the calf of the leg, that looks not unlike an obelisk seen in the distance. I suppose the contrast between the white stocking and the black polish has some Cayenne in it. Others wear conspicuous red shawls that would be dangerous if there were any fat bulls of Bashan near.

They feel it a necessity in some way or other to make a sensation. Their chignons are the size of the hump on a buffalo's back, and their parasols have as many colours in them as Joseph's coat.

No doubt they do make a sensation, and it never occurs to them how short a time it lasts.

Anyhow, the mark must be made—human nature feels this to be all-important. Men have a larger field of resources from which to make their marks than women. One is a crack shot, another rides well with hounds, another is a first-rate batsman, another has rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, another is a good billiard player, and so on; but women have comparatively few cues whereby to make their stroke. But the passion for distinction in their breasts is unquestionable, and must be developed in some way or other.

Matrimony to a woman is a great reservoir, out of which, at the north and south, and east and west, there flow crystal streams that water the whole land; and the gold of that land is good—there is idellium and the onyx stone. It is a terrible thing to be a cypher in the world—more terrible to women than men; but terrible to men.

Politics, as well as love, were associated with the old stage coach of bygone days. There were three coaches running into Scarborough from York every day in the season before the horrid railway was made. The Old True Blue represented the Tory party, the Blucher the Whigs, and the Transit the Radicals. There was a contest each day which coach should enter the town the first in the evening; but the Old True Blue, like the party it represented, was generally behindhand. Groups of people loitered on the Falsgrave-road to cheer or hiss as the coach arrived, according as their political feelings moved them.

A man may well wish he had been born

at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These cheap-trippers pour out of the train, like dye water from a worsted mill, into the main arteries of the town—change even the colour of the sea, eat up all the bread loaves, gape at genteel people as they would at Tom Thumb in a show, and completely extinguish what little of rural felicity had, before their torrent, been left to the place. The infection of fastness has spread even to cheap-trippers.

## TABLE TALK.

WE commend this to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough—a nobleman who takes a kindly interest in the Oxfordshire farm-labourer. Not a hundred miles from Blenheim—the munificent gift of a grateful nation to his Grace's great ancestor—in the company of an Oxford professor, two or three of us visited a few "outdoors" in a country village the other day, with a view to observing for ourselves the operation of the outdoor relief system. In one little tumble-down hovel we found a little tumble-down old man. His limbs were shrunk; his wretched little legs could hardly keep his wretched little body up; and he wobbled about so in his walk that the Professor thought he would wobble down. We asked him what he had to live on. "Two shillin' a-week sin' my wife died," he said, in a curious voice, like the reed-pipe of a century-old organ. The Professor: "And can you manage to live on that, my man?" The Pauper: "Ees, sir, pooty well, sir; pooty well in good times, sir. Then I have my 'taters. The lady at the house, too, she's very koind—very koind. She allus gives me some drippin' once a fortnit or so; very koind, very koind." The Professor: "How used you to get your living, my man?" The Pauper: "I wor a shoemaker, sir, by trade; earnt my twelve, thirteen, fourteen shillin' a-week. Brought up twelve children, sir." And here the little old man pursed up his wrinkled mouth, and we thought he had told us all; but he went on, with a tremor in his feeble old voice: "And then, sir, they transported one on 'em for shootin' a hare. Oh, poor boy! poor boy! And one o' the gals, she went wrong like, and I wor turned out o' my cottage; and I went wrong myself, and I wor took to the 'sylum." With great emphasis, he continued: "I did cost the parish fourteen shillin' a-week when I was

there. And I tell 'em, if they don't gie me more, I'll go in agen; an' I will, I will. I'm all alone now, an' I'll go in agen. Lor' bless ye, gemmen, the livin' wor bew-tiful—bew-tiful it wor! I'll go in agen, I tell 'em!" We thought he was right, although a mad-house is not a nice place to end your days in; but better much than age, rags, cold, wretchedness, a loaf, two shillin' a-week, and dripping once a fortnight. I saw the Professor give the pauper something as we left, and heard his feeble voice saying, "Very koind, very koind—tew koind, tew koind."

A CORRESPONDENT in New York sends us the following interesting account of American comic papers—dead and alive. He says:—American *Punches* are like American juleps—concocted but to be destroyed. We have in New York now, the *Nick-Nax*, *Phunny Phellow*, *Jolly Joker*, *Merriman's Monthly Budget of Fun*, *Comic Monthly*, and *Wild Oats*. All except the last are monthly publications—all except the last are beneath contempt. They are filled with transfers of English and French woodcuts, stale anecdotes, and paragraphs of American origin which have already gone the rounds of the press. *Wild Oats*, a semi-monthly, was founded as a "flash" paper; but having the good luck to be seized by Mayor Hall last year for a political cartoon, it turned respectable, and occupies a position slightly higher than the others. We have had many good comic papers. *Vanity Fair*, founded in 1859, and killed by the war, was nearly as good as *Punch* in its best day. Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann) edited it for a while, contributing "The Telegraph Tour of Ralph Peyton de Accomac." Artemus Ward afterwards assumed control, and the paper died! It was revived as *Mrs. Grundy*, lingering through but few numbers. Another attempt was made to revive it in 1870, when *Punchinello* was started; nominally edited by C. D. Shanly, the power behind the throne was the Hon. (?) A. Oakey Hall, Mayor of New York. It was the satirical organ of the ring; and before its death Messrs. Fisk, Gould, Tweed, and Sweeney lost over five thousand dollars a-piece. There was much good matter in the paper. Orpheus C. Kerr contributed an adaptation called "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood." Mr. John Brougham's *Lantern* also shed its light abroad, and then flickered out. John

*Donkey, Yankee Doodle, Momus, the Innocent Weekly Owl, Kaleidoscope*, and a few others, also died after a struggling infancy. Others have died before they were born. There is a German humorous sheet published in St. Louis called *Puck*. During the Boston Peace Festival, a daily illustrated paper, called *Jubilee Days*, was published, to which all the wits of the Hub contributed. Mr. Griswold, known as "Gris" or "The Fat Contributor," has just started a weekly paper in Cincinnati, called *The Fat Contributor's Saturday Night*. There was also a college comic paper, published at Yale, called the *Yang Lang*; but after casting its pearls abroad for a few months, it also sickened and died. *Josh Billing's Almanax* is now an annual of three years' standing. The *Galaxy* magazine engaged Mark Twain to edit a monthly humorous department; but after a few months Mr. Clemens concluded that he could not write to order. It will thus be seen that the mortality has been very great. It has not resulted in the survival of the fittest. The dead are honoured; the living are despised. The trouble is, that the Americans are too fond of humour to support a comic paper. Hence, every secular paper in America has a comic department. The piquant paragraphs of certain well-known daily papers of great respectability are circulated throughout the country. *The New York World and Commercial Advertiser, the Boston Post, the Danbury News, the Chicago Post, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Lowell Courier, and the New Orleans Picayune* contain many pungent paragraphs. In fact, paragraphing, as an art, is as much cultivated in America as in France. The late S. S. Prentiss, of the *Louisville Courier*, frequently made or marred a man by one sparkling epigram. The material for a good comic paper exists in America. It is abundant; but it needs to be as skilfully managed as Messrs. Mayhew, Lemon, and Brooks have mingled the varied ingredients of their *Punch*.

THE *Standard* PUBLISHED the complaint of a poor parson, who said—

"My offences are these:—I am a poor parson, whose entire income is more than £100 and less than £110. This in itself is a very great crime; further, I am married; still further, I have a family; and furthest of all, my wife is in delicate health. The problem of living is difficult enough now; it will soon be totally beyond solution."

And the *John Bull* of last Saturday had an

article upon this poor man's grievance. The poverty of some of the clergy is a disgrace to their flocks, to their bishops, and to the way in which the vast revenues of our Church are administered. I know a clergyman who has a family of ten to feed and clothe upon about £140 per annum, who is mourning over the retirement of the Athanasian Creed, as David mourned over Absalom; and his wife, with a couple of babies in her arms, is in the same distress. It seems astonishing to me how people can keep up sentimentality without the means of procuring Bass and Co.'s bitter beer, and who have to dine five days of the week on rice pudding and nettle broth.

THERE IS SOMETHING about diocesan life and residence in a palace that eats into the philosophy of a man's mind, as doth a canker. It is so comfortable and full of flattery, and there is something enervating in being continually addressed as "my lord." But there is something also in lower clerical life that fosters the sentimental. Clergymen's wives and daughters seem to feed on it, as swallows do upon flies. Poor things, it is too often the case that they have very little else to feed upon.

A FAR-SIGHTED FRENCH writer says that the Communists shot men for the sake of a sensation. I suppose the clergy find visiting the sick in back alleys rather dull work, so they are always contriving to supplement it by a sensation in the shape of persecutions, and so bracing up their nerves. Has it ever occurred to them that in the spirit-world they will have to do without any nerves at all?

I HAVE WONDERED if the Catholic priests first shaved their whiskers off as a protection against the assaults of Cupid. One would think, on the surface of things, that whiskers would be a protection from his arrows, according to a similar law by which a bag of cotton will resist a cannon ball.

Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 246.

September 14, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.



### CHAPTER I.

ELDORADO.

PECKFIELD is a quaint and quiet town in the south of England. The place is suggestive of happiness and old English life. On all sides the scenery is wild and romantic. There are green hills, clear trout streams, and vast tracks of waste land, affording capital sport in fishing, shooting, and coursing. The hillsides are dotted with cozy-looking farms, such as one sees on the canvas of Birket Foster; and the valleys, where sheep nibble the grass, are watered with winding brooks. In the principal thoroughfare—a long, straggling street that divides the town—the most important buildings are two churches, a town hall, assize courts, and a gloomy county prison. On the north side is the ruined castle; and there, like a giant, it has stood for centuries. In the time when progress had not driven the fairies from merry England, proud knights and fair ladies assembled within its walls; but they are all gone now, and the fallen place seems to sigh again for the days that were and its friends that have gone away.

Looking down at Peckfield from the castle walls, the scenery is picturesque in the extreme. There is the river, brawling under rustic bridges and amongst trees; and cottages that do not stand in long matter-of-fact rows, but are scattered about in all positions, as though they had suddenly stood still some hundred years ago in the middle of a midnight dance round the castle. But enter the town which way you may, it appears, what it really is, one of the most pleasant spots in the kingdom.

Here it was that Mr. Benjamin Rooke had struggled hard for many years, and gained for himself a position, a wife, and, finally, his son, Timothy. Mr. Rooke had been apprenticed, when a boy of fourteen, to a grocer; and after his master's death had been enabled by his savings to carry on the business in his own name. He had been successful; and, twelve years later, retired a rich man, and bought that pretty house, on the slope of Harleigh Hill, known as Eldorado. This name was given to the house by Mr. Rooke. He compared himself to the gallant knight, gaily bedight, in sunshine and in shadow, who journeyed along, singing a song, in search of Eldorado. For some time he thought of calling his house Cicero Villa; for he was an orator, and made long speeches at the town council and at political meetings.

His wife was a good-looking, well-made woman, somewhat taller than her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Rooke lived happily together, being blessed with an only son—Timothy.

At breakfast, one morning in October, Rooke crossed one leg over the other, and gave clear signs to his wife that he was about to say something of importance.

"As I was lying in bed last night, my dear," he began, "it struck me forcibly that the time has now arrived when our son Timothy must be sent to school."

"Is that all? Why, he has been sent to



school—and you know he has,” she replied, playfully.

“Don’t you make any mistake. I know he has been to Miss Midge’s, and to several other paltry places; but it’s time he had a finisher—a finisher, my dear. I know,” he continued, raising his voice as though addressing a crowded meeting—“I know that Tim is not a dunce, and that he is up to a thing or two, without doubt. I know all this; but, as I said before and will say again, it is high time—indeed, I may say very high time—that he completed his education, and that he was put into the hands of some one more severe than those who up to the present time have had the training of his youthful intellect; some one who, as long as he does his duty, will lead him with a kind hand along the path of right and truth, and under whom, by his own perseverance and natural ability, he may attain to wisdom. Make no mistake: there must be no time lost.”

“I think the sooner he goes the better,” she added, anxious to put an end to the subject.

Rooke thought so too, and was about to give further reasons, when he eyed his son, who was looking particularly gloomy.

“You needn’t look like that, you stupid little——”

“Now, don’t be angry about nothing,” interrupted his wife. “It’s not likely that he should take to it at first. Never mind, Tim—never mind, my boy.”

“Don’t, my dear, don’t be absurd; he’s quite stubborn enough without your encouraging him. You’ll only make an ass of him, and tie him to your apron-strings for ever. Make no mistake. When I was a boy, I had not the chance—I may say the glorious chance—that he now has of climbing up the tree of knowledge; nor had I any one to push me up if I felt it difficult to climb, or catch me if I fell down.”

Mrs. Rooke felt the justice of this remark, and it quite removed her indignation. She smiled pleasantly, approving of all her husband said; and assuring her son, as she patted him on the back, that it was for his own good, and after the first day or two he would like it. Tim, however, could not think so.

“Now, look here,” began his father, “look here, my boy. Make no mistake. I don’t want to appear harsh; but as sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, you’ll have to go, and you’ll bless me the longest

day you live for making you go, and there’s no mistake about it.”

Again Tim held, in silence, a decidedly contrary opinion.

“You have life before you,” said his mother, encouragingly; “and it will be all for the best.”

“Yes, you have life before you,” said Rooke, casting an approving glance at his wife; “make the best of it. If you learn all you can, and persevere (you’ve put quite enough sugar in his tea, my dear)—if you persevere (it’ll only make him sick, you know)—if you persevere, you’ll be able to climb up the tree of knowledge as easily as a monkey.”

“What a beautiful simile!” observed Mrs. Rooke.

“The hardest task,” he continued, “is in getting to the first branch; but when once there, it is your own fault if you don’t reach the top. You must go to school, whether you like it or not, my boy; and there is no mistake about it.”

Mr. Rooke had been neglecting his breakfast, and began to feel hungry; but he could not resist talking on such a fine theme.

“When I was a boy, I—~~pass the~~ cream, my dear; ~~thank’ee—when I was a boy—~~ hand me the toast, my dear; thank’ee—when I was a boy, my parents left me in the lurch, to get my daily bread as I could, learn my lessons as I could; indeed, I may say to do all as I could, whether I could or not.”

Mr. Rooke paused to make acquaintance with his coffee, and for two minutes there was silence.

“There’s no mistake about it; that’s what happened to me when I was a boy, Tim. But I have not died and left you in that way. Oh, no—not quite; and you ought to be glad. Now, my dear, suppose I go and talk the matter over with Mr. Wadden this afternoon? I don’t know Wadden, mind you; but I read an advertisement in the paper that his school was *the* school, and that a new quarter had just commenced.”

“Yes; perhaps it would be as well.”

“Of course it would—of course; and now, Tim, we’ll make a man of you, and no mistake about it.”

Tim had no wish to be made a man of. He sat still and said never a word. He dreaded the idea of being put under Mr. Wadden, or anybody else in the shape of a schoolmaster. All the day he would be shut

up, and only able to see the sunshine through dirty windows. He detested school. He liked to romp about the fields with other boys, and make boats beside the river, fly kites, and play at cricket. To be imprisoned from morning to night in a school-room would do away with all this, and make him miserable.

Breakfast being over, Rooke took his umbrella, put on his hat—in which was his handkerchief—and went out for his morning stroll and gossip.

Mrs. Rooke was left to use all her power in endeavouring to make Tim look kindly on what he could not possibly prevent. She would rather have him favourably inclined towards school before he was sent; therefore she began to reason with him.

"It will be so nice when you go to school, Tim."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"Of course I do, my dear. You will have your breakfast every morning, then trip away until dinner time; then go again until five o'clock, and have the evening all to yourself when you have learnt your lessons. You must persevere, Tim—persevere, like your father has done. When he was young, he worked himself almost to death—ah! that he did. When we were first married, he used to get up in the middle of the night——"

"What for?"

"To study astronomy, my dear. He watched one single tiny bit of a star for five years."

"What for?" asked Tim, again.

"To see if it would ever change to a comet. I have known him stand at the window for hours with his telescope, and nothing on but his night-shirt and his slippers. There was perseverance!"

Tim, ill at ease, went with a book into the garden, to brood over his cares in the summer-house. Whenever he had a difficulty, he generally consulted the "Arabian Nights." And here we will leave him, buried in the tale of the wonderful lamp, and wishing Mr. Wadden's school might be removed as easily as Aladdin's palace.

## CHAPTER II.

### A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

IN the afternoon, Rooke prepared to pay his visit to Mr. Wadden. As he thought it extremely probable that gentleman would ask him into the parlour and introduce him

to Mrs. Wadden, he determined to go spruce, and in his best suit of black. A clean, white shirt, with stiffly starched front and cuffs, was thrown over a chair beside the fire. It being sufficiently aired, Rooke placed it over his left arm, and, with a jug of hot water in one hand and a clothes-brush in the other, went upstairs to dress.

After a deal of brushing, and opening and shutting of drawers, which lasted for about an hour, he came downstairs "as grand as a duke," as his wife expressed it. In fine clothing, with a clean front, and a big white collar, he was a different man altogether. You might have taken him for a country squire or a justice of the peace. He was conscious of this, and chuckled to himself when he thought what an impression he should make on the schoolmaster, although he had not the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Mrs. Rooke was so charmed with him, that she turned him round and round, and would have embraced her own Benjamin but for the fear of soiling him. In a dignified manner, he walked to the looking-glass and gazed upon his own reflection; and when his wife ran upstairs for a clean pocket handkerchief, and put it carefully in his pocket, with a little white corner peeping out, he could not deny himself another look in the glass.

"Ben," said his wife, "how differently you do look when you are dressed up."

"Yes, Mary; make no mistake, I can come it strong when I like. I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Schoolmaster was to fall in love with me, you know."

His wife only smiled at this. When he left the house, she went to the window and watched him till he disappeared round the corner.

He strutted along with the full conviction that many of the inhabitants were looking at him out of their windows, lost in admiration. As he passed the houses of some of his friends, he felt sure they were watching him, and he marched past, with his head erect, as stately as if under the inspection of a reviewing officer.

On nearing Mr. Wadden's establishment, he thought of his own school-days; and even now, after the wear and tear of many years, he remembered above all things how he had disliked being shut up for hours to grapple with arithmetic, geography, and grammar. How often he had played truant,

and how often he had been birched for so doing, he well remembered. After all, he might have been a little too hard on Tim in forcing him to a task that he himself, when a boy, looked upon as hateful. He considered awhile whether he should turn back, and persuade his son to go, instead of forcing him; but all this fine feeling fell to the ground, and repeating to himself "Be stern where duty says thou must," he plodded onwards until he came to within a few yards of the school.

Boomboy House was a fine stone building, with trees waving their green branches before the windows. Behind was a large playground. He could hear the buzzing noise of boys learning their tedious lessons; and the humming became louder and louder as he approached. Now and then he could hear the twang of the cane, and the voice of the sturdy pedagogue commanding silence in terrible accents.

Rooke went up steps to the school-door, pulled from his pocket a pair of gloves, arranged his necktie, and stood in majestic attitude ready for knocking. He was still unsettled as to what he should do, and hesitated again whether to knock or turn back. At last he decided on the former course. Summoning up determination, he raised his umbrella, and pointing its big knob towards the door, gave one, and only one, tremendous knock that might have floored a bullock. At once he became painfully aware that he had forgotten himself, and scarcely knew whether to run away or keep his ground.

The schoolmaster, who had a book in his hands, was so startled at the one loud knock that he let the big volume fall on to the head of a very small boy, and stared in amazement at the rest of his pupils, who, also much astonished, were looking all over the school in a mysterious manner for the cause of such a singular occurrence.

Thinking some young rascal had thrown a stone at the door, the schoolmaster ran across the room with intent to capture the offender and bring him to justice. He opened the door, rushed out, fell against Rooke, knocked him down and stumbled over him, to the great delight of all his scholars.

The schoolmaster was a tall, thin man, and shaky in the legs. He was one, therefore, who might soon be overbalanced, and fell a long way on such occasions.

Locked in each other's arms, they rolled

over and over, and finally deposited themselves at the bottom of the steps, where they struggled in the dirt. Rooke's hat, crushed and nearly as flat as a pancake, was knocked over his eyes, and his best coat ruined for ever; the schoolmaster having received several scratches, and torn his trousers.

The boys left their places, to add to the confusion; and the unlucky combatants, both red in the face with exertion, eyed each other in anger and surprise.

"What the devil do you mean by insulting me in this diabolical manner, sir?" shouted Rooke, dancing round his opponent in pugilistic attitude.

"Don't fight here, sir, I'll not allow it," rejoined the panting schoolmaster, making a hasty retreat.

"Answer my question, sir. What the devil do you mean by insulting me in this way, sir?" shouted Rooke at the top of his voice, still dancing round his antagonist with doubled fists.

"Mean, sir?" asked Wadden, assuming a courage he by no means possessed; "what do *you* mean, sir? That's the question. Never in the whole course of my professional existence have I been so ill-treated. Never, sir. Confound it! what do you mean by throwing stones at my door, sir? Boys, you may go."

"Damme, I never threw stones at your door! The devil take the door, sir, and you too, sir! I knocked with my umbrella, and came to see you on business."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Then I am sorry, sir. I am sorry this has occurred—my *dear* sir, I am sorry," said Wadden, appearing to be much affected.

The boys, having seen enough of the sport, hurried away, fearing that if they did not the duties of the school might be resumed till five o'clock.

"The fact is, sir, I have a son," said Rooke.

"You don't mean that?" said Wadden, clasping him by the hand.

"Oh, yes, I have," continued Rooke, indifferently; "and I came to see you about his schooling; but—"

"A thousand pardons!" stammered the schoolmaster. "I *am* sorry—I am very sorry such an unfortunate occurrence should have happened; for I now recognize Mr. Benjamin Rooke, of whom I have heard so

much. Many of the speeches that you have delivered, my dear sir, at the board of guardians, I have preserved from oblivion; and I read them over and over again, at my leisure, as fine specimens of oratory."

"Have you though, really?" said Rooke, quite subdued.

"Indeed, I assure you such is the case. I know little of you personally; but I sincerely trust I may be better acquainted with you. Pray, step inside, Mr. Rooke—pray, step inside."

Rooke could not resist such flattery, and he did step inside. "'Come into my parlour,' said the spider to the fly," and the fly went in. He yielded like a child, smiling all over his face; and followed Wadden into the library, where he sat on a green-covered spring sofa. The gentle schoolmaster closed the door, opened a sideboard—talking to Rooke all the while as to a man he had deeply wronged—took out several bottles of wine, and asked, sweetly—

"My dear sir, what will you take?"

It was not often Rooke took anything before tea, but he would thank him for a drop of port.

"You're sure you'll have port? I have some fine sherry, light and dry—splendid sherry," said Wadden, leaning over the table, and smacking his lips.

"Thank'ee, I think I'll try a little port."

"So you shall, my dear sir, if you prefer it—capital old port."

They partook freely of the wine, and both became lively and talkative.

"By the bye, what do you think of my pictures?—fine old paintings some of them, and by masters, too."

"Excellent—very fine indeed," said Rooke, without looking.

"I consider that an exquisite sketch in the corner. Don't stand close to it, for then it is only a jumble of square bits of paint; but when you are a little way off, the rocks are beautifully brought out."

Rooke paid no attention to the above remarks. He was thinking of something else.

"It's not worth fivepence," he said, speaking of his damaged hat, which he regarded with a rueful countenance.

"I'll beg your pardon, sir—that sketch is worth—let me see, it's worth—"

"It's only fit to be thrown away," continued Rooke, with his eyes still fixed on his hat.

"My dear sir, what do you mean?" exclaimed Wadden, who, on turning round, discovered that his visitor had been paying no attention. "I say that sketch is worth—"

"Oh, yes, I shouldn't wonder," chimed in Rooke, pulling himself together.

"I was speaking about the pictures. There, 'The Wounded Adonis,' a capital thing that—look at the flesh, sir; the flesh, Mr. Rooke."

"Yes, Mr. Wadden, that is flesh—there seems to be no mistake about that flesh," hazarded Rooke.

"None whatever, sir—none whatever. There is Venus in the background, beautifully done."

"Beautiful!" said Rooke, looking at another picture.

"Remarkable creature, Venus!" sighed the schoolmaster.

"You're affected, sir. Did you know her?" inquired Rooke, who was gloriously ignorant of mythological romance.

"Oh, ah! you caught me there—capital!" roared the schoolmaster, who thought his visitor had attempted a joke. "Did you know her?—ah! ah! oh!"

Mr. Rooke was not at all pleased, but much surprised at the way in which the schoolmaster alluded to the young lady called Venus, and not a little indignant at having his name coupled with hers; but he answered as politely as he could that he had never been connected with her in any way—

"Make no mistake. I never saw her in my life."

Wadden, still laughing, and declaring Rooke to be a great wit, pointed to a lot of dusty books on dusty shelves, and asked his visitor's opinion of the same. Rooke, too glad to leave the subject of the mysterious young lady, Venus, said he thought it was an excellent library, and showed great taste on the part of its owner. He was asked if he read in Greek and Latin, and replied, "Not often," which was perfectly correct.

Wadden continued to explain the mysteries of his library and its classification—history, education, and scientific—asking his visitor many questions as to the merits of this and of that; and discovering that although Rooke knew little of novelists and poets, he was not ignorant on matters of science and history.

Both drew up to the fire, and the business on hand was quickly and satisfactorily settled.

They took wine again and talked—talked and took wine.

Presently, Mrs. Wadden entered the room, with a look of the greatest astonishment. Her husband, covered with dirt, was nodding his head over the table, half asleep; and a man whom she had never seen before, but who resembled her husband inasmuch as he was covered with mud, was rocking to and fro in the middle of the room, making a speech.

"My dear," said Mr. Wadden, moving his head from side to side in an extraordinary manner, "allow me introdoosh you—Mr. Benjamin Rooke, Mrs. Jacob Augustus Wadden, my wife; Mrs. Jacob Augustus Wadden, Mr. Benjamin Rooke."

Rooke walked up to the lady in a zigzag sort of way, said he was charmed, and gave her a kiss, congratulating his friend on having such a partner in life, "an' no mish-take."

Mrs. Wadden, turning round sharply, left the room.

When the wine was disposed of, Rooke became suddenly aware that it was getting late, and declared that he "mush go." Wadden tried to persuade him to stay a little longer, but he repeated emphatically that he "mush go."

After a deal of shaking of hands, Rooke, in mistake, put on Wadden's best hat, leaving his own that had been crushed, and departed with a hazy notion that he had made an ass of himself.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MR. ROOKE MAKES A MISTAKE.

THE result of the interview between Messrs. Rooke and Wadden was that Timothy should be put to school on the usual terms, Mr. Rooke promising to take his son on the following Wednesday.

When Rooke left Boomby House, he had sufficient presence of mind to go quietly to a certain hostelry, the Red Lion, and brush the dirt off his best black, that his wife might not question him as to his appearance.

Tim lost all his cheerfulness when he was given to understand that he would shortly become a pupil at Mr. Wadden's school. He went with his book to his bed-room, not through stubbornness, but because he felt sad in thinking of school, and wanted to forget all about it. Tim opened his big volume of mysterious tales.

"It is all arranged now, my boy," said his father over tea, with his mouth full of toast; "and in a few days, instead of wasting your time, you will be treading the flowery paths of knowledge. I will take you the first morning—that is to-morrow—and see you all right."

A knock at the door put an end to further explanation. Tim, who was familiar with the timid knock, ran out of the room, and returned with a boy about his own age and size. Tim asked his companion to wait whilst he ran upstairs to wash himself. The newcomer was Harry Deffield, who had called for Tim to go out for a stroll in the fields. He sat quite still on the sofa, with his cap on his knees, and blushed exceedingly when anything was said to him. He was asked what school he went to, and replied half audibly, "Mr. Purden's."

"'Pon my word, do you go there? Why that's the very school we're going to send Tim to," said Rooke, who had mistaken the name Purden for that of Wadden.

Harry fumbled his cap about, blushed, and said he was glad to hear it. Rooke explained that he had promised to take him to school himself for the first morning, but thought it would be better if he went with Harry instead. It would not be noticed so much by the boys.

Harry stammered out his acquiescence; and it was settled on the spot that he, instead of Rooke, should introduce Tim to the schoolmaster.

"Then you will come for him in the morning?" said Rooke.

Harry agreed.

It will be easily imagined that Rooke was not anxious to meet the schoolmaster again, for he was conscious that he had not behaved himself as a gentleman should when at Boomby House. He had a distinct idea of having taken too much wine. He had a dim recollection, too, of having kissed Wadden's wife; and on the following morning he found himself in possession of a hat that did not belong to him. It could not be his, for when he put it on there was but little of his head to be seen, whereas his own hat showed that part of his structure to advantage. He believed the hat belonged to Wadden, although he was not sure; and naturally conceived that if he sent the schoolmaster a hat, and that gentleman had not lost one, his conduct might be deemed insulting.

He was glad, therefore, that some one

had stepped in to take the duty off his hands of going to school with his son.

Tim, on returning, was informed of the new arrangement.

"And pray, where are you boys off to?" asked Mrs. Rooke.

They were going for a walk in the meadows, Tim said, as they were leaving the house.

"I'm glad I'm going to your school," said Tim; "father has been talking of sending me to Mr. Wadden's. I expect it is all through you that he has changed his mind."

"Was he though? I'm glad he's changed his mind. I don't like old Wadden."

As the two boys walked along, they drew up many golden schemes for the future, and promised to stand by each other in all adventures at school.

## PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

### SIGNOR BORLINI.

**S**IGNOR BORLINI is an Englishman.

Is it doubted? Then let it be repeated—Signor Borlini is an Englishman and a signor: the one by birth and the other by adoption. None the less, however, truly, completely, and emphatically both. London he was born in, and London was the scene of his early efforts; where, under the good old English name of Podgers—Professor Podgers—he entered into competition with the starry hosts whose names are certainly never meant to be spelt, and which require practised manipulation of the nasal and the guttural in order accurately to pronounce. Professor Podgers came out like a lion—and the next thing he did was to go back like a lamb. All men fail sometimes, and if Professor Podgers had not failed, he would not have been in the fashion; and if any man can afford to ignore fashion, it is not the professional singer.

Nevertheless, failure is an awkward thing; for even fashion may not be always convenient. It is not uncommon, however, for a man who cannot succeed in his own country to charge his failures upon the badness of the Government, and seek success elsewhere. And it is not altogether certain that such a course is not so much the better for the country. But musicians are not so easily daunted as all that. If a prophet is not received in his own country, whose fault is that? Certainly not the prophet's. So, if he is wise in his generation, he will

call himself a foreign prophet; and, like Signor Borlini, reap the benefit of his ingenuity as well as of his talent.

Signor Borlini is a tenor. Of course he is. The experiences of no other vocalist would be worth recording, even in the merest sketch. A tenor is the end and essence of music, the sum and substance of art, and the principal character in every opera. It is the tenor that draws the public together, and the tenor at whose absence it demands its money back; and Signor Borlini would never have entered any profession had he not felt himself competent to occupy its foremost rank. He has been a prodigy from his birth. As an infant, his warblings of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," found appreciative audiences in domestic circles; and now that he appeals to the wider sympathies of an indulgent public with warblings about the guiding properties of the same bright object, he could scarcely crave more catholic applause. His path from the one to the other, however, has been one of considerable vicissitude: the gates of prosperity have not been closed to him, neither has the road to ruin; and as he has had occasion to travel largely in both, it has required the assistance of his patrons in the one and his relations in the other to keep him respectably afloat. As already intimated, his early London career was short; for as he himself observes, "Of what use was it for a man without capital to contend with numbers with it, in a city where talent has to bow to interest, and managers are motionless without an introduction!" Professor Podgers was not the man to pander to pedantry. No sycophant was he. He would address himself to the rusticated mind, he would gain his laurels where they grow, and the gushing child of nature should be the recipient of his professional philanthropy. It is not to be supposed, however, that, with the self-denying characteristics that pervade his nature, he would turn even from those who undervalued his talents without bidding them an affectionate farewell; and so it was duly announced, by every possible advertising medium, that Professor Podgers would give his farewell benefit before proceeding on his provincial tour, "when the public would have an opportunity of hearing his celebrated vocal fantasia—embracing three octaves of florid execution—besides several other pieces widely and deservedly popular." He was

very young in the profession then; but now that he is better acquainted with harmonic spheres, he fully appreciates the absurdity of his early efforts to obtain a footing upon the London boards without having first passed through an arduous training in the provinces.

Little does the public know, as it peruses in the daily journals the record of successes in the field of art, how much hard work the phrases mean. Every adjective represents daily toil, every superlative years of study, while an unqualified commendation indicates lengthened experience and undeniable native genius. But Professor Podgers is Signor Borlini now, and Signor Borlini is wiser than Professor Podgers; and that which he adopted from necessity he continues from choice, conferring happily with the hearts of his countrymen direct, unclouded with feelings of remorse at the way in which his fame has been acquired.

London speculators may offer him splendid engagements, with the advantage of the finest halls in town; but Signor Borlini, morally—not physically, of course that would be rude, but morally—connects the thumb of his extended hand with his organs of olfactory sensibility, and continues to take his own risk in assembly-rooms of his own choice; and so, if Cockneys want to hear him, they must suit their convenience to his. Man is a creature of revenge, and Signor Borlini is a man; and it must be admitted that the terrible relentlessness from which society is doomed to suffer has not originated without a cause. Upon the last occasion that he essayed before a London audience, at the benefit which he designed purely in the public interest, nothing was wanting on his part to secure a brilliant success.

One of its largest theatres was appropriated to the enterprise: announcements were clandestinely affixed to every church wall in the metropolis: London blazed with the name of Podgers, and the wonderful things he could do. So far, then, the announcements were all that could be desired; and the arrangements were equally without reproach. The programme was a masterpiece: Professor Podgers was to appear twelve times; while a foot-note intimated that "Professor P——, under the circumstances of his early departure, and in deference to the wishes of his audience, would waive for the evening his constitu-

tional and well-known objection to encores." While a variety of undisputed talent was to gild the triumph and divide the spoil, martial music indicated the way in which the energetic professor was attempting to storm the approbation of the British public; and every number of the programme was in some way expressive of the virtues and accomplishments of the great man to whom it owed its origin—not forgetting, of course, frequent and touching allusion to his intended migration; while "Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye" and "My native land, farewell," indicated in a small degree the diversity of the emotions which crowded upon his mind at the eve of his resolute departure.

Although of a sanguine nature, Professor Podgers was too well schooled in failure to anticipate anything but a doubtful result; and in order to be master of the occasion—which, if ever necessary, was more than ever so in the present effort—he fortified himself with two original epilogues; one of which, according as circumstances dictated, was to be read by himself at the conclusion of this last performance.

It is needless to add that the day arrived; but in defiance of the unparalleled arrangements, in spite of the cosmopolitan advertisements, for some unaccountable reason, never satisfactorily explained, the audience mistook the date; and when Professor Podgers appeared before the footlights to make a necessary announcement, the pit received him with but a tacit acknowledgment, while the boxes treated him with silent contempt. It was at that moment that the light broke in upon his mind. He saw where the fault lay; he tracked the canker-worm. The critic of the *Flash of Lightning* was grinning diabolically from the orchestra stalls; the reporter of the *Ginger Guardian* was ogling with hungry eyes in the corner of the farthest box; and it was but the work of a moment for the infuriated Podgers to rush into the ante-room, arm himself with his epilogue, and, once more upon the stage, thunder its concluding stanza with frantic declamation:—

"Philistines, avast! avast!

Criticising dodgers!

To-night you hear the last, the last

Of Podgers, Podgers, Podgers!"

As this was the only piece in the programme which was in any way carried out, it is not very remarkable that it received the

only encore from those gentlemen who, as Podgers puts it, "wrought his ruin and gloried in his fall." But it certainly was an exceptional case in which the generous footnote could not possibly apply; for the exhausted professor, having successfully piloted his way to the green-room, had fainted in the bosom of his company. It is doubtful, in the absence of medical testimony, how long he might have lingered in this unconscious state, but for the kindly offices of his prima donna, who, being the only one of the party who was engaged at a stated figure and devoid of risk, was more than ordinarily interested in his coming to. This desirable result she speedily secured by standing before the prostrate Podgers and peremptorily demanding her fee; and it was then that the stricken professor, awakened to a sense of the gravity of his position, summoned sufficient strength to appoint an opportunity for the settlement of that lady's claims some time within the next twenty-four hours; and, having shaken himself into his overcoat, bent his steps straight for his home in the Lambeth vales.

Signor Borlini is not the man to succumb to trifles; but Professor Podgers was. The one has learned to overcome obstacles by perseverance, the other bowed to destiny and sighed; and it is not to be wondered at that, urged to desperation by the conflicting emotions which accompanied him home that night, he should take more than ordinary observation from the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, measuring the distance, with dreamy calculation, first from one arch and then from another; finally, going down the steps at the side to test the liquid temperature. But man is a creature of inconsistencies, and Professor Podgers was a man; nor was he in any way an exception to the fluctuating characteristics of his generation. Strange are the antics of the human mind. The spirit that can smile at the approach of death will sometimes swear at the buzzing of a fly; and, happily for the music-loving public of to-day, the spirit of Professor Podgers was a vacillating thing. Thus, while he was indulging the morbid fatality of his mind, and reasoning with himself as to whether a bedpost and clothes line were not a quieter way of ridding himself of his obligations, the swell from a passing steam-tug overcame the protecting qualities of his patent leathers, and immediately his great mind reverted to his high B flat, and the

serious consequences of catching cold upon the upper octave of his register; and with the alacrity of a successful genius he delayed not until, safely housed in his lodgings, he rolled himself up in his feather bed and slept. Sleep! ah, what a sleep was that! It was in that sleep that Professor Podgers and Signor Borlini met—it was that sleep that shaped his future prosperity. He dreamed that the theatre was crowded to excess, that the critics were indulgently disposed (what a dream!), and that thundering applause greeted every effort of the evening. He had visions of fresh bills announcing a repetition in consequence of unparalleled success, and he saw further his prima donna looking kindly at him as he hinted at a permanent engagement.

Of course, as all dreams come true, it would not be fair to Professor Podgers to make his an exception; and although circumstances so important naturally took years to develop, there were minor incidents which occurred without delay.

He changed his name, for one thing. He retired to rest the night before Professor Podgers, and he arose that morning Signor Borlini. Nor had many hours passed over the risen Borlini before a before-mentioned young lady thought it prudent to afford him an opportunity of meeting her demands; and although she had more than once declined, in her most dramatic form, to become the lady of Professor Podgers, feeling that perhaps, after all, Madame Borlini would sound better than the name she had hitherto borne, and seeing that the adoption of such a course would offer the only likely means of securing the amount already due, she was induced so far to capitulate as to realize another item of his dream. Two incidents, therefore, involving matters of such tremendous import as the alteration of two names, having been reduced to a certainty in as many hours, it was but natural that the remainder of the morning should be spent in speculative rather than active arrangement for the development of the others. Madame Borlini—whose assumption of that title was to date from the earliest possible period—in addition to having considerable powers as a vocalist, is a masterly executant upon the grand piano—not a "cottage," as those new-fangled notions are called. Madame Borlini has spent many years in the study and practice which have made her what she is, and it is not at all likely



that she would be so foolish as to waste her energies and spoil her touch upon six octaves and a half. But once in a room with a grand, and the instrument instinctively begins to creak and groan, as though it were girding up its loins for a battle; and if her little finger but touches the keyboard, minor scales begin struggling with major scales, black and white keys rush about in indiscriminate profusion; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Signor Borlini should be as pleased with his new acquisition as if he had completed a matrimonial alliance with a whole orchestra. Having procured a last month's Bradshaw at half-price, in the exuberance of his spirits, it did not take him long to decide that, certain legal formalities being satisfactorily arranged, Brighton should be the scene of their preliminary efforts, that the south coast should receive their undivided attention during the summer months, and Scarborough and the eastern counties in the autumn season.

It is not, however, within the province of a sketch to follow the interesting details of this campaign for the benefit of art. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the good characteristics of Professor Podgers are strengthened in Signor Borlini. The same discrimination which led to his matrimonial triumph stood him in good service for the selection of times and places; and the poetic faculty which exhibited such strong vitality in the composition of his epilogues, served him further by facilitating both the variety and the charm of his advertisements. As a true artist, the spirit of poetry has never left him; and if any man is equal to any emergency, that man is Signor Borlini. Thus, when after blazing announcements of a flying visit to some flourishing seaport, the provincial press expresses its regret that Signor Borlini is suffering from indisposition consequent upon over-exertion, the walls of the town will glitter in the morning sun with the latest bulletin, in which the desired information is associated with a selection from the professor's programme indicative of such pieces as he is intending to sing:—

"Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound,  
Signor Borlini his upper C has found."

While at its side, as large as life and as true to nature as a sister art can make it, is the representation of an exemplary parent, from the mouth of whose youthful offspring at his

side issues, in a cloud of smoke, apparently unconnected with any pipe or cigar—

"Thou art so near and yet so far—  
Take me to hear Borlini, pa."

Criticism has been disarmed by indisputable power; and the only point upon which local reporters are divided is in deciding the relative merits of the signor and his lady.

They have twice been drawn through the town by milk-white ponies, and once by the enthusiastic populace, and are saving money for the purchase of one of the snuggest little nooks that their native land affords. It is not improbable, moreover, that when they retire from public life they will once more change their names, in order the better to ensure that retirement which, after their lengthened labours in the cause of art, they so thoroughly and richly deserve.

What their new name will be must remain a matter of speculation; for it would be manifestly unfair to the professor and his wife to make public the very means whereby they hope to secure privacy and rest. It is enough, therefore, to indicate by the professor's own words just sufficient to give the intelligent reader a cue which, for antiquarian purposes, may one day be useful. He says that Podgers was the name under which he learned all his great lessons, and that Borlini is the title that has accompanied him to cumulative triumph: he feels, therefore, that the name under which he is to enjoy the results of both should in some way recognize its origin. So, if the reader should come across the name of Podgini or Borlgers, or any like combination, he may be sure that he is on the right scent; and should he eventually succeed in finding the professor, a moderate scrutiny of a very moderate radius will be sufficient to discover his lady.

#### JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

ACCORDING to an oft-told story, a parliamentary reporter being asked if a certain M.P. had not been in the gallery, replied, "Yes; but he was not up to our mark, so we pitched him into the House!" The said M.P. might have been a clever politician and statesman, though he failed in reporting, which requires a special and natural aptitude. The same remark is applicable to other departments of journalism. The leader-writer, the essayist, and the

critic need extensive reading, minute observation, quickness of apprehension, and to wield an ever-ready pen. The journalist must also have the faculty of writing in a style that is both easy and instructive; for the newspaper reader expects to be spared the trouble of thinking, and to be regaled with completely digested thought. The adage that tells us the poet is born and the orator made is a rhetorical error; because the poet needs mental culture, and no man can be an orator unless he has the special talent. So with the journalist, who must be both born and made.

The career of the gentleman who is this week the subject of our cartoon fairly and forcibly shows the needful in-born talent, the arduous training, and the heavy and varied work of the successful English journalist.

Mr. John Baker Hopkins was born in London, on the 10th of April, 1830. He is maternally descended from a Staffordshire family, the Bakers, who have been closely allied with the Jennings family, and he is named after his great grandfather, a Wedgbury worthy, whose physical prowess was celebrated in local song. Mr. Hopkins's paternal ancestors were for several generations connected with the City of London, and he is by inheritance a freeman and a member of the guild of Spectacle Makers. In earlier times the family must have done knightly service, for their shield bears in one quartering three matchlocks, and the crest is a tower in flames. Mr. Hopkins was privately educated, it being intended that he should apply himself to commerce; but so great was his love of books, that he determined to adopt literature as a calling. It therefore was necessary to carry on the work of education; and in order to do so, he became an assistant at a school kept by Mr. Vines, a ripe scholar, and the author of a well-known school Latin-English Lexicon. Mr. Vines was a member of the church of the Plymouth Brethren, and under the influence of that gentleman, Mr. Hopkins became a hard student of theology, and read with avidity the works of the Puritan Fathers. Teaching by day and reading by night without the aid of a tutor, is not the easiest or quickest way to acquire knowledge; but the knowledge so acquired is precious, and the labour of self-culture strengthens the mind and largely develops the reasoning

Mr. Hopkins embraced an opportunity of travelling on the Continent. After passing a few months in Germany, he went to Paris, where he gained a very scanty living by teaching English and mathematics. At this period he published "The Yogi's Daughter," a tragedy founded on Indian mythology; and *Elviré*, a romantic novelette. On his return to England, Mr. Hopkins became second master of the Commercial Travellers' School, where he taught Latin, French, German, and music. During these years, whether at home or abroad, he was a hard reader, though his studies were desultory. Law, theology, history, political economy, medicine, fiction, poetry, and travels, in turn engaged his attention; and when, in 1858, he began his career as a journalist, his mind was stored with a stock of strangely miscellaneous information.

The *Atlas* was the first paper with which Mr. Hopkins was regularly associated. Mr. Edmund Ollier, the then editor, accepted reviews; and soon after Mr. Ollier's retirement Mr. Hopkins had the editorial management. When the Confederate Commissioners were seized by the United States, he wrote an article earnestly deprecating war with America; and at the request of Mr. Adams, the American Minister, this article was reprinted as a pamphlet and distributed. But Mr. Hopkins was not a partizan of the North. He was the staunch opponent of negro slavery, and abhorred the thought of a war between England and America; but he held that the Southern States had a legal right to leave the Union, and thought they had the power to assert and maintain their independence. In his book on the "Fall of the Confederacy," he fully explains his views, and shows how the emancipation of the negroes depended upon the South becoming independent, or fighting for independence until she was overcome by the North.

In April, 1862, Mr. Henry Hotze, the commercial agent of the Confederate States, called on Mr. Hopkins, and discussed the expediency of buying the *Atlas*, and making it the Confederate organ in Europe. Mr. Hopkins suggested that it would be better to start a new paper as the avowed organ of the Confederacy; and this was agreed to. In ten days after this interview—that is, on the 1st May, 1862—the first number of the *Index* appeared, under the joint editorship and management of Messrs. Hotze and

Hopkins. At the 1862 meeting of the Social Science Congress, at the London Guildhall, Mr. Hopkins read an elaborate and remarkable statistical paper on the resources of the South; and this paper he soon afterwards reprinted as an introduction to "The South Vindicated."

The connection with the *Index* involved a great deal of labour outside the immediate business of the paper; for the *Index* was the bureau for information on Southern affairs. Mr. Hopkins was the London correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, and he also sent occasional letters to the *Mobile Register*. At the conclusion of the civil war it was intended to carry on the *Index*; but President Johnson regarded the continued publication of the paper as a proof that the South had not entirely submitted to the Union, and therefore the *Index* ceased to appear.

From 1864 until 1868, Mr. Hopkins held the responsible appointment of London correspondent to the *Paris Correspondence Havas*—a lithographic daily sheet of telegrams and news, circulated by Imperial authority, and from which the French press took their information. The *Correspondence Havas* is the oldest press association in Europe, and from it sprang our "Reuter agency"—Mr. Julius Reuter having been for many years on the *Havas* staff before he started his useful and successful agency in England.

In 1865, Mr. Hopkins published a treatise entitled "A Reasonable Faith" (Longmans and Co). The object of this book is to show by a series of logical propositions that, whether true or false, the doctrines of Christianity are not unreasonable. The book is so free from any sectarian bias, that it was warmly commended by religious papers of various and opposing views.

In September, 1865, Mr. Hopkins was invited by his friend Captain Hamber, the editor, and by Mr. Johnstone, the proprietor, to join the staff of the *Standard*; and for three years he was associated with that paper.

Meantime Mr. Hopkins produced "The Fall of the Confederacy," an essay that was favourably received both in England and America. Some sketches of social life which had been contributed to the *Cosmopolitan* were collected and published under the title of "Cosmopolitan Sketches." A few months after the passing of the 1867 Reform Bill, Mr. Hopkins wrote "The English Revolu-

tion." In that book, after a survey of the political situation, the author advocates certain changes and reforms which he deems expedient in consequence of the establishment of household suffrage.

At the commencement of 1867, Mr. Hopkins's learned friend, the editor of the *Law Journal*, offered him an appointment on that paper, which he accepted and still holds. Mr. Hopkins was an occasional contributor of leaders to the *Morning Post*, and for some time wrote a weekly letter under the signature of "Esse Quam Videri," his family motto.

These letters led to an engagement on *Vanity Fair*, to which periodical he contributed under the same *nomme de plume*.

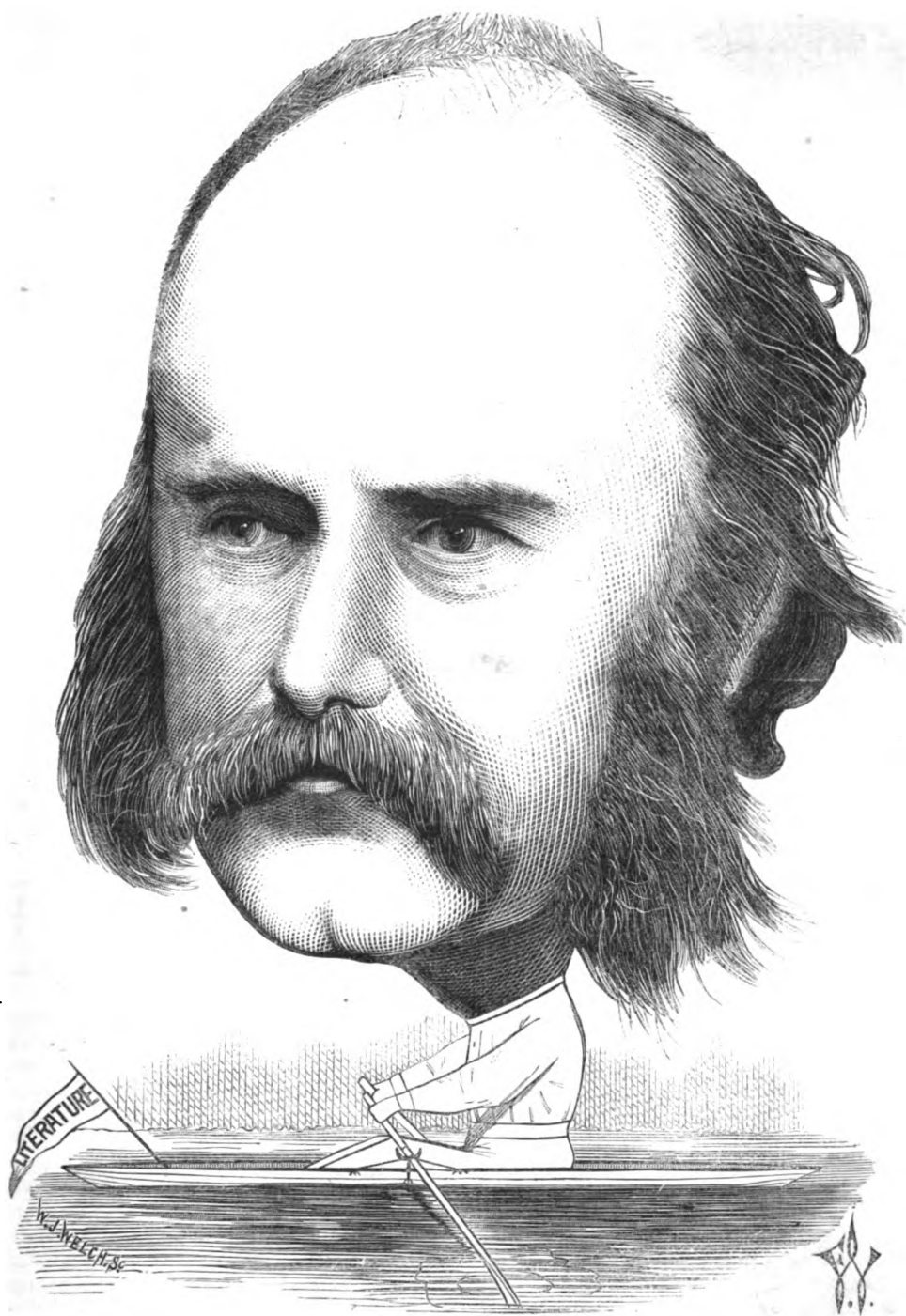
In May, 1870, the London *Figaro*, one of the most successful journalistic enterprises of the day, was started; and two months later, Mr. James Mortimer selected Mr. Hopkins for his chief leader writer. It cannot be denied that Mr. Hopkins is sometimes too unsparing and too vehement in the use of invective, and too bitter in his satire; but he says, and truly, that he has never written a line that assailed or reflected upon the private character of any man, be he prince or peasant.

Mr. Hopkins has now and then contributed essays for the *School Board Chronicle*. He writes the political leaders for the *Weekly Review*, and is a frequent contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine." As an instance of his mental fertility, we may mention that he has lately written a pamphlet, "British Loans to Central America," which produced a great effect in the City, and materially influenced the prices of the stocks referred to.

Besides articles, Mr. Hopkins has contributed to ONCE A WEEK, "The Bridal of Myra Carne," a short story; and "Gummer's Fortune," a novelette. These essays in the domain of fiction have been well received, and Mr. Hopkins will shortly reappear as a novelist in the pages of a well-known magazine.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of the journalistic and literary labours of Mr. John Baker Hopkins. He has exceptional versatility and untiring industry, combined with a solid judgment, logical acumen, and satirical power. He has a creative and vivid imagination, his style is terse and epigrammatic, and his language is pure, nervous Saxon English.

We are glad to have this opportunity of



Once a Week.]

[September 14, 1872.

**"AS MILD A MAN AS EVER SCUTTLED SHIP OR CUT A THROAT."**



setting forth some particulars of the career of a gentleman well known in journalistic and literary circles, and whose name, no doubt, will ere long be as widely known as his various articles have for years past been widely read.

#### A SUMMER STORM.

A - E smileless morn, beneath a thorn, .  
A humble primrose grew,  
Its lovely face blink'd frae the place,  
While loud the north wind blew.

Frae off the fell it came sae snell,  
It gar'd a' nature blink;  
The modest flow'r laughed at the show'r  
That gar'd a' nature shrink.

The joyless day to pass away,  
Baith heartless bird and beast—  
While driving rains swept o'er the plains—  
Ran to the shelter fast.

The thorn sae auld wi' age was bald,  
Fou many a blast had borne,  
Through its bare boughs the loud wind soughs,  
Wi' a' its branches torn.

Beneath its shade, which now did fade,  
The modest primrose smiled,  
And a' was rest within its breast,  
Though a' without was wild.

Some humble bard, like it so starre'd,  
Unseen, unheard, unkenn'd;  
His fortune, too, bare as the bough,  
That doth it shelter lend.

#### QUACKS AND QUACKERY IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

IN a country where dyspepsia and the long train of obscure disorders attendant thereupon prevail to so formidable an extent as in the United States of America, it is not very surprising that quacks and quackery should thrive. The manifold complications of disease arising from indigestion are precisely those which most frequently baffle the regular medical practitioner, and set his compounds, his learning, and his skill alike at defiance. The most approved treatment of such complaints, and that most obviously dictated by common sense, is rather hygienic than medicinal. The true secret of success lies in a judicious and timely observance of the laws of health, rather than in the wholesale swallowing of pills and potions. Both physician and patient, however, are too often disposed to place more reliance upon the latter than upon the former; and certain old-world prac-

tioners are still to be found in some communities, who regard a blue pill at bed-time and a black draught in the morning as the sovereign panacea for most of the thousand-and-one bodily ills which flesh is heir to.

The patients, in especial, have great faith in the efficacy of drugs. If a physician merely direct the observance of hygienic measures, such as regular exercise, fresh air, and frequent baths, the chances are that his advice will be neglected, and the correctness of his diagnosis called in question. A dyspeptic is generally ready enough to believe that his disease is mortal, and that none but the most heroic remedies and most radical treatment can be of any avail in staying off the advent of the grim tyrant; but if he is told by his physician that his is not a case for medicine, and that there is nothing the matter with him which a change of habits will not effectually remove, he is apt to conceive a very unfavourable opinion of that physician's skill. To such a patient, his friends might well quote the language of the servants of Naaman the Syrian: "If thou hadst been bidden to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when it is said unto thee, *Wash, and be clean.*"

A great variety of causes contribute to make the people of America particularly susceptible to such disorders as those above alluded to. It would be out of place to enter upon anything like an elaborate inquiry into, and exposition of, those causes in the pages of such a journal as *ONCE A WEEK*; but the restless, feverish habits of life; the continual, never-ceasing exertions to acquire the almighty dollar; the preference for pastry and unwholesome confections as articles of food; and the stimulating atmosphere which is almost universally prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic, may be mentioned as the principal of these causes: and these alone are amply sufficient to account for the actual state of affairs. Patent medicines are sold throughout the length and breadth of the land to a prodigious extent. One of the most royal roads to wealth for a man who knows no more of the nature of disease or the structure of the human body than an Esquimaux knows of the Greek particle or the Shemitic plural, is to copy a receipt from last year's almanac, and ostentatiously advertise the harmless compound manufactured therefrom as a specific for all diseases under the sun. The

names of scores of American quacks might be cited, each of whom has realized hundreds of thousands, and in some cases even millions of dollars in this way; but as I have no special desire to subject either myself or the proprietor of this magazine to the annoyance and expense of defending an action for libel, I will simply direct the reader who has any curiosity in this matter, to ask the names of the aforesaid quacks from the first American he may happen to meet.

In travelling by rail through the United States or Canada, it is next to impossible to look out of the window of the carriage without being enjoined to "Try Corey's Ointment." This injunction, or some other of a like nature, is rudely but distinctly painted on every fence, bridge, and large stone along the line of every trans-Atlantic railway on which it has been my destiny to travel—and that does not leave out many lines between Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps the nostrum most frequently recommended along the line of the Union Pacific and its connections is "Helmbold's Buchu." Along the Grand Trunk, the "Great Shoshonees Remedy" seems to come in for the largest share of attention.

This system of advertising might be supposed to affect the printers injuriously; but, as a matter of fact, the revenues of the newspapers, more especially in country places, are very materially augmented by advertisements of patent medicines. The fact of a patentee's having caused a recommendation of his monopoly to be smeared upon every fence in the Union would not induce him to expend one dollar the less in advertising in the newspapers. I have read that a celebrated New York quack devotes the enormous sum of \$200,000 a year to advertising expenses alone, and I think the statement not at all unlikely to be true.

The ingenuity of the advertisers is sometimes such as to suggest the idea that they might have realized a fortune in a more legitimate and honourable way. In some instances a few startling words, which cannot fail to attract attention, are selected as a groundwork; and these words are displayed conspicuously. The body of the advertisement, expounding the virtues of the nostrum, in small type, is then worked in in such a manner as to form a connection with the words displayed. I have none of these advertisements at hand, but it is no difficult matter for any one who has seen a few of them to get up

one on his own account. Here is a specimen, not one whit exaggerated beyond what I have seen in a score of different journals. Let us take the words: "A Terrible Railway Accident—5,000 Lives Lost," as the starting-point, and see what we can make of it.

## A TERRIBLE

increase is observable of late years in the disease known as *softening of the brain*. The opinion generally received among scientific medical men is, that this increase is in some measure attributable to the great amount of travel by

## RAILWAY.

Dr. Hippocrates Knutt has for many years past devoted his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases having their origin in a derangement of the nervous system, and has at length succeeded in discovering a never-failing cure for all such disorders. This happy discovery he does not profess to have hit upon by mere

## ACCIDENT!!!

but by means of repeated chemical experiments, and a long and careful study of the organization of that complex piece of machinery, the human frame. The result of his investigations is a belief that in the course of every year there are more than

## 5,000 LIVES LOST!!!

in this country alone, through the ignorance and stupidity of inexperienced medical practitioners. The name of this truly marvellous concoction is "Knutt's Compound Preparation of Hypophosphites." &c., &c., &c.

There are instances of a more clumsy and ridiculous character, in which the entire advertisement is comprehended in a single sentence, and in which it is manifestly beyond the power of human ingenuity to connect the rest of the sentence with the words displayed in such a manner as to make sense. *Ex. gr.:*

**I** F a lighted match be applied to a pint of pure alcohol, it will produce

## BLUE BLAZES!!!

but Bradway's Paracelsian Extract of Sarsaparilla has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, and all diseases of the chest and throat.

A singular conclusion, certainly, to follow from such premises.

Another plan is to announce that the advertiser will pay

## \$1,000 REWARD!!

for any case of catarrh which he fails to cure—a perfectly safe announcement, as no time is limited within which the cure is to be effected.

I have seen Dr. Johnson's name pressed into service in one of these quack advertisements, in a connection that, could he have foreseen it, would have excited the unbounded ire of the great lexicographer, and furnished material to Boszzy for several additional pages. It was, as nearly as I can recollect, like this:—

### DR. JOHNSON,

the compiler of the Dictionary of the English Language, was a great sufferer from scrofula; and there can be no doubt that his system was thereby devitalized to such an extent that he died many years before his time. With a constitution like his, he might have lived to a hundred, if he could only have procured a few bottles of *Gardner's Balm of Gilead*. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

One more specimen, which I can repeat from memory, word for word:—

H A M A N

WAS

HUNG !!

FOR TRYING TO COME THE

HEATHEN CHINEE !!

on Mordecai; but his offence was venial when compared with that of the rascal who is trying to palm off his worthless trash on the public as the genuine *Balsamic Extract of Wild Cherry*. Prepared solely by—&c., &c.

But quackery sometimes assumes other and viler shapes in the United States. I suppose I would not express myself too strongly were I to assert that the most remorseless rascals, the most utterly unredeemable villains on the face of God's earth, are to be found amongst the itinerant Cagliostro of the American Republic. Not long since, one of these incarnations of iniquity prefixed the title "Reverend" to his name, and went about announcing himself—and I am sorry to say that he was permitted to so announce himself through the medium of the public press—as having had personal and visible communication with the Saviour of mankind, and as having been commissioned by him to cure "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people," by means of prayer and the imposition of hands. The pamphlets put forth by him were too horribly blasphemous for quotation in these pages. It is little to the credit of their intelligence, but his impious pretensions found a certain amount of credence among the natives of some of the rural districts; and, for a time, he accumulated money rapidly. Many religious en-

thusiasts believed in him implicitly. It might reasonably have been supposed that the fact of his charging large sums of money for his services, taken in connection with the episode in the Acts of the Apostles, would alone have constituted a sufficient refutation of his pretensions with this class of persons. The miracles of Peter and John were not wrought for pecuniary reward; and it is hardly more reasonable to suppose that the gift of God is to be purchased with money in the nineteenth century than in the days of Simon Magus. But, as a matter of course, his patients were chiefly to be found among those afflicted with nervous aberrations; and, equally as a matter of course, it was no uncommon occurrence for him to effect a temporary amelioration of their symptoms. Such results made some, even of the more sceptical, waver in their opinions. His method of treatment was first to join in prayer with his patients; and then, rising from his knees, to place his hands upon their heads, and mutter some unintelligible jargon; concluding with an invocation of the Sacred Name in terms so positively awful that in one instance with which I am acquainted he imposed upon his credulous dupe to such an extent as to induce a belief in the actual bodily presence of Deity. His career of pecuniary success was at length cut short by his arrest for the murder of his wife; and it was subsequently ascertained that, in addition to the more venial crimes of arson and forgery, he had many years before been guilty of the secret murder of a former wife, and of his only child, three years of age.

The mere fact of the existence of such a monster as this is something frightful to contemplate. I never heard the result of his trial; but it is devoutly to be hoped that such an incarnation of utter fiendishness did not go unwhipped of such imperfect and inadequate justice as it is in the power of the law to inflict in such a case.

Some of the readers of this paper may perhaps recollect the infamous name of Jacob Rosenzweig, who was tried in the city of New York about a year ago. It will be remembered that the judge before whom the case was tried sentenced the prisoner to confinement at Sing-Sing for twenty years—that being the longest term allowed by the statute—and expressed his regret from the bench that the law did not permit him to inflict capital punishment upon the criminal.



If the English reader regards such expression of regret on the part of the judge as being an exhibition of inhumanity or bad taste, let him read the evidence adduced for the prosecution, and he will alter his opinion. The hideous trade of Rosenzweig is a common one in every large city in the United States; and I regret to add that the wretches who carry it on are resorted to—secretly, of course—by persons of wealth and position in society. It is, indeed, a crying evil. Nast, the artist who prepares the cartoons for *Harper's Weekly*, had a picture some time ago which preached a thrilling sermon upon this subject. It represented a pale, delicate-looking lady, of middle age, splendidly and fashionably dressed. The solitude and misery depicted in the features of this lady, notwithstanding her gorgeous attire and surroundings, strike the beholder at the first glance; and yet the expression is one with which every one who has seen much of society in America is familiar. Underneath the picture are the words—"Suffer no little children to come unto me."

The two examples above cited display quackery in its most repulsive and tragic aspect. There is little doubt that quackery flourishes in America to an extent unknown in other lands. There is equally little doubt that America can show some names in medicine which will lose nothing by comparison with the names of any other country in the world; and it may well be excused to a nation which can boast of a Mott, a Bigelow, and a Hamilton, that she has likewise produced a Potts, a Rosenzweig, and a Tumblety.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### ON THE RACK.

**D**ESPAIR and horror had been gradually taking possession of the mind of Mrs. Lennard as she listened to Clements's cool and sardonic confession of his atrocities. She shuddered, but by an heroic effort checked her feelings, and after a few moments said, firmly—

"And what is your object?"

"It is the establishment in comfort and prosperity of this young man, Don Carlos Perez," said Clements. "I have led a life of adventure, and what folks call crime, myself; and though I have had, I believe,

more luck than any other man in my line that ever breathed, I would not go through it again if there was a drop of prussic acid to be had for love or money. I know what it is, and would not have the lad go through the same, even if he had any chance of my success, which he has not. You see, one man against the world is heavy odds. But he cannot work at a profession, it is not in his nature, and he has not been bred to it; and I cannot leave him enough for his wants, for he is a trifle extravagant is Carlos. So he must marry one of your English heiresses—not necessarily your daughter, if you can persuade him to take on with a better match; for I am good-natured, and do not wish to interfere with your plans if it can be helped. Yet, I almost fear that the lad has set his heart on Miss Lennard; and if you cannot change him, of course he must not be thwarted. But that is your look-out, and I leave you to settle it between you. What I require at present is that you receive him cordially, make a home for him, teach him how to make himself agreeable to the sort of people you live with, and forward his interests generally to the best of your ability. So long as you do this, your father is a free man; thwart my schemes, and he is arrested."

"And who is this Don Carlos Perez?" asked Edith, scornfully. "Some confederate, I suppose, with whom you are to share the fortune of the unhappy girl who is to be sacrificed to your vile intrigues. And you would force me to become your accomplice by holding this threat to me as you would a pistol; but I doubt whether the weapon is loaded. I do not believe this story about my father's position. You dare not, for all your boasting, provoke me to denounce you. And you think that for such empty menaces I would give my child up to such a fate? Never!"

"You love your daughter, then? You would sacrifice everything rather than misfortune should happen to her? Good. Perez is my son!"

Edith felt, as she looked at the man while he said this, that the hope she had for a while entertained of outdaring him was a well-nigh forlorn one. And it was in a far less confident tone that she said, after a pause—

"And do you wish to make me believe that a man like you, steeped to the very lips in crime, can feel parental love?"

"Believe it or not, as you please," he replied quietly; "yet, if you consider, I think you will conclude that it will be hardly wise to try me. What do you suppose that I have returned to England for, but to carry out this plan for establishing the boy? I do not share your father's home-sickness, and can live with far greater ease and comfort to myself in countries where a keen wit and a strong arm are the best passports. As for money, I have plenty for my own wants, and have no fear of running short while there are fools in the world. I tell you, this lad is my only tie to life. I have outlived enjoyment. I have no hope, no wish but for him. As, when a young man, I looked forward to my own future, I now think of his: it is in some way as if I were to live over again in him. It is strange, as you say, and I have often wondered at it. I suppose one must hope, just as one must eat and drink, or die; and when one's own life has nothing pleasurable in it, one must hope for some one else. Would you like to know my story? It may help you to understand my caring for Carlos. I never knew father or mother; and if ever, as a child, I showed liking for any one, he was sure to take advantage of it to my hurt; so I did not repeat the weakness often. In short, I grew up fighting the world, and never knew what it was to have any one at home whose face would light up at the sound of my footstep till I met this lad's mother. And then she died, and the child clung to me, was not afraid of me—that was the thing! He did not shrink away, but smiled and put his hands out when he saw me; and—bah!—what should you, with all your boasted mother's love, know of it—you who have been pampered and spoiled by everybody from your cradle? Enough. Some men, when they have outlived life, find a new existence in ambition; others persuade themselves—the dotting fools!—that there is truth in the humbug of the parsons. Well, Carlos is my ambition, my religion; and if I cannot have your assistance, I will have my revenge."

He was silent, and it was some minutes before either spoke again. Edith was assured, by some instinct which she felt could not be deceived, that he was in earnest; and to brave her enemy would not do. At all events, she must have time to consider the matter calmly and at leisure, without the presence of that man to overawe or provoke her. It would never do to decide hastily,

and dare him to do his worst. He would, she more than feared, be able to fulfil his threat of ruin to her father and exposure of her own connection with a felon, which might only too probably blight Mary's prospects; for had William Fletcher the moral courage to marry into a family so disgraced? She must temporize, conciliate, have recourse to craft—at least for the present; and if a mother counterplotting for her daughter was not a match for a father scheming for his son, where was the truth of all the epigrams about woman's cunning? The necessity of still for a short time harbouring Perez, she thus reluctantly conceded, and said so.

"Very well, then," said Clements, "I will put an end to an interview which I am afraid I cannot flatter myself has been particularly agreeable to you; and if you get Carlos a rich wife, I will not call again. I don't care who the woman is, so long as she is rich enough. How long shall I give you—a month?" he added, rising, and taking up his hat.

"A month!" replied Edith, forcing herself to appear subdued and ready to obey his commands. "Heiresses are not to be picked up like mushrooms!"

"True. You had better not look farther than your daughter, you see."

"But she will not be what is generally considered rich. Besides, she is attached to another man; and parents have not the power in England to marry their daughters to any one they like against their wishes. You will spoil your own plan by precipitation."

"Well, this is July—take to the end of October," said Clements, moving towards the door. "There were difficulties in the way of a former proposed marriage, you may remember. There was a previous engagement, perhaps a slight personal dislike to the second lover; and yet these little impediments were overcome—at least so far as the young lady's consent went—and I was very nearly being another young lady's father, instead of her father-in-law. Depend upon it, then, that whether you ever see or hear of me again—whether I cross your path or remain as quiet as the fish I am supposed to have fattened, rests entirely with yourself."

And he was gone.

As the door closed upon him, Mrs. Lenard fell headlong on the study floor.

At half-past five in the afternoon, Mr.

Lennard approached the conjugal roof with some trepidation. Had Clements called on his wife, and had he succeeded in obtaining an interview with her? If so, what a fearful state of mind she was probably in at that moment; unless, indeed, the disputants had mutually devoured each other, like the Kilkenny quadrupeds—a catastrophe which, though very sad, would have saved him a world of trouble and anxiety. For suppose the fellow had broken his word, and told Mrs. Lennard all about the bill signed with another man's name! The poor man groaned at the prospect before him as he inserted his latch-key. He found his wife in the drawing-room, not as he expected—cold, proud, sarcastic, or indignant—but very pale, her eyes red with crying, her hands shaking, her whole manner that of one exhausted and subdued.

"So you have come home, Arthur," she said, in a voice so soft and calm that he was frightened.

"Edith!" he cried, going up and taking her hand—which to his further astonishment she did not withdraw with a frown—"are you ill?"

"No," she replied, "I am quite well, only rather harassed. I have been thinking over the matter of this young man, Perez; and, Arthur, I was hasty this morning. If you have any interest in him, and are under obligations to his father, perhaps we ought not to turn him adrift—it might be his ruin. As for that roughness of manner which offended Mary—and, I confess, angered me so when she told me of it that I spoke hastily—we must make some allowance for defective education and the savage life he has led. Not but what it would be better to get rid of him, too; but it is not right to be too precipitate. We must think of something. However, it is time to get ready for dinner now—William Fletcher is sure to be punctual."

And, with the sickliest attempt at a smile, she rose and left the room.

"Why, who can he be?" murmured Mr. Lennard to himself. "Van Amburgh is a babe and Rarey a suckling to him."

And he followed his wife in a state of semi-stupefaction. Was he dreaming now, or had he been dreaming for the last twenty years or so, and had he but just woke up? These seemed the only possible theories—unless, indeed, there was any truth in a third solution of the state of affairs which

rose up in his mind, and seemed to increase its hold upon it; for half-way up the stairs he paused and muttered, "Can he be?" on the landing, "He must be;" when he closed the door of his dressing-room, "That fellow Clements is the devil!"

It was hardly to be wondered at that he came to such an extreme conclusion. How, by any means short of the supernatural, could Clements have wrought such a change in the feelings and intentions of so firm and self-willed a person as Edith? If she had been grossly in the wrong, he could just imagine that it was possible she might listen to reason, even from a stranger; for she had a great deal of impulsive generosity and misdirected love of justice in her nature; but in determining to put an end to Perez's stay in the house, she was undoubtedly in the right. He longed to ask for an explanation of the mystery, but could not do so without fairly laying himself open to a like questioning. In the meantime it was a decided relief to have his wife rowing the same way as himself, whatever the cause might be: it was at least a reprieve.

While Mr. Lennard was thinking all this in his dressing-room, much the same ideas were running in the head of Mrs. Lennard in the adjoining bed-room. She, too, wondered what mysterious cause could make her husband still willing to harbour Perez, after what had occurred; she, also, only suppressed a strong desire to question him upon the subject out of fear of mutual interrogations; and she, too, felt it a relief that he was willing to act quietly with her.

Her great difficulty was, however, to come; for she had not yet spoken to Mary. On recovering from the fainting fit into which she had fallen on Clements's departure, she found herself so shaken that she was obliged to go and lie down for a while to recover herself; and it was only ten minutes previous to Mr. Lennard's return that she had been able to go down into the drawing-room. So that, though it was necessary that Mary should speedily know that Perez was still to remain their guest, it had not been possible to tell her so with that calmness which was desirable; and as, fortunately, the man was not coming back to dinner, a short delay did not so much matter.

Mary, who had been asleep all the afternoon, had quite recovered from her morning's indisposition, and was so bright and happy that she looked prettier than ever;

at least, so William Fletcher thought when he arrived—not punctually, as Mrs. Lennard had falsely predicted, but twenty minutes before the time, whereby he gained about ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* with the daughter before the parents came down.

### TABLE TALK.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to present Mr. Stanley with a souvenir of her royal goodwill in recognition of his services. It is curious that in England, where a snuff-taker is a rarity, royal gifts should still take the form of snuff-boxes. The custom is not alone that of the English Court: it is common to all the crowned heads of Europe. Most of them smoke, but we never heard of one of them taking snuff himself. Their Majesties can hardly make these presents to the recipients of their favours with any intention to revive an almost obsolete habit. Is the explanation to be found in the fact that in every palace in Europe there is a large stock of jewelled snuff-boxes on hand? We have received from Mr. Hargrave Jennings a letter on the subject of Livingstone and Stanley, which we print. Our correspondent calls it "Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley: a serious inlook at these important letters."

TO THE EDITOR OF ONCE A WEEK.

SIR—Which is to be the first of this (now) truly popular pair—Dr. Livingstone or Mr. Stanley—Mr. Stanley or Dr. Livingstone? This is a point to settle, in the first instance, in the present temper of misdirected interest of the public, who forget Dr. Livingstone in his finder. We have had quite enough sensation. Many portraits, numerous pictures, much picturesque description;—a catalogue of wonders, cropping-up from all parts of the world, have been submitted to us. The time has now arrived for a little quiet (if possible) business matter-of-fact, and for results—sensible English results. I should like to see certain interesting answers—as they are sure to prove—to questions which I might put as to Dr. Livingstone's letters. I should like to surmise his presumed possible, present critical, really abandoned state. The collection of letters from him are in every way truly surprising, because they indicate unsuspected qualities in him, and an exuber-

ance of imaginative—even fantastic—power, for which he may thank, apparently, not his nature, but the ripening suns of Africa; which seems a grand geographical forcing-house. For excursive fancy, certainly, we have hitherto given Dr. Livingstone small credit. We have little suspected what there was in him of this character. Have we done him injustice, or justice? Dr. Livingstone was never supposed to be a voluminous letter-writer; as those who knew him best have asserted. He was imagined not to be of a very talkative, vainglorious disposition. He seems suddenly, now, very talkative. He is gushing to a particularly free extent, to use an absurd and a much-abused phrase. He was supposed to be too much the man of business for diffusiveness—too free from affectation to covet effect. He was thought to be not so far gone in this habit of letter-writing; which is a bad habit. Now all this is changed. Dr. Livingstone has adapted himself to the present sensational times. He writes matter for volumes in the heart of Africa, with a gorilla, perhaps—those children of Du Chaillu—looking pensively over his shoulder, cheek on hand. Well, Dr. Livingstone now writes whole books—books to "take to the seaside." But a truce to playfulness where seriousness is most appropriate. Dr. Livingstone is a man worthy of respect and love; and these are serious things. And we will indeed welcome him back—when he does come back! For shall we know him, when we see him? However, in the mean time, the duty of England is plain. The Livingstone Relief Expedition, organized by the Royal Geographical Society, and adopted by the Government, has egregiously failed. A fuller and more explicit report of its doings is owing to the public. The Livingstone Relief Expedition of the Royal Geographical Society, adopted by the Government, failed because it did not search out Dr. Livingstone for itself. This it was indubitably its duty to do. It accepted second-hand accounts of the position of Livingstone. It supposed all about his hopes and prospects. It took everything for granted;—which, officially, was a gross mistake, however indisputable might seem the evidence. Why repeat the humiliating, absurd story? The Royal Geographical Society's Livingstone Relief Expedition proved itself, in one sense, to be really a Relief Expedition, inasmuch as it speedily

relieved, itself of its very object. There is no doubt that its intentions and resolution, so far, were of the best. But we await its full personal explanation. Whether by accident, whether by carelessness, whether by imposed necessity, whether merely by mistake, whether by fatal chance—with the best, though feeble, intentions—it was caught napping. No unlikely event under the solar ardour in the sub-tropical regions. But the Americans never seem to nod.

“Asleep and dreaming as the party lay,  
A smarter Yankee steals the chance away :”

—to parody the lines of Pope. The matchless honour of being the rescuer—not alone the discoverer—of Livingstone is yet to be the achievement of somebody. Who will essay it? The duty of England, at this juncture, is plain. The obvious remedy for all this (too serious to be laughable) long catalogue of mishaps and mistakes (very unusual with England?) is, that an expedition, a little more expeditious, should start immediately. And it must not only discover Livingstone, but bring him back—if living; and real proofs of his death—if dead. And it must remain in Africa until it effects this alternative. And we are sure that the English people will grudge no pains or cost, nor any incitement, to carry this duty into execution. Your insertion of these remarks would oblige. There is a large number of Dr. Livingstone's admirers and friends now really anxious; and that they are very seriously bent to set questions at rest concerning him, I assure you, sir. Honours to Mr. Stanley are one thing: justice to Livingstone is another. And this all our people desire to see effected, with the genuine English, old-fashioned promptitude and thoroughness. Let thanks, by all means, be given so far to Mr. Stanley for what he has done. We freely acknowledge the generous munificence of the proprietary of the New York newspaper; but the affair is now—or ought to be—accepted as England's own, and accepted as a duty. It is not a case for talk, or for banter, or for boast; but it is something to be undertaken instantly, and to be carried resolutely through. The discovery of Livingstone has become England's own independent duty, apart from foreign rescues, and amateur discoveries and reliefs. This country is bound, in the face of amused Europe, to see the rescue of Livingstone now formally undertaken, and carried out

until he is found. England, in simple justice to herself, must see this done. But this country, which makes many boasts, really ought never to have been placed in the position which she at present occupies in regard to Livingstone. England is at present in a humiliating posture, in the face of the world. She is, confessedly, indebted to a stranger for doing her own work, and for aiding one of her own most meritorious sons. All her subdolous, apologetic anxiety is very late in the day. But the real rescue—for we hold him very far from rescued yet, if even now ALIVE—of Dr. Livingstone fortunately remains yet to be accomplished. Who is the Englishman, or who are the Englishmen, who will venture? Here is a real honour, certainly at the present moment going a-begging. Do not all speak at once, gentlemen! Let us have a man, if we cannot have men. In fine, England likes not others to do her work: at least, she used not to like to see others do the things which she is herself expected to do. Nor will it be admitted as dignified, or as consonant with her supposed character, that England should seem to seize the opportunity to come off cheaply in the duties imposed on her—in applauding that vicariously done, to the carrying through of which she ought, properly, to have seen herself. Now, the reproach, or the possible future honour, in all this complicated position of affairs refers to Englishmen alone. It is our business alike—all round. No class distinctions, no heartburnings, no partizanship: nothing interferes now with our obvious instant duty of discovering, and of really rescuing, Livingstone—that is, *bringing him back*.—Your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF “THE ROSICRUCIANS.”

London, Sept. 10th, 1872.

HARDLY ANY ART has made greater advances of late years than that of the perfumer. The substantial results achieved by the West-end laboratories of sweet-smelling perfumes, we suppose, have brought a new rival into the field—the Crown Perfumery Company. Their Crown Bouquet, Wild Flowers of India, Butterfly Orchis, and Hawthorn Bloom, are exquisite scents; the stopper of each bottle being appropriately mounted with a crown. And their Crown Tooth-paste is the colour and something the flavour of cherry jam. The perfumer's art can hardly go further in the way of making cleanliness pleasant.

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 247.

September 21, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER IV.

A SPIDER IN HIS HOLE.



URING the same evening Tim went for a little while to Harry's home—an old, dreary house that stood by the brook—and whiled away an hour in turning over huge picture-books that had

been given to Harry by Mr. Wickliffe, a gentleman who plays a part in this history.

Harry was an orphan, and lived with his uncle—a sallow-faced man and tall. His matted hair grew nearly down to his eyebrows, and his shining little eyes looked at all things sideways and suspiciously. Jonah Deffield was looked upon as a dangerous man. He was guilty of many crimes; but, by dint of his own cunningness, his sins were known to no other man but himself, and the secrets of his life were quite safe in his own keeping. He had never been seen to smile by his wife, and she had lived in his sight for many years. A smile upon Jonah's countenance would have seemed a thing unnatural and altogether out of place. His partner in life was a clean, quiet woman, who moved about the dreary house like one undergoing a term of imprisonment. She went from room to room stealthily, fearing to be either seen or heard by her lord and

master, Jonah Deffield. Her daily existence was a perpetual dread of him, and she appeared to have no earthly interest beyond Harry. Well she knew without her kindness and protection his days would be as wretched as her own.

It was not often Jonah left the premises. He had no particular occupation; yet he kept himself shut up alone for hours and days together. He would never have his room cleaned or disturbed in any way. Great spiders crawled about the walls in perfect safety, twisting their webs from corner to corner, and sitting gloomily in their cells, like Jonah himself. An old oak table, with legs ending in lions' paws, stood in the middle of the room, covered with papers, bits of string, and a medley of other things. A few books smothered in dust lolled sideways upon a bookshelf, dingy pictures hung upon the walls, a broken coalscuttle stood beside the fireplace, and there were also two or three broken chairs.

And in this room Jonah passed the greater part of his life, doing nobody knew what—nobody cared what; and if he left it at night (the time he generally took his walks abroad), he locked the door, and took the key with him.

He had rung the bell, and his wife stood before him, waiting for orders, like a frightened servant.

"Martha, what young sycophant is it with that lad of ours?" Jonah asked, sprawling his legs under the table.

"Indeed, he is a nice boy—his name is Rooke," she answered.

"Well, I don't want to see any more nice boys here. We've got one nice boy, and that's sufficient for this establishment."

His wife, who knew the folly of opposing him in anything he said, remained quiet.

"You understand? He's to keep away: tell him so. That's all I want. You may go."

And she left the room.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE WRONG SCHOOL.

ON the following morning, Harry, in all innocence, took Tim to the wrong school.

It was five minutes to nine when they reached Mr. Purden's, and there were no more than twenty scholars in the room. Harry explained the matter to the kind old master as well as he might. As Tim passed up to the desk, he could hear remarks made about him by the boys. Some said he was a duffer, and quietly hinted that they could "lick 'un like nowd at arl," whilst others contented themselves with chuckling.

The master, having questioned Tim, gave him a grammar, and sent him to sit beside his friend. Tim, who felt sure all the boys were laughing at him, kept his eyes fixed on his book as though he were profoundly studying the rules of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, and had undertaken to learn the whole book of grammar at a sitting.

At eleven o'clock the boys were sent out of their prison-house into the playground for half an hour's recreation. At this time Tim felt more keenly than ever the strangeness about him. He hardly knew where to turn his head. He walked modestly with Harry, having no courage to look anywhere.

The schoolmaster, a kind-hearted old man, came to Tim, said he must not be afraid, and that he would call on his father the next day, and make proper arrangements.

The games indulged in by the boys were leap-frog, marbles, castle-top, and cricket. Some were eating apples, or cracking their brains over miserable Latin. The younger scholars were devouring all descriptions of "good stuff," and messing themselves with sugar and meal, which they carried in little paper bags.

"Who's that?" asked Tim, pointing to a burly lad.

"He's the biggest brute in the school," answered Harry. "It's Jim Gascon. I hit him in the eye the other day. If he bullies you, go straight at him, and knock him off his feet: that'll make him jump into his senses, and teach him manners at the same time."

Jim Gascon drew nearer, and it became evident he had something to say to the new boy.

"Now, chuffey, who are you?" he de-

manded, addressing himself to Tim, with a wag of the head, and his cap on one side.

No answer was given.

Harry whispered—

"Mind what I told you, Tim: floor him if he's saucy. It must be done, or there'll be no living."

"Oh, Mr. Stuck-up—yer won't speak, won't yer?" shouted Jim—"oh, yer won't. All right! Blame yer, who are you?—chickory, coffee, soft soap, and treacle."

Harry here repeated his advice as to the knocking-down process; and Tim, somewhat flushed in the face, walked up to the offender, and said—

"Now, sir, just favour us with that remark again, and I'll—"

"Knock your eye out," added Harry, by way of encouragement.

"Oh, that's what yer mean, is it? Oh, it is, is it?" said Jim. "All right, then say yer prayers, blame yer; and don't be funky, for it's no use to ask pardon now. You have insulted a gentleman's son, and you shall dance Jim Crow for it, or my name is not James Gascon." He commenced pulling off his coat, and shouted to some of the boys about him to hold it, asking one of the big fellows to take "the last dying will and testament of Chickory, as that poor little son of a candle-maker was about to depart for a happier land to grind coffee."

A crowd pressed round, and the fight began. Jim, the Goliath in the combat, moved his head from side to side to survey his David-like opponent, and consider where he should hit him first. He danced round and round, and began with guarding a host of blows which were never struck, by way of getting his hand in. Then suddenly striking out with his left, he dealt Tim a hard blow in the face, and knocked him down.

"That's the way to serve 'em," said Jim, triumphantly; and all the boys cheered their hero.

"Give un, Chickory," was the cry—"at un again."

Tim was soon on his legs, and as full of rage as a young tiger. He looked at Harry for a moment, trembling with excitement; then rushed at his enemy, striking out right and left, until that young gentleman, very much astonished, found himself thrown to the ground with terrible violence.

Tim after this was more satisfied and less excited; but he looked round defiantly, and stood at his post, seeming to be quite pre-

pared to fight for a fortnight. The combat went on, but Jim had lost all his power. He was knocked down five times, and at last became aware that he had been buffeted sufficiently, and would not get up.

The lookers-on, with the exception of Harry, were amazed, and stared at each other in the silliest manner possible.

"If you want any more, you've only to get up, and I have no doubt my friend will accommodate you," said Harry, taking Tim by the arm and leading him away. "You're the best fellow in the world," he said to Tim admiringly, when they were alone. "If you hadn't given him a dressing, he would have been always insulting you."

"I would rather not have fought him. I shouldn't have hit him, but he knocked me down."

"You're a brick, and have done the proper thing. If you find it necessary to repeat the dose, you mustn't hesitate, or you'll leave him only half cured."

It is strange, but true, that these fights could take place without the master knowing of them. The playground was almost as large as a park, and studded thickly with trees.

A big bell rang, and school reassembled. Tim was noticed by all, and regarded as a dangerous little fellow; and many a coward condescended to smile, and thought of his own good luck in not being the first to offer insult.

Jim's left eye began to wear a sorry appearance, and the renown he had gained as cock-o'-the-walk was fast falling from him. Tim, on the other hand, had by this time lost his shyness, and sat at his place as comfortably as the oldest boy on the premises.

School broke up at one o'clock. Tim was called to the desk, and during a short conversation, Mr. Purden again told him he intended seeing his father on the morrow, to make the proper arrangements. He assured Tim he would get on nicely in a day or two, although he had been so unsuccessful that morning, only having given one correct answer.

Jim Gascon, with many others, waited outside to be revenged on the new boy, and when Tim came out there was a general cry of "Chickory."

"Why, Chickory knows nowd at arl," said Jim—"nowd at arl."

"Don't he?" replied Harry, on the de-

fensive. "He taught you a thing or two this morning, anyhow, and he is prepared to give you as many more lessons as are required for your complaint. He's made one of your eyes change from its natural hue to that of the deep blue sea, and he's quite at liberty to change the colour of the other one."

"Oh, is he—is he? I'll kill un the next time," said Jim. "I didn't like to hurt the boy this morning."

"Should you like to hurt him now?" asked Harry.

Jim hadn't time then, but he'd fight him in the meadow any day. He thought it would be better to have the fight put off a bit, as it would give Chickory's mother time to prepare for the funeral. Jim, however, not at all anxious to name the day, left and took his admirers with him.

"I don't like it at all," said Tim, sorrowfully.

"Don't like what?" asked Harry.

"School."

"You will do in a day or two."

"I never shall, if I stay a hundred years. If you didn't go, I should run away."

"Where should you run to?" asked Harry, carelessly.

"I don't know—somewhere, anywhere."

"Well," said Harry, "there might be some sense in running away in my case, but not in yours, Tim. You have a father and mother, and good uns too. But look at me. What a sweet creature I live with. He's so affectionate and kind, aint he? I mean my uncle Jonah."

Tim, who knew not what to say in reply, only ventured a smile.

By this time they had reached Eldorado, and they parted, making an appointment to go to school together in the afternoon.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CRUSHED HAT.

BY some chance that wary schoolmaster, Mr. Wadden, on the same day he had been looking in vain for the arrival of his new pupil (Master Rooke), heard that the young gentleman in question had been sent to Mr. Purden's school. He naturally felt that he had been duped by Mr. Rooke, and silently vowed he would have satisfaction. After working himself up to a proper pitch of excitement, he went in a determined manner to his library, and with a trembling hand penned the following note.



"Boomby House, Wednesday.

"SIR—At an interview the other day, we decided—as you are well aware—that I should receive your son at my school on the usual terms, and he was to have made his appearance this morning; but, as is no doubt equally well known to you, he has not done so. I do not wish to alter any determination you may have come to, and have no desire now to see your son on my premises, either as a pupil or otherwise. On the contrary, I think it desirable that I should be as little connected as possible with one who is capable of such ungentlemanly conduct as yourself. Of course, I shall expect damages, and if you refuse I shall sue you in the county court.

"I have only to add that, when you next feel inclined to drink a bottle of wine at other people's expense, I hope you will call at some other establishment; and wherever it may be, I trust you will behave yourself in a more sober manner than when under my roof. It may be as well to remind you, also, that you have a wife who should claim at least common respect at your hands; and if you want to kiss anybody, you had better kiss her. Had it not been that you were intoxicated when you insulted my wife, and incapable of acting decently, I should have turned you out of my house without any hesitation whatever. I have returned your crushed hat, and advise you to go into the fields when next you wish to fight, or you may get into the hands of the police. If you have no objection, I should feel obliged if you would return the hat you took away from my house.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"JACOB AUGUSTUS WADDEN.

"Benjamin Rooke, Esq."

Mr. Wadden read the note aloud to his books, placed it in an envelope, threw it on the table, looked at it with his hands in his pockets, and considered whether he should send it or burn it. He had been grossly insulted, and he *would* send it; and then he struck it with his fist. Still in an unsettled state of mind, he pulled off his coat, walked up to the cupboard, and took out Mr. Rooke's crushed hat, which he placed on the table. This done, he curled his nether lip with the utmost scorn. Then again he became much agitated. He danced round the table, sparring at the hat in a furious manner. He declared he would burn the

foul thing—it was the hat of a drunken rogue, a swindler, and a liar.

"Out of my sight, villain," said the panting schoolmaster, and with a desperate blow he sent the hat flying to the other end of the room, which did not improve it either in shape or appearance.

He rang the bell for the servant, gave her the hat and note, and sent her to Eldorado, with orders not to wait for an answer.

Tim, who was at tea with his mother—Mr. Rooke being out—went to the door, and took in the hat and note.

"Deary me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rooke. "Well, I never did see. Whoever has sent that hat?"

"A girl brought it, mother. I don't know who she is."

She took the note, read the barbarous lines, and turned pale, Tim being similarly affected at seeing his mother so disturbed. She snatched the hat, and recognized it, beyond doubt, as the one her husband had worn for years. How many times she had gazed at her cruel Bennie with that same hat shining on his head! But now its beauty was gone for ever. How could he be so unjust? She sent Tim to his bed-room, telling him to stop there until he was sent for. He went upstairs amazed, wondering what crime he had committed, and who had sent the mischievous note.

In great agitation Mrs. Rooke paced the room, laughing in derision and then crying, calling all people deceivers, down to her own son, who, with all the coolness in the world, had played truant the first day he was sent to school. To think that her husband, too—her Bennie—should fight in the streets, and kiss other men's wives; and to think that his son should follow in his footsteps, and deceive his own mother and father!

At this juncture Mr. Rooke, with a parcel under his arm, came in the room smiling and rubbing his hands.

"They're really beautiful," he said—"pon my word, they're clenchers, and no mistake about it. My dear, I've got a treat for tea, and no gammon—fresh herrings: what do you think o' that? Make no mistake, they're nearly alive—look at 'em."

He held one in each hand over the tray to show her.

"Don't talk to me of herrings, deceiver!" exclaimed his wife, starting from her chair, and assuming a theatrical attitude.

Rooke—at a tone of voice he had never before heard from his wife—was knocked into stupefaction. Losing all control over himself, he dropped one herring into his wife's tea, and the other into the sugar basin, and stared as though his eyes would come out.

"My dear, whatever—"

"Your dear—*your* dear!" interrupted Mrs. Rooke. "How could you wrong me and disgrace yourself so? I always believed you were upright, but—"

"But what—but what?" shouted Rooke, really alarmed. "What *is* amiss? What scandal tongue has been here? Are you ill? Send for the doctor. I don't know what I'm doing. What do you think you're talking about? Wake up! You've got the nightmare. You're insane, and so am I. Hurrah for insanity, nightmares, cheats, deceivers, and everybody else!" he continued, running round the table, and throwing the herrings in all directions in his despair.

It now became Mrs. Rooke's turn to calm her husband, who appeared to have gone mad, and was only waiting to be carried to the nearest lunatic asylum.

She succeeded in getting him into a chair, and pointed to the crushed hat. He glanced at it, and his visit to Wadden's rushed upon him instantly. The note was given to him. He read it over twice, and tore it into pieces; while his wife sat by on the sofa, watching every action.

"He's an infernal scoundrel!" Rooke began; "a rogue, a liar, and a confounded scoundrel! My dear, do you believe what he has said? If you do, I will shoot him, as sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and hang myself behind the bed-room door! Have I lived all these years upon the face of the uncivilized earth like an honest man among my fellow-creatures, doing unto others as I would have them do unto me—although there are very few who ever did anything of the sort—to be scoffed and sneered at by this vile devil in human shape? Oh, monstrous! Are the lying words of a braggart like this to throw never-ending discord into a family where comfort and peace have reigned undisturbed in spite of all the snares and stumbling-blocks that evil-doers have thrown in the way to make it otherwise? My love, I could explain all to you, and you would believe it; but I am content to—I am content to die."

"Oh, Bennie, Bennie, don't say so!" implored his wife. "I don't believe him—I believe you. Don't say anything more about it;" and she kissed him and tried to smile.

Rooke saw the danger was over, and became much bolder.

"But, my love, I must say something more about it. I will tell you *all* about it—to-morrow: you're not in a fit state now to hear it. I'll show that coward up in his proper colours. I'll make him regret the day ever dawned that brought him into this world, and look upon his birth as a grand mistake. And now, my dear, I don't think your unfaithful husband would be any the worse for a cup of tea."

She busied herself in putting the table in order, cooked some of the herrings, and having prepared all nicely, they sat down together.

"And where's Tim?" he asked. "Let me see, I read something about Tim in that confounded scrawl. Aye, just so, that he had not been to school to-day. Now, that is something to go crazy about. To think that young rogue should talk about school for an hour over dinner, of what he had seen, and what he hadn't seen, what he had done, and what he hadn't done, when he knew he had never been near the place."

"If the schoolmaster has spoken falsely of you," said his wife, "why, then he has of Tim. I never knew him tell a lie in all my life."

"Nor I," he replied. "It's strange—very strange. I'll question him about it. I'll give him every chance to clear himself of this stigma; but if I find him lying, I'll make him remember it. He shall go to a boarding-school. I'd rather he'd never been born than live to play a trick of this sort, and tell barefaced lies to his parents. Where is he, my love?"

"I sent him to his room."

"Quite right, my love. I'll take that walking cane of his with me, and question him."

"You'll not beat him? You've never had to beat him yet. Leave the cane. Don't hit him, whatever you do."

"Don't agitate yourself, my dear. Make no mistake, I'll do what's right, and he shall have every chance of clearing himself."

He turned on his heel, and tramped slowly upstairs. His wife listened at the door, and heard that they were talking, but knew not what they said.

Rooke found his son reading sorrowfully by the window.

"So you've been to school to-day?" he asked, with the cane concealed.

"Yes, father," said Tim, wondering what had made such a change in his father, for he could see he was angry.

"What sort of a place is it? How many steps up to the door?"

"No steps up to the door."

"That's a lie!" said his father, growing impatient.

Tim was frightened.

"What sort of a man is the schoolmaster?" was the next question.

"An old man with a white beard," answered Tim, in amazement.

"That is a lie, and you know it."

He did not ask any more questions, but, taking the cane from behind him, thrashed his son unmercifully.

"I'm sorry this has happened," said Rooke, when he saw Tim's pale face looking up at him from the floor, "but you must be cured. You'll come to a bad end, and disgrace your parents. You shall stay in this room for a week, on bread and water, and then go to a boarding-school."

So saying he left the room, pulled to the door with a bang, and locked it.

## PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

MISTURUS PILL, ESQ., M.D.

ALL who are heirs to ailment, and there are very few who are not, must at some time or other have been introduced to Wingsbury-square; for such is the advanced character of modern locomotion that cause and effect seem to gain closer affinity, and ailment and antidote a nearer relationship. It would scarcely be necessary, therefore, to describe a spot so generally known, were it not that its geographical construction is an essential element in the sketch about to follow. Wingsbury-square, then, is of the shape indicated by its name, and its centre is adorned with an enclosed plantation of dark brown vegetables, intersected now and again with a muddy-looking path, and is called, in the satirical language of the inhabitants, "Wingsbury Park." It is one of those places in the great city in which Nature is allowed to have her say, after being sufficiently gagged by the authorities to prevent her saying anything worth hearing. Its solitary indications of fruitfulness are con-

fined to occasional patches of orange peel, while here and there a dead cat awaits respectable interment, yawning at the burial's delay.

In this salubrious vicinity resides all that is great in Esculapian accomplishment; and it is here that, when local skill has proved a vain resource, breathless messengers and broken-winded cab-horses run the risk of being charged with endangering the lives of honest folk in their hasty search for some erudite gentleman who, inhabiting its precincts, is more than a match for the most complicated disorder which threatens extermination to mankind. By no means the least of this wise fraternity is Misturus Pill, M.D. He lives in the corner house, having the additional advantage of an entrance in the side street.

Misturus Pill is a middle-aged man, as bald as when he was a day old, and something of the same shape as the coloured bottles that adorn a chemist's window. Not altogether negligent of appearance, he wears a velvet coat and a large gold watch, with which he reckons up the chances of mortality, the latter being secured by one would be afraid to say how many yards of fine chain of the same material wound round his corpulent person like a miniature Lord Mayor's badge. His rings are indicative of antiquarian tastes, and his conversation of literary ability; while his jovial good-nature is a passport to large emoluments, which in their turn augment his jovial good-nature. It is worth a guinea to have ten minutes' conversation with him, irrespective of any malady with which you may be afflicted; and upon the law of assimilation, which he eloquently supports, his patients always feel better before leaving him. The relation of the mental and physical is understood by Misturus Pill, and the analogies he does not forget.

"Some physical diseases are contagious," he will say—"so are some mental conditions;" and if, on the one hand, fevers are to be avoided, enthusiasm, cheerfulness, and humour are quite as catching, and should be cultivated by misanthropic patients.

He, therefore, prescribes large doses of cheerfulness, and as he cannot supply it in a bottle, administers it personally from his own unlimited resources; so that, if he slaps a gouty grumbler on the back, and tells him he shall run ten times round Wingsbury-square in five minutes before

the week is out, is it not obvious he is using the best means to secure that desirable result? The advantage, however, of an entrance in the side street, which the corner house ensures, is not one from which the public is in any way excluded. If you enter by the front door, your treatment partakes of the immaculate character which has immortalized the name of the square, and it is fair that you should be called upon to pay the full fee—namely, two guineas, being one for the footman and one for the doctor; while the patients of the side street are subject to the experimental dosing of ordinary dispensing practice, at the diminished figure of “threepence for Buttons, bottles included,” and nothing for advice any morning before ten a.m. “Threepence for Buttons, bottles included,” moreover, means considerably more than it says. It represents a thriving commercial enterprise carried on by the gentleman bearing that descriptive appellation. Buttons is the immediate descendant of a merchant in the rag and bone vocation, resident in Moon-street, Saliva-fields, and from whose facias you may gather, without the aid of spectacles, that in passing his shop you are passing the most superior of its kind. Master Buttons has an eye to business, not altogether uncharacteristic of his family; and he had not been long in the service of Misturus Pill before the little cupboard near the consulting-room, sacred to the custody of his dusters, rotten-stone for the brass plate, boot brushes, and other surgical instruments for his especial use, was rearranged for the reception of every variety of bottles his ancestral emporium could afford, to suit the diverse tastes of his master’s customers.

The sale is of course clandestine, but none the less profitable, with the exception of a bad debt now and then, which the best-regulated business is open to; and if you see a boy behind the surgery door holding an energetic whispered conversation with an old lady, you may be sure that that is Buttons, and that is one of the patients who wants a bottle, and “pay next week.” Of course Buttons admires his master—swears by him, in fact—and warmly supports his government in the controversial warfare of the kitchen. Not so, James, the footman: to him it is an indignity to be compelled to live in the same house with Buttons. Monopolizing a large portion of the fees, and dressing in by far the more elegant

style, he considers he is not treated with the consideration due to his superior bearing and culture. The patients he has nothing to complain of; but the doctor orders him about as though he had never been in the service of a real live duke, and as though he had accepted his present position from anything but philanthropic motives; and Master Pill, of whom we shall see more hereafter, he strongly suspects of contributing to the family amusement at his personal expense.

As already intimated, Misturus Pill is a family man, and his domestic halls are graced with a complete peal of beautiful belles, with whom he will be happy at any time to ring the changes, should eligible opportunity occur. He has one son who is a surgeon in the army, and one who is nothing at all, and who, in all probability, never will be anything else: the youngest, and therefore the most cared for in all that pertains to vanity and indulgence, it being thought that the numerous examples of beauty and virtue with which nature had adorned the family would be sufficient, upon the law of assimilation already suggested, to train him in the way he should go. The result, however, is hardly commensurate with the expectations; for, as he has been allowed to select his own pursuits, his development at seventeen years is that of an awkward, overgrown hobbled-hoy, equal to nothing that is not suggested by exuberance of spirits and everything that is, from the roaring of insane parodies on his sisters’ songs, to the pulling of Buttons’s ear until that gentleman should oblige with the roaring. Buttons bears it, however, as well as he can, for the sake of the young ladies and the master. He would put up with a great deal on their behalf; and, indeed, he has waged more than one successful conflict in the area of Wingsbury-square with a neighbouring Buttons, who, in graceful allusion to the feminine majority of the corner house, has gone so far as to designate it “a orspital for female destitoots;” and Buttons is not the one to hear his young ladies insulted without offering a practical reply, while there is a man, a boy, or any living creature who will hold his basket and his cap.

Such is the household of Misturus Pill, and Misturus Pill is proud of it. He will tell you he has a flower show at his dinner table every day; and, Master Pill operating in the capacity of a considerable

thorn, it must be admitted his bevy of roses is complete. He is never so happy as when he is in the midst of them; and if he does not resemble the gush of May, he certainly possesses the charity of December. They are a musical family—almost too musical for Misturus Pill: the piano has its fair share of attention from each, and, between them all, that popular instrument is seldom silent. Musical evenings are not unfrequent, as though the morning concerts were not sufficient; and on these occasions Mr. Biffin, a bachelor friend of “the governor’s,” brings his double-bass, and contributes an overture, an hour and a quarter long, of his own composition, which adds quantity if not quality to the programme. Misturus good-humouredly calls his fair executants by the names of the seven sounds, *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*; while Master Pill is universally elected as permanent representative of the minor scale.

The practice of Misturus Pill is, like his heart, large; for a medical man with wide sympathies will seldom have little to do. He divides his patients into three classes, and charges them accordingly. Class A consists of those who, possessing large portions of this world’s goods, are anxious that the path to the next should be lengthened by every possible means, and who do not consider two hundred a-year by any means an extravagant sum to secure the proper digestion of food valued at six times that amount. Class B comprises those who, while they do not object to paying a second-class fee, would be very indignant at being classed in the second file; and who, while they deem it necessary to give as much trouble as possible, studiously avoid the apparent ostentation of paying a bill when it is due. Class C embraces all who are not included in classes A and B, and is of necessity a much more varied collection, numbering every diversity of daily case, from the seedy gentleman, suffering from the effects of sleeping in the open air, and the old lady with the badly contused eye, consequent upon another old lady attempting to make her see things in the same light as herself, to the middle-aged, corpulent party with the very large bottle, who has come so often that it would make her unwell to stop away. The As are visited in their own homes, and the Bs call at the front door, with a very loud knock; while the Cs bodily besiege the side en-

trance, with an occasional venture round the corner, when a hesitating summons warns James that he must get ready one of his most pompous airs, and when the fee is generally unrolled from numberless pieces of paper, to which it is not unfrequently returned.

Misturus Pill, from the nature of his profession, is a keen observer of cause and effect; and, from his natural appreciation of the ludicrous, is somewhat skilled in discovering those analogies which copy-books tell us are odious. He does not forget, moreover, to use occasional severity upon such opportunities as frequently arise, when patients of the C division produce ominous-looking bottles, bearing the unmistakable sign of the Queen’s Head, for a prescription to regulate a pauper’s stomach. He is of opinion that, as a general rule, the As suffer from too much to eat, the Bs from too little to do, and the Cs from too much to drink. So, in any case, he feels that, without partaking of them, he lives upon the vices of the people, and has small compunction, therefore, in making them pay. Of course, Misturus Pill is popular with them all; and his being a widower—a fact which my fair readers must pardon my not mentioning before—obtains for him grace in eyes that otherwise might be differently disposed. In the A class there is a good example—an amiable relict of the feminine persuasion, whose late husband was attended by Misturus Pill in the violent attack of turf on the brain which has subsequently covered his whole body. That lady evidently feels that she cannot better express her sense of the care and attention exhibited by the trusty little doctor to her late lamented lord, than by bestowing upon him the most expensive luxury that unfortunate gentleman had ever possessed, in the worthy person of herself. She had already broached the subject to him—not directly, of course, that is not a woman’s way; and you make a great mistake if you think she had been married to one man for twenty years without learning the best way to secure another. Casually, therefore, and quite inadvertently, at least two or three times in the course of his professional visits, she has gone so far as to express her general regard for medical men as a body; and, on one occasion, gaining courage with practice, she observed that “poor John liked medical men,” and so does she, and (she always brings John in for a share)

"John, poor fellow, he used to say if anything happened to him, he hoped that she would—" And if the old lady could not get any further without the assistance of her pocket handkerchief, whose fault was that? Certainly not Misturus Pill's. Clever little man, equal to any occasion, he finishes the sentence for her—

"Call in a medical man—certainly, my dear madam. Sir John was quite right. In cases of accident or general indisposition, it is in the highest degree essential that attention should be both prompt and skilful."

But she is not going to be put off in that way; so she invites the Misses Pill—dear girls—to visit her, "and hopes their papa will not be so imprudent as to compromise their happiness by an injudicious second choice."

The girls do not think he will, and Misturus does not think so either; and although a fascinating creature of some forty-five summers, nearly related to a patient in the B class, and distantly to Mr. Biffin, has made him more than one pair of slippers, Misturus Pill is too well cared for at present to be eligible game for a sportsman's widow, or any one else's either. The regulations of his household are few and broad, and consequently popular and effective. His youngest son is told that he ought to be in bed at eleven, and up with the lark in the morning; which injunction that interesting young gentleman literally observes by remaining encouched till eleven a.m., and being up to a lark all day. His eldest son is counselled not to be too extravagant; which law, implying a degree of licence, is not altogether uncongenial to his tastes. The girls are allowed to do as they like, because it pleases them, and Misturus cannot for the life of him see why they should not be pleased. Thus, the household of Misturus Pill is a united one; and were it not for the vagaries of its youngest member, and the activity of its newest piano, it might be as quiet as it is happy. Here, at any rate, the critical humour of the man of science is covered by the levelling affection of the Paterfamilias. Here, at least, by a higher law than that of assimilation, it is proved that he who is strong in the battle for gold may be strong in the haven of love. So that if you are an heir to ailment—and there are very few who are not—send to the nearest cab-stand, and Wingsbury-square is the place, Misturus Pill is the man, and Buttons is the boy who

will help you to the consummation of that health which is the foundation of personal comfort.

## A RUN THROUGH AN IRISH FAIR.

THERE can scarcely, I think, be a more amusing place to a quiet observer than an Irish fair. Held generally in the main streets of country towns, they are largely patronized not only by those who go for dealing purposes, but by immense numbers of male and female pleasure-seekers of the peasant classes, who look upon the "fair day" as a holiday, and flock in from many miles round to drink, "coort," and make merry till an advanced hour of the evening.

The last fair I attended was one that is held every quarter in a certain flourishing little town in the county Antrim. Of these four fairs in the year, the two more important are called the summer fair and the winter fair. It was the former, which is the largest of the four, that I attended; and through this one I shall endeavour to conduct my reader. Entering the town by one of the bye-streets, we find it lined on both sides with stalls, upon which are what are no doubt meant as tempting displays of currant cakes, cheese, "yellow man," "pan-tuffy," and other delicate edibles.

Along these streets the rural gentlemen take their blushing sweethearts, and with reckless prodigality invest twopence or threepence, or perhaps more, in whatever coveted piece of confectionery may catch their eye. Crowds of girls and boys, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are moving along the footpath at either side of the street, eating a piece of "candy" perhaps, or sucking a "black lump," and indulging in conversation far sweeter than either. Knots of men are standing here and there, deep in discussion about some horse, or pig, or cow, and occasionally managing to get a hearty guffaw at some joke among themselves. Now and then a horse, with a few dealers cracking their whips behind him, or rattling their sticks inside their hats, is led trotting, and not unlikely kicking, down the middle of the street; and immediately a charge is made by the people for the footpath, and for a few moments the horse is the sole attraction. Not seldom, too, the emphatic remonstrances of a pig, which is moving

about indignantly inside a sack on a man's back, create a little merriment among those unaccustomed to such sights and sounds.

Let me narrate a few observations which I made on a couple like this—a pig and its homeward-bound proprietor.

The cries of the enclosed animal for help, which first attracted my attention, were heartrending—and, indeed, ear-rending; yet I noticed that immediately the proprietor stopped to speak to a friend, it forthwith ceased its lamentations and appeals, apparently with the purpose of listening to hear whether they contemplated taking it out; for, on being satisfied that no such an intention was spoken of, it instantly began again with renewed vigour. This brought upon it a punch on the ribs from the proprietor, whereupon there was a dead silence, followed by a grunt of dissatisfaction, and a quick movement which told of speedy preparations for a campaign.

On its heedless gaoler moving off again, it began once more to certify its rights to freedom, and to object in a most determined manner to the treatment it was receiving. This had not continued long, when suddenly, in the midst of the commotion, something bearing a strong resemblance to a farthing candle was protruded from a hole in the bag, and was flourished in an energetic but rather spasmodic manner, to the no small amusement of the passers-by.

This, on closer examination, proved to be the tail of the much-abused animal—hung out, doubtless, as a signal of distress.

An urchin, however, in whom cruelty seemed to be more predominant than mercy, had the audacity to steal up behind the gentleman with his noisy burden, and to twist the said tail with rather more force than consideration. In a twinkling the tail was withdrawn, with what in pig's language might have been an oath; and, after another hasty movement in the interior of the sack, a very flat and angry-looking snout was substituted. The snout having given forth a few challenges to try the twisting business again, which were not accepted, it also was withdrawn, and once more the exhortations and protests were resumed. How these exhortations and protests eventually succeeded, I am unfortunately unable to say; but I greatly fear that until the indignant quadruped was exultingly emptied at the door of its new home, to be seen by its other proprietors, the contemptuous treatment of

which it had been the hapless victim was inexorably and disdainfully continued.

Turning from these proceedings perhaps sadder and wiser men, we with considerable difficulty elbow our way a little farther up the street.

We have not gone far, however, before our attention is arrested by a very loving-looking couple who are standing in a doorway opposite a confectionery stall, upon which their eyes are fixed with longing looks of most unmistakable regard. Occasionally one nudges and whispers to the other, all the while keeping an eye on the stall, a little manoeuvre which plainly indicates that the subject of discussion and difficulty between them is the choice among the many coveted luxuries so temptingly arrayed before them. Having thus surveyed the stall at that distance—the breadth of the footpath—for about five minutes, they venture a few yards nearer, and there begin a fresh survey and another animated but suppressed discussion, which, having been continued for about five minutes more, ultimately ends in the gentleman stepping forward, and thus politely interrogating the stall-keeper:—

“Am sayin,’ misther, how do ye sell that pan-tuffy?”

The person thus questioned, who is an exceedingly quick-talking, roguish-looking, active little man, answers the inquiry as follows:—

“Furpence pound, furpence pound, only furpence pound. Best tuffy in the north—make it all myself,” handing a piece to his inquirer. “That’s none o’ yer black soap and traykil—that’s the rale matayril, without doubt or adulterashun. Put that in yer mouth an’ cranch it, an’ ye’ll niver hiv a sore tongue again.”

The astonished rustic takes the piece, divides it with his sweetheart, and, whether in belief of the great medicinal powers it was pronounced to possess or not, forthwith orders the stall-keeper to “weigh him out half a poun’.” This is done in an instant, and the “pan-tuffy” being enclosed in a piece of brown paper, the money is paid, and the loving couple saunter away to enjoy their purchase, as happy as the flowers in May.

Besides these confectionery stalls, there are numbers of apple stalls and gooseberry stalls, and the owners of these are generally inclined to be somewhat noisy. The cries of “Mind the big yellow ones! mind the

big yellow ones!—three ha'pence a poun'! three ha'pence a poun'!" and "Fine ripe gooseberries, tuppence a quart! tuppence a quart! tuppence a quart!—buy them up, only tuppence a quart!" are heard in all possible keys, and from all possible directions, simultaneously.

Unmindful of these benevolent invitations, however, we press on towards the main street, into which we presently emerge without damage.

The sight which presents itself in this street is, I fear, beyond my powers of description. There is a range of horses, generally of an inferior class, up both sides of the street, with their fore feet on the foot-path, their hind feet on the road, and their under-lips hanging just as if they were about to be executed.

The street itself is thronged with equestrians of all degrees, sizes, and appearances, riding and shouting up and down with as much earnestness as if their lives depended on their speed. Now, perhaps, a very fine horse, ridden by a dealer, trots past through the crowded thoroughfare in beautiful style; now an old bare-boned nag, with a stumpy tail, woe-begone countenance, and long ears that dangle about with every motion, trots—or rather, hobbles—past, mounted bare-back by a lanky-looking tatterdemalion, who, with his legs out, after the manner of a pair of tongs, his body leant backward, and his hat on the rear of his head, gives forth a series of "Go on, our yats," aided and abetted occasionally by a few inducements from an old stick—which, combined, incite the animal to proceed at a pace of about five miles an hour.

All the while, too, the bold rider is holding on bravely by the mane, at the same time jolting up and down on the ridge-tiles of his charger's back in what I should consider a very doubtful and unenviable manner. We cannot certainly do less than wish him joy of his seat.

A horsedealer who, besides the tight breeches, white spotted neck-tie, and all other attributes of his genus, possesses a face in which there is a strange and comical mingling of the grave and humorous, comes out from a public-house just in time to observe the spectacle. The first thing he does on seeing it is to adjust his thumbs in the sleeve-holes of his vest, and grin from ear to ear. The next thing is to don a face as solemn as an undertaker's, and shout at the

top of his voice, "Hi!—hi!" The passing cavalier of course looks round, and the dealer jerks his head backward, in token that he desires him to approach.

This being complied with, he pulls the horse into position, and stroking his (own) chin with a reflective air, quietly and calmly begins surveying him, from head to hoof. Having thus examined him from both sides and at different distances, he slowly looks up to the rider with an air of simple inquiry, and philosophically asks—

"What's that?"

"That's as good a bit of owl horseflesh as iver you threw yer leg over," is the disappointed tatterdemalion's reply, as he turns his charger, to proceed once more on his way.

"Howl on!—howl on! What are ye luckin' for him? 'Am not jokin'."

"'Am luckin' twenty-five shillin's."

"What age is he?"

"Cudn't tell; but a know he wus foaled some time between this an' the Flood."

"Jist so; well, let us see a wee bit of his action."

"Shure ye *did* see his action! Come, make me an offer, or a'll go our this."

The dealer looks thoughtful a moment, and then says, gravely—

"Wud seven and sixpence do?"

Without replying, the insulted rider pulls his steed round with a jerk, and with another "Go on, our yat!" followed by the usual inducement from the old stick, the animal again proceeds on its way—but not, I fear, rejoicing.

Let us work our way up this main street a little, and watch what goes on among the buyers.

As we are crushing past the long line of horses' heads which nod over the footpath—for a good many of the noble steeds are asleep, and those that are not seem to wish they were—a countryman before us, who is evidently looking out for something "chape" to put him over the ploughing season, stops in front of a pony, which, like its companions, is enjoying a little snooze on its own account, and having eyed its shape a moment, steps forward with malevolent thoughtlessness, and wakens the animal from its peaceful slumbers by examining its mouth.

"What d'ye want fur the owl shilty?" he inquires of a man who is standing against the wall, complacently smoking an old black



cutty pipe—not the least afraid, be it observed, that the shilty might run away.

"Am axin seven poun' ten fur him," was the reply, when the man has duly removed the pipe and expectorated.

Our rural friend whistles, places his hands under his coat tails, and—goes on.

The man, however, calls him back with—

"Hi! take yer time. What 'll ye give fur him?"

Our friend, thus challenged, proceeds to make a closer inspection of the animal. While he is doing so, the owner forthwith lets out his pipe in his garrulous endeavours to give his property a good character.

"There's not a bether baste in the county it lives in. It can plough, harrow, cairt, cair, or do any mortal thing—the beautifulist iver ye seen. Ye niver saw nathin' like it. A r'ared it myself, so a should know all about it. An'—d'ye know what am goin' to tell ye? I wudn't part with it at no price, only that am lavin' the country."

Here the pipe is replaced, and sucked desperately a few moments in vain—apparently, however, more with the intention of hatching a few other eulogies than for the enjoyment of the smoke, for it is almost immediately withdrawn again to make way for another series of encomiastic reflections upon the unconscious shilty.

The latter important member of the animal kingdom, having undergone the due examination by our rustic acquaintance, quietly resumes its slumbers; while the said rustic acquaintance dives his hand magnanimously into the bottom of his pocket, extricates therefrom a half-crown piece, places it in the centre of his right hand, spits upon it, asks for the hand of his willing friend, supports it in his own left hand, and, closing his lips with an air of benevolent determination, brings the half-crown down with a slap into the said outstretched hand of his friend, at the same time uttering these humane words—

"A'll give ye five poun' for the shilty."

"Ay?—well, it'll not do, misther. Ye'll have to rise yer price a bit if ye want tae do anything," is the man's reply, as he returns the half-crown to its owner.

The countryman thereupon replaces his hands under his coat tails, and wishing the man luck of his "baste," turns to go. He is arrested, however, with "Here, howl on! I'll tell ye what I'll do." Here the same

little preliminaries as were performed by the countryman are duly gone through. "I'll take seven poun' fur it as it stan's, an' I'll take no less, if I shudn't sell the day."

"O, 'deed, the divil a seven poun' ye'll take fur it—not o' my money, any way."

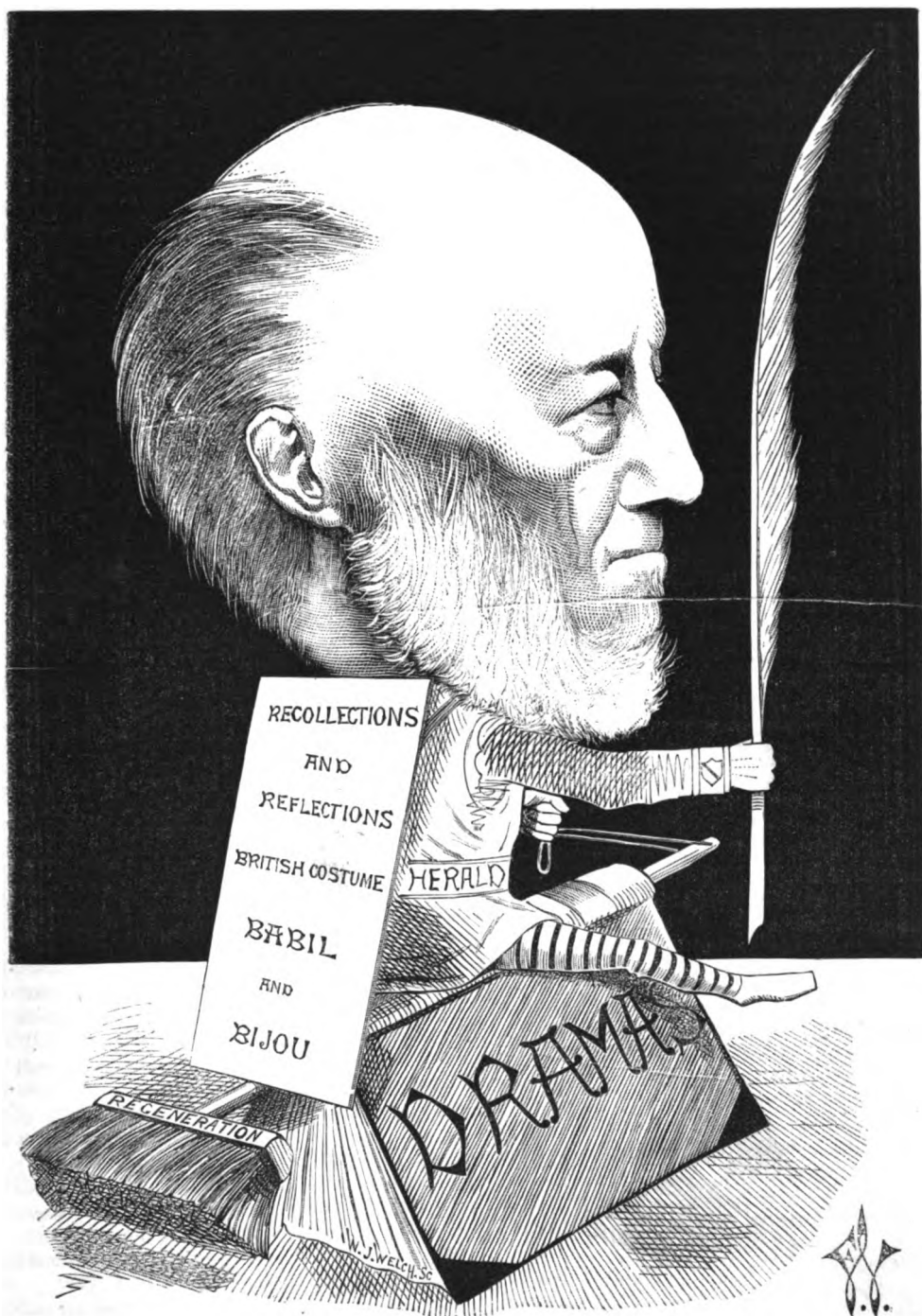
At this juncture is commenced a somewhat enthusiastic disquisition on the merits and demerits of the pony, and on the price of horses generally. It ends abruptly by the countryman again pulling out the half-crown.

"Howl yer han'—howl up yer han' here." Down comes the half-crown with double emphasis. "I'll split the difference if ye give me a dacent luck penny, an' I'll lave it to yerself."

After half an hour's altercation these terms are agreed to, and the worthy couple adjourn to a public-house to settle pecuniary matters, and "dhrink a dhrop" over the head of the bargain.

Pushing our way onward once more, we soon arrive at the corner of a bye-street, in which are exposed for sale a large number of those well-known and little respected, demure-looking quadrupeds, recognized by the name of asses. Our notice is attracted here by the earnest endeavours of an urchin, assisted by a colleague, to mount one of these gentle animals. It is pulled about, it is belaboured, it is shouted at, a thousand imprecations are poured upon its innocent head, and to all this it disdainfully submits; but the moment it gets the urchin just comfortably seated on its back, the tail is frisked, down goes the head, up go the heels, and a person bearing a strong resemblance to its would-be rider is immediately to be observed sprawling in the road, somewhere in the vicinity of his benevolent long-eared friend. This artistic little procedure is executed with the greatest neatness and calmness; and the instant it is done the happy countenance of Neddy assumes its usual demure look, and beams down upon the fallen foe with an air that is quite as much as to say, "How do you like it?"

While we are still intent on Edward's tricks of legerdemain, the sounds of distant music meet our ears; and, moving in the direction whence they proceed, we shortly come upon a large crowd, in the centre of which a violin bow is making sundry jerky movements very suggestive of a hornpipe or jig. Crushing our way in amongst the rustic audience, we discover that the violinist

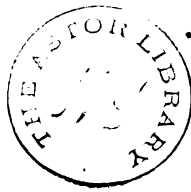


[Once a Week.]

September 21, 1871.

"HERALD AND PLAYWRIGHT."

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is the ubiquitous Macormac—an itinerant showman who attends, I should say, all the fairs and races in Ulster—and that his daughter is, as usual, beside him, maltreating an old mortar-board to the tune of “The Tail o’ my Cow.” She is really a clever dancer, and the delighted spectators frequently testify their approbation by such zealous exclamations as “Hooh!—go it, my darling!” “Bravo, my honey!” which both performers acknowledge by benign smiles and renewed exertions.

When the jig is finished, and the cap begins to go round, a few of the spendthrifts disappear mysteriously, and those solitary prodigals who are invariably to be seen standing a little apart from such gatherings, pretending to look unconcerned, are to be observed looking another way—of course, in expectation of a friend.

In our rambles we occasionally meet with persons who seem to experience considerable difficulty in maintaining their equilibrium, and who seem, indeed, in doubt whether to lie down, stand up, lean up, or move on.

One of these worthies, immediately after our leaving the scene just described, stops us with—

“Hi! a say, misther—(hic)—am sayin’ wud it be makin’ too free fur to ax ye fur—(hic)—fur to come in here till a wud trate ye?”

We assure him we are teetotalers, but that—some day again.

“Well, it’s orr right—(hic)—it’s orr right: no ‘fence, a hope?”

“Not at all,” is our reply.

“Fur, ye know, I’m the boy cud do it!”—pulling out a fistful of silver, which with difficulty we induce him to replace. “Well, am sayin’, boys—(hic)—it’s orr right, ye know. When a man gits a wee dhrop—(hic)—when a man gits a wee dhrop, ye know, he’s foolish; but am — but a can bate iver a man in the fair—(hic)—iver a man at or undher eleven stone an’ a quarter in the fair the day.”

Here he begins to sway backwards and forwards, in a pensive mood; and after a few moments’ sage meditation, utters, in a dreamy tone, without looking up, the following sapient reflection—

“Well, am sayin’, boys—(hic)—am sayin’—I wondher if I’m dhrunk.”

Wishing to put his mind at ease on this little matter, we kindly inform him that he

“Give us yer han’. Shure it’s orr right enough—(hic)—it’s orr right enough. There needn’t be no more about’t.”

We are not desirous of having any more “about’t,” so we part from our affectionate friend—not, however, without being called back a few times to hear of the unchanging regard he bears towards us. When at some distance we look back, he is balancing himself on the kerbstone—to all appearances moralising on the vanity of human affairs; for he frequently wags his head in a most sad and philosophical manner, as if quite convinced of the truth of the preacher’s words.

But now—having, as purposed, taken the reader a hasty run through the fair, and shown him the principal objects of interest—I must conclude my sketch. I hope, brief as it necessarily is, that it will give him a tolerably correct notion of an Irish fair, as seen in the prosperous county mentioned at the beginning.

### J. R. PLANCHÉ.

THE subject of our cartoon, Mr. J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald, has recently given to the world a very interesting and amusing book, entitled “Recollections and Reflections.” It is a very pleasant autobiography, and with our sketch of Mr. Planché’s life we propose to unite a notice of the two volumes that contain his recollections.

Mr. Planché’s grandfather was a French refugee, but his parents, both of French stock, were born in London. The author of the “Recollections” made his first appearance on life’s stage in Old Burlington-street, on the 27th of February, 1796. He is therefore seventy-six years of age, and is as active in the prosecution of his literary pursuits as ever he was. Besides publishing this year the book under notice, he has furnished the stage with the lyrical parts of “Babil and Bijou,” Mr. Boucicault’s great show at Covent Garden. Mr. Planché’s father was an eminent watchmaker, and attracted the notice of George III., who often chatted with him in the most familiar manner. He tells this characteristic anecdote of that monarch:—

One day, going to St. James’s with the King’s watch, which had been mended, he told the page that the ribbon was rather dirty. The King overheard this, and coming to the door said—

"What is that, Planché?—what is that?"

Mr. Planché repeated his remark about the state of the royal ribbon, and suggested a new one.

"New ribbon, Planché!" said the King.  
"What for? Can't it be washed?"

This excellent gentleman, having known what it was to be very poor, determined that his son should learn some useful profession or trade. At first, the subject of our notice tried artistic pursuits, but having a very strong development of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, he chose to be articulated to a book-seller. Soon after he turned his attention to playwriting, and became distinguished as an amateur actor of his own characters. His early recollections date back to the destruction by fire of both the great national theatres; the Old Prices row at New Covent Garden; the Young Roscius mania; the retirement of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; and the appearance of Edmund Kean and Miss O'Neil.

In 1818, "Amoroso," a piece of his own, was produced at Drury Lane, and for fifty-four years Mr. Planché has been writing for the stage. In 1820, the "Vampire" was brought out at the Lyceum.

It was three years after this that Mr. Planché began his reform of the costume of the stage: he designed the dresses of "King John," in accordance with the true dresses of the period, *gratuitously* for John Kemble. On the subject of costume, Mr. Planché is the greatest authority we have. It is a matter to which he has devoted many years of earnest study; and he may be regarded as the originator of correct dressing on the stage. This rehabilitation of the characters in "King John" was thoroughly successful, and, he says, "a complete reformation of dramatic costume became from that moment inevitable on the English stage."

On the subject of old armour, too, Mr. Planché is a great authority; and he more than once arranged the splendid collection of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, for public exhibition.

While his two handsome volumes are by no means overburdened by reflections, they contain a fund of most interesting recollections. Without following the autobiographer year by year, we may state, in a few words, that it has been the fortune of the amiable and accomplished playwright and antiquary to know intimately almost all the notabilities

of the stage who have flourished from his youth to the present day; whilst in society he has been everywhere welcome, and has seen and known nearly everybody of social distinction.

His office of Herald has brought him into immediate contact with kings and courts; and his descriptions of courtly scenes, at home and abroad, are not the least interesting portion of his book.

Of course, he has a great store of anecdotes, which he tells in the happiest way; and we select a few at random. We cannot appear to rob such an extensive repertory; and for the rest, if they like these, we refer our readers to the book itself.

Mr. Planché tells a good story of Poole. Dining one day where the host became exceedingly excited and angry at not being able to find any stuffing in a roast leg of pork, Poole quietly suggested—

"Perhaps it is in *the other leg*."

At dinner, on another occasion, a City knight asked—

"Who wrote the 'School for Scandal'?"

Poole, with perfect *sang froid*, replied—

"Miss Chambers, the banker's daughter."

"Ah! indeed," said Sir J——. "Clever girl! very clever girl!"

Almost directly after, Poole said—

"Pray, Sir J——, are you a knight bachelor or a knight errant?"

"Well, now—I really can't say—I don't think I ever was asked that question. I'll make it a point to inquire."

At a theatre once, Mr. Planché heard one of the "gods" exclaim, during the performance of a wretchedly presented melodrama—

"We don't expect no grammar, but you might let the scenes meet!"

On another occasion, a novelty in the shape of a drop-curtain made of looking-glass was advertised and duly produced. There was considerable applause at its appearance. The moment it subsided, a stentorian voice from the gallery shouted out—

"That's all werry well! Now show us summut else!"

Mr. Planché observes—

"What more cutting commentary could

the keenest wit have made upon this costly folly?"

Price, the Drury Lane manager, loved a rubber, and was not more irritable than whist players in general when a partner makes a mistake. His partner apologizing one night for a mistake with—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Price, I thought the queen was out," he replied.

"I'll bet you five pounds, sir, you didn't think any such thing."

Probably pretty near the truth.

There is a characteristic anecdote of Theodore Hook.

"I have been ill," said Hook, "for some time, and my doctors told me never to be out of doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon; dine at Crockford's, or wherever I may be invited; and never go home till this time" (broad daylight) "in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months."

Luttrell, celebrated in society, having accepted a verbal invitation to dinner, asked whom he was going to meet.

"I really don't know, but I believe the Bishop of — for one."

"The Bishop of —!" cried Luttrell. "Mercy upon me! I don't mix well with the dean, but I shall positively effervesce with the bishop."

When Louis Napoleon, then President, met Lady Blessington one day driving in the Champs Elysées, after the first salutations had passed between them he unfortunately asked—

"Comptez-vous rester long-temps ici?"

"Et vous?" was the rejoinder of his *ci-devant* friend.

There is another capital story of Hook. One day an old lady pressed him so much to stay to dinner that he could not possibly refuse. On sitting down, the servant uncovered a dish which contained two mutton chops, and his old friend said—

"Mr. Hook, you see your dinner."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied; "but *where's yours?*"

Mr. Planché has done well. Having

given our readers this taste of his "Recollections," we will now refer them to the book itself.

#### THE VILLAGE SPICE-SHOP.

**B**AGNALL'S, the spice-shop, at the village end,  
To us a sort of Canaan's land,  
Made many a thought to Virgil due,  
Come to his pages second-hand.

And ease gave many a weary thought  
That flashed hope-light through shadows dark,  
In flight from troubling waters, as the dove  
To hand outstretched from floating ark.

And here was faith, that mountains moved;  
That heaviest want, the ready cash:  
The half-year through, our little bill  
Ran up without a stop or gash.

Let infants suck their sleep from thumbs,  
The bliss of ignorance a type;  
Old "Bagnall's humbugs" gave me peace—  
Alas! and gave me many a gripe.

#### BY RULE OF THUMB.

##### CHAPTER XXI.

##### A GOOD DINNER AND BAD APPETITES.

**A**S it was a betrothal dinner to which Fletcher had been invited, Mrs. Lennard had provided an exceedingly tempting repast, being blest with a good and discriminating cook, who took a pride in her art and spared no trouble in that attention to minutiae upon which perfection in everything depends. There were red mullets dressed in vine leaves, and a bit of venison and an iced pudding; and the wine was taken from certain bins which were only visited now and then, being small lots from the stock of a very famous epicure who had died, deeply indebted, some two years before, and for a few dozen from whose cellars Mr. Lennard had bid a pretty high price—not too high, for there was a claret amongst it to have tasted which was a joy for ever. Alas! how that wine was now wasted! The two young people were thinking of each other instead of what they ate and drank, all the time; while their elders were in such a state of mental perturbation that they could scarcely swallow, and were quite incapable of tasting what they did force down their throats. So that when the meal was finished, they might just as well have dined off barbel, boiled mutton, and rice-pudding, washed down with gooseberry and Gladstone claret, for all they knew to the contrary. There is only one consolatory reflection connected with that

meal, which is that only two bottles of that particular velvety-violet wine were opened.

The first few days following the engagement of lovers are the happiest of their lives. The sky is brighter, the air is more invigorating, their fellow-creatures—when they do not get in the way—a nobler and more estimable race of beings than usual. After a week it becomes a matter of course, and external objects reassume their ordinary average properties. The consequent marriage is, of course, a renewal of the delight; but is so mixed up with separation from parents and friends, and the breaking-up of old associations and habits—which is all very painful when you come to the point, though trifling in the distance—that it cannot be compared to the unclouded joy of the newly-betrothed. Besides, expectation always beats fruition in this world.

The abstraction which caused these two absurd young people to be indifferent to their dinner also prevented their observing the perturbed state of mind of the elder couple, which must have forced itself upon the attention of any one in a sane condition. They forced themselves to say cheerful things, and then relapsed into long silences, which they would again break with some exceedingly abrupt remark upon a topic quite unconnected with what had been touched on last. It is true that when the subject he was mad upon was withdrawn by her mother after dinner, Fletcher had a lucid interval, in which it occurred to him that his proposed father-in-law was rather different from the jovial good fellow he had hitherto found him; but the young man, who was blest with remarkably sound and good teeth, and who had been strongly impressed by less fortunate friends with a vivid idea of the horrible tortures he had thereby escaped, had come to mass all the evils with the causes of which he was unacquainted under one head—he concluded that Mr. Lennard had the toothache. So firm was his conviction upon this point, that when—after an evening which seemed to the young people to have lasted about an hour, while the oldsters began to think that some atmospheric disturbance must have stopped all the clocks—he took his departure, his last words were—

“Don’t come into the hall, the night air will be bad for your tooth. Good night—I hope it won’t keep you awake!”

Which somewhat surprised that gentleman, whose teeth were as sound as Fletcher’s.

Fidgety as the parent Lennards had inwardly been while their guest was with them, their hearts sank when he took his departure. Mr. Lennard dreaded being left alone with his wife and cross-examined; and Mrs. Lennard had a much more trying and unpleasant ordeal before her—that of eating the words she had spoken in the morning before her daughter. She did not shrink from it, however; but followed Mary unhesitatingly when she went up to bed.

It is not often that a parent has to beat about the bush in any discussion with a child; and Mrs. Lennard had a particular scorn, often expressed, for all persons who did not say what they had got to say at once, plainly, without circumlocution. And yet she could not, for the life of her, see how to begin her explanation. Another difficulty was to keep out of the range of her daughter’s eyes while she spoke; for she felt that she could never explain herself if the child whom she had taught to walk, talk, and spell, whom she had put in the corner, whipped, petted, and spoiled, was watching her hesitation and confusion. This last obstacle, however, she surmounted by insisting upon unhooking the girl’s dress—an operation which may be protracted to almost any extent, furnishes an excuse for auxiliary exclamations, and during which it is a physical impossibility for the person being undone to look the undoer in the face, unless indeed she has a rotatory head, like an owl, which is, I believe, unusual amongst unfeathered bipeds.

“Have you quite recovered from the fatigue of last night and the emotion of this morning?” asked Mrs. Lennard, as soon as she was ensconced behind her daughter’s back, and toying with the top hook and eye.

“Oh, yes, mamma dear, quite!” cried Mary, energetically.

“And have you forgiven that—that young man, who was urged by his admiration, and perhaps jealousy, and his—dear me, what a stupid hook!—Mexican—it must be bent!—Mexican blood to—to rather forget himself?”

“Forgiven him, mamma, dear! Why, I have hardly thought since about him, and as I am not likely to see him again—”

“Why, that is just it,” interrupted Mrs.

Lennard. "On talking the matter over with your father, it seemed that there were reasons why Don Carlos Perez should not leave the house. Take care, you will wrench this eye off!"

Mary had, indeed, made a half-turn round at this startling announcement; but a sudden thought, which fell chill on her heart, had an effect in arresting that movement which mere care for the integrity of a dress which she would not have to mend herself might have failed to produce.

Were those threats uttered against her father to be feared, after all?

So she stood quite still until her mother had completed her task, and then, disencumbering her arms, and stepping out of the silken wave which thereupon surged around her feet, she seated herself upon the bed, with cheeks almost as white as her gleaming shoulders.

"I know what it is, mamma," she said at last, after her mother had gone on talking, not very coherently for her, for about five minutes—"papa has shot some one in a duel, and this man saw him do it; and if I don't give up Will—William, he will tell the police, and poor papa will be hung or something—for they punish people now for fighting duels; and I know it's that, because papa could not do anything really wrong, I am certain, and duelling is the only honourable thing a gentleman can do that is made such a serious matter by the law, is it not? I was thinking what it could be this morning, before I went to sleep, and it's that—though I did not believe it then, but I do now. Papa has fought a duel, and this Perez saw him; and so I shall have to marry him, and die of a broken heart, and so will William. And, oh, how I hate this wretch! Oh, poor papa, poor William—oh dear! oh dear!"

And then, happily, the storm broke into rain.

"My dear Mary, calm yourself," said Mrs. Lennard, seating herself on the bed, by the side of her daughter, and passing her arms round her. "You were right when you acquitted your father of having ever done anything really wrong or dishonourable, of that I am certain. I know nothing about your other conjecture; indeed, I am quite ignorant whether there was anything whatever in those threats uttered by Perez when he was angry and not quite himself. The reasons why we cannot at once break with this youth and turn him out of the house are of a nature

which cannot be told, not even to you. But there is nothing wrong in the mystery, only great misfortune. As for your being forced to marry this Perez, dismiss such a thought from your mind at once; for I promise you solemnly that, though for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of the enemy I may possibly pretend to entertain the idea of such a union, both your father and myself would die to prevent your suffering such a fate."

"And am I never to know anything of this mystery?" asked Mary, when her mother's reassurances combined with her own tears had soothed and calmed her.

"I sincerely hope, never!" replied the mother. "It could do no good, and would only make me more unhappy. Why should the memory of what is wretched be perpetuated? If you love me, Mary, you will not seek to know it."

And with this Mary had to be content.

When at last Mrs. Lennard left her daughter, she had the prospect of another unpleasant interview with her husband; for the subject could not be put off or shirked. Fortunately, however, he proved to be as reticent as she herself wished, and so they managed to discuss their future conduct and the interests of Mary without touching on the reasons each seemed to have for being so careful not to offend this mysterious Spaniard, but with extreme mutual amazement each at the other's forbearance.

For Mr. Lennard had nearly made up his mind, while undressing, that Clements had broken his promise, and told his wife all about the bill so thoughtlessly signed with an alias, and expected the hour of curtain lecture with a dread no bachelor can comprehend. Suicide, he half expected, would be the only course open to him in the morning. Immense was his relief, then, when she resumed the subject in the same subdued, not to say humble, tone in which she had spoken of it before dinner.

Edith, on her side, had a like suspicion that her husband had received an intimation of the dangerous position in which her father was placed, and his not speaking of it to her was no proof that this was not the threat held over him—an exaggerated delicacy for her feelings having always been the prominent characteristic of his behaviour towards her; indeed, they would have got on better together if he had not been so over-scrupulous as to render sympathy diffi-



cult. If she had been sure, she would have alluded to her father herself. She would have done so, whether he knew anything of the matter or not, if it had not been that it might lead to his discovering how nearly she had married Clements during his absence in Australia; and she could not bear the thought of the humiliation of his learning that.

"Before we go to sleep, Arthur," she said, when they were horizontal, "we ought to come to some decision."

"Certainly, my dear."

"Have you any suggestion to offer?"

"Well, I suppose *he* must stay here—for the present, and we must keep Mary out of his way, and young Fletcher must be encouraged to come here as much as possible; and in the meantime I must see whether I cannot get hold of that—"

"Yes, that what?" said Mrs. Lennard, when he paused.

"Nothing," he replied. "I merely meant, you know, that if all the circumstances which combine to make us careful of giving offence were non-existent, they—they—"

"Yes, go on—they—"

"They would not exist, you know. And now what is your proposition?"

"I cannot determine upon any definite plan at present," said Mrs. Lennard. "We must temporise, negotiate, and be guided by events. But we might lay down one or two rules for our guidance under certain circumstances. For instance, we might agree to stand by each other to the last, happen what might."

"Edith!"

"Even though it seemed advisable to fly from the country together, and seek a new world," continued Mrs. Lennard, the thought striking her at the moment, that if the whole party disappeared Clements's best card would be trumped, as his threat to betray her father could not have been suggested by the idea of any affection she might have for a parent she had never known, and of whose existence she had only been informed by himself, but must have been held out simply upon the speculation that she would shrink from the disgrace of being known in London society to be the daughter of one felon, and to have all but married another. But if she voluntarily abdicated her position in that society repudiation by which was all she had to fear, his proceedings against Broughton would be

a fruitless indulgence of spite at an enormous risk to himself and the prospects of his son.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Lennard, simply, "you know I have always been ready for that or anything else with you; and if you had always felt as you do now, what a happy fellow I should have been—aye, though we had lived in a log hut upon dampers and tea!"

"Poor Arthur!" she replied, "I fear I have not made you a very good wife. I am imperious, worldly, and discontented. Oh! I know the faults of my own character, and if everything went smoothly again I should probably be the same as ever. But when there is danger, you see, why that draws friends together."

"True," said Lennard, with a sigh; "and we are too old for romance."

#### TABLE TALK.

WE have received a second letter from Mr. Hargrave Jennings on the subject of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley: the subject is of such importance as to warrant its insertion. We do this without making any comment of our own upon it.

TO THE EDITOR OF ONCE A WEEK.

SIR—So much interest is felt now in every corroborating incident that may direct light upon the present place or path of Dr. Livingstone, that it is a pity that Mr. Stanley, in his last letter to the *Times*—repeated in all the other journals—does not mention the *name* of the gentleman who "assures him" that "one Amer bin Salim—a relation of Sheikh Hashid—tells Sheikh Hashid that Sheikh Hashid's 'sofari' (caravan) is in progress; and has seen somebody who reports that the Doctor is at Unyanyembe, and is 'all right.'" Which is very consolatory, so far; and we all owe thanks to Amer bin Salim, who is, at all events, "on the tracks." But we should much have liked to have been told the name of the gentleman at Zanzibar, which we should suppose must be somewhat of a small place; and therefore some of us "might have known him." Nevertheless, he reports that "all friends are well"—of which fact we are very glad. There are such facilities now, all over the world, for postal and for electric communication, that the ordinary laborious methods of instituting intelligence with Dr. Living-

stone seem almost superseded. The world is incontestably of smaller girth than it was in the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. I have no doubt that Central Africa is, in its way, a highly civilized, unrecognizable place, could we only get there. That which we want now is, the most rapid means of communication with Dr. Livingstone. I would consequently recommend that a section of experienced Post-office clerks should be sent to Zanzibar, with an apparatus for correct addresses, if not to Unyanyembe (I take precaution before I write the word); even more hazardously, to Mpwa-pwa or to Mrera, Central Ukonongo. In one of these places, Mr. Stanley declares it probable that Dr. Livingstone is now to be found; therefore we start with a plain point of direction. I confess that I believe everything of the skill of a London postman; and I would even confidently entrust the finding of Dr. Livingstone to one of our metropolitan postmen, rather than to some more easily diverted speculative explorers, anxious to send home pictures to the illustrated papers of the striking points of their whereabouts. But, sir, I greatly fear that whereas nothing other turning up would daunt the zeal of my supposed heroic, persevering postman, these terrible consonants and those unpronounceable names would baffle him. Obstacles of pronunciation thus arise which actually interpose burrs and stumbles in our drawing-rooms; with nothing otherwise interfering with our easy, elegant narration. I pity the Royal Geographical Society—nay, I condole with the British Association—for the infliction of these ruthless consonants, unsoftened by the interposition of even a single fluent, pitying vowel, so graceful and liberating to the lips. Our excellent friends the Americans have an appetite for wonders of the “hottest and the strongest.” We, as an older and less boyish nation, are more cautious. Hence certain doubts and some diffidence. Good, plain, unaffected, unromantic Dr. Livingstone—as he was—is dear to us. We want *this* Dr. Livingstone. We do not want the other. We do not want this “war-paint of publicity” to “put in the books.” Granting the truth of something in this Livingstone matter—for the world has very strange things in it—there is yet sometimes a humane limitation to the experiences. Even Moab—upon which these restlessly inquisitive explorers, according to the *Times*, are busy now—must

startle us with discrimination. Our nerves are not equal to these constant surprises—to these reiterated daily sensations. Even the great journal with the “largest circulation in the world” must draw the line judiciously somewhere. It cannot have its Stanley every day. We would advise it to economize its calls to attention. It really solicits us too frequently, with too many fairy tales. It was only the other day that the “largest circulation in the world” sent poor Sir Cloudeley Shovel down in the “Great Metropolitan Storm of November, 1703,” upon which lapsing occasion we suppose its Book of History was *lent*. We ought not to be blamed sometimes for this incredulous sensitiveness. Belief is quite a matter of the disposition. Marco Polo took some thoughtful time in the narration of his wonders. Du Chaillu ventured his Gorillas only on us prudently (originally), one at a time. Human nature is not equal to the supporting (very frequently) even of too many truths. If Dr. Livingstone only comes back “plain Dr. Livingstone,” as he was before,—no talker, no man of tremendous accidents, telling us not the unbelievably romantic tales which he has told Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun.—why, sir, we shall not know him. We English are somewhat dense and lazy in our powers of reception of travellers’ accounts. We have no doubt that much of the indignation of sagacious, well-meaning old Brabantio arose from his impatience of the startling history of the travelled general—“dark Othello”—so unpitifully reiterated, when the commonplace affairs of businesslike, plain Venice claimed the attention of the senator in his quiet home hours—apart from daughters. If we must have fancy and fact both, why, I would humbly propose that we should mix for ourselves: taking for example the efficacious pretext of John Liston, the actor, who, when lodging in the Haymarket, in his early, obscure days, descended to the daily milkman with two judicious jugs—the one, as he assured, with the gravest emphasis, the astonished milkman, for the milk, and the other for the water; Liston reserving to himself submissively the option of mixing—as he suspected the necessity—for himself. But, apart from venturing small jests—without which our meaning would not be gathered in the way in which we wish it—I, in behalf of the friends of Dr. Livingstone, would really like to hear of the instant starting

of a new expedition to the complete relief and rescue of our distinguished countryman, and to the saving of our—at present—much-compromised status for sense in the eyes of the world. I am certainly not wrong in pointing out that there has been exhibited too much quickness—this on all sides—in “discounting”—to use the only word expressive of that which I wish to enforce—this great discovery and this temporary relief of Dr. Livingstone. All will, I think, agree with me in judging that we have now quite sufficiently talked and flourished about these matters. It is said that all this Livingstone surprise was intended to have reached England by the way of New York, and that the letters were to have been delivered to Livingstone's friends from the American continent, to second and back up the 'cute diplomatic efforts which have been recently so successful at Geneva—certainly successful in the American interest. We think that there has been some “slumbrous influence” in the whole affair in regard of England. But if so—and if we are now to “wake up”—let us ourselves recover as well as we can the triumphing steps ahead which have been gained over us—at all events, in regard of Livingstone.—I remain, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF “THE ROSICRUCIANS.”

London, Sept. 17th, 1872.

TWO WELSH GENTLEMEN, Mr. Rosser and Mr. Morgan Evans, quarrelled about the name of a village called Llynnngffwddvaur. Mr. Morgan Evans was for rendering the fourteenth letter “d,” Mr. Rosser “v.” The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—“Ultimately Mr. Rosser, finding it impossible to bring Mr. Morgan Evans to his way of thinking, went out, procured some hot lime from an adjoining building, and returning to the Coed-y-David farm, rubbed the lime in Mr. Morgan Evans' eyes. Whether, in the event of Mr. Morgan Evans being able to see again, he will spell the word ‘Llynnngffwddaur’ or ‘Llynnngffwddvaur,’ remains to be seen. But at the present moment he is blind, and Mr. Nathaniel Rosser is in gaol, under remand, awaiting the issue of the remedies which have been applied.” These words were quite awful enough to lead to a quarrel, and offer one argument to the Welsh patriots for dropping their own and entirely adopting the English tongue. But as they were quoted into a London paper from a paper

printed in Wales, they were printable if not pronounceable by English people. In the same week, however, science beat the printers at Brighton, and they gave in. The *Brighton Daily News*, after undertaking to report the whole of the speeches and addresses at the meeting of the British Association, and proceeding for some days boldly and successfully in its enterprise, took fright at the word “Dinitrobrobenzene;” not unnaturally observing that, “since the communication was full of such words as ‘mononitromonobrombenzene’ and ‘metamononitromonobrombenzene,’ we do not imagine a full report would be interesting to our general readers.” The reports of the British Association should be printed in Wales. A Welsh compositor would make short work of the most crackjaw terms of science.

IT IS NOT uninteresting to notice the different dispositions of hens. I have one, with chickens, that goes about all day in the field, slowly plodding and working for her family. Another hangs all the day about the back door, hoping to catch, for her young, the remains of toast and water, or skins of roast potatoes. Another is a fighter, and spends most of her time in bullying the others. One, that is sitting, comes off her eggs every hour and a half to get a little sun and food; whilst another sits on her nest until she becomes almost a skeleton. I had a quarrelsome cock, who was a perfect tyrant over another that was quite willing peacefully to acknowledge his supremacy; but one day, feeling the situation to be intolerable, cock number two turned upon his oppressor, and gave him a sound thrashing.

YOU GET ACCUSTOMED, in time, to being thought a villain; and if the uncharitableness of people stirs up the desire, by perseverance in good deeds and uprightness, to give it the lie, a noble and great result is produced. Only look at the countenance of an honourable and generous lad, the first time his best impulses have been thought mean and selfish and overreaching, and you will see a dire agony upon it.

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.*

*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of “Ready-money Mortiboy,” entitled “MY LITTLE GIRL.”*

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NEW SERIES.

No. 248.

September 28, 1872.

Price 2d.

## N E T T L E S.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER VII.

ANYWHERE!—ANYWHERE!



TIM, full of pain both in mind and body, sat alone in his chamber, almost dreading to think of what he had done, lest he should remember some crime that had escaped his memory. He looked through the window at the people passing, in a dreamy sort of way, wondering if they were happy, if they had fathers and mothers, and if they had ever been locked up and thrashed without knowing why. He watched and watched until the red sun touched the horizon, and shadows fell about the housetops. Lights began to flicker in the windows, and darkness fell over all things; but, still lost in reverie, he watched and watched.

At last, he heard footsteps on the stairs. In an instant he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, threw them across a chair, jumped into bed, and pretended to be asleep. The door was unlocked, and some one entered the room. It was his mother. She kissed him in the dark, whilst he slept—as she thought—and said, in whispers, he was a dear boy, and she loved him. Then she left the room as softly as she had entered, locked the door gently, and went downstairs again.

Tim put on his clothes, feeling all the better for a mother's kiss and a kind word; but when he remembered that he had been thrashed, that he had spoken the truth, and that his own father had told him he would come to a bad end, and disgrace his parents, he felt that he had been wronged, and burned with indignation. What should he do? Was

he, like a prisoner, to stay in that room for a week without knowing his offence? No, he would do all kinds of desperate things rather. He would run away! Why not? Others had done so, and prospered. The wonderful tales he had read of boys who had plodded through the world to find fortune and fame flocked to his memory—but he knew not how many had fallen by the wayside to die in misery and want. Wondrous were the resolves he made. He would make a way for himself, and return to his home some day a rich gentleman, to show them he was not doomed to a bad end. Oh! for the lamp of Aladdin!

He listened without moving till all were abed; and when everything was still in the house, save the crickets' shrill chirp and the ticking of the big clock, he struck a match, and lit a candle that stood on the drawers. He turned pale and trembled, for he had now determined to run away! He put on two suits of clothes, and made all the little preparations necessary. He broke open his money box, containing the savings of years, chiefly in threepenny and fourpenny pieces.

Ha! blew out the light, drew the blind—and O how beautifully the moon shone! The church bell struck twelve, and the sounds echoed with a crazy twang round the crumbling tower, and died away in solemn sighs about the gravestones. He thought it would be better to leave a note behind him, but there was not another match with which to light the candle again. By the shine of the moon he wrote a few lines on the blank page of a book, and left it open on his pillow. Still he lingered, thinking of the trouble he might cause, and trying to persuade himself that, if he had patience, all would be well. But no, that was an excuse for cowards. To run away was for his own good, if he dared—and he must.

His room was at the back of the house, facing the garden, and only a few feet from the ground, so that he could easily make his

escape. He opened the window carefully, and dropped on to a flower bed below. With a beating heart, he paused awhile to realize what he had done. He had turned his back upon his home and friends for good or bad.

The big moon seemed to wink, and call him fool. He stood in the garden like one enchanted, with his eyes turned towards the quiet house—his home. The church bell, with a heavy thump, struck one!

With a strange feeling, he tramped slowly away; and with tears falling from his cheeks, glanced once more, and only once, at the home he was leaving, perhaps for ever. Then he started across the fields for Puddletown—a village about eleven miles away. All around him was so profoundly still that he almost feared his footsteps should be heard; but the farther he went the bolder he became, and soon he even dared to swing his arms about, and look at the stars.

A mile from Peckfield, he left the fields and entered on the highway. Onwards—onwards! The chalky road stretched over the hills before him like a white riband. Onwards—onwards! by cots and farms. Onwards—onwards! by thicket and brake, over bridge and heath. Still onwards—onwards he went, watching for the daylight, and thinking of the morrow. Gradually the stars died away 'twixt day and night, and the sun's rays lit up the trembling dew-drops like shining diamonds. Birds began to hop in the hedges, and the morning air was fresh and healthy. Before him there was the little village in the distance, with its church rearing in the midst among clustering trees.

He stayed at a farmhouse by the way, and drank some new milk, for which he paid a penny. Often he had been in the same house for mugs of new milk, and well he knew the giant farmer who waited on him.

"A vine marn this marn," said the big farmer, with a shake of his head.

"Yes, it is—very fine," said Tim. "Do you know the time, Mr. Mulber?"

"Wal, I'd think it be atween zix and zeven," he replied.

"What a long time I've been out in the dark," thought Tim.

"You be out arly this marn, Master Rooke."

"Yes, it is rather early. Is it far from Puddletown to Blunderford Station?"

"We d' carl it zeven mile good," said the

farmer, with another shake of his head and a doubtful glance at his little visitor, who was dusty and pale.

"Thank you, Mr. Mulber," said Tim; and wishing his friend good morning, he went on his way with a better spirit. He was at Blunderford at nine o'clock, and learned at the station that a train started for London at 9.20. Half asleep, hungry, and tired, he waited on the platform until the bell announced the arrival of the train. He took a third-class ticket to London. He deemed that about the best place to go to, but he had no idea what he should do when he got there.

The train started, and Tim fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT A LOLLIPOP SHOP.

SOON after twelve the train arrived at Wiggleton. The noise of trucks being banged about by porters, and of trains arriving and departing, awoke Tim. He opened his eyes, and as he did so the gloomy remembrance of what had happened came to him with the daylight.

A porter passed alongside the train, calling out in painful accents the name of the station; but it being impossible for strangers to trace the sounds to any known English word or words, the passengers who knew the place told the passengers who did not that it was Wiggleton.

A burly man, with a red face, bawled out that the passengers were to—"change here" for London—gabble—gabble—gabble, and to keep their seats for what fell on the ear like Wirly-wirly-wirly.

"Do I change here for London?" asked Tim, who by no means comprehended what the red-faced man had been talking about.

"Rayther, if yer want to get thear," was the answer.

Tim learned that the next third-class train did not start for London until nine in the evening. He called for a cup of tea at the refreshment-rooms, and soon after strolled away to inspect the town.

What a great noisy place Wiggleton was! Hundreds of tall chimneys were pouring out black clouds of smoke; in every street there were fierce policemen with heads erect, moving no part of their bodies but their legs; ladies and gentlemen were for ever coming and going in cabs and fancy carriages, and every place was thronged with busy people.

Tim explored the town until three in the afternoon, when he became tired. He read all sorts of curious names on signboards, and frequently stopped to examine the wonders displayed in shop windows, which greatly astonished him. A confectioner's window he came to was very attractive; and the sweetmeats being reflected on each side in looking-glasses, it was nothing less than gorgeous. There were lollipop lions and tigers, with yellow heads and purple tails, all bearing marks of a frantic study of the penny natural history books in the next shop window. To the right was a pink lion, as though meditating an attack upon a gingerbread horse with three legs. The horse, however, was only in possession of one eye—a green one—which was placed in such a position that the horse was prevented, beyond the possibility of a doubt, from viewing the fierce attitude of the lion.

"Ye gods! Well, I'm sure. Wonders never cease—Timothy Rooke, by Jove," said some one.

Tim looked round hastily, and in another moment was shaking hands in a friendly manner with a well-dressed young man, who appeared to be about twenty-three years of age. It was a runaway apprentice of Mr. Rooke, when that gentleman was flourishing as a grocer. We must introduce him to the reader as Dick Bufton. He was attired in a neat suit of brown, of fashionable cut and good fit. He had a dark complexion, large black eyes, and a pleasing expression of countenance. He had on a tall hat, worn a little on one side; and his general appearance was such as would make a favourable impression anywhere.

"Well, Tim, my boy, how d'ye do? Whatever are you doing here? 'Pon my word, I am glad to see you, though. On a visit, eh?" asked Dick, as they marched away together.

"No, I'm not on a visit exactly," said Tim, with a slight blush.

"What then?"

"Well, I've a—I've a—"

"You've a—what?"

"I've run away from home!"

"Ye gods! Well, that is a caution, by Jove. Tell us all about it. Well, I never!"

Tim briefly related the unfortunate circumstances that had caused him to leave home. Dick sympathized with him, and endeavoured to make things appear cheerful. He was some such a break had been

made, but he appreciated Tim's pluck notwithstanding, and gave him a cordial invitation to take tea with him at his apartments.

"You're a brave, independent little runaway," said Dick. "Cheer up; we'll have some hot tea, and talk of old times. Never despair. Be a philosopher—what cannot be cured must be endured."

## CHAPTER IX.

### DICK'S APARTMENTS.

ON they went, arm in arm, past smoky factories and big houses, until they darted into a yard, and came out into a long straggling road, lined with dirty buildings. They stopped at number five. There were some dead flies in the window at number five, and a card upside down, having on it the word "Lodgings."

"This is my residence," said Dick, opening the door, and passing into a little back parlour: "the abode where I rest my weary limbs by night, and live in peace by day. Come along, old boy—shut the door. Here's a fire, and that's what I like at all times and in all places. Sit down, make yourself easy, and we'll feed at once."

He rubbed his hands, and regarded his visitor with genuine pleasure. He pulled the bell, and went on ringing—talking to Tim at the same time—until there was a knock and a shuffle at the door.

"Whatever *do* yer want, sur?" asked a very fat and very little woman, as she poked her head in at the door. "I do declare, I real-ly was afeared when I he-ard yer a-ringing so impatient like. Oh, I beg pard'n, I see as how you've a young gem'n. I suppose yer requires yer tea, sur? Yes, sur, I'll see to it, sur. The kettle biles—it'll not be long. I've got a few things to take in, and then I'll attend to you, sur."

"Thanks. As soon as ever you are released from your onerous duties in the back kitchen, I shall be extremely obliged if you will favour us with something good, and plenty of it," said Dick in lofty style.

The little woman, who wore an apron large enough for an overgrown giantess, paid great attention, and gave sundry nods during Dick's speech, seeming to intimate that she perfectly understood what he had said, and had anticipated what he would say before he opened his lips. When she received her orders she disappeared, and was heard to go downstairs into the cellar kitchen, with a grunt at each step.

"That is the landlady of whom I hire my apartments; and an extremely good old creature she is, too, I assure you. Her name is Pudge—Mrs. Sarah Pudge—and she is a widow."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Sarah is a widow—ye gods! an immense widow."

"Please, sur, mother says as how there's no butter," said a girl, with a dirty face, standing at the door with her mouth wide open.

"Miss Pudge, is that a fact?" asked Dick, in stately surprise; "then give my compliments to your respected mamma, and say I kindly request that she will send for one quarter of a pound to the little shop round the corner, on my account."

Miss Pudge, who appeared to be about eleven years of age, and very much like her mother, vanished; but returned in a few minutes with her mouth still wide open.

"Please, sur," Miss Pudge commenced, "mother says as how yer moite want summat else. Mother says as how they've some nice rinkles, sur."

"*Rinkles!* Miss Pudge, you astonish me—really, you astonish me. Ye gods! Then give my respects to your devoted mamma, and tell her I give her full authority to purchase rinkles—otherwise winkles, Miss Pudge, *winkles* with a 'w'—winkles, shrimps, herrings, or any other reasonable eatable that may improve the feast or add to the general comfort of those partaking of the said feast. Don't forget. Ye gods!"

Tim sat with his head on one side, wrapt in rumination. It was November, and a dark night had already set in. The room became dusky, the flickering flames cast elfin shadows on the walls, and the wind, whistling in the chimney, made the fire burn brighter still. Tim felt how different were all things from home, where he had had no trouble, excepting the last one. He asked himself if his mother would ever care for him again—if his father would ever think well of him any more? What could he do in the great noisy world? And yet he would rather die than go back again, like a wretched little coward. Some day—some day he might go back. When? He turned his head towards the window, and the dull road was dreary as his own thoughts. The rain came beating against the panes, and, as he moved again to the comfortable blaze, he thought how fortunate he had been to find a friend and a fire.

"Well, Tim, my boy, what are you *going* to do, now that you have left the house of your parents and the land of your birth?"

"Work," answered Tim, unhesitatingly.

"What at, my friend?"

"Anything."

"Well done!—you're a stunner," said Dick; "and I'm proud to think it of you."

Mrs. Pudge, puffing and blowing, appeared with a huge tray full of cups, saucers, plates, &c., all shaking together in merry clatter. Two composite candles were lit, the blinds drawn down, and both drew up to the table.

"What so soothing as a cup of tea? What so refreshing? A luxury alike to statesman and washerwoman. We may become tired of cold mutton for dinner, and of bacon and eggs for breakfast; but from day to day and year to year, we greet our cup of tea with a smile; and, as we sip, become more agreeable, and nearly always leave the table feeling that we have more of life in us." So saying, Dick passed his guest a cup of hot tea and a herring, advising him to steer clear of the bones, make himself at home, and keep his pecker up.

"You're very kind," said Tim. "I don't know what I should have done if I had not met you."

"I am proud to see you, and glad fortune, or misfortune, has thrown you in my way."

"What have you been doing since you left Peckfield, and what made you run away?" asked Tim, becoming more talkative and cheerful.

"I was just going to tell you," Dick replied. "I left because I was given to understand that I was not wanted any longer. I ran away with the intention of visiting the mighty London; and of course I had fully resolved to make a fortune in a short time—a grand delusion that haunts the minds of many young men."

"I'm going to London on the same errand," said Tim.

"I think I can show you a better game than going to the great metropolis; but let me tell you what I have been doing. I was making my way by train to London, and when I reached here—that is to say, when I reached Wiggleton—I was informed that I must change for London if I had the slightest intention of visiting that quarter of the globe. Well, of course I at once followed the instructions given me by the railway official. I asked a porter how long it would

be before I could proceed on my journey to the great metropolis; and in a brief conversation with him, I gathered facts to the effect that it was a total impossibility for me or any other human being to leave Wiggleton for the said great metropolis before nine o'clock at night."

"That is my train," said Tim.

"Well, under these incommodious circumstances, I left the station and promenaded the town—even as you have been doing this very day. After I had read a certain long bill, which I saw on a certain long wall, I was induced to pursue certain steps, but for which it is extremely probable you would not now be taking tea with me, in this the month of November, in the house of my esteemed landlady, Mrs. Pudge. However, to make a long tale short, the long bill I read was nothing more nor nothing less than a theatre bill. I suddenly thought I could earn a living as an actor. Ye gods! What think you of that? Marry, come up! Every night I haunted the theatre. I followed some of the actors home to ascertain where they lived, which happened to be in this very house, and I succeeded in getting apartments here myself. The result was that I became known to them, went to see the plays behind the scenes, and finally offered my services to do anything I could. They were accepted; and I am now an actor, and a professional actor, at the Theatre Royal, Wiggleton. Ye gods, how fickle is fortune! That is the top and bottom of it, Tim; and now allow me to offer you another cup of the highly flavoured gunpowder."

"You astonish me!" said Tim. "Then you are an actor!"

"Yes, my friend," said Dick, with great importance; "that is the profession of Dick Bufton, otherwise Horatio Harcourt; and that reminds me that I must be in the theatre in an hour. Don't hurry yourself—plenty of time. You must come and see us to-night, because—there is no mistake—we have got a splendid programme. I will show you what is what, and what is not what to-night!"

He pulled a bill from his pocket, and handed it to Tim, who read—

### THEATRE ROYAL, WIGGLETON.

THE GRAND SHAKSPEAREAN TRAGEDY OF

### H A M L E T.

Prince of Denmark, &c., &c., &c.

Dick, leaning back in his chair as though

he were the original Prince of Denmark himself, smiled with supreme satisfaction.

"You must not miss that on any account. It is the most brilliant thing that was ever coined by the noddle of mortal man."

"What character do you play?" inquired Tim—"Horatio?"

"No—Laertes. I played Guildenstern before; but to-night I appear as Laertes, and you must come and see how I acquit myself—

'To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation.'

That is what I shall say to the King; and I shall also say to Hamlet, when he jumps into the grave—

'The devil take thy soul!'

And at the same time I shall pummel him. Then he will invite me to drink up Esil, and eat a crocodile, and I shall respectfully decline to do anything of the sort, leave the stage, and do a bitter instead. You must come; and you will come, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll come; but the train goes at nine, you know."

"No more o' that, an thou lovest me, Tim. I'm your friend, and I speak to you from experience—from a long experience—and I hope you'll listen to what I say. Ye gods! It is of no use in the world for you to go to London unless you have something to do, and plenty of filthy lucre in your pockets. The best thing you can do will be to stay with me for a week or two, and see what turns up."

Tim thanked Dick many times, and at last consented to stay a day or two, believing that by so doing he might find employment.

"A day or two!" exclaimed Dick. "A month at least. Ye gods!"

### AN INDIAN CEMETERY.

A VISIT to an Indian cemetery is a melancholy subject to write about, but by no means devoid of interest. Very few families are there in England who have not a near relation—a dear friend, perhaps—whose bones lie beneath the soil in some far-off Indian burying-ground; to such it may be pleasant to know that—though owing to the excessive heat and the heavy rains the monuments and tombstones are con-



stantly getting out of repair, though the cemetery itself may have been filled and closed for years—yet still, in nearly every case, they are kept in decent order; and the inscriptions, being renewed from time to time, keep the memory of those who lie beneath ever green.

I was last year at the large military station of Secunderabad, in the Nizam's dominions; and in the course of my morning rides I had often noticed a large cemetery, which had been closed for many a long year, crowded with lofty monuments and tombs. It was a conspicuous object from the roadside. Secunderabad has always had the name for being one of the best and healthiest stations in India, but the inscriptions upon some of the monuments would naturally cause some doubt to be thrown on this statement. Nothing could have been worse in any way than the situation of this cemetery—only a hundred yards distant from the cavalry barracks, in which there is always quartered a European regiment, and in full view of it: it must have the same lively effect on the men that a skull has upon a hermit. By the way, the military authorities, thinking, I suppose, that the soldiers could not have too much of a good thing, have actually placed another cemetery adjoining the other side of the barracks. This, though not as yet full, is rapidly becoming so; and it will be, no doubt, long ere the men are removed to the healthier barracks at Trimulgherry, the construction of which has been for many months at a standstill—want of money on the part of Government, it is stated (with what truth I don't know), being the sole reason. These cemetery-enclosed barracks have been condemned for many years past by the medical department. The water from the wells around has been analyzed, and pronounced unfit for drinking purposes; and, in consequence, it has to be procured at great trouble and expense daily from a distance of three miles. Is it, then, so very much to be wondered at that cholera should sometimes attack the soldiers in these barracks, there being a notable instance of it last year? I determined, on the first opportunity, to visit this disused graveyard. Finding one morning the gate open, I took advantage of it, and wandered in. It was, indeed, full. There was one long path down the centre, on each side of which the tombs were ranged so close together, that if you left the path you had to squeeze be-

tween them with difficulty. Very little taste is displayed in the designs of the generality of monuments in Indian cemeteries, more especially in those executed twenty or thirty years ago. They seem to have been left to the imagination of the Hindoo or Mohamadan workman, who succeeded in producing what he no doubt imagined a triumph of art, but which is about as ugly and heathenish a looking structure as can be conceived: huge table monuments seem to be the rule, with here and there a stunted obelisk, crowned with a large stone face, which seemed placed there for the special accommodation of the kites and crows, who were always perched on the top. These monuments are constructed of rough stones and mortar, plastered over with chunam—a kind of cement made of burnt shells, &c.—and on one side some dark-coloured stone is let in, on which the inscription is placed. The size of the monuments seems to have been regulated according to the rank of the deceased. I remember seeing one so lofty, and of so pretentious a kind, that I imagined it had been erected to the memory of a regiment; but, on reading the inscription, I found it was to some "political." In other cemeteries that I visited, I noticed that there was a decided improvement in those monuments that had been lately put up—there were some even that showed great taste. I was glad to see in this cemetery that everything was kept in thorough repair: the inscriptions were all perfectly legible, the grass and rank weeds that sprang up as if by magic during the rains had been cut down, and the paths neatly kept. Great credit is due to the chaplain under whose charge it is placed. I took down in my note-book the inscriptions on several. The first one I came to bore the following:—

Erected to the Memory  
of

137 Non-commissioned Officers and Privates  
And Seven Women of His Majesty's 33rd Regiment,  
Who died in the cantonment of Secunderabad  
Between the 12th April, 1806, and 10th April, 1810.

Near this were the graves of three officers of the same regiment. Farther on there was another monument:—

Erected to the Memory  
of

17 Officers, 61 Non-commissioned Officers,  
562 Privates, 39 European Women,  
And 55 Children of H.M. 30th Regiment,  
Who died in the Dominions of H.H. Nizam,  
Between 8th October, 1818, and 1st March, 1827.

To the right of this there was one:—

Erected by  
The 45th Nottinghamshire Regiment,  
To the Memory of  
22 Officers, 70 Sergeants, 44 Corporals,  
17 Drummers, 995 Privates, 103 Women,  
187 Children  
Of the Regiment,  
Who have Died  
From the Date of its Embarkation  
For India, in January, 1819, to the 18th of  
November, 1836, when the Regiment  
Marched for Arnee, preparatory to its  
Return to England.  
Died at Secunderabad,  
4 Officers, 12 Sergeants, 3 Drummers,  
166 Privates, 22 Women, and 37 Children.

Near this another:—

Erected  
By H.M. 46th Regiment to the  
Memory of  
11 Officers, 28 Non-commissioned Officers,  
4 Drummers, 290 Privates, 32 Women,  
And 77 Children, who died at  
Secunderabad between the 21st of  
August, 1826, and 16th of December,  
1832.

There were a great many other monuments of officers of other regiments; also of ladies and children. A high wall enclosed the burial-ground, and there was a tablet which stated that it was finally closed in 1837. Looking at the mortality of a regiment during its sojourn in India, and taking the 45th Regiment as an example, the custom that prevailed some years ago of putting a soldier under stoppages for his coffin on his embarkation for India does not seem so very unnecessary a piece of foresight.

## THE PAINTED CHAMBER.

\*IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

IN Michaelmas term of the year 185—, a young friend of mine was admitted at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to practise as an attorney and solicitor of her Majesty's Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Chancery, for Upper Canada.

Had he chosen to commence practice in Toronto, he might have succeeded, in the course of four or five years, in getting together a remunerative little business there; but he was poor, and, moreover, within forty-eight hours after his admission he contracted obligations which rendered it imperative that he should very soon be in the receipt of a certain income. To put the matter more

definitely, he married. On the 21st of November he was sworn in to "true allegiance bear to Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria," to keep the secrets of his future clients, and generally to demean himself honestly as an attorney and solicitor; and on the 23rd of the same month he was further "sworn in" to bear true allegiance to another sovereign lady; and in the latter case the obligation included a liability to "love, honour, and cherish." So, you see, he could not afford to wait four or five years. It was necessary for him to settle down to work at once; which he did in a small inland town.

This was about twenty years ago. Since then, he has succeeded in getting together a reasonable share of the good things of this life, and within the last twelvemonth has retired from practice.

A letter which I recently received from him contains some particulars of his early experience in Forestville, which are of a somewhat extraordinary character, and which, I think, cannot fail to prove interesting to the general public. With his permission, I now lay the details, in his own words, before the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*. Of course, I have substituted fictitious names for those of the real personages and places alluded to in the narrative; but in every other respect the following is a transcript of the very words of a portion of his letter.

MR. RUSHWORTH SCRIBIT.

In less than a fortnight after my marriage, I one morning found myself *en route* for Forestville, where I had determined to commence practice. Since then, the town alluded to has trebled in population, but at that time it could only boast of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. I settled there upon the recommendation of my former principal, who represented that it consisted of an almost exclusively Scotch community; that it was situated in the middle of one of the best wheat-growing districts in the province; that consequently it was certain to thrive; and that, as there was no attorney resident there, I could not fail to thrive likewise.

As railways were few in Canada at that time, I was obliged to travel the greater part of the way from Toronto to Forestville by stage, and the journey took nearly three days. A good deal of the road lay through wood and swamp, and upon reaching my destination I felt as though I must have arrived at

what Western men call "the jumping-off place of civilization." I put up for the night at the Queen's Arms, and on the following morning sallied forth in quest of an office. I had a letter of introduction to the proprietor of the Forestville Agricultural Works, who had been truly described to me as the "bone and sinew" of the place. He received me very cordially, and was much pleased to learn that a professional man was about to settle in the town. He pointed out a house that was to be vacant in about three weeks, and which would suit me admirably. Of course, you will understand that I had left my wife at home in Toronto, where she was to remain until I could set a house in order, which we had calculated could not be done under several weeks; meanwhile I was to engage board for myself wherever might be most convenient.

The proprietor of the Agricultural Works aforesaid informed me that one or two rooms over a grocery and provision "store," kept by one McBean, in the main street, would be a suitable locality for my office; and I lost no time in calling upon Mr. McBean, and making the necessary arrangements. The building referred to was a large two-storey one, and had been built for a tavern many years ago; but, owing to the death of the then owner, it had never been used as such. In fact, it had been very little used for any purpose. It had been empty for many years, until Mr. McBean opened out a stock of groceries and provisions in it upon his arrival in Forestville a few months previously. His family, which was small, lived at the rear of the store, and the entire upper flat, consisting of nine rooms, was vacant. I went over most of these rooms, a great many of which were nearly ruinous from disuse; but some of them were in a tolerably good state of repair. Having fixed upon the largest of these for my office, with a smaller room adjoining, to be used in case of necessity, I inquired of Mr. McBean if he knew of any private house in the town where I could procure board and lodging for a short time, as I was decidedly averse to remaining at the Queen's Arms if such a course could possibly be avoided. It was doubtless for my interest, in a pecuniary point of view, to remain there, as I would there enjoy facilities for speedily becoming acquainted with the public; but if there is one place more repulsive to me than another, that place is a Canadian country inn. A continual round of drinking

bad whisky is the order of the day, as well as of the night, in these establishments; in which pastime every one present, no matter what his degree, is bound to participate, upon pain of being stigmatized as a *Bon Ton*. Under these circumstances, I was much gratified to learn from Mr. McBean that he thought he could arrange it for me to board in the house with his family for the short time I should require such accommodation, and that there was plenty of spare furniture "below stairs" to fit up the *Painted Room* for me. This room had not yet been shown to me, and my companion now led the way to it.

The Painted Room was situated on the second flat, but at a considerable distance from my proposed office—in fact, quite at the other end of the building. A stairway led up to the second flat from the ground floor. To the left of the head of the stairway was the door opening into my office; but in order to reach the Painted Room it was necessary to turn to the right, and traverse the entire length of a long hall which ran from the top of the stairway to the eastern end of the building, where a door opened into the Painted Room from the right hand side of the hall.

It was an odd-looking apartment, certainly. The very last sort of apartment one would expect to find in such an out-of-the-way spot—or, indeed, in any other spot. It has never been my fortune to meet with anything in the faintest degree resembling it, either before or since that time.

In size it was about twenty feet square. The walls and ceiling were painted, and painted with the most singular and grotesque-looking designs ever conceived by mortal. Considered as works of art, they were the veriest daubs in the universe; and there was such an utter incongruity in the subjects as to be absolutely startling. Half of one wall was covered by a picture professing to represent Blarney Castle, but which was like no castle that ever was built since the creation of mankind—unless, perhaps, an opium-eater's castle in the air; while the other half of the wall was—shall I say embellished?—by a frightfully distorted copy of, or rather parody on, Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." On the next wall, a sufficiently placid-looking landscape ran into a hideous representation of "The Raising of Lazarus." The views disfiguring the remaining two walls need not be particu-

larly described; suffice it to say that they were shocking. The ceiling was less objectionable as to the subject, but equally abominable in point of execution, and represented "Venus Rising from the Sea." There was an indescribable something about each and every one of these productions which inspired me with disgust, and—dare I confess it?—with a feeling very nearly allied to terror. A door opening out of this apartment disclosed a small bed-room, which, thank Heaven, was not painted; and which, considering the length of time which had elapsed since it had been whitewashed, was tolerably clean.

In answer to my inquiries, Mr. McBean informed me that these paintings were the productions of a certain individual named Tom Rhodes, now defunct. I subsequently learned that Tom Rhodes, when in the flesh, was a painter who came of a respectable old country family—and who, had he given himself half a chance, would have been a very distinguished member of his profession; but who had become a most debased sot, and settled in Forestville, where he had contrived to obtain the means of supplying himself with liquor by painting signs and doors, and anything else he could get to paint. He had lived in this chamber during several months of his life; and, in the intervals of *delirium tremens*, had amused himself by reducing the walls and ceilings to their present hideous condition.

Mr. McBean further informed me that if I thought proper he would have these two rooms properly cleaned and dusted, and that they would be ready for my occupation on the following day. As I should only require them for so short a time, he said it would be useless to buy any new furniture, but that he could put in sufficient out of his rooms downstairs to enable me to get along. He would let me have these two rooms, together with board and attendance, for the very reasonable sum of three dollars per week. My meals would of course be served downstairs, along with those of the rest of the family.

The terms were reasonable, certainly; and, besides, it was an advantage to have my sleeping apartments in the same house as my office. And yet, in the innermost recesses of my heart, I did not by any means relish the idea of sitting out the long dull evenings in the Painted Room, and sleeping

I left the door open, those hideous pictures would be staring down into my face all the night through. I was too much ashamed of my cowardice, however, to allow these feelings to prevail; and I closed with my landlord on the terms he had mentioned.

In the course of the same day my office was furnished. I slept that night at the Queen's Arms, and next morning opened my office with a view to business. I was not long without employment. The proprietor of the Agricultural Works sent me two clients the very first day; and by the time night arrived, I had every reason to feel satisfied with the prospect ahead.

After tea, I retired for the first time to the Painted Room—which I found had been furnished quite as ostentatiously as there was any occasion for—and betook myself to inditing a letter to my recently acquired partner for life. I was conscious of an uncomfortable nervous feeling all the evening, but attributed it to the loneliness of my situation, and shook it off as best I could. A little before eleven o'clock, I retired for the night, taking especial care that the door opening into the hall should be securely locked and bolted.

Some time during the night I awoke to the consciousness that I was not alone. I rubbed my eyes, and sat up in bed. I could see no one, but I heard a footstep pacing up and down the carpet on the floor of the Painted Chamber, as distinctly as ever I heard a footstep in my life.

Was I frightened? Of course I was. Whenever any man describes himself as having been in a situation at all resembling mine at that moment, and further describes himself as being quite tranquil and free from alarm, put that man down in your mind as a coward and a boaster. I *was* frightened, but I was not terrified, and didn't occupy many seconds in drawing my revolver from beneath my pillow, and directing its muzzle towards the entrance to my bed-room.

"Who's there?" I shouted.

No answer; but still the footfall continued as regularly and distinctly as ever. It seemed to pass from one side of the room to the other; then turn and retrace to the opposite wall; and so on. I listened for, I should think, full two minutes more ere I repeated my inquiry, which I then did more loudly

Still no response, and still the footfall continued to sound.

I could stand it no longer. Grasping my revolver firmly in my hand, with my forefinger pressed against the trigger, I sprang out of bed and lighted my candle—the footfall sounding, all the while, neither more nor less distinctly than before.

I stepped out into the Painted Chamber. The moment I entered it, the footfall ceased. I examined every hole and corner of the room most minutely. No trace of any living thing.

I don't mind admitting that I was more frightened than ever, and that I was afraid to go to bed again. I had no watch, and could form no idea of the time of night; but I dressed myself as expeditiously as I could, laying down my revolver as often as it became necessary for me to use both my hands; and then sat down to wait for morning.

After I had sat there for some little time, the footfall not again making itself heard, I began to feel ashamed, and to try to persuade myself that I had been the dupe of nervousness. Having at length argued myself into the belief that this must be the case, I summoned up courage, undressed, and went to bed; where I soon fell asleep, and did not awake until late next morning, when I was aroused by the servant knocking at the door of the Painted Room, and announcing that breakfast was ready.

In the broad daylight, I felt so thoroughly ashamed of my fears of the previous night that I determined to say nothing about them to any one—and didn't.

Not to multiply details, I may briefly state that I had precisely similar experiences during the next two nights. Upon each occasion the footfall ceased to sound the moment I passed from my bed-room into the Painted Room.

I did not then arrive, nor have I ever since arrived, at any conclusion as to the nature of the disturbance; but there was something, to say the least, so uncomfortable about this state of things, that I resolved to subject myself to it no longer. I announced to Mr. McBean that, upon reconsidering the matter, I had concluded that it would be more advantageous for me to come in contact with the public as speedily as possible, which I could of course do much more effectually at the Queen's Arms than in a private house. I remunerated him liberally for his trouble in

preparing the rooms for my accommodation, and he made no objection.

As already intimated, I have never been able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the nature of the disturbance above described; and had my adventures in connection with the Painted Chamber ended here, this story would never have been written. But the end was not yet.

Just before dusk of the day when I abandoned my residence in the Painted Chamber, as I was packing my trunk in my bed-room, previous to its removal to the Queen's Arms, I was summoned by a knock to the door of the chamber. Upon opening the door, I found myself in the presence of two middle-aged ladies, one of whom expressed a desire to consult me upon a matter connected with the estate of her late husband. As I knew that the fire in my office had gone out, I invited them into the Painted Chamber. They entered, and I lighted a lamp.

The lady who had before spoken then introduced herself to me as Mrs. Rennelson, a widow, residing at the other end of the town. She also introduced her companion, who was her sister, by name Mrs. Davidson, of Rochester, in the State of New York, and then on a visit to Mrs. Rennelson.

I at once noticed something peculiar about the last-named lady. She was very angular, very dark-complexioned, rather slovenly in the matter of dress, with a pair of jet black, piercing eyes that seemed to look one through and through. It only required a very brief glance to perceive that she was a person who had a tolerably clear idea of what she was about, and who would not easily be *taken in*—what is called a “strong-minded” woman, in short.

Mrs. Rennelson commenced to state her case to me, when it began to be apparent that, from some cause or other, her companion was very restless. She fidgeted about uneasily on her chair, and once or twice partially arose from it, but sat down again. Those sharp eyes of hers glanced round and round the room at the pictures, and they seemed to affect her very unpleasantly, for before many minutes had elapsed she was manifestly distressed.

“Couldn't you call to-morrow,” she said, interrupting her sister, “and see this gentleman at his office? Ha!” she exclaimed, suddenly, clapping her hands nervously together several times. “There, it has gone now.”

And she was calm again.

I was about to ask for an explanation of this singular conduct; but Mrs. Rennelson, as though to prevent my doing so, went on rapidly with her statement. She seemed to regard her sister's conduct quite as a matter of course. I concluded that Mrs. Davidson must certainly be a lunatic, or else that she had been drinking something too strong for her. In another minute or so her uneasiness seemed to return; and at length she sprang to her feet and rushed to the door.

"I really *must* wait for you downstairs, sister," she exclaimed; "I cannot remain here. I never was in a room where the influences were so strong in my life."

A light broke in upon me. Mrs. Davidson was not crazy, nor intoxicated; but, what was infinitely worse, she was a *spiritualist*. From Rochester! Why, to be sure—that was where the "movement" originated.

But she was half-way down the hall, on her way to the street, before either Mrs. Rennelson or myself could say a word. I was about to follow her, and beg her to return, but my client requested me not to do so.

"My sister, as you have probably guessed, is one of those people called spiritualists," she said, "and it would be quite useless for any one to attempt to persuade her to enter a room where she has encountered what she calls 'hostile influences.' I don't know what to think of her strange ways, but there is no doubt as to her being an implicit believer in the doctrines she professes. Until her arrival here, on a visit to me, about a month since, I had not seen her for some years. She was always nervous, and much cleverer than I am; but when I last saw her, previous to her visit, there was nothing of this sort about her. I had no idea that anything of the kind would occur when I came, or I wouldn't have brought her with me; but as I don't wish to keep her waiting, I will take my leave, and call at your office to-morrow. Meanwhile, I shall feel greatly obliged by your not mentioning anything about my sister's strange conduct to any one. She would only be laughed at; and, indeed, Mr. Rushworth, she is no fit subject for laughter, whatever you may think."

I readily gave the required promise, and accompanied Mrs. Rennelson downstairs to the street door, where her sister was quietly waiting for her. I merely said "Good night," and did not allude to her abrupt departure from the room upstairs.

A few minutes more, and my luggage was removed to the Queen's Arms, where for the present I took up my abode. Thank goodness, I have never had any nocturnal disturbances since.

#### SHADOWS.

**B**REAK shadows from this dawn-light—break,  
I wish the clearer day to see,  
I feel my strongest thoughts are weak  
For shapes that come and go from ye.

The sun returns from night again,  
The hour is fairer after rain;  
These mists that make me wish to die  
Shall make me doubly bless the sky.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE.

**T**HOMAS CARLYLE, the "Philosopher of Chelsea," and one of the most prominent and original writers of his time, was born almost in the last lustrum of the last century. At Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire he first saw the light, on the 4th of December, 1795. All we can attempt will be to jot down some of the more noteworthy incidents in his life. To try to criticise the writings, to make a correct estimate of the genius of Carlyle, and endeavour to indicate his future place among the writers of his age, would take a volume, if the work were fairly done. Most writers who have had him under notice have said this, and in their next paragraph have fallen into vulgar abuse or more vulgar panegyric. Another trick we have seen nearly every writer of an essay on Carlyle fall into is imitation of his uncouth style and unwarrantable words. Some of the reviewers have gone farther than this: they have tried an imitation of his ideas. This last effort has been a signal failure. He is original. But every reader of his works who has the slightest respect for the language which was sufficient for the needs of a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Burke, will heartily regret that the Chelsea philosopher ever went to live in Germany, or, at least, that he ever departed from the simple and flowing style of his earliest works; as, for instance, "The Life of Schiller," published in 1824. However, it is too late now for criticisms on his style to be of any use. His works are written; and, as they are full of great thoughts, the ugliness of their diction will always be forgotten in the originality, truth, and power of their matter.

Thomas Carlyle is the son of a Scotch

farmer, by whom he was educated as thoroughly as possible. From the parish school at Ecclefechan he went to a school at Annan, and thence, when he was fourteen years old, to the University of Edinburgh. Like most sons of Scotch farmers who have had a good education, Carlyle's first notion was to be made a "meenester." But he gave up the ministry for a mathematical tutorship in a school. This most disagreeable drudgery to a man of his genius he quitted in two years to become a professional writer. In this capacity he furnished sixteen articles for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." Perhaps the highest praise that can be given to encyclopædia articles written half a century ago is to say that they are worth reading now. He also translated at this time "Legendre's Geometry," to which he added a preface on Proportion. In 1824 his German studies bore fruit. "Wilhelm Meister," in English, from his pen, appeared in that year.

In 1826 he married, and removed from Edinburgh shortly after to a small estate at Craigtulloch, Dumfriesshire. Here he led a life of seclusion, devoted to study, and writing for the "Edinburgh," the "Westminster," the "Foreign Quarterly," and "Fraser's." He lived at Craigtulloch eight years, and then removed, in 1834, to Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, which has been his home for thirty-eight years.

In 1837 he began to give lectures in public. These lectures were continued for several years, and the subjects dealt with were German literature, literary history, "Revolutions of Modern Europe," and, in 1840, "Heroes and Hero Worship." As a lecturer, our philosopher was remarkable for rough vigour, masterlike handling of his subject, and rude language to his audiences. The last, no doubt, did them good, and did not displease them. They paid to hear and see a nineteenth century Diogenes, and they got their money's worth and something more.

Carlyle was made Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in 1866, and his speech to the young men of his Alma Mater was one of the finest ever spoken from the Lord Rector's chair.

It was in this year that his wife died. This sad event was a great shock. They had been married for forty years; and the epitaph her husband placed on her tombstone is one of the most eloquent and lov-

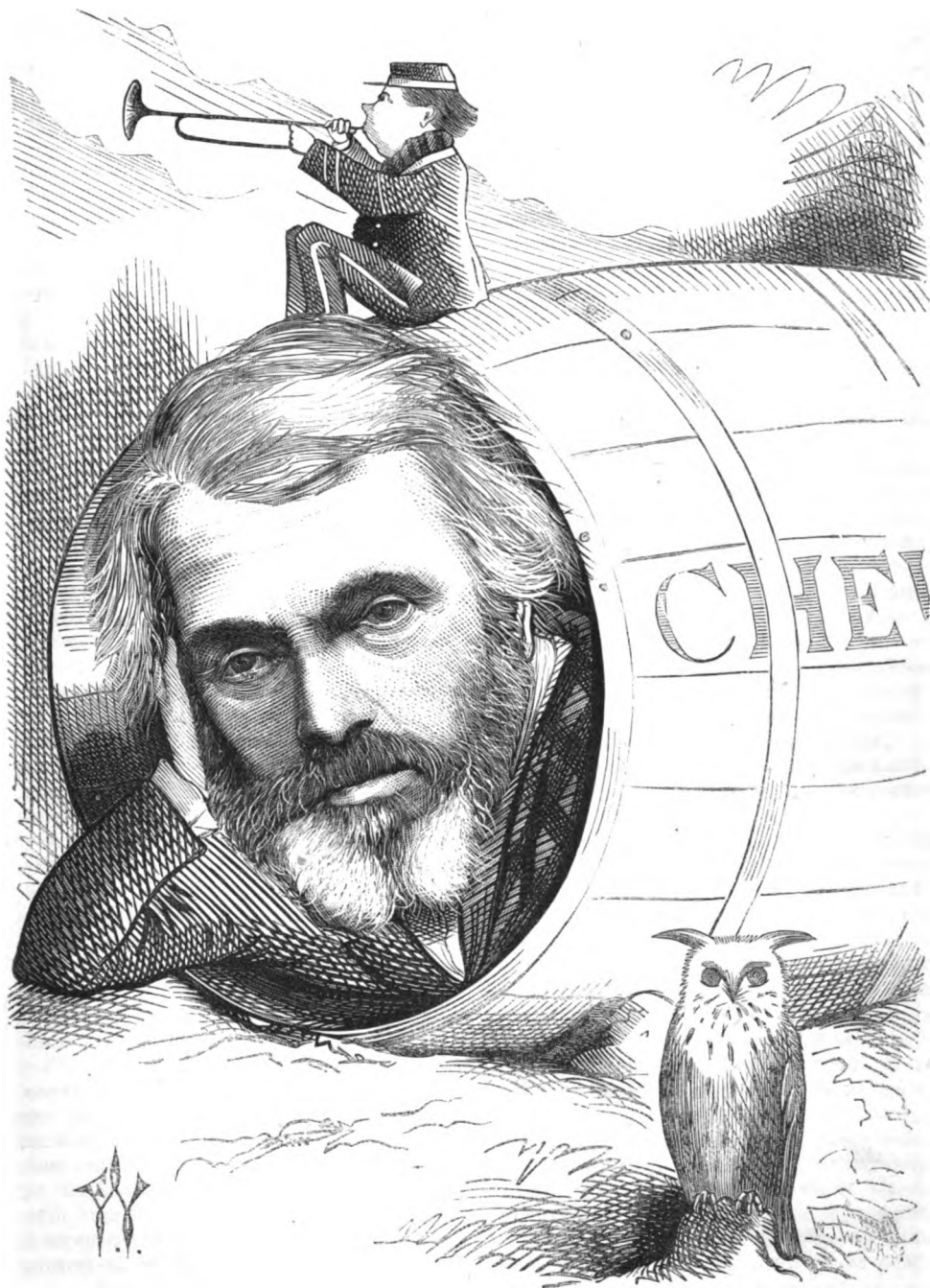
ing memorials ever penned. He came out in August of the same year to defend Governor Eyre from the attacks of his enemies. But his last public appearance of importance was as the writer of the article, "Shooting Niagara: and After," which was published in "Macmillan" just after the passing of the Reform Bill.

### DUST AND SMOKE.

IT is a curious and significant result of what we are proud of as high cultivation, that it seems to bring in its train disease and failure of crops. Animals, too, that in their wild state appear to exist in health during the natural term of existence, and then die gracefully of old age, have only to be domesticated to become the subjects of diseases too numerous to recount. Even the wild birds, such as grouse and partridges, now have something or other the matter with them nearly every year. 1872 is no exception to the rule. The farmer's occupation has become a struggle against disease.

The potato crop is pronounced an almost utter failure. Turnips sown late are striking out fingers-and-toes, and threaten a very inferior yield. The live stock is losing in condition, and there is foot and mouth disease in many places, to say nothing of rumours of rinderpest where the diseased animals which should have been sunk at sea were washed ashore in the Frith of Forth. And all these ills are the result of causes which scientific treatment could remove if they could only be traced.

The foot and mouth disease and rinderpest or cattle plague, the diseases among game birds, failure of potato crops, have causes probably somewhat similar in character, which if it were possible to nip in the bud might prove comparatively harmless. These causes are allied to those which produce most epidemics among men. The air, instead of being pure, contains germs of poison, which are distributed widely. At different seasons of the year, in different years, and under differing conditions, the variations are very great; though the amount of oxygen in the air round Balmoral and in a Sheffield factory, or the pit of a London theatre at the close of a night's performance, does not vary nearly so much as might be expected; or, more correctly speaking, the variation ex-



Once a Week.]

[September 28, 1877.

"A LATTER-DAY PHILOSOPHER."





pressed in figures appears slight. The truth is, the difference in the amount of oxygen in the purest air and in air in which a lighted candle will go out is not very great.

Professor Tyndall, who brought this matter before the Royal Institution in the course of a lecture in which the polarization of light by fine dust, by the sky, and by the coarser particles of smoke was considered, did not halt at these observations: they were introduced as the starting-point of inquiries of a different nature. "But what, it may be asked," said Professor Tyndall, "is the practical good of these inquiries? If it is asked, my object is in some sense gained. It was a question I intended to provoke. I confess that if we exclude the interest attached to the observation of new facts, and the enhancement of that interest through the knowledge that by and by the facts will become the exponents of laws, these curiosities are in themselves worth nothing. They will not enable us to add to our stock of food, or drink, or clothes, or jewellery. But though thus shorn of all usefulness in themselves, they may, by leading the mind into places which it would not otherwise have entered, become the antecedents of practical consequences. In looking, for example, at this illuminated dust, we may ask ourselves what it is. How does it act, not upon a beam of light, but upon our lungs and stomachs? The question at once assumes a practical character. We find on examination that this dust is organic matter—in part living, in part dead. There are among it particles of ground straw, torn rags, smoke, the pollen of flowers, the spores of fungi, and the germs of other things. But what have they to do with the animal economy?"

On the subject of dust and germs, Mr. Lewes, writing to Dr. Tyndall, said—

"I wish to direct your attention to the experiments of Von Recklingshausen, should you happen not to know them. They are striking confirmations of what you say of dust and disease. Last spring, when I was at his laboratory in Würzburg, I examined with him blood that had been three weeks, a month, and five weeks out of the body, preserved in little porcelain cups under glass shades. This blood was living and growing. Not only were the Amœba-like movement of the white corpuscles present, but there were abundant evidences of the

growth and development of the corpuscles. I also saw a frog's heart still pulsating which had been removed from the body—I forget how many days, but certainly more than a week. There were other examples of the same persistent vitality, or absence of putrefaction. Von Recklingshausen did not attribute this to the absence of germs—germs were not mentioned by him; but when I asked him how he represented the thing to himself, he said the whole mystery of his operation consisted in keeping the blood *free from dirt*. The instruments employed were raised to a red heat just before use, the thread was silver thread and was similarly treated, and the porcelain cups, though not kept free from air, were kept free from currents. He said he often had failures, and these he attributed to particles of dust having escaped his precautions."

Professor Lister, also, who has founded upon the removal or destruction of this "dirt" great and numerous improvements in surgery, tells us the effect of its introduction into the blood of wounds. He informs us what would happen with the extracted blood should the dust get at it. The blood would putrefy and become fetid; and when you examine more closely what putrefaction means, you find the putrefying substance swarming with organic life, the germs of which have been derived from the air.

Mr. Ellis has applied the principles stated above to vaccination, and with the greatest success. He says:—

"Vaccination in the common way is done by scraping off the epidermis, and thrusting into the punctures made by the lancet the vaccine virus. By the method I use (and have used for more than twenty years), the epidermis is lifted by the effusion of serum from below, a result of the irritant cantharidine applied to the skin. The little bleb thus formed is pricked, a drop of fluid let out, and then a fine vaccine point is put into this spot, and after a minute of delay it is withdrawn. The epidermis falls back on the skin, and quite excludes the air—and not the air only, but what the air contains."

As regards the lowest forms of life, the world is divided, and has for a long time been divided, into two parties—the one affirming that you have only to submit absolute dead matter to certain physical conditions to evolve from it living things; the other, without wishing to set bounds to the power of matter, affirming that in our

day no life has ever been found to arise independently of pre-existing life.

Professor Tyndall belongs to the party which claims life as a derivative of life. He says:—

“The question has two factors: the evidence, and the mind that judges of the evidence; and you will not forget that it may be purely a mental set or bias on my part that causes me throughout this discussion, from beginning to end, to see on the one side dubious facts and defective logic, and on the other side firm reasoning and a knowledge of what rigid experimental inquiry demands. There are numerous diseases of men and animals that are demonstrably the products of parasitic life, and such diseases may take the most terrible epidemic forms, as in the case of the silkworms of France in our day. Now it is in the highest degree important to know whether the parasites in question are spontaneously developed, or are wafted from without to those afflicted with the disease. The means of prevention, if not of cure, would be widely different in the two cases.

“But this is by no means all. Besides these universally admitted cases, there is the broad theory now broached and daily growing in strength and clearness—daily, indeed, gaining more and more of assent from the most successful workers and profound thinkers of the medical profession itself—the theory, namely, that contagious disease generally is of this parasitic character. If I had heard or read anything since to cause me to regret having introduced this theory, I should frankly express that regret. I would renounce whatever leaning toward the germ theory my words might then have betrayed. Let me state in two sentences the grounds on which the supporters of the theory rely. From their respective viruses you may plant typhoid fever, scarlatina, or small-pox. What is the crop that arises from this husbandry? As surely as a thistle rises from a thistle seed, as surely as the fig comes from the fig, the grape from the grape, the thorn from the thorn, so surely does the typhoid virus increase and multiply into typhoid fever, the scarlatina virus into scarlatina, the small-pox virus into small-pox. What is the conclusion that suggests itself here? It is this:—That the thing which we vaguely call a virus is to all intents and purposes a *seed*: that, excluding the notion of vitality, in the whole range of chemical science you cannot point to an

action which illustrates this perfect parallelism with the phenomena of life—this demonstrated power of self-multiplication and reproduction. The germ theory alone accounts for the phenomena.

“And here you see the bearing of the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation upon this question. For if the doctrine continues to be discredited, as it has hitherto been, it will follow that the epidemics which spread havoc amongst us from time to time are not spontaneously generated, but that they arise from an ancestral stock, whose habitat is the human body itself. It is not on bad air or foul drains that the attention of the physician will primarily be fixed, but upon disease germs, which no bad air or foul drains can create, but which may be pushed by foul air into virulent energy of reproduction. You may think I am treading on dangerous ground, that I am putting forth views that may interfere with salutary practice. No such thing. If you wish to learn the impotence of medical science and practice in dealing with contagious diseases, you have only to refer to a Harveian oration by Dr. Gull. Such diseases defy the physician. They must burn themselves out. And indeed this, though I do not specially insist upon it, would favour the idea of their vital origin. For if the seeds of contagious disease be themselves living things, it will be difficult to destroy either them or their progeny without involving their living habitat in the same destruction.

“And I would also ask you to be cautious in accepting the statement which has been so often made, and which is sure to be repeated, that I am quitting my own *métier* when I speak of these things. I am not dealing with professional questions. I am writing no prescription, nor should I venture to draw any conclusion from the condition of your pulse and tongue. I am dealing with a question on which minds accustomed to weigh the value of experimental evidence are alone competent to decide, and regarding which, in its present condition, minds so trained are as capable of forming an opinion as on the phenomena of magnetism and radiant heat.”

Dr. Budd, a great authority on these subjects, writes:—

“As to the germ theory itself, that is a matter on which I have long since made up my mind. From the day when I first began to think of these subjects, I have never had

a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living organisms.

"It is impossible, in fact, to make any statement bearing upon the essence or distinctive characters of these fevers, without using terms which are of all others *the most distinctive of life*. Take up the writings of the most violent opponent of the germ theory, and ten to one you will find them full of such terms as 'propagation,' 'self-propagation,' 'reproduction,' 'self-multiplication,' and so on. Try as he may—if he has anything to say of these diseases which is characteristic of them—he cannot evade the use of these terms, or the exact equivalents to them. While perfectly applicable to living things, these terms express qualities which are not only inapplicable to common chemical agents, but, as far as I can see, actually inconceivable of them."

Medicine, then, seems powerless to arrest the progress of these diseases, and the great point to be aimed at is to prevent the causes from gaining access to the body. Professor Tyndall recommends the use of cotton wool respirators in all infectious places. There are many trades in England where life is rendered miserable and shortened by the introduction of matters into the lungs which might be kept out of them. The stone-coated lungs of stonecutters and the black lungs of colliers are cases in point; and many others might be cited. So simple a remedy as a cotton wool pad may surely be tried by persons exposed to infectious influences; but when shall science point out the cause and the cure of the perennial diseases among our cattle and crops?

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE DECISION.

**M**R. LENNARD had listened with some surprise, but much inward satisfaction, to his wife's unexpected avowal. That she would ever volunteer the acknowledgment of any little imperfection of disposition or temper on her own side was an event which he had never, in his wildest dreams, thought at all likely to happen. He prudently refrained, however, from expressing any opinion to that effect, but waited in silence for Mrs. Lennard to resume the conversation.

After a pause, she said—

"Then it is agreed that we are to stick to-

gether to the last, in the teeth of the world, let them say what they will of either of us; also, that we hold ourselves in constant readiness to start for anywhere at a moment's notice?"

"Next?"

"Next, whatever we may say or do as a blind, Mary must never be urged seriously to marry this Perez."

"Marry Perez!" cried Lennard—"why, I would sooner see her in her coffin. Besides, it is impossible; she is betrothed to Fletcher. How could you dream of such a thing?"

"I did not; but as that is the object of the conspiracy, it was better to state our feelings upon it in words, however obvious they might be; so that, if we are attacked separately, each may know precisely what would be the course taken by the other."

"You are right," said Lennard. "You have spoken to Mary?"

"Yes."

"And she knows—"

"She knows that there are certain reasons which will prevent our getting rid of Perez in the summary way we should like, and which force us to be subservient to him for a while; and she is prepared to assist us without asking questions."

And then this married couple left off talking, and began trying to go to sleep, which they could not do for ruminating.

"I have a good mind to ask her point-blank whether she knows about my affair," thought the husband. "I think she must. But, then, if she didn't, all this newborn-kindness of hers towards me might vanish when she learned what a fool I had made of myself. I will wait a bit and see!"

"Does he know about my father, and how badly I kept my faith to himself in the old days?" mused the wife. "I wonder whether he really has a different secret from mine, and whether he knows Clements. I will try him so far."

"What a horribly wicked wretch that man must be!" she said, suddenly, after an hour's silence.

"What, Clements? I should fancy he was!" replied Lennard.

He did know him, then. That was all in favour of his being in possession of her secret, for how else should he become acquainted with such a man? What a pity he was so reticent! Had she not better speak out at once? No, not yet—not just yet.

About three a.m., and just as they were dozing, they were roused by a tremendous noise

in the hall, and then a heavy blundering up-stairs, with concussions, now against the wall, now against the creaking banisters; while a vinous voice roared out—

"Lisette, ma Lisette,  
Tu m'as trompé toujours.  
Mais vive la ger (hiocup) grisette,  
Je vieux, Lisette,  
Boire à nos amours."

Don Carlos Perez had been consoling himself; and if his host and hostesses had been very amiable indeed, they might have been glad of such audible proof that he had managed to enjoy himself in spite of the pangs of unrequited love. But they were very human, all three of them; and I fear that the only feeling they had on the occasion was one of regret that the special providence which watches over drunken men did not permit him to break his neck.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### COUNSEL.

ONE morning, about a fortnight after the eventful day treated of in our later chapters, William Fletcher got up early. Not worth recording? Well, if his actions are to be prized, like so many other mortal things, simply for their rarity, I think it is. After tumbling, and turning, and kicking about in great discomfort all night, he had got up at seven o'clock, and was in his sitting-room by eight. "In trouble, to be troubled, is to have your trouble doubled." His laundress was sweeping the carpet! On such occasions it is wretched work to go back into your disordered bed-room, and sit there till the other apartment is done; the best plan is to put on your boots and hat, and go out for a stroll, and this course was instinctively adopted by Fletcher. As he was leaving the Inn, however, he passed Arnold's staircase, and hesitated. Perhaps his friend could offer some useful suggestions upon the matter which had so bothered him all night, and had now roused him out at so untimely an hour: he was utterly at fault himself, and Arnold was such a shrewd fellow. At all events, he would have the relief of unburdening himself by talking freely on a subject which had been fretting him inwardly for the last ten days. It was a shame rather to bother a busy man in the morning, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted. He mounted the staircase. Arnold's rooms were simply but comfortably furnished; the chairs were capacious, armed, and inviting, but un-

cushioned; the carpet was drugget. The only articles of furniture besides chairs and tables were a chest of drawers and a bookcase, and the former was covered with an undigested heap of tobacco jars, papers, pipes, hats, sticks, &c., while the books in the latter were piled about the shelves miscellaneous—the libretto of one of Alexander Dumas Fils' dramas next to Whewell's "Morality"—some of the volumes upside down, others thrust away hind-side before, all untidy. There were pictures on the walls—Tennyson, Tom King, Gladstone, an Oxford Eight, "Dignity and Impudence"—all good prints, in common frames.

When Fletcher entered he found breakfast laid on the table. A wonderful machine which boiled water, cooked eggs, and fried bacon, if you put a pennyworth of resined wood into its stomach and lighted it, was roaring and blazing up the chimney; and Arnold was seated at his desk writing, waiting for the eggs to boil, the bacon to fry, and the tea to brew.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" cried he, when he made his visitor out. "I say, this isn't fair—it is ever so long past cockcrow; and midnight, properly speaking, is the only orthodox time. Don't come any nearer! Upon my word, though, I am very sorry. When did it happen?—or perhaps it is going on now? I'll run across to your chambers, if you are not quite gone. Or do you wish to be buried anywhere in particular, or to bring any one to justice, or to make restitution, or what? There, stop where you are, and tell us, there's a good ghost. I will never be sceptical again—never!"

"I am not a ghost yet, I believe; but really my confusion is such that I may be mistaken," cried Fletcher, dropping into a chair.

"The chair creaked! He is in the flesh," said the other. "But William, my boy, while I rejoice at your being yet alive, I cannot but regret to see that you keep such very late hours. A quarter past eight o'clock in the morning is really a most unseemly hour for a man who is shortly going to be married to return home at. You really ought to go to bed at once."

"I have been to bed and got up again. A man who has been up all night does not look as fresh as I do, does he? My room is in confusion, and so I have come to breakfast with you. Ah, Arnold, I wish I was an industrious man like you?"

"You do, do you?" replied Arnold, who was busy putting two more eggs into the maw of the beneficent dragon. "You wish that you wrote papers to be declined with thanks by one magazine, and published without thanks—or anything else—by another? You would like to badger your brains and waste your time over a play, and then be unable to get any manager to read it? Well, do it: all this is very easy."

"Aye, but I am afraid I should have all your failures without your successes. What were you at when I came in?"

"Reviewing a book. It is on the same subject as mine, so I think I am a competent judge this time; and it is not often I can say that about the works I sit in judgment upon. Well, this man has been abused most scurrilously by a paper which praised me, and as his book is so much better than mine that I am sick and disgusted with myself, I am honestly laying the butter on with a trowel: it is dull work, though—not half so amusing as trying to write smart, sarcastic sentences. Well, but what makes industry appear all of a sudden so pleasant in your eyes? That is a new idea for you, and almost as wonderful as your getting up so early. A medical writer of the day, who delights in startling people, says that any sudden change of thought or habit is a sign that a man is going mad. You do not happen to find your memory getting impotent, do you? In what year did Alexander the Great achieve the conquest of Bombay? What was the price of Consols on June 31st, 1822? I put two simple questions, which every lad who applies for a clerk's situation is expected to answer nowadays, and you are dumb? I tremble, or would do so but for spilling the milk. Love is turning your brain, and the sooner you get married and cured the better."

"Don't chaff, old fellow," said Fletcher, dolefully. "I have come to consult you seriously."

"Ah, I feared as much from your look, and that is why I have been talking such idiotic nonsense. Not a word till we have breakfasted, and then I will hear what you have to say. As for giving you advice, I won't promise. If it is good, you will not follow it; if bad, you will, and blame me afterwards. Do you drink tea?"

Fletcher did drink tea, and he likewise ate bread and butter, and eggs, and a sardine; but he did so in a mechanical manner, with-

out any relish for what he was stowing away; just as he talked rationally enough the while about the new play at the Haymarket, the last narrow escape of a gymnast, the newest thing in apes, and the chances the most interesting murderer of the day had of reprieve, without being quite sure what sentiments he was uttering in connection with those popular topics. But Arnold would not let him off. He had a theory that all serious and disagreeable subjects should be cast aside at meal times. If you were unable to dismiss them, it was better, he said, to put off eating and drinking, as everything you swallowed would only be turned into gall and bile. At last, however, he finished his breakfast, slewed his chair round, crammed a short pipe with tobacco, lit it, and said—

"Now then, what is it?"

"It is a very delicate matter," said Fletcher, "and one which I have hesitated about mentioning even to you. There is some mystery about the family I am going to marry into, and I do not know how to clear it up."

"Mystery!" cried Arnold—"about Lennard! Well, I am astonished! I have known him, on and off, for the last six years, and a more open, honest sort of fellow I never came across. And Mrs. Lennard, though too independent for my taste, gives one the idea of being likely to err on the side of candour rather than—but, bah! who can fathom a woman? What do you mean, though, by mystery?"

"Do you know that Spanish fellow who calls himself Don Carlos Perez?"

"Yes, I have seen him about at different places."

"And what do you think of him?"

"Why, I have only met him once or twice. He is a guest of the Lennards and a foreigner, and I would rather suppress absurd and unfounded prejudices than seek to spread them, even when they are imbibed about persons who have not such claims upon our courtesy and justice."

"Oh," persisted Fletcher, "then you did conceive a prejudice against him. What was it? Because I, too, have a feeling about him which I should like to be confirmed or contradicted by your powers as a physiognomist."

"Well, if you must know," said Arnold, after a few vigorous pulls at his pipe, "when I first saw your friend, I thought it would be nice to kick him; but when I had talked

to him for five minutes, I came to the conclusion that he would soil my boot. But I am subject to these antipathies."

Fletcher sat in silence for about a minute, and then said, deliberately—

"That Spaniard has got some power, the nature of which I cannot guess at, over the Lennards. He is not a guest, but a master in the house. They are all afraid of him. By Jove, I spoke out to Mary and got engaged sooner than I should have done, simply because this fellow was always hovering and bothering about her, and I wished to put a stop to his attentions. And I thought at first that I had succeeded, for when I dined at the house next day, the fellow was not present. But I found him still domiciled with them when I next called, and he gives himself greater airs than ever. He orders the servants about as if the house were his, and treats Mr. and Mrs. Lennard with a familiarity which I should not have thought the lady would have stood from all the potentates of Europe rolled into one. And as for his style of addressing Mary—why, I cannot bear that. We had a scene the other day, and I was nearly knocking the fellow down—or trying to do so, rather, which is not always the same thing; and the beggar drew a poniard and endeavoured to knife me, but Mr. Lennard seized his arms from behind, Mrs. Lennard caught hold of his legs, and Mary threw herself between us like a Sabine woman separating her relatives from the Romans. It was quite a tableau. And when I asked Mary afterwards what it all meant, she said that she did not know herself, and could not therefore tell me; but that it would all be right in a little time, if I would be patient. And then I saw Mr. Lennard, who stammered and apologized, and hoped that Perez would go soon. There is something wrong; and though I am precious fond of Mary, and feel as if it would break my heart to part from her, yet I am not going to be imposed upon and made a fool of; and whatever I may suffer, if this Spaniard is to remain in the field, I shall withdraw my pretensions. Am I not right?"

Arnold got up, walked about, kicked his bed-room door to, looked out of window, and went through other similar performances, pulling hard at his pipe the while, before he answered, throwing himself once more into his chair—

"I suppose you are."

"But hang it," he continued, after about five minutes' silence, "if her father is in a scrape, let alone her mother, Miss Lennard is right enough not to tell you anything about it; or if she has been herself kept in the dark, as she told you—and probably with truth—she *cannot* give you any information. It seems hard on her, either way—does it not? You ought to be very careful before you take any decided step. I myself think, as you know, that a man is an ass to marry at all, in the present state of civilization. It seems to me that this modern system of attempting to put men and women on a level only debases the former without elevating the latter. While wives were content to cultivate their own peculiar excellences, and quietly allow that there were some things which their husbands could do better than themselves, marriage may have been more tolerable; but now, as far as I can see, all the women are supposed to be constituted exactly the same—morally, physically, intellectually, and everything-elseically—as the men; and they are always sulky and sour, because Nature has settled that they shall be on some points weaker, and they know it; and the husbands, like a pack of idiots, womanize their own minds to keep their wives in good humour. But, still, if a man has once made a fool of himself, and got engaged, he ought to put up with a very great deal indeed before being driven to back out again. You are certain to inflict a very serious injury on the girl—you may be the cause of her ruin, mind and body. It is not the disappointed love: it is the slight that does it. Suppose a man who owed you money offered you a cheque in payment, and you refused to take it, and demanded cash before a whole host of men in the club; or if you were sitting down to whist, but refused to play when some particular person cut in: in neither of these cases would you inflict so great an injury as by breaking off an engagement with a young lady. And yet men jilt helpless girls, who would not insult their male acquaintances for any consideration. Take care lest, out of jealousy or pique, you do what will cause you regret for the remainder of your life. If the blight of an evil influence has really settled over the Lennards' house, the more desirable is it that the daughter should be removed from such an atmosphere as soon as possible."

"I have thought all this," said Fletcher,

"and am glad to hear you echo my ideas, which I half feared were weak excuses, prompted by my fondness for Mary. You see, I never cared for any one half so much before. I'd risk my life for her: that's not much. I'd even marry her, though she had not a penny, by Jove! But to have fellows say, 'Who is that man Fletcher—is there not something queer about him?' 'O, yes; he married the daughter of Lennard, the —.' What? There must be something wrong, and he may be hanged or transported; and if I married into a disgraceful family I might grow touchy, suspicious, and morose. In saying this, I am arguing against myself, mind you. If I only consulted my own present feelings and wishes, I should urge Mary to become my wife at once, for—confound it!"

And the young man became, on a sudden, very anxious that his pipe, which had gone out, should be refilled in an artistic manner.

"If I knew nothing of the family, I own that I should recommend you to be excessively cautious," said Arnold. "But Lennard is such an open, honest fellow, that I cannot think there is anything really wrong about him. He may have got into some foolish entanglement, from which a lawyer could set him free in five minutes, if he had the moral courage to consult one; but for anything dishonourable, I don't believe it of him. Of the ladies, I know, it is true, but little; yet there has never been a whisper of scandal about Mrs. Lennard, except that she has the bad taste to slight her husband in public; and as for the daughter, I would lay long odds that she is as good a girl as you would find in all England. I would go bail for that, judging only from her face; and I am not led away by mere beauty, as you are. However, it is of course foolish to let former experience of favourable physiognomy plead for man, woman, or child, against evidence; and what you have told me is very strange—so strange, in fact, that I am only just beginning to take it in. Particularly, I have no idea whatever, from your account, what the behaviour of Perez towards Miss Lennard really is, and why it offended you."

"Well, he never said anything that I could take hold of and sit upon him for, but once; and that was the other day, when we had the row. But he spoke and acted in a way which must have been intended to insult me. He quite ignored the fact

of my being engaged to Mary, and spoke as if we were rivals, and the bestowal of her hand was quite an open question; perfectly giving me to understand that, in his private opinion, his own chances were considerably the better of the two. Now, that a fellow who has been brought up like Perez should be ill-bred and insolent is only what one would expect; but that, under the circumstances, he should meet with no check from the family is what beats me. Let me make a clean breast of it while we are talking. The suspicion that riles me most is, that if the Spaniard chooses to insist on marrying, Mary none of them dare say him nay, and I may go to the devil. Fancy being kept on as something to fall back upon in case the match with this infernal Mexican does not come off! The fear of that makes me inclined to send in my resignation at once, with humble apologies for—oh, hang it! I hardly know what I say or what I think. I contradict myself, and feel differently every quarter of an hour. I am fairly aground, and that is the truth of it."

"I don't altogether wonder at it," replied Arnold, "and I fear I cannot help you much. However, I will do my best to tow you off. Go away for two hours. I have to finish this review, which will not take me more than half an hour, and then I will take a turn in the Temple Gardens, and get up the steam."

"Thank you, old tug," said Fletcher, rising, and taking his hat. "I wish I, too, had something to do!"

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes."

"Then write out a fair copy of that for me," said Arnold, throwing a blotted manuscript over to his friend. "You can stop here, and do it, if you will hold your tongue. It is a love story, you see—all in your line. Wait till I clear the table—there! Do not hurry, write correctly, dot your i-s, and mind your stops; and do not interpolate any jokes of your own, because they are detestable before dinner, and people, as a rule, are sober when they read magazines."

Fletcher had great difficulty at first in fixing his mind upon his work; but the writing was blotted, erased, and difficult to make out, so that he was obliged to concentrate his attention upon it, and by the time Arnold had finished his task and gone off for his walk, he was quite absorbed by the



desire to copy as much as possible before he came back. So it happened that those two hours, the mention of which had struck him with dread, turned out to be the shortest of the last twenty-four, and he was quite surprised when his friend returned.

At the opening of the door, however, all care for his task, and interest in the story he had been painfully deciphering, vanished: the spell was broken, and his own real doubts and difficulties flooded the imaginary ones on the paper before him.

"Well?" he said.

"This is my advice," said Arnold, sitting down and wiping his forehead. "You must judge for yourself whether you will follow it—and I do not urge you to do so, mind you—but this is what I should do myself: I should go off straight from here to the Lennards' house, get hold of Mr. or Mrs. Lennard—the lady for choice—and insist on being married at once, right off, directly the parish authorities could manage it, unless Don Perez left the house, or Miss Lennard went to stay with some relation, so as to be removed from the Mexican's annoyances. There will be nothing ungenerous in such conduct, for you will offer to fulfil your part of the contract at once, with no questions asked; and you owe it to yourself to force the parents to some decided course. This is a strong measure, and the parents may resent the interference; but still, under the very peculiar circumstances, I should risk that."

"You are right," said Fletcher, after having reflected for a few minutes. "I will go at once."

"Luck!" said Arnold, holding out his hand, which the other grasped; and then, without another word, Fletcher left.

#### TABLE TALK.

ONE of the most curious chapters in unwritten history would be the comparison of the racing prophets' opinions on winning horses (1) before they started, and (2) after they have won. It is wonderful how that little fact of their poking their heads in front changes a prophet's notions of their merits. Let us take the latest instance of this. The gentleman—we respect his *anonyme*—who writes as "Hotspur" in the *Telegraph* and as "Augur" in the *Sporting Life* thus expressed his opinion of Wenlock, the winner of the St. Leger, three days before the race.

"Wenlock is a horse I have always disliked. His colour is bad and washy. His fore and hind legs are badly shaped, and he is anything but a good mover." However, he won; and I have no doubt "Hotspur" now quite likes his colour, has no fault to find with his legs, fore or hind, and will never call him a bad mover again.

A CORRESPONDENT: Apropos of the article, "Quacks and Quackery," in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK, the following advertisement did in fact appear, some time ago, outside the shop of a hairdresser in the High-street of a town not five miles from London:—"All, whether young or middle-aged, but especially the young of both sexes, who desire to preserve their

#### HAIR

in its original beauty, or to restore it when decaying, should supply themselves with Popkins' pure and wholesome pomatum, to be applied to the hair when

#### CUT

and after it has been well brushed. It may be confidently relied on as containing no injurious ingredient;

#### FOR NOTHING

in this preparation is admitted but what is of the purest, and under the sanction and inspection of high medical authority. The above may always be had in small or large quantities

#### AT TOOLEY'S,

where perfection in the art both of cutting and cleansing the human hair is studiously cultivated, and is daily watched by the thousands of people of this and the surrounding neighbourhoods, and may be viewed by all, whether sceptical or otherwise, who wish to see for themselves, and will favour the proprietor by a visit to his dressing saloons

#### AT —, HIGH STREET.

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.*

*Contributions should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.*

*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 249.

October 5, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER X.

THE WIGGLETON THEATRE.



BEA being over, Tim and his friend left for the theatre, buttoned up to the throat. Tim had never seen such a large town as Wiggleton. Every street they passed through was

a blaze of gaslight. Dick dived with Tim right and left, up and down, swinging a heavy stick, and pointing out the principal objects of interest, until they came to the end of their journey.

It was agreed that Tim should sit in the stage box, so that he might be seen the better by Dick, who promised to return as soon as he could. Tim was the first in the theatre, and amused himself, as he had ample time, in examining the building. It was a broken-down place, with the paper torn, and many of the seats bearing sad marks of ill-usage. The box fronts were decorated with gaudy trimmings of blue and red stripes, with moons and half moons in faded gold. The pit floor was covered with nutshells and orange peel, and the whole place smelt like a fusty cellar.

Tim had been waiting for some time, expecting to see a tremendous rush for places; but during a quarter of an hour only five came forth to see the great tragedy of "Hamlet"—three in the gallery, and two in

the pit. By half-past seven, however, the number had increased. There were more than a hundred spectators present, and all were becoming most anxious to see the Dane.

Tim was gazing at the drop scene, which represented a mysterious-looking gentleman walking several inches above the ground before a pink castle, when the spectators in the gallery commenced shouting, kicking, and bawling furiously.

"That's the style, tune up!" cried several voices; and Tim happening to look in the pit at the same time, saw three or four individuals creeping out of a hole under the stage—the orchestra! These gentlemen tuned their instruments for about five minutes, and then put themselves in readiness to plunge into the depths of harmony, as soon as the conductor, who was seated on a high stool, should pretend to hit one of the footlights with his stick.

One, two, three—the band struck up. The cornet player took a decided lead. He began first and finished first, to the disgust of the piccolo player, who had almost blown off his head in his endeavours to outdo the rest of his fellow-musicians.

Music is again demanded. The walls resound with harmony. Look at the cornet player, with his red cheeks expanded to nearly double their natural size, and his eyes gazing fondly at the end of his instrument, which he has raised so high that it points to the ceiling. What cares he for time or tune? Perish the thought! Could the strictest attention to time, could quavers or semiquavers ever teach him such sweet music as he can produce at the dictation of his own taste and judgment? Not so. How sublimely he moves his head about, and shakes from the brassy instrument the sweet strains of Orpheus! At one time warbling like the far-off bird—scarcely to be heard, and then drawing nearer and nearer, until his neck reddens with his mighty exertion

to make more noise than all of them put together. The band, completely exhausted, finished their selection, which for quickness of time superseded by many degrees anything that Tim had ever heard before.

The bell rang, and the play commenced. There stood Francisco at his post, and a tall man in big boots. They looked suspiciously at each other, and one said it was bitter cold, which Tim felt to be a great truth. Two other Danes entered, whereupon a noisy discussion arose in the gallery as to which of the four was Hamlet—some of the sporting fraternity offering to take the big man against the field. Whilst the Danes were conversing one with another in the most extraordinary manner, Tim looked behind one of the stage wings opposite him, and lo! there stood the Ghost, with his arms akimbo, talking to the prompter. However strange it may appear to the reader, the Ghost had on a thick pair of boots, and carried his head (a kind of skeleton helmet) in his hand. It was time for the apparition to appear, and the prompter, by way of a reminder, gave him a poke in the ribs, and a look suggestive of his going into a fit; whereupon the Ghost, in great haste, put on his head the wrong way, and stalked majestically on to the stage, as though walking backwards, and stumbled against Marcellus, being unable to see where he was going.

"There he is—that's Hamlet!" cried half a dozen voices from the gallery. When it was noticed that the Ghost had his face one way and his feet another, there was a great uproar, which was increased by a policeman trying to put a stop to it. Orange peel and nuts were thrown at the unfortunate Ghost, which disappeared, and the play for a while ceased.

The manager came slowly on to the stage, and assured the ladies and gentlemen present that it would be impossible to continue the performance unless better order could be kept—which remark he wished particularly to be understood applied to the gallery. (Hisses.)

Tim had looked on with great surprise, until a drowsiness came over him that he could not resist; and he fell asleep, to visit new scenes in shadowland. He dreamt he was with Harry Deffield, and the good old folk who cared for him. Then he sat in the cozy kitchen at home, listening to the tales of his father, who was smoking in his easy-chair. Gradually the kitchen became a bed-room.

His father was still there, but his long clay pipe had changed to a cane, and his kind smile to an angry frown. The cane was raised—Tim shrank back, and—awoke!

The band was playing "God Save the Queen," and the people were crowding to the doors to get out. The performance was over, and he had been asleep.

Dick, feeling sure that his young friend must be very tired, ordered a cab, and then joined him in the stage box.

"I am sorry you went to sleep," said Dick; "but of course you must feel frightfully done up. They were rather noisy to-night, somehow. The Ghost got into a muddle. Then there was Hamlet making things worse. He dropped the skull on Horatio's toe, and we had to stop the play again. I wish you had seen me as Laertes, too, because I have a faint idea that I did it well."

"I'm sure you would do it well," said Tim, dozing.

That night Tim felt how great a blessing is sleep.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ENDS THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Rooke sat down to breakfast on the morning of Tim's departure, there was but little said. Mrs. Rooke sighed, and looked pitifully at her husband, as though she wished to make a request, but thought it might displease him. All went wrong with Rooke, too. He was continually getting too hot or too cold; his coffee was not sweet enough, and then too sweet; and when it was made according to his taste, he left it to read the newspaper.

"Bother it, Mary," he said, "I don't feel at all well. I wish I had never seen that infernal Wadden. I don't know what to make of that boy. I can't believe he's told me a lie."

"I'm sure he's not," she added; "so fetch him down. I feel so uncomfortable about him."

"Confound it, Mary, and so I will."

And he went to the door and called Tim; but there was no answer.

"The poor boy's asleep," said his wife. "Go up to him, and speak kindly."

Rooke went upstairs; while his wife, delighted at having gained her object, poured out another cup of coffee, and put an egg in the saucepan to boil.

When Rooke discovered Tim's empty

bed, he stood riveted to the ground in blank amazement. The window was open, and there were footprints below. He sank down in a chair, unable to move, fearing to break the news to his wife.

"Gone—gone!" he whispered. "Driven from his own home by his own father's cruelty! My poor, silly lad, you'll rue this!"

He noticed a book lying open on the pillow. He took it with a shaking hand, and read a few lines written in pencil:—

"Dear father and mother," it ran, "you will forgive me when you know all. I shall come back some day when you are not ashamed of me. I have not told a lie. I *did* go to school with Harry Deffield. Good-bye. God bless you!"

"I believe it," Rooke said, when he had read it over twice. "Wadden is the liar. I am sorry, Tim, but you have done wrong—you've done wrong, my boy. To run away is a bad start in life—one that the devil would recommend. What will the world say, Tim—what will the world say?"

Mrs. Rooke here called from below, telling her husband to make haste; and adding, in a sweet, forgiving voice, that Tim's egg was getting cold, and his coffee too.

"Tim's egg! Tim's coffee!" murmured Rooke, still looking at the empty bed, with big tears rolling down his cheeks. "Ah, Mary, perhaps he's getting cold himself, for aught you know!"

He went downstairs, and his very looks told a strange tale, although he spoke never a word.

"Where's Tim? What has happened?" were the hurried questions of his wife, turning pale.

Without waiting for an answer, she ran to the bed-room to learn the cause of her husband's strangeness. The sad news was soon known to her, and she, too, tarried a long time in the desolate chamber, sobbing for her own dear boy. She read the writing in the book, kissed it, and thanked God he was not dead.

Rooke went round and round the breakfast table, meditating on what steps should be taken to find his runaway son.

"Good morning, Mr. Rooke," said Harry Deffield, looking in at the door. "Is Tim ready for school, please?"

"Go to the devil," answered Rooke, "and take the schoolmaster with you!"

Harry was about to shut the door and run away, when he found he was held fast.

"Don't you run away yet, my fine fellow. I wish to say something to you, sir," said Rooke, contriving to get Harry inside and the door shut. "In the first place, I must warn you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as you hope for mercy, sir."

He handed him the first book he could lay his hands on, which proved to be the "Arabian Nights."

"Kiss the book, sir."

Harry, through fear, did all he was told; and, believing he was in the presence of a madman, glanced at the door, but found there was no hope of escape.

"And now, sir," said Rooke, "you are duly sworn; and if you don't tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you will be placed under the care of his Satanic Majesty, so you may take your choice. Now, sir, without any further delay, we will proceed to business. I must ask you to fix all your attention on Wednesday in the present week—that is to say, yesterday. On the day in question, did you call at the residence of Mr. Rooke—that is to say, Mr. Benjamin Rooke, gentleman, of Eldorado, in the town of Peckfield, in this county?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, who had now no doubts as to the insanity of his interrogator.

"And did you then and there sit down, and afterwards leave the said house accompanied by Timothy Rooke, son of the afore-said Mr. Benjamin Rooke, with the intention of going to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to swear that?"

"I do."

"And now you are approaching the dangerous precipice of life and death."

Harry believed this to be really a fact. He felt that he was in danger, but he had no chance of getting away.

"Did you go to school?" demanded Rooke, much agitated. "*Did, did, did* you go to school? Remember, you are on your oath."

"Yes, we did," said Harry, without any hesitation whatever.

"Can you prove that?"

"I can easily prove it."

"I believe it," said Rooke. "You have

given me more relief by saying that than you could have done by placing at my disposal all the wealth of the world, and no mistake."

Harry also was much relieved at the sudden change in Mr. Rooke's conduct, which was now as pleasant as it had been before disagreeable.

"I must explain why I have questioned you, or I shall be scarcely understood. There is an infernal viper in this town, a liar and a scoundrel: it is your schoolmaster."

"I think you are mistaken, sir; he is one of the best—"

"I tell you he is a rogue, or else you have not spoken the truth—which is it?"

"I have certainly spoken the truth."

"Then your schoolmaster is a wilful liar; for he sent me a note yesterday saying that my son had not been seen at his school either morning or afternoon."

"There's some mistake."

"Yes, and this is what it has led to. I thought Tim told me a lie when he said he *had* been to school; so I thrashed him and locked him up in his room. This morning I went to fetch him down to breakfast, and his bed was empty. The window was open, and he is gone—run away!"

Harry, in his surprise, could only repeat—

"Run away!"

"It is too late for you to go to school now. I am just going to see your schoolmaster. I will satisfy him on that point, and he shall satisfy me on another."

He took his umbrella, and putting on a hat (which was not his own, but Mr. Wadden's—the reader will remember how it changed hands), prepared for his departure.

"Harry, stay here till I come back, and if my wife comes downstairs tell her what you have told me, my boy, and that will comfort her."

Mr. Rooke went to pay his second visit to Mr. Jacob Augustus Wadden; whilst Harry, wondering what could induce Mr. Purden to write such a letter, remained to keep house.

Ten minutes afterwards there was a knock at the door, and when Harry opened it he stood face to face with Mr. Purden. When they saw each other they both appeared to be embarrassed.

"I see you are playing truant this morning with our new scholar," observed Mr. Purden.

"Oh, no, sir—indeed I am not," replied Harry, colouring. "Will you please to come in, sir? Mr. Rooke will be back again soon."

It was a cold, foggy morning, and both went into the room telling each other so. Harry explained what had kept him from school; in fact, he went over nearly the whole of his conversation with Mr. Rooke.

"This is strange," said Mr. Purden. "I never was more astounded in my life. I am grieved for both parents and son; for Tim, I thought, was a fine boy, and I am fully convinced he would have turned out a good scholar. Some one has been at mischief here. I did not send a note to any one yesterday, let alone Mr. Rooke; and, besides, what reason should I have for telling a wilful falsehood? However, I can't stay now. Tell Mr. Rooke I have called; that I will see into the matter, and call again this evening. You'll be at school this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Harry.

The schoolmaster strode slowly away to resume his duties.

Harry sat alone for nearly two hours, without Mr. or Mrs. Rooke making an appearance. Tired of sitting, he went to the window, when the first thing that met his eyes was Mr. Rooke making a rapid advance—with his umbrella, but without his hat.

"Where is your hat, Mr. Rooke?" asked Harry, when he had reached the house.

"Never you mind about the hat, sir," he replied, locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. "This is an infernal business; but I'll get to the bottom of it, make no mistake, or I'll shoot myself and everybody else. I must talk to you again, sir."

"Whatever is the mat—"

"Go to the devil, and sit down. I have been insulted and turned away without my hat, all through a young brute like you!"

"I'm very sorry," said Harry, wondering how to proceed. "The schoolmaster came just after you left, and has been waiting to see you."

"That's a lie, you impudent young vagabond—he has not been out this morning."

"Indeed, Mr. Rooke—"

"Hold your tongue, and listen to me. I have been convinced by the boys and by the master that my son was *not* at school

yesterday; and as for you, why, dammy, they don't know yer!"

"Mr. Rooke, I never——"

"Silence, you little villain! I tell you that, although I have been insulted, I have been convinced by the schoolmaster, Mr. Wadden, of Boomby House——"

"Mr. Wadden, of Boomby House!" repeated Harry, amazed. "I don't know him!"

"Fury and fire-irons!" roared Rooke, raising his umbrella. "What on earth will you say next? Am I on my head or on my heels, or on Mount Vesuvius? The next lie you tell me, I'll kill you on the spot—I will, by Jingo—by Jingo, I will! Perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me what school you *do* go to?"

"Mr. Purden's."

"And did you take Tim there?"

"Yes; we went together."

"Then perhaps you'll explain why you took my son there?" said Rooke, eyeing Harry severely.

"Well, sir, when I called on Tim last week, you asked me what school I went to, and I said Mr. Purden's. You said it was your intention to send Tim there, and we had better both go together."

Rooke could see through the mystery now; but he was not quite satisfied.

"But," said he, "my son knew he was going to Wadden's—what did he say?"

"He was surprised when I told him you were going to send him with me, and said he was glad that you had changed your mind; and that you had talked of sending him somewhere else."

"And now I'll go to Mr. Purden's," said Rooke, jumping up.

"He was here a short time ago, and has promised to call again to-night."

"Then I'll wait till to-night. I think I have got to the bottom of it now."

They parted soon afterwards, the best of friends; Harry promising to give Mr. Purden full particulars of the mistake.

## OUR VILLAGE.

THE CURATE OF ST. BOANERGES.

**A**MONG the characters often to be seen in the high street of our village, there remains to be described the curate of St. Boanerges, at Ironopolis. His visits were made on an errand of Cupid's, for he had condescended to bestow his affections on one of Mrs. Timepiece's daughters.

He was a very vain young man, and had received presents of so many slippers from young ladies in the congregation of St. Boanerges, that he conceived in his heart that he had only to ask any of the sex to receive his suit, and it would be received, and that the morning stars would sing for joy thereat. The Misses Welkin would have broken their piano-strings with boundless delight if he had made any of them an offer; but the Misses Welkin had no money. And there were twenty other young ladies, and more, who attended the week-night service at St. Boanerges on the Thursday evenings, who pondered him in their hearts. He smiled at them all, and by a wonderful ubiquity and unction kept alive in each of their breasts a spark of hope. It must have occurred to most of them that only one could be the successful candidate; but the number of competitors made the game the more exciting. He was poor, yet capable of making many rich. He was an extempore preacher, and his cheeks were full of holy oil. His heart overflowed its banks oftener than the river Jordan, of which he was wont to speak in his sermons. It was all love, love, love. Love took all the stings out of poverty—the Misses Welkin's feet were very unquiet upon their footstools when he said this.

Love undoubtedly gave him the slippers, but he did not mention this in his discourse. Love was the cure for all diseases and all trials.

He was out to dinner almost every day, and generally found some little delicacy provided for his advent, to which his eye was prone to stray rather slyly before he came to the end of a very long grace. He could pretty nearly guess, by the size of the dish-cover, what was underneath it. It was known that he was fond of sweetbread and kidneys, and these viands seemed to make him more and more loving. They were done on buttered toast, which he cut with great precision and emphasis, fitting it to the sweetbread as scrupulously as a tailor measures you for a waistcoat.

He liked woodcocks, but they had so many bones in them, which were as little spokes in the wheel of love, and rather interrupted its even flow. He was a great man, also, for tea; and could take, without any discomfort, four or five large cups. They seemed to increase his love, as he sipped them with alternations of currant tea-cake,

well buttered. It was a treat to see him baptize a child. He took it in his arms as if he were an experienced wet-nurse, and his countenance was as the sun when he shineth in his strength.

At prayer meetings he ascended higher than the cedars of Lebanon, and went from peak to peak in a chariot of fire.

As he walked along the street, he seemed fully conscious that every one was looking at him; and he had a constant habit of running his fingers, like a hay-fork, through and through, and through again, the large tufts of hair on each side of his head, which gave one the idea that there might be concealed in them some of the dew of Hennon, or the holy oil which ran down from Aaron's beard.

When he met a lady friend in the town, he held her hand nearly all the time he was speaking to her, as a bridegroom that of the bride after he has put on it the ominous ring.

It was all Love; but this manner of holding the hand was rather trying to the small nerves of some of his friends, and made them twinkle rather funnily, and suggest a polite attempt to get loose; but they found their hand held as in a vice.

Coleridge says that hell knows no fiercer passion than love when turned to hate. The curate of St. Boanerges, when he got up against the Papacy and Roman Catholics in general, was somewhat of an illustration of this. He turned red in the cheeks and nose as the aurora borealis in the northern heavens; his chest swelled rapidly as a soap bubble; and he drew back his right arm, as a Lancer does in a cavalry charge, as if he were just about to pin the devil against a wall for ever.

I think it is not improbable he will burst a blood-vessel in some of these assaults.

His wrath is prodigious, and his eyes burn like comets' tails as he denounces the Scarlet Lady, drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of martyrs—Mystery, Babylon the Great, and the abominations of the earth.

It has a tremendous effect on the congregation, who go out of St. Boanerges feeling as if they had been out in a terrific thunderstorm without getting wet; whilst the preacher puts the hay-fork rapidly to his tufts of hair, wipes the perspiration from his forehead, and sits down like a fallen thunderbolt. Yet I have discovered that the

curate of St. Boanerges knows the value of money. He had observed in an old column in a bound volume of the *Illustrated London News*, at the Mechanics' Institute, that the will of the late Mr. Timepiece had been proved under £25,000 personalty, and that legacies of £5,000 each had been left to each of the daughters.

This information seemed at once to affect his nose, and a noise went up from its Alpha to its Omega that ought in society to be either modified or prevented by a pocket-handkerchief. But he was alone when the tidings just caught his eye. The sensation did not stop long at his nose: it passed into his heart, and thrilled his very toes. Here was an object worthy of love; and the way to it, even at first sight, seemed not at all difficult.

When Mr. Roecliffe, our village parson, wished to go south for two or three weeks, and had, with the rector of St. Boanerges' consent, obtained his curate's promise to be *locum tenens* for that short space, it seemed to the curate—now that he had seen the paragraph in the *Illustrated London News*—that this arrangement had the hand of a special Providence in it. It reminded him of the story of Abraham sending his servant into the land of Mesopotamia to seek a wife for his son Isaac.

He gave way to a sigh of joy and expectancy, and thought that goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life. It was all love. But the curate of St. Boanerges was about to fall—like him whom he had so often shut up in the bottomless pit—from "high heaven."

Providence had prepared a wholesome and never-to-be-forgotten lesson for his vanity.

During his three weeks' *locum tenens*-ship, he made frequent pastoral calls at Mrs. Timepiece's, and talked a great deal about love in general.

It did once or twice cross Mrs. Timepiece's mind that he might have some latent meaning of love in particular; and one day, when, from her bed-room window, she saw him coming through the wicket-gate in front of the house to make a call, a thought of this kind came, and made her laugh almost audibly.

It was a laugh of ridicule; but I question, if the curate of St. Boanerges had heard it, if he would have taken it as a warning.

Vanity deludes the eyes; and he would probably have construed it into a laugh of

pleasure at the prospect of an alliance with him.

The Misses Timepiece never dreamt of what was coming; but the lady selected was equal to the occasion when it came. She decisively rejected the advances of the curate of St. Boanerges.

#### NEGLECTED.

A JOYOUS smile, and a fond caress,  
For his dogs as they fawn in glee:  
A start at the rustle of *some one's* dress—  
But never a word for me!

Swift stolen glances between them pass,  
I never was meant to see;  
An ominous blush on her face—alas!  
But never a word for me.

With tortured heart and a flaming eye,  
To my chamber lone I flee;  
And they sit 'neath the glowing summer sky,  
But never a word for me!

And still they sit in the sunset's glow,  
Looking out o'er the western sea,  
As the night winds come and the night winds go,  
But never a word for me!

F. B. DOVETON.

#### RICHARD WAGNER AND MODERN GERMAN MUSIC.

THE death of Mr. H. F. Chorley, the able and accomplished critic of the *Athenæum*, has left a blank among musical men which it will be difficult to fill. It is only upon a careful review of the services of such public characters that we can reach with any degree of accuracy the measure of their success or failure; and if the years of their labour have been long and their work honest, it is impossible to attribute anything but the highest praise. After a busy career of thirty years, connected mainly with the first literary serial of this country, Mr. Chorley has been called away, leaving as a legacy abiding proofs of sound judgment and unflinching truth. Such a character, placed in such a position of peril, would always command respect, even if it did not evoke love. But over and above this, the times during which Mr. Chorley lived were critical in the annals of music: the power of the reporter was exercised harmfully, and readers will remember how impresarios attempted to check any expression of opinion, except such as was suited to their tastes and pockets. It was at such a crisis that the *Athenæum*, almost

single-handed, fought the battle of independence, and kept clear of the intrigues of managers and artists. Unless some bold spirit had stepped to the front, and challenged the reckless assumptions of those who, by their position, were exercising an influence on the music of the country—unless such a champion had been of steadfast will and with indomitable courage, we should be overwhelmed now, as we were overwhelmed then, with critical opinions of no value whatever except as a means of filling the coffers of managers.

The influence such a writer must have on men and things it is difficult to estimate; and when we consider that the majority of those who, mistaking candour for ill-nature, were themselves ready at all times to pass harsh judgment on the judge—when we remember that such a majority are now willing and anxious to admit the stainless integrity, and calm, well-weighed opinion of the *Athenæum* critic, we may well pause and reflect before delivering any judgment which is in direct discord with Mr. Chorley's known views.

Our intention in the present paper is to discuss the prospects of Wagner and the modern German school. What we are about to write is so completely at variance with the great critic's opinion, that it seems advisable to take up a position at once, if we are to combat successfully what must inevitably be of great moment to music. It may perhaps be remembered, that "The Flying Dutchman" was being performed at Drury Lane Opera two years ago. Doubtless, it was a bold thing then for any man to express himself plainly on a matter of such considerable pretensions, and about which such variance of opinion was tolerated and accepted. But enthusiasm is sometimes unbridled. The audience at the Opera, having been told to ridicule, applauded the play, and left the critics to cry. This was all the more extraordinary, considering that Wagner's name was but little known: wherever it had been mentioned, it was the signal for laughter. There have, however, been eager spirits anxious to promote the good, and bent on bringing forward what they believed to be the true and earnest. And this has not only been the case with regard to England. A knot of zealous admirers have worked in Italy with a will; and at Bologna, the home of Italian song, the city which has revelled in the tuneful melodies of Rossini and of



Verdi, we find Wagner has been introduced, accepted, and admired. The reports given of the representation of the "Lohengrin" tell us of an audience literally fired by enthusiasm and fervour—an audience which rose simultaneously to greet the production as a master-work of a master-mind. Dr. Gunz, who has only once sung at our Philharmonic concerts, brought forward for the first time in this country an excerpt from this opera, "Lohengrin," which bore the unmistakable traces of exquisite imagery and splendid orchestral workmanship. Since then, modern German music has been passed about in many ways, and the names, if not the motives, of the school are well known, whether for good or evil. His admirers have been untiring in their devotion, and, to give them their due, have acted with admirable tact. They seem to have argued that if the name of the principal and chief be an offence, the particular school of thought may not be so obnoxious; and in this way have managed, by the production of works of a similar type, to make a hearing, and so evoke honest, unbiassed opinion.

The plan has succeeded. There is an organized Wagner Society in London, which has ostensibly in view a plan for the acquisition of seats at the coming performance of the trilogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," but which has really for its higher aim the desire—not to say the intention—of making modern German music familiar to the public, and of creating a sounder, healthier taste among musical Englishmen. The idea, as far as experience goes, may be Utopian; but it is hard to find fault with those who have laboured so assiduously, and who have so successfully surmounted what at one time appeared impregnable. Nor is this success of any doubtful kind. Not only have these enthusiasts ventured on making *their* topic a topic of general interest, but they have created an audience which—to put it on the lowest grounds—insists on giving fair play to all engaged in the republic of Art; more especially to those who are carving landmarks for themselves, and are hardly content to tread monotonously in the footprints of those who have gone before. We all know how such daring spirits are met; we are all aware they are called idlers, triflers, dreamers, men who have no object other than self-glorification and self-importance—men, in short, who live for personal reputation. And yet, against whom might

not such a charge be made? Every unit engaged in any occupation whatever is liable to the accusation, which, if made in terms sufficiently general and elastic, will be difficult to meet, still more to rebut. Happily, however, in the case of Wagner, direct principles are enunciated, and, so far, have been followed. That such principles are altogether sound it is not in the province of this paper to discuss; still less would we care to admit the efficacy of the rules which have hitherto guided composers of established repute.

The idea of opera generally, when only viewed partially, presents a ludicrous side, and is open to grave objections. For it is thus that some men argue:—"Tragedy is bad enough. We are just able to submit, for the time, to stilted talk and exaggerated expression. We can tolerate the unnatural, because, under a certain set of conditions, supremely rare, we might picture heroes indulging in rhapsody and bombast. But is it conceivable, think how we will, that any given set of creatures would give vent to their feelings by way of song?" And to do such questioners justice, we are bound to admit that no set of human beings do sing when they talk, or gesticulate so freely in their daily intercourse. But then all this is material; and in music we seek the ideal, which is really the other side of the question, and what materialists have failed signally to grasp. However elevating, nevertheless, poetry may be, or however sublime music may become, we must all allow that the one is enhanced by the other; and if, by the conjunction, either loses some of its own peculiar beauties, the whole is harmonious, the meaning clearer, and the purpose more defined. This fact with Wagner is of paramount importance. In opera, both poetry and music have to be represented; and he insists on the principle of both being so blended and woven together that the poet's art shall be heightened and coloured by the melody of the musician, and not that the musician should melodize at the expense of the words. Those who frequent the opera or study the subject artistically will understand the scope of this last remark. It would be difficult to find, and we might almost challenge the production of, any Italian opera which did not sink its metrical responsibility in aid of the musician's art. The real fact is, operatic music may be, for the most part, beautiful and inspiring. But

what shall we say of the words? Dare we call the music we hear at Drury Lane a handmaid to poetry—as it ought to be—and is the music only a helping hand in giving expression to the words that the soul is pouring forth? Let those who read the *libretti*, as they are ignominiously called, with their cheap translations on opposite pages, judge fairly, and what that judgment must be is not difficult to surmise. The plot in most cases is repulsive, and the versification worse. The play is built up to suit the musician, and is chalked off so that soprano, alto, tenor, and bass may have each his own "air," and may each enjoy his own scene; but, if it be a point as to the meaning of the words, or the intention of the poet, both are left naked and bare, and the singer might as well chant *solfeggi*, and act in dumb show, for all an audience would care.

To show how far matters have long since gone in this direction, we may quote an amusing illustration of Franz Hüffers. During a scene in the "Figaro," where the page is hidden in the closet of the countess, the husband, mad with jealousy at finding the door bolted, rushes away for the necessary instruments to make his entrance by force. As soon as he is out of sight Cherubino appears, and, seeing no other way of saving his life and the honour of his lady, is about to jump out of window. There is *periculum in mora*, and a moment's delay may be of fatal consequence. But here there is the opportunity for an effective piece of music. Cherubino and Susanna begin their duet, and fate, in the shape of the count with his hammer and drawn sword, has to wait at the door till *tonic* and *dominant* have had their due. As another illustration, and as an argument to close the subject of operatic poetical imbecility, is it too much to ask what the "Last Rose of Summer" has to do with the plot in Flotow's "Martha," except as a means of vocal display? For this purpose it is admirable, and—at any rate in England—is safe for an encore. But we have failed to discover any other meaning for the interpellation.

It is something, then, to learn at last that an attempt is being made to give the new school a hearing, and that artists accustomed to perform Wagnerian strains have been specially engaged to try their powers in the opera house, Covent Garden. This announcement forms the chief feature in Mr.

no longer be deaf to the calls of amateurs, and that, after its reception at Bologna, he has no course open to him other than to produce "Lohengrin," with fitting magnificence. The resolution is a wise one, and if only viewed in a pecuniary point, will amply repay any sum that may be spent on the *mise en scène*. The number of opera-goers could hardly be called a limited one, and if we add to this number the still larger class who, being unable to attend regularly, are only too willing to pay when they know that something genuine and sterling is about to be represented after much thought and careful rehearsal, we collect an auditory which will fill, not Covent Garden, but La Scala many times over. Besides, "The Flying Dutchman" was by no means an equivocal success, and we have yet to learn that its production was one of loss to the director. But having said so much, it is impossible not to feel amused at the half-hearted policy that is about to be adopted—although, by the way, the flourish of trumpets which ushers in the manager's statement is calculated to awe the ordinary reader. We are to hear Wagner the musician, but Wagner the poet is ignored and forgotten. His opera is accepted, but not his theory; and these special German singers who have been imported to give us what has taken them years to study, will have to undergo the nice torture of unlearning, as it were, the original words, and, of course, in many cases, the original music, in order to commit to memory what must inevitably be a bald and rugged adaptation. It is true our opera is Italian opera, and we should be sorry to see it changed exclusively for any other; but with this fantastic parade about German composers and German singers, is it too much to expect a point to be strained, and that with the working material at hand we should hope to hear the very original in words and music? If the thing be worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, as the adage tells us; but, as it seems to us, Mr. Gye, after having contrived to do his utmost to secure the best that could be got, is now carefully undoing his work by the very means which will render his attempt the opposite to an echo of a careful, reflecting, critical judgment.

It is time, however, to hear what Mr. Chorley had to say on this vexed question, and how he had settled the matter in his

the present writer was in constant communication with the critic, and had means of sounding him on his most matured views. His abhorrence of Wagner was excessive, nor did he attempt to conceal it. He told a story with evident satisfaction of how Wagner, during the performance of one of his operas, went over to Mendelssohn, who happened to be in the theatre, to ask him his opinion of the play and the music.

"I wish I could congratulate you," said Mendelssohn, "but I cannot. What I hear upsets all my preconceived notions of what ought to be and what undoubtedly is."

"For my part," continued Mr. Chorley, "I believe the man to overrate himself and his work; and if this same work be the standard whereby to judge all former compositions, then everybody else is wrong, and Wagner right. But I maintain that much of what has been written will live, as it *has* lived, for many years to come; and this is, at least, uncertain with modern German music.

"The highest gift of the musician is the gift of melody, and when this is eliminated, the work perforce becomes ponderous and laborious. Musicians have recognized this great fact long enough ago, and have left us marvels of melody encased in the richest orchestration. But to have mainly a knowledge of orchestral effect, without attaching any acknowledged recognizable air to the words or the poem, is to bring down music to declamation and to the level of scientific analysis. He reaches at once what he wishes to avoid: attempting to reach the ideal, he idealizes the real." That this view was one not hurriedly formed and expressed, but was the outcome of thought and still more of experience, may be arrived at from Mr. Chorley's preface to his work on "Music and Manners in France and North Germany." "It has been my fortune (or misfortune, as may be) to undergo very few conversions with regard to music and its masters. I hope that I know more than I did; but I have not come to like what I disliked ten years ago, or the reverse. . . . It is impossible to know a work thoroughly on a first hearing—on a first intercourse with an artist to perceive the extent of his merits; but unless the work, from the first, produces a quick desire for better acquaintance—unless the artist, at first, displays some attribute or accomplishment that attracts—it may be only a damage done to

taste, and a loss of time on subsequent occasions, to attempt to find beauty where none suggested itself, or charm in that which failed to charm originally. Such attempts, however laudable on the score of their patience and charity, are apt to end in the listener losing his discernment of good and evil, in his confusing what is mediocre with what is great, in his accepting pretensions on the terms of those advancing them, not according to the standard of artistic perfection."

Than this nothing could be clearer; and the comparison between the written and the oral opinion indicates a tenacity to a judgment which looks as if the opinion were truth itself. On examination, however, it seems harsh and unjust. If no conversion is possible—and this is what the judgment amounts to—how can we reconcile the estimation in which Beethoven is held nowadays with the position he held years ago?

To come down still later, have we not all remarked the tone of present criticism in comparison with the tone of criticism in vogue five years ago? Schubert was tolerated as a song writer, but Schumann was rejected as a sceptic. It was the fashion to sneer at the germs of the innovation, and to believe the founders of the new-fangled school, men running mad after an idea. Now, on the contrary, all is changed; and no concert of any moment is considered satisfactory without at least one representative piece of modern German art. Musical critics are specially engaged to write a careful analysis for the convenience of listeners, which, if these notices can be relied upon, is in the majority of cases the work of able, honest, and impartial judges. The conversion has of late become so rapid, that we are instinctively reminded of Goldsmith's description, in "The Deserted Village," of the good old parson who drew many auditors, "and some who came to scoff remained to pray." There is an absence of hauteur, and a deferential regard for the leanings of a large circle who have never wavered in giving a patient hearing to what they imagined to be a reformation in the right direction. And if we still sometimes meet with adverse criticism, it is of a fair and legitimate kind, and not of the reckless, sweeping order which used raillery for argument and abused without listening. If we are not to admire what is not apparent on the surface, the large idea

of education is lost sight of, and we can only trust to our barren and untutored instincts, which, call them by what name we will, can only land us on the superficial and commonplace.

Musical taste must be educated to be refined; and we know no limit where this refining influence ceases. As we grow older, so, let us hope, we grow wiser; and if modern Germany is building on the foundations of past generations, it will serve no good purpose to enfeeble or crush her efforts. No sounder advice than Gamaliel's was ever given. If the attempt be a foolish one, it will come to nought; if not, it will grow and thrive, little heeding the obstacles clumsily thrown in its way. The more angry opponents become, the more devoted will be the adherence of friends. We have only to read of the reception given to Wagner the other day at Baireuth, on the occasion of his laying the corner-stone of a National German Theatre, to be assured of the hold he and his followers have taken of the musical sympathies of Continental Europe. If there were one cause more than another likely to militate against success, it would be the persistent and the easy confidence which has always asserted itself in his writings and conversations with regard to the supporters of former operatic doctrines. Enemies, no doubt, are to be found in thousands; but these, as time proceeds, diminish in numbers, while round the standard of heresy are flocking numbers day by day.

If the result of operatic writing be gauged by the *libretti* and the music of the hour, the result is disappointing, not to say unedifying. Those who witnessed "Gelmina" can now fairly understand how debased art may become; and how it may be served up, only that the singer may obtain the plaudits of the gallery. As an accomplished and finished artiste, Madame Adelina Patti will gain triumphs enough, and to spare. No good purpose can be served by exalting the singer at the expense of the music; and no dramatic reputation can be heightened by carefully selecting a plot where vice is triumphant and virtue goes to the wall. If modern musicians are eager merely to write for the shops and the singers, then Wagner, whatever he may do, must be rewarded for his manly defence of Art itself. And if those who witnessed "Gelmina" will trouble themselves to listen to the "Lohengrin," they will find, in place of a dissolute play with

voluptuously airy music, an opera worked up "into the divine" by its elegance, refinement, and spirituality.

#### WILLIAM TINSLEY.

THE subject of our cartoon this week is Mr. William Tinsley, the well-known enterprising publisher, of 18, Catherine-street, Strand, and proprietor of "Tinsley's Magazine." We have already in our series of cartoons given the counterfeit presentments of a number of distinguished authors. We propose to include the portraits of some few gentlemen identified with literary interests; such, for instance, as Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P. for Westminster, and Mr. Mudie, the eminent librarian. This week we have selected a representative publisher. As everybody knows, an author's *sine qua non* is a publisher, and it seems only fair to give one or two of these gentlemen their turn. In the history of "the trade"—as from time immemorial the booksellers and publishers have been called—probably there is no instance in which integrity and intelligence have more quickly met their reward. Nay, further, Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" contains no more remarkable instance of a great and deserved rise in life than is afforded in the history of the gentleman under notice.

Mr. William Tinsley trades under the name of Tinsley Brothers; he has, however, no brother in partnership with him, nor has he had a partner for several years past. The business known as "Tinsley Brothers" was founded some twenty years ago by William and Edward Tinsley, hence the name under which the business is still carried on by the surviving partner. Mr. Edward Tinsley was, we believe, the younger brother of the two, and at his death, six or seven years ago, the business came into the sole possession of the present proprietor.

William Tinsley was born, in the year 1830, at the village of South Mims, in the county of Middlesex; and we hope we are violating no confidence when we mention that Mr. Tinsley was sent to work by his father as a farmer's boy before he was twelve years old; that the only actual schooling he ever received was at the National School at South Mims, and this only for a few months.

At the age of fourteen, young William Tinsley was offered the chance of learning

a trade. He availed himself of the opportunity that thus offered itself; and it was with the few pounds that he had saved whilst working at his trade that he, with his brother Edward, opened a small shop in the Strand for the sale of second-hand books. But the brothers were not long content with being only booksellers, they soon began to print and publish books on their own account. The few books they published to start with, for some private reason, bore the name of William Tinsley only on the title-pages.

The brothers remained a short time only in the Strand before they removed to the premises in Catherine-street, where the publishing business of the firm of Tinsley Brothers has ever since been carried on.

From a farmer's boy, with two shillings or half a crown a-week for wages, to the position Mr. William Tinsley now holds as a publisher, is no ordinary leap in life, especially when it must be taken into consideration that he had only the advantage in early life of the most rudimentary education. Mr. Tinsley is now, we believe, sometimes a contributor upon dramatic and social subjects to the pages of his own magazine. The story of William Tinsley's life, if told at length, would no doubt only add one more to the thousands of proofs of what perseverance and pluck can accomplish, if put to the test; and it is worthy of some speculation as to what eminence in life men such as those of whom Mr. William Tinsley is a type would have attained if they had had the advantages of a good education to start with, instead of being obliged to educate themselves during the time they are making their way in the world.

A glance at Tinsley Brothers' list of works in this week's *Athenæum* will, we think, convince any one with the slightest knowledge of modern English literature, that Mr. William Tinsley's judgment is not much at fault in his selection of authors. In this list may be seen the names of Captain Burton (the celebrated African traveller), the veteran Planché, G. A. Sala, and other writers of works of standard excellence in various departments of literature.

Among the works of fiction in his list may be found the names of Anthony Trollope, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Henry Kingsley, Edmund Yates, Mrs. Henry Wood,

Miss Rhoda Broughton, Justin M'Carthy, B. L. Farjeon, and many other favourites with the novel-reading public.

## THE PAINTED CHAMBER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

ON the morrow, Mrs. Rennelson called at my office as per appointment. Her sister again accompanied her; but the office was apparently free from "influences," for she was perfectly quiet and collected during the interview.

When Mrs. Rennelson had brought her statement to a close, and I had given her such advice as the nature of the case rendered proper, she informed me that her sister desired a private interview with me. I bowed, and Mrs. Rennelson took her leave.

Mrs. Davidson at once entered upon her purpose.

"Of course you don't believe in spiritualism, Mr. Rushworth?"

I didn't wish to hurt her feelings; and, for that matter, I didn't see any necessity for committing myself on the point. I didn't wish to tell her that I felt perfectly convinced that spiritualism was the hugest humbug of the age, and that its votaries and votaresses, herself included, were compounded of about equal parts of knave, fool, and swindler. I temporized.

"Really, madam," I replied, "I have never given spiritualism the careful consideration which so momentous a subject demands—"

"Enough: you *don't* believe in it. I *do*; and I *have* given it careful consideration. Mr. Rushworth, as sure as there is a God above us, there is some mystery associated with that horrible Painted Room where I saw you last evening."

Her tone was so sincere, so full of honest conviction, and, withal, so impressive, that I am ashamed to admit that I laughed in her face. I couldn't help it. She did not seem annoyed, but resumed—

"I had no sooner entered that room last night than I felt uncomfortable, and in less than two minutes afterwards I knew that its influences were of tremendous potency. The short time I spent there robbed me of a good deal of nerve-power; yet my object in calling upon you to-day is to persuade you





to bring me in contact with those influences again."

"But how, madam? I do not understand—"

"Listen. I have not rested since I was here yesterday; and it has been imparted to me that I must make some attempt to solve the mystery of that chamber before I can hope to obtain any rest. If you will spend an hour with me in that room to-night, I hope to accomplish my purpose; and if I don't convince you that there are more things on earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of such men as you, I give you leave to proclaim me a worthless impostor from every housetop in Forestville."

A rational conversation this, I thought to myself, for the prosaic precincts of an attorney's office, in the middle of the nineteenth century. I did not wish to offend her, however—in the first place, on account of her sex; and in the second place, because her sister was my client, and might probably become a very profitable one. So I merely remarked—

"But are you not afraid of losing more 'nerve-power' than you can spare, if you spend an hour in the room?"

"No. I shall doubtless lose considerable, but I shall be prepared for that, and will steel myself against it."

"And," I stammered, "is it necessary that I should be present at the interview between yourself and your 'spiritual intelligences?'"

"I forgive your sneer, because you don't know of what you speak. Yes, it is necessary; because I am not fit to grapple with the influences alone, and my sister is too weak to be of any service—not that you will see anything."

Reader, laugh at me if you will; but I confess that in less than five minutes more she had succeeded in interesting me, and I had resolved to humour her. I undertook to procure the use of the room from Mr. McBean, as if for a consultation; and Mrs. Davidson was to call precisely at eight o'clock. The influences, she informed me, were always more propitious at night. Upon that understanding she took her leave.

I easily arranged the matter with my landlord; and at eight o'clock Mrs. Davidson arrived.

She removed her gloves, and sat down at one side of the centre table, placing the tips of her fingers upon the table, and requesting me to take my seat at the other side, placing

the tips of *my* fingers likewise upon the table. I obeyed, and we sat in silence for several minutes.

"There," said she, at the expiration of that time; "in order that you may know that I do not interfere physically in what is about to take place, I will withdraw from the table."

So saying, she took her seat on a sofa placed at least six feet from the nearest point of the table. I was perfectly cool and self-possessed, and waited patiently to hear what ridiculous excuse she would make when the table refused to budge at her command.

"Is any one present?" she demanded, from her place on the sofa.

I supposed her to be addressing me, and was about to reply that I saw no one but ourselves; when the table, upon which my hands were resting, arose at least six inches from the floor, and gave an audible knock.

I jumped from my seat, went down on my knees, and peered all about beneath the table.

"Sit down," quietly observed my companion. "You must surely know that that knock was produced by a much more powerful agency than mine. Don't lose time, for I am beginning to feel the strain already."

I silently and wonderingly obeyed, and placed my fingers on the table. At last I was interested with a vengeance.

"Who is it?" she asked.

She then repeated the letters of the alphabet in rotation until she came to the letter F, when the table gave a distinct rap. Beginning again at A, she went on until she came to R, when the table rapped again; and so on until the words "Franklin Osborne Hooper" had been spelt out. By this time, whether it was mere nervousness, or whether there really was some strange influence at work, I felt awe-struck, and, what was more singular, I felt tired.

"How long have you been dead?" was the next question put by the medium.

The table speedily rapped off—

"*Nineteen years.*"

"Where did you die?"

The answer came clear and distinct—

"*In this room.*"

"Of what did you die?"

I waited in breathless silence until the response came—

"*I WAS MURDERED.*"

The cold perspiration burst from my forehead. I turned to my companion. A



great change had come over her. She was deathly pale, and evidently sinking from sheer exhaustion. She waved her hand to me to sit still, and summoned up strength to propound the query—

"By whom?"

Steadily and quietly came the answer—

"*By Granville Kimball.*"

I could bear it no longer. I had just strength to reach the door, which I quickly flung wide open. The atmosphere of the hall revived me somewhat. I turned to look at Mrs. Davidson, and perceived that she had fainted on the sofa.

I rushed across the room, and rather dragged than carried her into the hall. The atmosphere seemed to exert a like revivifying influence upon her. To seize my hat and hurry her down the stairs was the work of little more than a moment.

I walked silently by her side until we reached her sister's house. I opened the gate for her, and was about to say good night, when she took me by the arm and spoke.

"What steps do you intend to take about this?"

That was just what I had been asking myself all the way along.

"I don't know. What would you suggest?"

"Listen to me. Neither you nor I can tell whether what we have heard to-night is true."

"Surely spirits never lie?" I remarked; and this time there was no sneer on my lip when I spoke of the spirits.

"A great mistake—they do lie, very often. For you must know that there are as many different characteristics among the inhabitants of the spirit-world as among mankind. And it is possible that to-night's disclosures may be the work of a mischief-making spirit, who wishes to render us ridiculous. Would it not therefore be better to ascertain whether such names as those we have heard are known in this neighbourhood, and whether the owner of one of them was murdered?"

I was astonished to hear such doctrine from such lips; but I understood her drift, and after a few moments' further conversation, I bent my steps to the Queen's Arms.

I thought the matter carefully over, and before I had arrived at my destination I had resolved upon a course of proceeding. I would feel my way very gradually.

A little before bed-time I contrived to get into conversation with the landlord of the Queen's Arms, whose name was Hotchkiss; in the course of which I asked—

"By the way, did you ever know Mr. Hooper?"

"Cooper, what Cooper?"

"Hooper," I repeated—"Franklin Osborne Hooper."

It appeared that, to the best of his recollection, he had never either known or heard of any person bearing that name. Neither had he ever known Granville Kimball, for the very sufficient reason that that personage had been burnt to death before his, Mr. Hotchkiss's, arrival in Forestville. Mr. Frazer, the postmaster, however, could tell me all about him, as Kimball and he had had frequent transactions together, and used to be pretty intimate, he believed. Kimball had formerly kept a tavern a little farther up the street. The tavern was burnt down about eight years ago, and Kimball had been burned to death in trying to save his cash-box. He had not borne a good character, and had been generally disliked. He had never been married, and had left neither relatives nor property behind him; the latter, what there was of it, which was not much, having all been consumed in the fire.

And that was all I could glean from Mr. Hotchkiss.

Next day, I casually dropped in, as though to have a little harmless gossip with Mr. Frazer. He was an insurance agent, and I gradually brought the conversation round to fires; from fires to that particular fire where Granville Kimball had met his fate; and thence to Kimball himself.

"O yes, he had known Kimball well—an unprincipled fellow, but who had nevertheless some good streaks about him. Hooper? No, he had never known any such name. Franklin Osborne Hooper? O yes, to be sure—a worthless, do-nothing sort of a chap that used to board with Kimball at the tavern. Yes, he had left Forestville years ago."

"Left Forestville?" I repeated.

"Yes—let me see—ah, I remember. He had some money left him down in Tennessee; and a few days after getting it into his hands he left town for California, and has never been heard of since."

In addition to this information, I was able in the course of that and the following day, by dint of questioning about a dozen other persons, to elicit what follows. Hooper used

to hang around Kimball's tavern, paying his board when he had any money, and going on tick when he had none. Kimball and he used to quarrel sometimes, and the latter had frequently been expelled from the tavern late at night for impudence and unruly conduct in his cups. Upon such occasions he used to walk down to the Cassidy House—that being the name of the building which contained the Painted Chamber. The Cassidy House was always vacant in those days; and, as the doors were never locked, he used to go in and sleep on the floor. Kimball often got mollified before bed-time, and then would go down and bring Hooper back again. Sometimes, instead of going himself, he would send any one who might happen to be loafing about the bar-room.

After some trouble, I succeeded in finding a man, by name Geordie Ferguson, who had at least twice to his recollection been despatched on this errand. On both occasions he had found Hooper asleep on the floor of the Painted Chamber; and Geordie believed that Hooper always went to that room when Kimball turned him out.

Not a hint of Hooper's having been murdered reached me from any quarter; in fact, such a thing was evidently not suspected by any of the inhabitants of the town. I communicated what I had heard to Mrs. Davidson, and we agreed that no good could come of saying anything about the matter. Not long afterwards she returned to her home at Rochester, where, when last I heard of her, she was still living. I have never seen her since, however; though for several years after the events above narrated I received occasional letters from her, inquiring whether or not I had succeeded in obtaining any further particulars. I have always been compelled to answer in the negative, though I went to some trouble and expense in advertising in the Tennessee and California papers for particulars respecting the missing Hooper. Not a single gleam of light has ever been thrown on this strange affair; and, until I took up my pen to write this letter, I have never acquainted any one with the history of my queer adventures in the Painted Chamber.

Here Mr. Rushworth's letter ends—at least so much thereof as may be supposed to have any general interest. It has been suggested to me by a gentleman whose judgment on literary matters I value very highly, that the preceding narrative might be rendered much

more effective by giving it an altogether different and less abortive termination. He has suggested that I ought to make the statements of the table turn out correct, by proving that Hooper was actually murdered by Kimball in the Painted Room. But there are three reasons why such a course would be objectionable to me. The first of these reasons consists in the fact that any such alteration as that suggested would be a wilful perversion of truth. Second, it would be tampering with my friend's manuscript. Third, it would appear to indicate the writer's belief in the doctrines of spiritualism.

It certainly seems inexplicable that—

But, there—I will simply present the narrative intact from Mr. Rushworth's letter, and leave each reader to solve the enigma for himself in such manner as he may.

#### A FRAGMENT FROM SPAIN.

AT the close of the year 1809, when the victorious English were advancing in all directions towards Madrid, and the hitherto invincible French legions were falling back towards their own frontier, a Spanish farmer, one José de Salvador, was captured by a squadron of French Cuirassiers who were covering the rear of Soult's main body.

At that time, as is now well known, the French were accustomed to shoot on the spot every Spaniard taken prisoner with arms in his hands; and the unfortunate farmer, when surrounded by the French, had unfortunately with him his gun, an old-fashioned fowling-piece, with which he had just shot one of his horses, which had an hour before broken his leg while at work in the fields. The Spaniard was at once dragged before Captain Marius de Violles, the commander of the Cuirassiers, and was immediately ordered by him to be hanged on the nearest tree.

The wretched farmer in vain pleaded his innocence. His hands were tied, and he was on the point of being executed, when the sound of a horse galloping was heard in the distance; and in a few moments a beautiful girl was seen coming towards the party at full speed.

She galloped into the midst of the French, and, dismounting and rushing towards the captain, implored him to spare her father. But, alas! in vain—the captain was inex-

orable; and in a moment the unfortunate farmer was no more.

His daughter, who had watched the proceedings with a firm gaze, after she had found all her entreaties of no avail, then turned to Captain de Violles, and snatching one of the pistols from his belt, shot him through the head; and then, jumping on her horse, was already at some hundred yards' distance before the thunderstruck Cuirassiers could remount to pursue her.

A volley from their carbines only had the effect of increasing her distance, and it was more than an hour before the French reached the farm where she lived, and found it barricaded on all sides.

They called upon the inhabitants to surrender, but a storm of bullets was the only reply they received from the desperate inmates.

At last, after firing without result for some minutes, the Cuirassiers were on the point of retiring, when the doors of the courtyard of the farm were suddenly thrown open, and a large body of the servants of the estate, headed by the young lady, charged the Cuirassiers.

These being attacked unawares, and having expended the whole of their ammunition, were, after a desperate fight, slain to a man, but not before they had killed more than thirty Spaniards, and had severely wounded the gallant girl who had fought bravely at their head. She, however, after a long illness recovered, married happily, and one of her sons has lately, after being for several years one of the leading men in his country, perished by the hands of assassins, regretted by all his countrymen.

We allude to the late Don Pablo de Gomez, the news of whose fate in Cuba has so recently reached us.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### ADVICE.

ON the morning that William Fletcher left his chambers so early to visit Arnold, and at about the same hour, a man might have been seen walking along the Strand from Charing-cross. Nothing very wonderful in that, you will say: a few men do walk into the City by that route on most mornings. There are a dozen or so of clerks, and a lawyer or two; and probably a

stockbroker (but he would ride), and at least one banker, not to mention several merchants and shopkeepers, whose avocations call them to the little settlement that lies to the eastward of Temple Bar. I will not deny this; but one must begin a chapter somehow, and the man in question was not one of the ordinary passengers. Not that there was anything about him calculated to attract particular attention. He was dressed in a plain gray paletot, buttoned up to the throat, black trousers, and a Gibus hat, worn pressed over the eyes; and he walked quietly along in an unassuming manner, calculated to allow him to pass with the crowd, unnoticed by any one but a biographer in want of him. And yet, if you are given to observing the physiognomy of your fellow-creatures, and had caught a good view of his face, you might have looked a second time at him. His eyes had that fixed, glassy appearance peculiar to those who can see an object without, apparently, looking at it. His nose was slightly hooked; his mouth, which a barren moustache was unfortunately unable to conceal, nearly lipless; and his faded, sallow skin was covered with wrinkles, which were not as most men's wrinkles, but more like blisters which had been pricked. He had not shaved that morning; and this, combined with a certain jaded air, gave him the appearance of having been up all night. People given to such reprehensible habits ought to wear beards. When this man came to Adam-street, Adelphi, he turned down it, glanced up towards Clements's windows, and then, as if there was some signal flying to show that the coast was clear, went straight up the staircase and knocked at the door, not with the honest rat-tat-tat of a friend, the sharp bang-bang of the postman, or the short, surly blow of a dun, but with a peculiar number of gentle taps, having pauses between them—the rap of one, in fact, who wished to let it be known who he was by knocking in a manner previously agreed on. He had to repeat the signal several times before he was admitted; for Clements had to rouse out of bed to let him in.

Clements did not look seductive, with his hair all towzled and unbrushed, his chin unshorn, and his eyes bleared, wrapped in a dressing gown, and with his naked feet in slippers.

"Well, Dubourg," he said to his visitor, "how did we do last night?"

"Pretty well," replied the other. "Nine hundred and seventy-five—above the average."

"Aye," said Clements, "but it won't last long now. The best men have stopped in town simply to retrieve their losses, and so we have beaten the grouse. But they will go soon, and then there will be only the cavalry men, and their ready money is soon lapped up; while as for their paper, it is only good for pipe-lights. We shall have to shut up soon, though the police have missed us. By the bye, I saw that Sir Nicholas Maine was there again last night. What did he do?"

"As usual—won."

"Much?"

"About a hundred. If there were many as lucky and cautious as him, it would hardly pay to keep the place open. He never risks more than ten pounds, and goes when he has lost it; but he will play all night when he is winning."

"Never mind—he brags of his winnings, and that brings others. Come, let us divide the rhino at once, and then be off home to bed. You look seedier than usual this morning."

Dubourg produced a bag of sovereigns and a portfolio of bank notes from his pockets, and Clements proceeded to share the money. First deducting and putting aside ten per cent. of the whole as interest on the capital—which had been entirely found by himself—and five per cent for the payment of current expenses, he divided the remainder into three equal portions—for himself, Perez, and Dubourg.

"I ought to have a larger share," said the latter. "The young one does nothing at all now. He has hardly been near the place at Chelsea since it has been open. Why should he draw his share of the profits, when he takes neither trouble nor risk?"

"By heaven," cried Clements, with a fearful oath, "what do our private arrangements matter to you, you —?"

"The young one is working a speculation on his own account, and if he has a share of what I work for, I ought to touch something if he succeeds. Are we partners, or are we not?"

"As far as the roulette goes, we are," said Clements, who had now calmed down again, though there was a look in his eye far more dangerous than any ebullition of temper. "For anything else, not. If you wish to cut

the concern, say so. I will go over for the bank directly I am dressed, and we will shut the place up to-day; but I will not be questioned."

Dubourg, slightly shrugging his shoulders, began carefully and in silence to pocket his share of the spoils; while Clements opened an iron safe which he placed upon the table, and put away the rest of the money, placing the notes of different value in distinct compartments, and making memoranda of their numbers as he did so.

While he was thus engaged, the peculiar knock was heard at the door.

"Carlos!" muttered Clements, rising and walking across the room to let him in.

The moment his back was turned, Dubourg, with a sleight of hand almost incredible, reached across the table, and abstracted a paper from the safe. He had to select and withdraw it from a bundle in which it was loosely tied up with other documents, and this he did so swiftly and with such dexterity that you might almost have been looking towards him without observing the action. The moment after, when Clements turned round again, after admitting Perez, Dubourg was still busily engaged in forcing a neatly folded packet of notes into the side compartment of his pocket-book. When he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, he rose and left the father and son together.

"You are early, my Carlos," said the former, passing into his bed-room and commencing his toilet, while the young man lounged on the bed.

They made a strong contrast just now: the one with his scarred and deeply lined face, his coarse athletic frame, unwashed, unkempt, unshaven; the other with hair delicately kept and arranged, with skin smooth as a girl's, dressed like a cornet in a crack cavalry regiment, with his small feet encased in patent leather boots, his hands in lavender kid gloves, his clothes fashioned as only about five hundred men in Paris and London, exclusive of the cavalry officers above mentioned, can get their habiliments cut; and yet, in spite of natural beauty and all the tailor's art could do, not looking like a thorough gentleman;—certainly, not looking, to a physiognomist, like an honest man—he had too much of his father's expression for that.

They were not bad studies for mature and youthful Sin.

"I have just returned from Doncaster," replied Perez, "where I went the day before yesterday to see the Leger run."

"Ah! did you drop much?"

"On the contrary, I won a little—not on the Leger, but on the whole day's racing. Do you know, night trains are first-rate to travel by? Some fellows told me it would be uncomfortable; but I slept all the way, had a warm bath, and changed my shirt on my way here, and am as fresh as a daisy."

"And the little girl? You left her, then?"

"Yes," said Perez, with a most unlover-like objurgation.

And I here wish to mention, once for all, that I am aware that the present conversation between these two is, like all others held by them in the course of this narrative, most untrue to nature and fact as here recorded; but what is one to do when a literal report would be unfit to read?

"Yes; and that is what I have come to you about. I left the house, and went off to Doncaster because I was in a rage, and thought I should spoil my game if I saw the Lennards again without having time to get cool. I must have that girl now: apart from her money, I must and will have her. She scorns me, treats me like a dog, and, *Carramba!* I must bring her to my feet. She is betrothed, as you know, to the supercilious dog, Fletcher, who is for ever at the house, thwarting me. We quarrelled the other day. He insulted me—would have struck me, if I had not drawn upon him. By heaven, I would have let out what little pale, cold blood flows in his veins, if I had not been held!"

"I tell you what, my boy," said Clements, "you will find yourself dangling from the end of a rope, like a bunch of onions from a cottage ceiling, some fine morning, if you do not mind. Remember that you are in England, and that the English do not fight with sword, pistol, or knife; but with fists, policemen, or lawyers."

"Cowards!"

"No, they are not cowards, but they are wonderfully phlegmatic. And so you have finally set your heart upon the possession of this little girl—body, soul, and pocket?"

"Yes—a thousand times, yes. I must have her, because I love her; because I hate her, and want to humble her; because I would triumph over her lover, Fletcher."

"Good. Then go down to the house as soon as you like, and tell her father and

mother so, and fix your marriage for when you please. If they are stubborn or restive, come and tell me, and I will pay them a visit myself. We must not have you thwarted, my Carlos, if we can manage to help it, for the gratification of love and revenge at one bite—what a luscious mouthful!"

Perhaps this chapter should have come before the last; for these last words were uttered by Clements about an hour and a half, or rather more, before Arnold gave such remarkably similar counsel to his friend Fletcher; but there are several good reasons for giving the honest men precedence of the rogues, in spite of strict chronology.

When Perez got to Kensington—and that was as soon as a Hansom could take him—he found all the blinds of the house drawn down; and, wondering that the family were so unusually late that morning, pulled vigorously at the bell. There was no answer, so he rang again; then a third time. At last the door was slowly unbolted, and opened as far as the chain, which was up, would allow; and in the gap appeared a strange female figure, clad in a coarse stuff gown and a blue apron, without petticoats to give her an artificial line of beauty, standing on a species of domestic stilts called pattens, having an enormous cap with a frill round it on her head. Either her eyes were weak, or her heart was tender; for she appeared to be continually weeping—perhaps for the loss of her teeth, or because her nose and chin could not quite meet. She had been called away hastily from the cleaning of a fireplace, and had, apparently, wiped her hands on her cheeks and nose.

"What is your will, sir?" asked this beauty.

"My will!" replied Perez. "Why, I am staying in the house; and I want to come into it."

"Ah! maybe, then, you is the furren gent?"

"I am Don Carlos Perez."

"That is it—Dan Charley Perry," mumbled the old woman, unfastening the chain. "You can go and pack your things, and send for them when you like. Them was my orders."

"Pack my things! There must be some mistake. Where is Mr. Lennard?"

"Do not know, I'se sure."

"Well, then, Mrs. Lennard?—Miss Lennard?"

"Do not know, I'se sure," repeated the crone, shaking her poor old head.

"Then call one of the servants—they know me."

"There aint not no servants—only me, as chars."

"No servants! Do you mean to tell me that you wait on the family?"

"Lor' bless your dear heart, don't you know? The family went out of town yesterday arternoon, and the servants all went away at the same time, and I'm a taking care of the house."

Perez clenched his hand till the glove split, stamped his heel on the ground, and commenced pacing rapidly up and down the hall, swearing hard the while in Spanish—which is a language rich in expletives—in a way calculated to remove any doubts in Mrs. Jenkins's mind as to his being the "furren gent."

That he had been outwitted was evident; and people who spend their lives in deceiving their fellow-creatures are naturally averse to being taken in themselves. It is so in everything. Depend upon it, a dentist suffers twice as much as any one else when obliged to have recourse to his own art. Remember the words of Dennis, the hangman, when himself about to suffer on the gallows—words which are alone sufficient to establish the claims of Dickens to the title of poet, to such a depth of human feeling do they sound:—

"You do not know what it is! That I should come to be worked off! I! I! That I should come!"

Did you ever know a very satirical man who was not painfully thin-skinned, or a gossiping woman who was not beyond measure indignant to learn that her own servants had been prattling of her weaknesses? When Perez had uttered a sufficiency of bad language to relieve his mind, he produced half a crown and gave it to the old woman, who made a show of biting it with her toothless gums before she said—

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"Now, then," said Perez, "where are the family gone to?"

"Do not know, I'se sure."

"Well, but is there any place you think they may have gone to? Has Mr. Lennard any house in the country?"

"Do not know, I'se sure."

The old woman was as bad as a Greek charwoman, and as Perez could get nothing

more out of her, he went upstairs in a rage, and began to put his things together. As he came down, after having closed his port-manteau, a thought struck him, and he once more summoned the charwoman.

"I will send for my luggage in the course of the day," said he. "By the bye, was there no letter left?"

"Goodness gracious me!—yes, sure, sir; and I ought to ha' put it in the post!"

"Ah! then give it me now."

"Eh, but it warn't for you; it wor for another gent. Lor', if I aint put it in a vegible dish, so as not to forget it; but a body has a deal to mind, charring. Lucky you put it in my head, warn't it, sir?"

"Very. Shall I drop it into the post for you? I am going past one."

"Thank ye kindly, sir. P'raps I had better do it myself."

"Was it directed to a Mr. Fletcher?" persisted Perez; "because, if so, he is a friend of mine, and I should like to give it him."

"Fletcher! I think that wor the name."

"Then you had better hand it over to me at once," said Perez. "The fact is," he added, seeing that she still demurred, "that I suspect it is of importance that my friend should have this letter immediately; and as you have carelessly forgotten to post it, I wish to take it to him directly, without further delay. Every hour may be of importance; and I would give something to do my friend this service. I would give *that*!" he added, holding up a half-sovereign.

The old woman could not resist the sight of gold. Without saying anything more, she hobbled down to the lower regions of the house, and presently returned with the letter in question.

There was clumsy play for you! On the part of Mary, trusting a letter of importance to a charwoman in her dotage; on the part of Perez, offering money for what, with a little more finesse, he might have got gratis with less suspicion; and on the part of the old woman, who, when so large a tip was offered, did not demand more. The other two may be pardoned, but the mistake of Perez was disgraceful for a professional. Suppose the old woman had been honest? However, his luck counteracted the effects of his clumsy play, and he won the trick. The letter found its way to his pocket, the half-sovereign to the charwoman's mouth.

If Arnold had not taken so long to con-

sider what course was best for his friend to pursue, but had come to a conclusion without that meditative walk in the Temple Gardens, or if Clements had been an equal time weighing the pros and cons, Fletcher would in all probability have got his letter; which shows what a fine thing promptitude is. As it was, he found an empty house, a deaf and stupid woman in charge—more deaf and stupid than ever now, not being quite comfortable about that letter—and not a word of explanation, farewell, or intimation where the family had gone to. He was in a terrible taking, poor fellow!—wounded in his pride, wounded in his love, and, worst of all, left in a state of uncertainty. For what on earth could be the cause of this sudden flight? Was Mr. Lennard escaping from justice, or hiding from his creditors? Or had his beloved Mary been taken away to marry Don Carlos Perez? This last supposition—being the most acutely painful—was, of course, made the favourite; and he hugged it to his soul with the utmost tenacity. Under the influence of this theory, he started off walking at a prodigious rate, without the slightest idea of where he was going to, until he found himself out somewhere near Hanwell, very hot, very dusty, supremely thirsty. Now, a very strong emotion will destroy hunger for a time, but not thirst. Love himself, even when walking arm-in-arm with Anger and Jealousy, will enjoy a pull at the pewter when his throat is parched; so my friend came down from the clouds, and looked about for a public-house. About a mile farther on he found one, drained a jug of porter in two draughts, and felt considerably better.

Not that he began to hope: on the contrary, the calmer he grew the more convinced was he that the Lennards had, for some mysterious reasons, determined to throw him over; and, to avoid the unpleasantness of avowing their intention, had departed thus swiftly and silently. And this thought so irritated and excited his pride that the passion, like the transformed rod of the law-giver, swallowed up all the others writhing in his breast—swallowed, but could not quite digest; for *atra cura* stuck to him during his long walk home; and when he arrived at his chambers and threw himself, utterly beat with fatigue and fasting, on his bed, he still retained a dull, heavy sense that something was wrong, even when

his exhausted brain retained no distinct impression of the events of the day.

Does it seem absurd to some eager sportsman or Alpine climber that a young man in full health and vigour should be so prostrated by a seven or eight hours' walk on the high road without his dinner?

Ten solitary miles of melancholy musing are at least equal to twenty stepped with a congenial companion and a light heart. It is less fatiguing to carry the heaviest knapsack on the back than a load of sorrow on the breast. The stiffest stock round the throat is better than a ball of grief inside it.

### TABLE TALK.

THE clergy never show themselves so much *sui generis* as at clerical meetings. We are all, to a great extent, the creatures of circumstances. You may read a person's history in his eyes, and looks, and ways; every wrinkle upon his face is a page in the book of life. What a different being a clergyman is three or four years after his ordination to what he was in the last term at Oxford or Cambridge! You see the effect of old women upon him; they have grazed his conscience with their own, and, by slow degrees, he has begun to think it half-wrong to smoke. He has put his pipe under lock and key, and brings it out only in the stillness of the night, when his landlady is gone to bed; and then he touches it with a feeling not unlike that with which he takes up a laudanum phial labelled "poison." I wonder what business an old woman has to engraft her conscience upon that of a young man. It is like engrafting a Ribstone pippin tree with a crab. And not only since he left college have the old ladies been at him, but the young ones; and this is visible in the air of sentimentality which his remarks at the clerical meeting have about them, especially if he gets on the subject of infant baptism, or a prospective bazaar, or alteration in the marriage and burial service. It is evident they have made him a sort of female man. It now seems quite shocking to him to ask the waiter at the bar for a glass of soda water and brandy. The District Visitors' Society would cut him at once if they heard of his doing such a thing.

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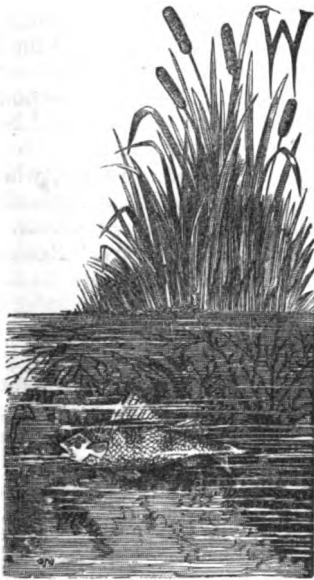
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## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XII.

LOST IN EMBERS.



HERE was Mrs. Rooke, poor soul, while Mr. Rooke was fathoming the conflicting accounts given of Tim? She had remained by the bedside all the morning, sorrowing after Tim. Where could he be? What could be done? Who would he find to care for him, whether he lived or died?

Would he be found? Would he ever return? Was he dead? No: she shuddered at the thought.

Rooke went to her. She looked up to him, and said it was all his fault. How could he have been so cruel?

"I know it's all my fault," he said, softly, thinking to soothe her; "but all will be well—perhaps before sunset. I have sent six men after him on horseback. They know every nook and corner in the county. They are nearly sure to find him, because he couldn't go by train until eight this morning; and I have inquired at the station, and they saw nothing of him. Harry Defield has been here, too, and I have found out that Tim told the truth."

"I knew he did," she said. "I was sure of it."

She refused to be pacified. Nothing could make her believe Tim was safe. He tried all the persuasions he could conjure up; but they were of no avail. He smoked more tobacco that day than he had ever done in a week before. He walked up and down the garden, and was altogether uncomfortable.

"The men must have found him by this time," he would say. "But for his mother, the best plan would be to let him run in the path he has chosen for a day or two. He would know the value of home when he had none. Then I could bring him back, and he would not be much worse for running away. I believe I'm a hard-hearted old scoundrel."

He moped about, smoking, and occasionally calling himself names—

"I'm a cruel whale of a monster, I fear; and it serves me right."

Mrs. Rooke, in the afternoon, became more consoled. Her troubled husband, with his own hands, had prepared tea in her absence, made toast, and cooked some fish he had brought from town.

Whilst they were having tea, Mr. Purden called. He introduced himself, and did not in any way disturb them in their repast, for his simpleness and quiet manner did away with all that bustle usually manifested when one is visited by a stranger.

Mr. Purden refused to have anything to eat, for the satisfactory reason that he had just had something to eat; but seated himself in the chimney corner, and at once began to speak of Tim. He had only seen the boy for a few hours; but he had conscientiously formed a good opinion of him, and told them so.

"We could have got on well together," he said; "and next week at this time I hope to see him again under your roof, a dutiful lad, as I think him to be, in spite of the unfortunate step he has just made."



"Thank'ee, sir," said Rooke. "When he do come back I will have great pleasure in placing him under your care, and I trust he will do what is right."

"I'm satisfied he will be a good lad," said Mr. Purden.

Mr. Rooke was not in a talkative mood, nor was Mr. Purden, and there was consequently a long pause.

Cozy on the hearthstone, with his head leaning on his hand, the schoolmaster listened to the kettle's singing, whilst his fancy pictured fairy shapes in the coals. He was running fast into forgetfulness, and his mind had already wandered from Tim to the caves and palaces in the embers.

"Oh, there it goes!" he said, as a piece of black coal moved in the grate; "the wall has fallen from the mouth of the cavern—the goblins are pouring out in myriads, and whirling in the black smoke—look where they go!"

Mr. Rooke thought this strange conduct, and gave a slight cough by way of a reminder; but the dreamer did not move his head, or take cognizance of the fact that some one had coughed.

"Télémaque on the beautiful island with Calypso," said the schoolmaster, musing. "No—'tis Prospero and Miranda by the sea; and there is Ariel—dainty Ariel—

'In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.'"

Rooke signified his discomfiture by shuffling his feet under the table, and resorted to sundry means of attracting his visitor's attention.

"Hecate and the witches," continued Mr. Purden—"very plain—

'Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poisoned entrails throw.'"

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Rooke, growing fidgety.

"There is a dark river," said the schoolmaster, without moving a limb. "Let me see. Oh, yes—

'Abhorred Styx—the flood of deadly hate.'

And there is Charon—

'Grim, squalid, foul, with aspect dire;  
His eyeballs each a globe of fire.'"

Mr. Rooke could no longer contain himself. He got up impatiently, hit the fender with the poker, and stirred the fire.

"Ah!" murmured the dreamer—

'Now my charms are all o'erthrown.'"

Rooke, by way of excuse, said it was very cold, he thought; and there was nothing like a good fire.

"Oh, yes," said the schoolmaster, turning round suddenly, and taking out his snuff-box; "you were saying—you were saying—"

"That it is cold," added Rooke.

"Decidedly so. I believe it is very cold outside. It often is in winter."

It was evident that, the circumstances connected with Tim's running away having been gone through so many times, nothing was left to talk about. All tried to start some subject, and all failed. At last Mr. Purden looked at his watch, and, seeming to be greatly surprised, declared it was time for him to go: he had no idea it was so late. He wished them "Good night—good night," and said the next time he called he hoped he should see Tim at home.

The visitor departed. Mrs. Rooke, who had remained quite still during the schoolmaster's stay, was as sad and quiet as ever.

"We are getting lively, Mary," Rooke said. "I must have a smoke."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### INSIDE THE RED LION.

THE Red Lion Inn, frequented by the cronies of Peckfield, stood at the corner of Harleigh-street, not far from Cicero Villa. At the time it was built, however, trees grew round it, and there was no other house near.

"As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be."

When winter came, with its dreary nights, there was always a good company and a roaring log fire to keep them warm. The favourite stories of murders that had been committed in the neighbourhood were listened to again and again, and some repeated the same tales their fathers had told before them in the same house.

A few faded engravings of country squires bedecked the walls, and were the source of much discussion, if there was nothing of greater interest to talk about. One gentleman, looking up wisely at the pictures, would assert that Squire Somerville preferred shooting to fishing; which would be contradicted by some one else, who knew for a fact that the Squire cared no more for fishing than he did for ploughing. Another, who

might not be asked for his opinion either in support of one or the other, would undertake to say, without fear of contradiction by those who knew anything at all about it, that the favourite sport of the Squire was coursing.

When the question reached such a state of uncertainty as this, it caused confusion; for they would all endeavour to talk at once, and, finding this an extremely difficult way of settling the matter, they would appeal in turn to the host, who generally succeeded in agreeing with them all. Such disputes about the likes and the dislikes of the lords of the shire would sometimes go on for an hour or two, unless stopped by the entrance of a traveller crammed with news.

The Red Lion was the oldest inn the town possessed. It had low roofs, with big beams across, curious passages, thick oaken doors, with the floor in some places worn into hollows. Some of the furniture was almost as old as the house. Two or three of the frequenters of the place vowed they had sat in the same chairs at the same tables forty years ago, when they were young men. The landlords of the house had always been celebrated for selling good wines and spirits; and travellers who came to Peckfield knew where to find the best accommodation for man and horse.

It was a curious place. There was nothing new about it. The signboard that creaked on its hinges outside was famous for its antiquity. It was believed by some that there had once been a painting on it of a red lion; but no living Peckfieldian had ever seen it, or anything else, beyond a plain piece of board. The landlord would not have it repaired on any account. A new sign was out of the question, and it was equally ridiculous in his opinion to have it pulled down—an undertaking suggested by some of his friends. He could not sleep in his bed at night, he said, if they were to take away the noise of the swinging sign that he had heard all his life. He would rather forfeit a hundred pounds any day than have it pulled down; for his father had listened to it, and his grandfather before him, and he would listen to it as long as he lived.

Soon after the time the schoolmaster had been dreaming by the fire at Mr. Rooke's, the company at the Red Lion began to assemble. Three gentlemen were already drinking brandy and water, and the fat host, Mr. Trench, was in his big chair, smoking a churchwarden in silence. His

face, which his better half was in the habit of comparing to the rising sun, was the very picture of jollity, and his hearty laugh a sure charm against sorrow. He was no grumbler, nor spendthrift, nor miser, but he made the best of all things; and many, through him, learned to look on the bright side of the world, and to be more content with their lot. He, for one, found that "a merry heart goes all the day."

There was a pretty girl, too, who glided in and out of the room at intervals, with a sweet smile—a girl of seventeen summers perhaps, whom the reader will meet again.

"Have you heard of anything unusual taking place at Eldorado to-day?" asked Mr. Trench, without addressing his remarks to any one in particular. "Have you, Mr. Trowtman?"

"No, sir—not I," replied that gentleman.

"Nor you, Mr. Bulwin?"

"No—what's amiss?"

"His son's missing—that's all. He ran away in the night. I pity Rooke, he was so fond of the boy; and it's all a mistake."

"Really," said Mr. Trowtman, "that is news, 'pon my word—that is news, Mr. Trench. What is it all about?"

Mr. Trench repeated the tale as he had heard it from Mr. Rooke in the morning, when the men were sent in pursuit.

"I tell you what it is," remarked Mr. Bulwin, with a look of profound wisdom, "boys do hereabouts as they like nowadays. It was not the case when I went to school. I should have been killed right away for such an act."

"And very proper too: it's not a comfortable thing to happen in a family," acquiesced Mr. Trowtman. "Poor Rooke will not feel at home under it, I fear. We shall not see him here to-night."

There was an addition to the party. A tall farmer opened the door in a hurry, and began unbuttoning his big overcoat.

"Hallo, Mr. Mulber," said Trench, "you're quite a stranger."

"Nev' mind—we'll tawk aboot that zoon. Wul'ee bring I a good stiff glass o' brandy to begin wi'?" said the farmer.

He was served at once, and drank his own good health.

"Well, Trench, my boy, how be 'ee?"

"Nicely, thank 'ee."

Before any further conversation could be indulged in, Mr. Rooke arrived; but his usual gaiety was wanting, and all but the

farmer knew the cause of his solemn countenance.

"How be 'ee, Mr. Rooke?" asked the farmer—"how be 'ee? I d' think you baint vurs-rate?"

"No, I'm not very well to-night, thank 'ee."

"Be your zun well?"

"Why do you ask?" sternly returned Rooke, who thought a joke was intended.

"Wull, I zee un this marn, and darned if he didna look as white as snaw. I thought he mightna be well, yer know."

"Where did you see him?" inquired Rooke, in breathless haste.

"You be startled. He on'y carled on I vor zome milk, an' I thought he looked uncommon ill—that be arl."

"What time would that be?"

"About zeven."

"Did he say anything?"

"He ax'd I to tell un how var it wer' to Blunderford Station."

"Well."

"He went on to Blunderford, then," said the farmer, taking up his glass.

"I am very much obliged to you for this information," said Rooke. "Gentlemen, you must excuse me." And he left the room, without saying another word, to carry to his wife the latest tidings, and to make preparations for following Tim personally. The men he had sent in search returned unsuccessful; so he made up his mind to start the next morning in pursuit, calling at Blunderford to ascertain if possible where Tim had booked to.

As soon as Rooke left the inn, the farmer was made acquainted, much to his astonishment, with the account of Tim's running away.

"I'm sorry for Rooke," said Trench. "I shouldn't like my son to run away, if I had one; but it's a thing as very often happens, and lads often do well after it, too—it shows pluck. There must be some metal in a lad to run away. Lord Wetherdale, one of the finest fellows that ever killed trout, ran away from home when he was a lad. That's his portrait in the corner."

As no one ventured to contradict this assertion, Trench looked round with an air of superior knowledge, and lit his pipe.

The name of Lord Wetherdale brought up many a tradition connected with himself and family. In turn he was praised as a fisher, condemned as a hunter, admired as a good shot, &c.

"He was a great friend of Mr. Wickliffe's," said the host. "That was a queer affair when Wickliffe's children were stolen in the night. I wonder what became of those two bairns? And that was a queer affair when the old Hall was broken into, and nearly all the plate carried away. Nobody was ever found out, and the stolen articles were never recovered. I never could reckon it up at all. I don't know how they got in; but they did get in, that's certain—three on 'em, wi' masks on, and armed wi' revolvers. They fastened all the servants' legs and arms, and locked 'em in different rooms."

"That be zome time ago," observed Mr. Mulber.

"Aye, more than ten years ago," said Trench. "How time slips away, to be sure! I know a man in this town that was suspected of being one of 'em."

"So do I—rather," said Trowtman.

"Who?" asked the farmer.

"Jonah Deffield," said the landlord; and he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when Jonah opened the door.

"A pint of gin," said Jonah, producing a bottle before any one had time to speak.

"Well, Mr. Deffield, how do you find yourself?" asked Trench, somewhat disconcerted.

"I'm all right," was the grumbling answer.

"I've not seen you for six months at least," resumed the landlord.

"And you'll perhaps not see me for six months more," Jonah replied, with a sneer.

"You were not invited this time, as far as that goes," returned Trench, good humouredly.

Jonah threw down the money for the gin, and left the house, heaping curses on the head of the landlord.

"Speak of the devil," said Trench, "and he's sure to come. To think that he should come in just when I was speaking of him. You may walk about the streets for a month, and not see that man."

"And not very pleasant company when you do see un," remarked Trowtman.

"No; we must have something better than that," said Trench. "I'll tell you what I'll do, if nobody else will—I'll sing a song."

When this announcement was made, there was a deal of knocking on the table, and everybody demanded of everybody else that they should keep order.

Mr. Trench sang "The Miller of the Dee," and when he had completed his per-

formance, and the applause had subsided, he called upon Mr. Trowtman to favour the company. Mr. Trowtman did favour the company, and when Mr. Trowtman had favoured the company, there was a furious knocking of glasses. The landlord sang again, and called on some one else. Fresh faces arrived to take their share of comfort. Some also left.

We, reader, must say good night to the merry party, and, with sounds of laughter still ringing in our ears, call at Wiggleton.

## PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

OCTAVIUS SILVERJINGLE, COSMOPOLITE.

THERE never was a man yet, having sufficient fertility of observation to discover the fortunate jingle of appropriate syllables, but who thought himself entitled to consideration as a poet; and although it might be difficult for him to write half a dozen lines of respectable, to say nothing of original, prose, no sooner does he safely emerge from "Butter's Spelling" than he begins addressing sonnets to the moon, and glorifying in fitting stanza every other exalted personage who, being equally open to flattery, is more likely to prove it a remunerative occupation.

In the interest of commerce, doubtless, this is a most fortunate circumstance; for, by a liberal patronage of such literary genius, the vendors of immaculate sewing-machines, together with joint-stock cod-liver oil companies, are enabled to introduce their wares to the glowing sympathies of our gushing humanity.

Apart from this sympathetic method, we should be in danger of feeling bored at the process indicated by the metallic seamstress, or rendered bilious by the flatulent appeals of the greasy corporation; but when science and art combine properly to lay before our emotional natures the exigencies of daily existence, we begin to forget that we are amenable to half the distresses of life; for while uneasiness might be the result of a prose dissertation on pimples, who could resist the

—"Appeal to his gumption  
Of pills that cure all things, from sin to consumption?"

Thus it will be seen that, whether it softens the barbed advertisements that so often remind us we are mortal, or educates our higher nature to the appreciation of the eternal and the sublime, it is the one grand

spirit that animates the whole; and poet is the writer's title.

Now, although Mr. Octavius Silverjingle has had nothing to do with the elevation of our commercial announcements, he nevertheless—as is not uncommonly the case—had to begin life at the beginning; and as it has been shown that the strata of authorship are but questions of degree, we are ready on his behalf to challenge the whole race of critics to show why they should so systematically compromise his culminating triumphs by sneering at his early success.

He was not such a fool as to break his own neck by trying to get on to the top step of the ladder at one jump—ladders are awkward things to jump upon, and philosophy as well as poetry teaches prudence rather than haste; and as he was brought up as an artist, and not as an acrobat, he wisely left jumping to the muscularly vulgar.

Octavius Silverjingle was born in the midst of poetry, and in fact the Muses themselves could not have lived far from his dwelling: there were running brooks and watermills, forests of honeysuckle, and every shade of vernal beauty: there were orchards of nature's choicest fruits, fair maids to pluck them, infant blossoms to devour them, and sage trunks to moralize upon them; add to this, the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, and it will be seen that nature had done much in preparing for her mouthpiece, and that the elements themselves combined to make Octavius Silverjingle a poet. Besides being a poet, he is five feet six inches in height, about the same distance through the middle, and, as is usual in such cases, tapers off gently towards each end. He is a man of weight when considered in conjunction with a gouty toe, and when not; at any rate, he is as broad as he is long. His views correspond with his breadth, which is certainly a point in his favour; but, unfortunately, his productions agree with his weight, which, by a rule similar to the physical law which governs his person, of necessity impedes their circulation. In spite of these defects, or rather before they manifested themselves, Octavius Silverjingle made considerable progress in the early part of his career among the local yokel folk of his neighbourhood. His native hills returned his passionate soliloquies with an emphasis he could not have improved upon himself; and there was not a single respectable mountain in the whole country which was not

ready at any time to honour its ambitious advocate, by repeating after him whole books of his odes to nature and her friends.

He was by no means unappreciated, moreover, by the farming population of the district, in whose interest he was a most regular attendant at Raganbottle Fair, where he waged pyrotechnic warfare on the part of Farmer This against Farmer That, and back again for Farmer That against Farmer This, while the annual agricultural dinners and fêtes of harvest home gave him an opportunity—which he was not slow to appropriate—of addressing himself to the Lord Lieutenant and his lady, in which case the virtues of the British aristocracy were not forgotten, nor the privileges of a true poet abused.

And was it at all remarkable that a man who could teach the mountains to respond to the throbings of his soul—a man who could educate the little hills to imitate his lofty aspirations, who could scatter feud among the representatives of ten thousand acres, and fascinate a Lord Lieutenant and his lady—was it at all remarkable, I say, that such a man should expect to influence the destinies of the age in which he lived? With some such philanthropic intention as this, Octavius Silverjingle, at the instance of a muscular farmer—who, in return for some pointed allusions, suggested the propriety of his keeping out of his way—started for the great metropolis, being more than ever convinced that, if England is the country of great luminaries, London is its chief gasometer.

He has been in London a long time now, and has had occasion largely to modify his opinions as to its efficacy in the development of genius; and it is with genuine regret that he feels bound to admit that the hotbeds of these great centres of civilization, and the forcing apparatus of eternal competition, while it may prove beneficial to the wholesale waste-paper profession, cannot but be disastrous to the higher interests of art.

The works of Octavius Silverjingle may be divided into three classes; and as no man can be justly appreciated apart from his productions, we shall briefly review them here. First, there were those produced under the genial influence of his early associations; second, those suggested by the excitement attendant upon his London introductions; and third, those of which we shall have more to say when we have discussed the other two.

As was natural in the former case, his effusions were of a pastoral character; and never since the days of Theocritus has been displayed such microscopic observation of natural beauty, or such powerful delineation of rural characteristics.

Five hundred stanzas of twelve lines each upon the organization of a gossamer thread was his principal contribution to the literature of his country at this period of his life; while his "Mountain Colloquies" and "Daisy Dialogues" afforded light and instructive reading for the simple and unsophisticated.

Whole columns of inspired verse to the prize pig of the county show hung, framed and glazed, beside its subject's portrait on the parlour walls of the farming gentry, till the cattle generally were visibly affected by his generous appreciation of their merit; so much so, that on one occasion a whole herd of oxen, to which he had been complaining in confidential communion, seemed determined that physical force should be resorted to to raise him to that exalted position he so thoroughly and richly deserved. But although he was much moved by their ready attention to his woes, he could not feel himself justified in accepting their offer to raise him from the horns of his dilemma. And was it particularly wonderful that one who had obtained the gratitude of man and beast in the limited radius it had been his portion to canvass—was it particularly wonderful that a man who could count upon the sympathies of the animal as well as the mineral kingdoms—was it particularly wonderfully that such a man should hope, upon the introduction to a larger area, to obtain an increased reward? We must do him the justice to admit, moreover, that he did not leave the centre of his early associations until he had immortalized every crag in its vicinity, and celebrated, in heroic measure, every incident of honour that had taken place there since the advent of the Fall and the Flood; and it is only to be deeply regretted that modesty, which is the natural characteristic of every true poet, should have prevented his affixing his name to this mass of early work. It may be taken for granted, however, that whenever a good sterling ballad is found relating to that part of the country, although the greatest antiquaries of the day may declare it to be a splendid specimen of the Early English, shedding great light upon the time in which it was evidently written, Octavius Silverjingle knows more about it than they

do; and he merely wraps himself up in himself, and says, "A time will come."

Upon his arrival in London, Octavius Silverjingle found every one far too busy to listen to descriptions of his native hills—the latest fashions were, of course, vastly more important than the last new poem. Had he written verses in praise of the peacock, and dedicated them to the greatest fop in town, he might have succeeded as well in refined as he had done in rustic circles; but to pursue an independent course and yet anticipate success, he might as well have hoped, while ignorant of his language, to become the laureate to a Caffre chief. Accustomed to draw inspiration from everything about him, he felt himself considerably nonplussed in his efforts to distil emotion from the interminable arras of brick walls that frowned on him from every side; and in the search after the bright, the happy, and the free, which poets instinctively prosecute, he was, therefore, of necessity driven deeper and deeper into himself. This will account for the smallness of his additions to the poetry of the age at this particular time; for although it included much that was written for the booksellers, a great deal made to measure for private customers, as well as epitaphs and panegyrics for almost every rascal of note, there was little or nothing upon which Mr. Octavius Silverjingle could rely as ensuring him a permanent position in his country's annals.

It was upon reflection of this kind that was ultimately based the third and more important class of works to which we have promised to allude. Mortality is the lot of all men—immortality, as far as this world is concerned, the hard-earned portion of the few; and Octavius Silverjingle, while he despises the generation in which he lives, while he pities the popularity of his contemporaries and exaggerates his own neglect, is determined that the children of happier days shall not suffer from the faults of the present age; and if England possesses a philanthropist who is preparing golden annals for a future people—if there exists a philosopher who is laying the foundation of a higher civilization in the time to come—if there is one person more than another who is heaping up posterity's applause, Silverjingle is the great man's name.

It is not in our province, however, to publish the list of works by which this great end is to be attained: it is the fault of an un-

grateful public that they have not already been given to the world, and since the incensed Silverjingle has decreed it, patience is the only virtue likely to obtain the information.

It is sufficient to say, therefore, that Octavius Silverjingle has made his will, and he has not forgotten his children's children. In the largeness of his heart, moreover, he has not passed by the children of other people's children; and as that which concerns everybody may naturally be supposed to interest all, we shall make it our business to lay before the public the intentions of the worthy gentleman; and to this end we shall quote from the legal document that secures to the country so large an increase of intellectual territory just so much as it may concern mankind to know. It will surprise no one that a man like Octavius Silverjingle, who has lived in the midst of a perpetual flow of verse, should instinctively adopt that form in expressing his last wishes to the country he has so faithfully served, and we can only intimate our deep sorrow that our limited space precludes the possibility of our giving any more than the last few lines:—

"I hereby give and do bequeath  
Of fair immortelles many a wreath,  
To cluster round the nation's brow,  
When she has older grown than now.  
'Tis wisdom that to age belongs,  
And age shall welcome these my songs.  
Twelve cases strong, and lined within,  
With thoughts of gold and sides of tin,  
Are hereby placed, where you may see 'em,  
In Britain's National Museum;  
There to remain till years pass by,  
Two thousand Anno Domini;  
Then to be opened and perused,  
Published, republished, and diffused;  
While I to higher themes arising  
Than philosophic moralizing,  
Change barren speech for song *secundi*—  
*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

With this my blessings intermingle—

OCTAVIANUS SILVERJINGLE."

### THE HERMIT OF REDCOTES GREEN.

IN the early part of the year 1861, certain paragraphs appeared in two of the London newspapers giving some account of a very singular personage who was said to be then resident in an out-of-the-way corner of the county of Hertford. He was said to be a man of good family and competent for-

tune, who for some reason or other—or perhaps without any reason at all—had resolved to lead a life of seclusion; and had isolated himself from mankind, by shutting himself up in his house and holding no communication with the outside world except through the strongly barred window of his back kitchen. It was said that he declined to so far defer to the prejudices of society as to wash, comb, or shave himself, or to allow any one else to perform those services for him. His only attire was said to consist of an old blanket, imperfectly drawn together about his neck with a skewer. His bed was declared to be a heap of cinders, his only diet bread and water, and his principal occupation to stare at vacancy; while his most intimate companions were reported to be rats and vermin.

As these paragraphs described a state of things much more commonly to be met with in the middle ages than in the middle of the nineteenth century, and as they did not localize the dwelling-place of this singular individual more definitely than by stating that it was somewhere in Hertfordshire, they were by some readers regarded as apocryphal. They excited the curiosity of a great many persons, however—amongst others, of the late Charles Dickens; who, being further instigated by certain verbal rumours which had reached his ears, determined to ascertain for himself how far such paragraphs and rumours were founded upon fact. Accordingly, in the summer of that year, he betook himself to the county of Hertford, and, after making some inquiries, succeeded in finding the hermit's habitation, and in having an interview with the hermit himself—whom he found to be a living, breathing, and most repulsive reality. He became convinced that the descriptions in the newspapers—though perhaps not strictly accurate—had by no means been exaggerated; on the contrary, they had fallen short of the actual truth.

Mr. Dickens embodied the results of his visit in the next Christmas number of "All the Year Round," which was given to the world under the name of "Tom Tiddler's Ground." The author, however, was very careful to give no hint as to the precise whereabouts of the abode of this strange being, whom he evidently regarded as a person desirous of attaining notoriety for his eccentricities, and whose morbidly ambitious views in that direction Mr. Dickens

resolved not to promote. The man himself, and his immediate surroundings, were hit off with that marvellous felicity of diction which the author so well knew how to employ; but no clue was given even as to the name of the county in which Mr. Mopes was to be found. The nine days' wonder excited by the newspaper paragraphs above alluded to had long since subsided, the paragraphs themselves had been forgotten, and the impression left upon the minds of the readers of "Tom Tiddler's Ground" was that the anchorite described in the part called "Picking up Soot and Cinders" was a mere creation of the author, introduced for the purpose of forming a connection between the five tales of which the number is chiefly made up.

A few months after the publication of "Tom Tiddler's Ground," the hermit was "interviewed" by two gentlemen—artist and author—on behalf of "London Society;" the former of whom made a sketch of Mr. Mopes and his dilapidated abode, while the other engaged in a somewhat lengthy discussion on history, politics, and the power of the press with Mr. Mopes himself. The results of the interview, both artistic and literary, were published in the magazine on behalf of which it had been undertaken. Since then—so far as the present writer is aware—the London periodicals have ignored Mr. Mopes's existence; but the county journals have not manifested an equal degree of forbearance. For many months, one of them devoted from a quarter to half a column weekly to chronicling the doings of "the Hertfordshire Hermit," as he was called, under the not inappropriate heading of "Soot and Cinders."

The writer of the paper in "London Society" is more explicit than Mr. Dickens in indicating the whereabouts of this "contemplative eremite" of the nineteenth century. He states that it is in the county of Hertford, that Mr. Mopes' real name is L \* \* \* \*, and that the spot where he resides is about a couple of miles from S \* \* \* \*. \* \* \*, a station on the Great Northern Railway. Why these asterisks should have been employed in the latter instance it is difficult to conjecture; inasmuch as the reader who will take the trouble to consult a map will at once perceive that, within the limits of the county of Hertford, the only station on the Great Northern the name of which begins with S is Stevenage.

So far as the present writer is concerned, he sees no necessity for any concealment whatever, as regards either the name of the hermit himself or that of his place of residence. If the man who, having received a tolerably fair education, and being in the undisputed receipt of an income of twelve hundred pounds a-year, cuts himself off from all social intercourse with his fellow-creatures, wraps himself in a filthy blanket, cultivates the companionship of rats and vermin, and repudiates the bath, the comb, the barber's shears, and the razor for an uninterrupted period of more than twenty-three years—if such a man be not a legitimate mark for the artist and the professional *litterateur*, it may well be asked where such a mark is to be found? Acting upon the conviction that the privacy of such a being is no more entitled to be respected than is that of any other *lusus nature*, it is now proposed to give a somewhat fuller and more definite account of Mr. Mopes than, to the best of the present writer's knowledge, has ever appeared in print.

Imprimis, as to his name. It is true that a rose, as Juliet says, "by any other name would smell as sweet," and certainly the Hertfordshire hermit does not emit a more delicate odour when known by his true patronymic than when known as "Old Mopes." His real name, however, is Lucas. The place of his abode is not called Tom Tiddler's Ground, but Redcotes Green House, and is situated in the parish of Great Wymondley, about three miles from the market town of Hitchin.

If you reside in London, and wish to pay a visit to the spot, go to King's-cross Station—the terminus of the Great Northern—and take a ticket for Stevenage. Upon your arrival at Stevenage, cross the line, deliver your ticket to the collector, and walk through the waiting-room into the station-yard, where, if you have a mind to ride, you can engage a fly; but if the day happens to be a pleasant one, the writer advises you to walk, as the distance is under two miles, and the way lies through a pretty and secluded country. If you conclude to follow this advice, you will find, about twenty yards from the station, a road leading to the left, over the railway bridge. Turn down this road, cross the bridge, and walk straight on across Fisher's-green, Tod's-green, and through Tilmore-end, and you will very soon find yourself in the hamlet of Redcotes Green. Passing di-

rectly on through the outskirts of this hamlet, you will see Redcotes Green House—a large, red brick building—looming before you on your right, with a little erection like a coal-house in front of it. The house itself stands a few feet back from the road, and you will perceive an ill-dressed, slovenly-looking fellow patrolling up and down, like a policeman on his beat, on the neglected patch of grass in front. Having thus arrived at your destination, you may sit down and rest yourself on the grass, under the shade of a large elm tree, and then—you may just walk back again to the station; for as to seeing the hermit himself, you will stand about an equal chance of procuring an interview with the man in the moon. Times are changed since Mr. Dickens and "London Society" visited the spot. Mr. Lucas is now a hermit indeed, and it is not once a month that any one—his two attendants excepted—is admitted to his august presence. If you happen to be a mendicant soliciting charity, and send in a message that, in addition to any other claims on Mr. Lucas's bounty, you can repeat the "Ave Maria," you *may* have a slight chance; but even then the case will be a doubtful one. The writer is aware of one instance in which a gentleman attired himself in the garb of a strolling tramp, and sought admission to the sublime presence; but the hermit reconnoitred him from an upper window, and whether the "get up" was too apparent or not it is impossible to say, but he instructed one of his attendants to bid the impostor be off about his business.

Redcotes Green House—or, as it is sometimes called, Redcross Green House—together with a goodly number of acres immediately adjoining, had been in the possession of the Lucas family for many years previous to the accession of the present uncouth representative, who was born in the year 1814, and is consequently about fifty-eight years of age at the present time. He succeeded to the property in 1848, at which time the house was a tidy, comfortable, and most respectable-looking place. It had a trimly kept lawn in front, which, like everything else about the premises, has been allowed to go to ruin. The whole place now presents a most forlorn and dilapidated appearance, and fully bears out Mr. Dickens's description of it. Of the many windows, not one contains an unbroken pane of glass. Here and there an old chandelier and a piece of rough



board may be seen rudely fitted into the sash; and in one place, what remains of an old pair of inexpressibles does duty for a pane. The windows themselves, as well as the doors, are strongly barricaded with rough slabs of wood and bars of iron, giving to the building the aspect of a rural Newgate. The only door not thus protected, and by means of which ingress is possible, is at the rear. The chimneys have become rickety and tottering, and the roof in several places is broken through. The costly curtains and furniture have rotted piecemeal away. The garden, once tastefully laid out and the most neatly kept in the whole neighbourhood, has degenerated into a wilderness of nettles and rank weeds. The fish ponds are foul receptacles of filth and oozy slime, and will hardly reflect your shadow when you peer into them. Of the outhouses, it will be sufficient to say that their condition is a degree worse than that of the house itself; while in the yard may be seen the remains of what were once three ricks, containing in all upwards of fifty tons of good hay, which time and foul weather have rendered unfit for anything but manure.

The favourite retreat of the presiding genius of the place—the *sanctum sanctorum* where he chews the cud of bitter fancy, and where he breakfasts, dines, sups, and sleeps—is a room which was formerly used as a back kitchen. Its present furniture consists of a common deal table and two old wooden chairs. One of these chairs is without a back, and the other has only three legs. In one corner, a double-barrel gun (loaded) leans against the wall. The table, mantel, and floor are littered with broken glass bottles and fragments of brick and coal. In front of the fireplace is a heap of soot and cinders, which serves for the hermit's bed, and on which he likewise spends most of his waking hours. The solitary window is strongly barricaded with perpendicular iron bars, through which the hermit holds such intercourse with the outer world as he permits to himself. While engaged in such intercourse, he usually sits upon the narrow inner ledge of the window, and clasps the bars with his hands to maintain himself in this position.

The man himself is about as repulsive a looking object as even Fuseli himself could possibly have desired for a model. But for his expansive, intellectual forehead, he might well be taken for a recent importation of M. Du Chaillu. An incrustation of grease

and dirt, in some places at least an eighth of an inch thick, does not tend to improve a physical exterior already rendered sufficiently uninviting by the continued disuse of water, soap, and shears. His hair and beard resemble long, unkempt wool, matted together with tar. His nails are an inch long, and, from his persistent habit of biting them, are ragged and jagged like the teeth of an old saw. His frame has at one time been a muscular one; but the want of fresh air and exercise has done its work upon it. He has become much addicted to strong waters of late, and is visibly declining in health. His hand shakes, his voice trembles, and he presents a general aspect of collapse.

If the reports of the neighbouring peasantry are to be believed, he has had some experiences altogether without precedent, even in the history of hermits; but it is necessary to receive all such tales *cum grano*. The following items, however, which the writer has received from persons of undoubted veracity, who have known Lucas from his boyhood, may be relied upon as truth.

Even in the days of his childhood he was conspicuous for his odd ways, and his eccentricities seemed to increase with his years. He was very obstinate and self-willed, and invariably got into a passion when contradicted. He always seemed desirous of making himself conspicuous in some way or other. He was, withal, rather addicted to female society, and on several occasions is said to have manifested a decided propensity for feminine osculation. He was a tolerably good horseman, and fond of the chase. The last time he rode to hounds was when he was about twenty-five years of age. On that occasion, he dismounted about seven miles from home, divested himself of his hat, coat, boots, and socks—all of which, together with his horse, he consigned to the care of his servant—and in that condition walked home. Having arrived thither, he retired to his chamber and locked himself in. Next morning he refused to come down to breakfast, and during the whole of that day he never tasted food. He would assign no reason for his strange conduct, and declined to have his meals sent to his room. On the following day, however, some food was placed, with his permission, outside the door of his room, of which he took possession when no one was by. This state of things continued for

weeks; and as he refused either to replace the utensils outside the door, or allow any one to enter for the purpose of removing them, the domestic crockery was soon exhausted, and his friends were compelled to borrow from the neighbours. In course of time his strange fit passed over, and he emerged from his room; when it was discovered that many of the dishes were broken, that comparatively little of the food had been eaten, and in the interim he had never washed, shaved, or undressed himself.

About two years afterward he re-enacted the same inconvenient little drama, and continued, at longer or shorter intervals, to render himself disagreeable in this manner, until the death of his mother, which took place twenty-three years since. She was his sole surviving parent, and for some months previously he and she had been the only occupants of the house—for he had become a confirmed hypochondriac, and dispensed with the assistance of servants. None of his relatives resided in the neighbourhood, and his mother had been dead for a fortnight before the event was known to any one but himself. It was known, however, that she had been in delicate health for some time; and at length it became noised abroad that she was dead. Some of his neighbours called to ascertain the truth as to the report, upon which he unhesitatingly admitted that Mrs. Lucas was dead, but refused to permit any person to enter the house, or to allow the body to be removed from the bed upon which she had drawn her last breath. It was necessary to invoke the interposition of the proper authorities before the burial could take place.

Since the death of his mother, so far as is known, he has never set foot out of the house. Formerly, he received a constant influx of visitors, but about three years ago he conceived a sudden dislike to company; and since then, with few exceptions, his only visitors have been beggars. He keeps two watchmen, to each of whom he pays a salary of £80 per annum, who relieve each other with military exactness every twelve hours. Their duty mainly consists in preventing any one from entering the enclosure without the express permission of the owner. The little erection already mentioned has been built for the occupation of these two watchmen, who eat and sleep therein, and are seldom allowed to enter the house.

The situation of these watchmen is not

altogether such a sinecure as may be imagined. Occasionally they have rather a warm time of it. On Sunday, the 6th of August last, four soldiers, who were temporarily quartered at Hitchin, walked out to Redcotes Green House, and insisted upon seeing its occupant. Permission to do so being refused, they forced their way into the enclosure, and round to the window of the back kitchen. Mr. Lucas had retired to an inner apartment in order to avoid being seen; and the soldiers, feeling chagrined at being defeated in their object, and being probably tipsy into the bargain, commenced a bombardment of the citadel from all points, and hurled bricks and stones innumerable through the windows. After amusing themselves in this facetious manner for some time, they returned to Hitchin.

Only a few days before this event, Mr. Lucas's nearest neighbour received a visit from the watchman on duty, who stated that he had just discovered his master lying dead on his heap of cinders. The neighbour went over; but found that the hermit was only in a very heavy, lethargic sleep, induced by his having deranged his stomach on the preceding evening by indulging in rather more copious libations than usual. After some trouble they succeeded in arousing him to consciousness, and for the next week or so he was more abstemious in the matter of strong drink than he had been for a long time before. Although his life would seem to have but few attractions for him, he is evidently in no way desirous of abridging it. Bad habits, however, proved stronger than good intentions, and his abstemiousness only lasted a few days.

His bill of fare comprises a much wider range of good things than is generally supposed. The butcher and baker call at Redcotes Green House as regularly as anywhere else. He eats fresh meat, fish, eggs—in short, whatever he takes a fancy for, and washes all down with good wine. It has often been asserted—and, indeed, is generally believed—that his cellars contain an almost inexhaustible supply of the latter commodity; but, as a matter of fact, they do not contain a single bottle. He procures a supply periodically from the dealers, and keeps it in a small closet adjoining his sanctum, where he likewise keeps his strong waters.

He has received a fair education; and, when due allowance is made for the circum-

stance that of late years he has never read anything, he must be pronounced a person of more than average knowledge and intelligence. His thoughts, however, seem to lie altogether in the past. His religion is currently reported to be Roman Catholicism, as was that of his ancestors; but from certain conversations which the writer has had with him, he believes him to be without religious convictions of any kind. He is certainly not orthodox, according to any religious creed, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. He piques himself upon his theological views, which he evidently regards as being far in advance of the benighted age in which he lives.

The surmises as to the origin of his blighted life are various, but this is a subject upon which he himself has always persistently declined to enter. Family quarrels respecting the disposition of the property, a vow made while under the influence of religious excitement, a disappointment in an affair of the heart, a penance enjoined by his confessor for mortal sin, and numberless other reasons have been assigned; the fact being that no one knows anything about the matter. He himself says that the world shall be enlightened on the subject when he is dead, but not before.

While conversing, a day or two since, with an old farmer who lives in the neighbourhood, and who has known Lucas almost from his birth, the writer asked his opinion as to the secret of the hermit's present mode of life.

"Why, sir," was the reply, "I think he lacks elevenpence in the shilling."

This deficit, however, is altogether too large. Mad, in the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Lucas certainly is not. The boundary line between sanitary and insanity is so finely drawn that it is no easy matter, even for an expert, to say precisely when the former ends or the latter begins; but if the hermit of Redcotes-green has overstepped that line, he has certainly not advanced far beyond its confines. He has some of the usual accompaniments of lunacy—a bright, glittering eye, a nervous, restless manner, and inordinate self-conceit; but, on the other hand, he has an excellent memory, which forgets nothing, and a considerable fund of common sense and good judgment in the ordinary affairs of life, and, indeed, in all matters unconnected with himself.

The writer has had frequent interviews

with this singular being, the particulars whereof are not without interest. It is quite probable that he may ere long give some account of these interviews to the readers of ONCE A WEEK. Meanwhile, as this paper is already quite long enough, let us for the present bid Mr. Lucas an affectionate farewell.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE great apostle to the Philistines of this late age, and the preacher of sweetness and light, Matthew Arnold, is the eldest son of one of the most remarkable and noblest Englishmen who have flourished in the nineteenth century—Dr. Thomas Arnold, some time head master of Rugby School.

Matthew Arnold was born December 24th, 1822, at Laleham, near Staines, county Middlesex. He was the eldest son of nine children of his distinguished father, of whom he is as good a representative as the present Lord Derby is of the illustrious Tory chief.

The Arnolds came originally from Lowestoft, in Suffolk, but the grandfather of the poet and critic was a collector of customs dues at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.

Matthew Arnold was educated first at Winchester and Rugby. From school he went to Oxford, where he was entered at Balliol, having gained a scholarship. This was in 1840.

During his university career he gained the Newdigate prize for English verse, the subject of his prize poem being Oliver Cromwell. At the end of his term *in statu pupillari* he graduated in honours, and was elected a fellow of Oriel; and in 1847 was appointed private secretary to the late Marquis of Lansdowne, which post he held for four years. He married, in 1851, the daughter of the late Mr. Justice Wightmann, and received from Government the appointment of lay inspector of schools, a post he was particularly well qualified to fill with advantage to the cause of education.

The first volume of his poems was published in 1849, as the work of "A.;" and only a limited circle of friends knew the name of the author of "The Strayed Reveler," and other poems. Three years afterwards, "Empedocles on Etna" appeared, and shortly after that the "A." was dropped, and Messrs. Longmans issued a volume of poems, the authorship of which was avowed.



Once a Week ]

[October 12, 1879.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."



Matthew Arnold's poems are full of original thoughts, expressed in the purest English. They are models of style; but, from their subject-matter and treatment, are never likely to be popular, in a wide sense of the word. To these published books of verse he owed his selection for the post of Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, an important office he held for ten years, from 1857 to 1867. His most remarkable lectures in this time are on the subject of translating Homer, in which he advocated, in very strong language, the adoption of the English hexameter in preference to any other metre for effectively rendering the great Greek poet in English verses.

Mr. Arnold is chiefly remarkable in prose as an essayist. Perhaps his best known book is that entitled "Essays on Criticism," which consists of a collection of papers previously published in various magazines and reviews.

#### AT TWILIGHT.

THE shadows on my novel fell  
 In sluggish waves from western skies,  
 I looked into the firelight glow,  
 And then at my beloved's eyes.  
 I saw a tear within their blue  
 Move slowly downward to the lash,  
 Then sparkle as the evening star,  
 And fall upon her silken sash.  
 The thought behind this tear I knew—  
 It only comes in twilight's hour,  
 To drop its dew when Heaven hers drops  
 Upon the leaf and blade and flower.

#### ALLEGORY AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE schoolmaster is abroad with a vengeance nowadays; and it is a curious sign of the times when we find him making his appearance in the gorgeous gold lace and spangles of a modern fairy extravaganza. In fact, this being the case, and Dion Boucicault being amongst the prophets of the new histrionic faith, we may shortly expect to find the theatres removed from the paternal supervision of the Lord Chamberlain, and placed under that of the London School Board. However, Mr. Boucicault assures us that the pedagogue is now hovering about the confines of Covent Garden Theatre; and of course it behoves us to try to discover whereabouts the birch is concealed, whether it is hung behind the scenery, or lurks under the mantles of those amazing Amazons of

Now, Mr. Boucicault is a very exasperating man; for when certain purists raised an objection to "Formosa," on the ground of its alleged naughtiness, he did not deny the substance of the impeachment, but defended himself on the ground that he was but a servant of the public, and was obliged to conform in all things to the wishes of his lords and masters: in short, that he was not naughty because he liked being so, but because naughtiness paid better than anything else. After this, one is tempted to think that when Mr. Boucicault becomes virtuous, and displays a great amount of exalted artistic feeling, this also may possibly be connected in some remote manner with the gross question of pounds, shillings, and pence. However, there is nothing to prevent our assuming that he always means everything that he says when he is virtuous and artistic, and nothing that he says when he is naughty; and this is obviously the most charitable and satisfactory conclusion to come to. Moreover, if any dissatisfied individual should protest that the instruction which Mr. Boucicault offers is well-nigh smothered by the scenic and sartorial accessories by which it is accompanied—that it is hard to get at the real flavour of the dish when it has been served up with such a quantity of sauce—if, further, any one should venture to question whether Mr. Boucicault is doing real service to the art whose degradation his allegory affects to deplore, by interpolating into his play a crowd of posture-making ballet girls—if, we say, any one is so unreasonable as this, Mr. Boucicault's reply is obvious: it is that unmanageable *public* that demands all these things: it is the *public* that gloats over ruinously expensive "spectacles," and gazes with rapturous delight upon the wholly inelegant and inartistic display of the human form divine which at the present day is called "dancing." And what can the poor author do? Clearly, he is compelled to attire his schoolmaster in pink silk stockings and short fluffy skirts, or he would never be permitted to speak his lesson at all.

However, there are really some useful thoughts enshrined within the glitter of the new extravaganza; and it is to point out what we conceive to be some of them that we now call attention to the subject. Unfortunately, Mr. Boucicault only gives us a clue to the opening scene of "Babil and Biliu" and leaves us to pick our way

through the remainder unaided. If, therefore, our interpretation should be incorrect, we may urge as an excuse that allegories are generally susceptible of more than one meaning, and that sometimes the most useful of these has never entered into the mind of the author himself at all. And, moreover, the fact that much of the actual dialogue of this piece is lost in the immense area at Covent Garden will account for some mistakes in the application of it.

We learn from the prologue that Melusine, the Queen of the Fairies (Imagination or Art), has wedded a mortal, who "dies of her fairy embrace." So the moral and mental strength ebbs away from those who neglect the stern duties of this workaday world for altogether ideal pursuits. During her absence from Fairyland, her kingdom is seized by Pragma (Fact) and her son Skepsis (Investigation). "The working classes of thought," says Mr. Boucicault—in a foot-note to the published "argument" of his play—"are thus displacing the higher powers of imagination." So much we have explained for us.

As Melusine has taken with her the regalia of Fairyland, she is pursued by Pragma and Skepsis with a view to their recovery. Finding herself overpowered by her enemies, she summons the spirits of the water, the earth, and the air, and confides to them, for safe custody, her crown, sceptre, and robes, which we are told typify respectively Fame, Power, and Imagination. She is soon afterwards captured, imprisoned in a ruby, and buried in the depths of the earth.

We are then introduced to Prince Phassilis and his Palace of Zanzoozee (Sans Souci). In this principality two idols hold sway—Auri-Comus (wealth and pleasure), worshipped by the Court; and Typo-Compos (the Press, &c.), worshipped by the people. The populace, incited by their idol, rebel; Phassilis abdicates, and Hydra (Republicanism), the daughter of Typo-Compos, is placed upon the throne. Her first act is to gag the Press (her father), which has ventured to counsel moderation of her more violent measures. Meanwhile, Phassilis, attended by Auri-Comus, betakes himself to the dwelling of Bijou (the daughter of Melusine by her shepherd husband), who, having been discovered in the forest by an old goatherd, has been brought up by him as an ordinary mortal—which, indeed, she supposes herself to be. This damsel—whose double nature

we take to signify the application of arts, &c., to our ordinary practical life—has been wooed and won by the Prince disguised as a gamekeeper. The night before the wedding-day, however, Pragma and Skepsis appear to her, and, informing her that she is half mortal, half fairy, try to take her back to Fairyland, of which she is the rightful princess. If she goes with them—*i.e.*, gives up all connection with material things, and retires altogether into the regions of the imagination—she will liberate her mother, indeed; but she will lose Phassilis, or Babil, as he is now called. If, on the other hand, she marries her lover, her mother will remain imprisoned, and he will die of her love, as did her father of the love of Melusine. The Fairy Queen, who is temporarily released in order to confirm these assertions, takes the opportunity of giving her daughter some enchanted eggs, each of which will enable her to gratify a wish. This being discovered by her enemies, Melusine is hurried away, and Pragma and Skepsis resolve to dog the footsteps of Bijou, who, they foresee, will be sure to discover where the crown, sceptre, and robes are hidden.

Eventually, Babil and Bijou set out to search for the lost regalia, and visit successively the sea, the earth, and the moon. We take these to signify the past, the present, and the future. In the first, we are shown a sort of panorama of the past races of men; in the last, we have presented to us one conception of the "coming race."

Probably we shall not be far wrong in assuming that the empire of Melusine and that of Babil stand for our own country, considered in its mental and material aspects. Our fame (the Crown) rested in the past on our maritime supremacy. At present, though we can still point to our material prosperity and large colonial possessions, we are in danger of losing our power (the Sceptre) by burying it in the earth; that is to say, by seeking for still greater access of riches by the worship of what Mr. Ruskin calls "the Goddess of Getting-on." With regard to the future, imagination has run wild, and we suffer the Robe of Fancy to be used to clothe chimæras, instead of bringing it down to deck our daily life with fairer purity of thought and gem-flash of hopeful aspiration.

In each of the three localities visited by the hero and heroine, a revolution is found to be impending. In the sea, "the shell-fish and the alligators, aided by the sharks and

sword-fish and rapacious tribes," have dethroned King Cod, and set up "a tyranny of which King Octopus is the chief and Turtle the Queen." Our dear old wooden walls are gone, and the armour-plated turtles, and those big devil-fish and sharks which we call "torpedoes" and "turret-ships," have it all their own way. But although the revolution has succeeded, and the new dynasty seems firmly seated on the throne, Pragma and Skepsis are disappointed in their efforts to appropriate the Coronet of Fame, which is triumphantly secured by Bijou for the use of its rightful owner. Our sailors are English still.

On the earth, we are told, "the fruits and vegetables had revolted from the authority of Queen Camelia and the aristocracy of the flowers. Skepsis and Pragma had introduced themselves into the kitchen garden in the disguise of a tomato and a carrot. They disseminated revolutionary sentiments among the vegetables," &c. Should we be wrong in fancying that Mr. Boucicault is stealthily pointing his finger at a certain well-known baronet, and an equally celebrated shoe-maker? "The flowers ascertained the danger that menaced them by the good fortune that Princess Rosebud was in love with Prince Cherry, whose relation with the kitchen garden enabled him to betray the designs of that party." Here we have an idea that the author may be hinting at a certain marriage in very high life, which recently attracted a great deal of attention, and gave much satisfaction beside, from the evidence which it afforded of a desire to break down class barriers as far as possible. The helpless aristocracy invoke the assistance of the bees, wasps, grasshoppers, &c.—the great industrious middle class—who come forthwith to their help. "An international meeting of the vegetables and fruits was convoked"—and we presume sat at the Hague—"but before any resolution could be arrived at, Wanda, the Spirit of the Waters, sent down a shower of a million rain-drops, which, passing through the earth, were ordered to discover the locality of the Sceptre." There was a shower of something more than a million *tear*-drops a short time ago, when the life of our Prince was threatened by disease; but they succeeded in finding whereabouts the Sceptre really lay, and there is no doubt now about its being safe in the hands of the good Queen whom it belongs to. But this is probably only a

secondary meaning of the incident; and perhaps the whole story of the revolt against the flowers may merely refer to the modern tendency to sacrifice all the beauty and the more refined pleasures of existence to the grosser pursuit of material riches. Against this tendency rise and protest the artists and the men of letters (who get all their honeyed food from these flowers); and their energetic assistance seems likely to restore in time the pristine glories of the Goddess they adore.

But there are still the Robes of Imagination to be recovered; and, seated in a winged gondola, the Princess and her companion ascend to the moon, passing through the region of music on their way. We suppose Mr. Boucicault considers that music must ever belong to a sort of impractical cloud region. However this may be, at the moon Babil and Bijou arrive in due course. "They discovered that all things in the moon were precisely the reverse of the order of things on earth. For example, they found that women were in the ascendant. The lower grades of men were rapidly degenerating into monkeys; nay, some of them, in the agricultural districts, had actually become apes, and were used for servile purposes." Of course, Pragma and Skepsis incite these apes to revolt, but their rebellion is promptly put down. The future of the women's rights question seems likely enough to be important; but imagination can hardly conceive Mr. Darwin's monkeys ever exalted to the position he would claim for them. However, from these fruitless fancies and speculations the Robes of Imagination are at last duly rescued. Melusine is liberated and restored to her throne, and then Bijou is permitted to become a mortal if she chooses. Needs it be added that, material affairs being wedded to applied art, and art herself being reinstated in her proper sphere, they all live happily ever afterwards?

We do not know whether the view we have ventured to take of Mr. Boucicault's "revived National Drama" is one of which he would approve. If not, we hope that he will shortly publish a full and particular explanation of his real meaning, so that we may be put right where we are wrong. But, seriously, whether or not he intended the above ideas to be embodied in his play, may we not find in them some food for thought? People are beginning to bestir themselves a little in the interests of art, but our Melusine



wants all the advocacy and help she can obtain to release her from her bondage. Really it is quite time that we took some steps to find out where the Robes of Imagination are now hidden, and that we sent off to the moon, or wherever else they have gone to, and brought them back to beautify our daily life withal.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXV.

CLEMENTS SHARPENS HIS KNIFE.

"WELL?" cried Arnold, when his forlorn and forsaken friend entered his room next day.

"It is all up," replied Fletcher. "You are quite right in your ideas and theories: women are all the same, and marriage is a mistake. I was a fool ever to think of throwing away my liberty for the bright eyes of a girl: it was a mad infatuation of which I am positively ashamed. However, it is all over now, and I don't care. In fact, I am glad of it—it is quite jolly to feel free again—quite jolly!"

"Humph," said Arnold, glancing at his friend, whose face did not bear many signs of that elastic hilarity which he professed to feel. "What happened, then?"

Fletcher recounted the events of the day before; and as he proceeded, Arnold's brow grew more and more clouded.

"Poor girl!" he exclaimed, when the other had finished. "I fear your conjecture is right, and she has been sacrificed to that fellow Perez. I did not believe Lennard capable of such conduct, I own. To save himself by condemning his child to the infamy of a union with such a fellow as that! Is there no bottom, then, to the sea of human selfishness?"

"Ah, but perhaps the story of Don Carlos Perez is a true one," sneered Fletcher. "You seem altogether to forget the historical interest which adds to the personal attractions of this irresistible grandee. How could I be so conceited as to imagine that any woman would remain true to me when such a rival came forward?"

"Don't be bitter. Miss Lennard is the one to be most pitied in this business; for I know something about this Perez."

"You do? How is that?"

"When you left me yesterday, I felt very uncomfortable about the responsibility I

had incurred by giving you the advice I did. I hate mystery. Where there is concealment there must be always something to be ashamed of—for we do not hide what we are proud of. And yet I had prompted you to entrust your life's happiness to one who was apparently breathing the very air of doubt and intrigue, without demanding any explanation of what was suspicious, but merely insisting on the marriage being hastened or the daughter removed.

"Well, here I sat, bothering my brain for some probable theory as to who this Mexican might be, and what power he could have over the Lennards, when it suddenly occurred to me that the best plan would be to ask Nick Maine, whom I knew to be in town, if he could give me any information about the fellow. You may have heard of Sir Nicholas Maine's wonderful characteristic? He always knows who everybody is—not only swells, you know, but ordinary people—so long as they are known for anything at all; and how he gets his information nobody can guess. He was an old schoolfellow of mine; and though our tastes and habits are so very dissimilar that we do not often find ourselves alongside one another, we are very cordial when we do happen to meet. Thus, I have tried him both in the Park and in the Bois de Boulogne, and he has told me the names and histories of almost all the people as they drove past. I have often said that if I ever met a lady of whom he knew nothing, I should feel inclined to abjure my anti-matrimonial creed, and offer to her on the spot—it would be such testimony in her favour; and yet he is not much of a gossip, and never volunteers information: if you want that you must cross-examine him. He absorbs with such wonderful powers of suction, that his intimates declare that there is something supernatural about it, and call him 'Old Nick;' but you must squeeze him hard before he will distil a drop. The truth is that he has a wonderful memory, eyes and ears as keen as a Mohican's, and an inveterate taste for gambling, which causes him to lead the life of capitals.

"Well, then, I called upon Nick Maine, found him at home, and asked him if he knew who Don Carlos Perez was.

"Oh, yes," said he. 'Why do you want to know?'

"So I told him partly, without mentioning names.

" 'Well, then, I'll tell you,' said he. 'He is a member of a gambling gang that has fleeced half Europe; and till he got into respectable society in London was always seen with a man who has a hundred aliases, but who now calls himself Clements—the cleverest rascal unhung. Why, he has kept a hell at Chelsea open right through the season, without a single visit from the police; and it is still flourishing! I spend an hour or two there most nights. Perez does not go there often: he is flying at other game—trying to pick up a girl with money, and merely assisting his firm as an out-of-door decoy.'

"I asked him how he could see an adventurer like that mixing with his friends, and introducing himself into respectable families, without a word of warning to the victims; whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, and said that people knew their own business best, and that if he once commenced the trade of unmasking every man and woman with whose real moral features he was acquainted, the comfort and leisure of his own life would be destroyed, many peaceful families would be set by the ears, and he would get small thanks for his pains. I admitted the general truth of his observation; but urged that there were exceptions—instancing the case where a generous, unsuspecting man was actually harbouring an adventurer in his house.

" 'You allude to Lennard, I suppose,' said he. 'Now, that is a case in point. What a fool I should look if I warned Lennard solemnly to look after his spoons and daughter, while his guest was in the house; while he himself knew the fellow all the time better than I do. Mind, I do not say it is so. I only know that I saw Lennard one night at the Chelsea house; that he lost and borrowed money of Clements; and that this Don Carlos Perez was his guest a day or two after!'

"Does Maine's story throw any light on the state of affairs?"

"It does, indeed," said Fletcher. "Enough light to show how deep is the darkness. Poor Mary, I am sorry for her! For myself, I am well out of it all. After all, marriage is a bore; and I am glad to have escaped from the consequences of my folly. I pity her from my heart; but for myself I do not care. The affair is all over, and we will never allude to it in future. Do you think it is going to rain?"

He was obliged to get up and look out of window, for his voice began to falter—for want of his breakfast—and, indeed, for yesterday's dinner, perhaps—and he felt tears rising to his eyes—tears of joy, I presume.

And so Arnold and Fletcher settled the matter definitely in their own minds, and felt no doubt whatever that Mr. Lennard had for some time past been leading a profligate, gambling life, which had at last brought him into a serious scrape, more or less criminal, from the consequences of which he could only escape by the sacrifice of his daughter; and that his nature had become so vitiated by indulgence in the pre-eminently selfish vice of high play that he was willing to accept even that dreadful alternative. And they were convinced Mary was either already the wife of Perez, or immediately about to become so.

In the meantime, the supposed bridegroom was as much at fault as they were. The letter intended by Mary for William Fletcher, but intercepted by Perez, gave him no clue as to her whereabouts; indeed, it said that her parents had not told her where they were going. For the rest, it consisted of deprecations of impatience and suspicion, appeals to her lover's generosity, a simple assumption that whatever her parents did must be for the best, however mysterious their conduct might seem, and expressions of affection which made the baffled youth's Mexican blood boil furiously, I promise you. But if a man will read the *billets-doux* addressed to his rival, he must take the consequences.

When he got back to Adam-street—to which place he went directly he had removed his luggage to an hotel in Covent-garden—he was much in the state of a bull who has been turned into the arena for about five minutes, who has three or four petty darts and a few spear-pricks in him, and has not yet relieved his feelings by goring a single horse. It did not by any means soothe him to find that Clements was out; concluding, however, that he had gone down to the house at Chelsea, he drove down there, dismissed the cab at a prudent distance, and made his way to the villa on foot. The garden gate was locked and the porter absent, so he climbed the wall, and knocked, in the conventional manner, at the door; but no one came. He then tried the back door, the various shutters, and spent about

half an hour in futile efforts to make some one hear, before he came to the conclusion that the house was really empty. By the end of that time the violence of his rage had subsided; but now that he could reason calmly, he was still more anxious for his father's advice and assistance than before. But where was he? Not in the house, that was certain; and Dubourg—where had he got to? Asleep, perhaps. Absurd! Dubourg's slumbers were as light as a weazel's, and the first knock would have aroused him.

When he had quite satisfied himself that it was no use to prowling about like a diabolic Peri trying to gain admittance into his nether home, Don Carlos returned to London by water, repaired to a third-rate club of which he was a member, and dined with some young fellows—gentlemen by parentage, blackguards by inclination—who were amongst his most intimate acquaintances. Now Perez had committed two vital errors, most prejudicial to a man who has to live by his wits, since his arrival in England. He had fallen in love, after a fashion, with Mary Lennard; and he had acquired the habit of drinking more than was good for him. Men with Southern blood in them are not so prone to intemperance as the pure Northern races; but when they do become addicted to it, it holds them in a firmer grasp, and destroys their health with greater rapidity.

Now, if a man has any tendency to drink, he is sure to indulge it when there is anything vexatious on his mind; and so Perez got very much intoxicated that night, and it was not till the afternoon of the following day that he once more ascended the staircase in Adam-street.

When he gave the usual signal, Clements admitted him, closed the door, and returned to his seat before he spoke. On the table before him lay a small bottle of sweet-oil, a little hone, and one of those knives which have a spring at the back, which must be pressed down with some force before it can be closed, and having a piece of silver crossing the top of the handle daggerwise, so as to guard the hand from slipping down upon the blade. This was about five inches in length, straight, and tapering towards the point, the last two inches being double-edged. Reseating himself, after what had evidently been a momentary interruption, Clements took up the hone and knife,

moistened the former with a fresh drop of oil, and then commenced carefully rubbing the edge of his amiable weapon upon it. And then he spoke—

"What news, my Carlos? Bad, I fear, though."

"Bad enough," replied Perez. "But how do you know? Have you any fresh information?"

"None whatever, except from your face. If your mistress had been kind, you would hardly have got so excessively drunk last night."

"Do I show it much, then?" asked the other, walking up to a mirror, and examining his features.

"Not for everybody, perhaps," said Clements; "but I am observant. I hope you never *talk* when you are groggy, Carlos?"

"Never. I lie by instinct on such occasions."

"Or play?"

"Never—I always know when I have got as much on board as will spoil my game, or render me liable to detection; and that point passed, I never touch a card."

"That is well. Still, it is a dangerous habit, and you had better repress it—at all events, until we have made your fortune. A man who is often drunk *must* lose his nerve. Why, of every ten men who are scragged, four are betrayed by drink, three by women, two by pals, and only one by sheer bad luck and the unassisted cuteness of the police. I have made the calculation carefully, and you may depend upon it. Well, and what has gone wrong?"

"The Lennards have bolted."

"Ah!" exclaimed Clements, but without pausing in his occupation of sharpening his knife. "And they have not left their address, I expect."

Perez shook his head.

"Hum! I did not think he had the pluck for that; and no more he had—it must have been his wife's doing. Did you look about for 'sign'?"

"Yes, and found that a letter had been left by the girl for Fletcher, which I managed to get hold of."

"Good!"

"But it contains no direction as to where they are gone. And now, what is the row with you? Anything to hinder you from looking after my affair?"

Most men have a trick which they prac-

tise when smarting under some insult or injury too strong to be borne with philosophy. Some bite their lips, others their nails; some use bad language, some seek relief in active motion, others in brooding silence and sullen stillness—in exceptional cases, even going to bed; while others, again, pour their complaints into every ear that will hearken: Clements sharpened his knife.

It was a nasty habit, especially when indulged in by a man who had taken a romantic fancy for certain old Indian customs, and had "raised the hair" of an enemy before now; and his son had reason to fear, when he saw the paternal occupation, that the claims of wounded feelings might prove more pressing than the care of his own immediate interests. But Clements reassured him.

"The first duty of a good father is to see his son well settled in life," said he; "and I hope to be able to see after your business while attending to my own little affair. If not, mere pleasure must be deferred: I dare say Dubourg can wait."

"Dubourg!"

"Yes," pursued Clements in the quietest tone imaginable, trying the edge of the knife with his thumb. "He has gone off with what money was under his care for the current bank, so I have put the shutters up at Chelsea. A bad job for the birds—at least a dozen swells went down to the country this morning in consequence. It was not worth while looking up another croupier, or spoiling your other game by calling you in, as we must have closed in a day or two. We have had a first-rate season, too. I fancied the police would have been down upon us before August, and then the table would have answered well."

"Curse that Dubourg—I never liked him!" cried Perez. "But, however, he might have done worse."

"He has," said Clements, "or else I might have pardoned him—he has robbed me of an important document. But to return to your business. I am afraid it is a bad lookout. If they have the pluck to defy us, we are helpless."

"Helpless?"

"Helpless to benefit ourselves, I mean—not to punish them. Not that we could do very much that way. If we were in South America, now, you might run off with the girl; but in England that can't be done."

"Why not? It is an idea which has

crossed my mind more than once," said Perez.

"It is impossible: you must be traced. It is like killing a man and carrying the body about with you—worse than that, because the girl can call out, scheme and counterplot, and the body can't. I would sooner have you take a hand in a dozen murders than one abduction. But the game is not lost yet. The best way will be for you to remain in London, holding yourself in readiness to come to me at a moment's notice, while I follow the fugitives, and see if I can't frighten them a bit."

"How will you trace them?" asked Perez.

"Suspecting Dubourg for some time," said Clements, "I have taken the precaution of setting one of the decoys to watch him; and I already know the direction he has taken."

"Dubourg's—yes; but I mean the Lennards."

"Of course you do—oh, impatient Carlos!—and so do I; for Dubourg is certain to join them as soon as possible. Do not look as though you thought I had been taking a hair of the dog that bit *you* last night. The document stolen by Dubourg was that forged bill of Lennard's, who must, of course, have bid pretty high for it; for though Dubourg does not quite know me, he has worked with me long enough to be aware that such a trick was not totally devoid of risk. Having got it, then, he is quite certain to take it straight to the only possible purchaser, who is equally sure to have let him know where to find him."

"And how do you know that Dubourg took the bill?"

"Because it was safe in that box yesterday morning when he came to settle the night's accounts, and was gone two hours afterwards—nobody but you and I having been in this room in the meantime. I left the box open on the table while I let you in, like a fool as I was. Humph!—no man ever yet made me call myself a fool but he smarted for it. It was cleverly done, though, and the whole affair showed considerable talent. Dubourg had to watch what I was doing during play, and that while attending to the game. He must have pitched on Lennard as a likely victim, observed my transaction with him, traced him here, watched where the forged bill was placed, waited for his opportunity to abstract it, and seized the right moment with consummate coolness

and decision. It is quite a pity to cut short his career—such a man is invaluable. You see, then, Carlos, that I may combine business with pleasure, and the punishment of Dubourg need not interfere with your interests. Only, hold yourself ready to start at a moment's notice; for if I manage to frighten the Lennards sufficiently, we must clench the matter at once."

### TABLE TALK.

OF course, our old friend the luggage train—in this case, however, the variety of the genus known as a mineral train—caused the terrible smash on the Caledonian Railway. It is gratifying to hear that the station-master was taken into custody. He knew that the express was late, and that it might appear on the curved line at his station at any moment. No doubt he thought there would be time to shunt the waggons of the mineral train. So there would, but for the extraordinary blunder of the pointsman. But why are hundreds of lives trusted every day, on every line of railway, to the chance of the shunting being done just in time? Two or three times in a year this is not done, and the passengers pay the penalty with their lives. There is the luggage train still wandering at its own sweet will, as it has been ever since railways came into use: lurking on every siding, ready for its deadly work. To whomever did it occur, on passing such a train safely, that it had any time to keep, anything to do but be shunted from one line to another? But it is to be supposed that even luggage trains have their times and seasons, though "Bradshaw" is silent on the point. *Punch* suggested ages ago that the only way to stop these accidents would be to lash a couple of directors to the buffers of every engine. This would make the Boards more careful; but, under such a régime, no doubt some scarcity of "travelling directors" would be experienced. The truth is, such are the exigencies of the increasing traffic on all the great lines, that until Parliament compels the adoption of a separate line for luggage traffic only, these awful smashes must occur. A dozen people killed and a couple of dozen maimed for life, some three or four times a year, by a state of things that might easily be avoided, really ought to stir up our legislators to action.

HARD ON THE HEELS of the news of the accident on the Caledonian Railway came the story of the suicide of one who, after the Lord Chief Justice of England, was our greatest judge. Sir James Shaw Willes, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, at the age of fifty-eight, found life a burden too great to be borne, and, in an unhappy moment, destroyed himself on Wednesday morning, October 2nd, at his country house, Otterspool, near Watford. From the account given by his clerk at the inquest, it appears that the instrument of self-destruction was a revolver, "kept in case of burglars." It is to this we would draw attention. In many similarly sad cases, it seems tolerably clear that the momentary temptation presented by the easily accessible means of death has proved too much for the weary and wretched sufferer. The pistol "kept in case of burglars" was in the master's room: a day came when his agony of mind or body, or both, was insupportable;—there was the instrument of death within his reach, and he made use of it. How careful should men suffering from nervous depression, bringing with it all the fascination suicide has for a disordered intellect, be not to have such a temptation within their reach! Does not the death of this great and unfortunate judge point also to the present overwork forced upon the judges? Six new judges are urgently wanted in the interests of suitors, and of those who as judges administer the law. And yet to save the country about thirty thousand a-year, all our Liberal Cabinet would shiver at any proposal to appoint them.

THESE WET SUNDAYS at the sea side spoil everything; it seems even to throw a damp upon divine worship. The ladies in the pews hang down their heads as chickens sheltering in a cart-shed, and altogether have a draggle-tail look about them. They have been obliged to leave their latest fashions at home, and they are repenting this far more than their sins. A very little makes shipwreck of a woman's faith. I wonder how they will like to be dressed in white—for ever and ever; but one ought not to go too far into the future, especially at a watering-place.

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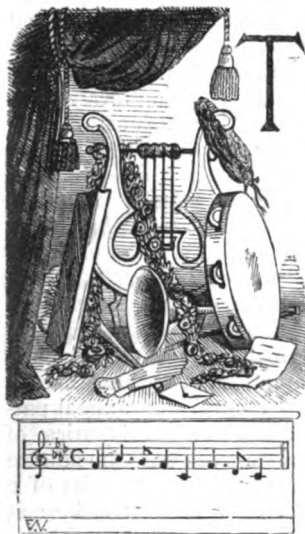
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## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE FOOTLIGHTS.



turned to gaudy rubbish. What a change! He could scarcely think it possible. The beautiful scenery he found to be nothing but a series of daubs. He was deceived even in the performers. The lady who appeared as Ophelia, in flowing garments and white flowers, came to rehearsal in a torn gown, a shawl, and a bonnet; whilst the admired Hamlet, who at night stalked the stage in black velvet, was a seedy man who wore a greasy hat. The King of Denmark was a sad object. He had a leaden countenance, a hoarse voice, and sunken eyes. He appeared to think a great deal, but certainly said very little, moping about in silence, and seldom speaking to any one.

Dick, both outwardly and inwardly, was the best of the whole company. He was

healthier and livelier than any of them. They were as sorrowful and dejected a lot of creatures as ever met together for a purpose.

Christmas was drawing nigh, and the manager had in his head a scheme for a pantomime on a large scale, to be brought out at an enormous expense. The transformation scene was to be of the most beautiful description. He had decided that no less than twenty fairies should be engaged to stand, each with one leg on the ground and the other in the air, at one and the same moment of time, and go through a series of graceful attitudes such as the Wiggletonians had never seen in their native town since the world began. In short, he declared he would have a sight to startle the Wiggletonians and the inhabitants within twenty miles, and cause general consternation. Preparations and an almost perpetual rehearsal were to commence at once, and be carried on to perfection.

Dick imagined this a fine opportunity for Tim, who was seeking employment; and expatiated in glowing terms upon the benefits that might accrue from an engagement on the stage, however short it might be. It was an opening, he contended, that did not present itself to a young man once in a lifetime.

Tim was sensible of the interest his friend took in his welfare, and at once expressed his willingness to do anything he possibly could for a living. The result was that Dick waited upon the manager, who, remembering under what circumstances Dick himself became connected with the company, offered to engage Tim to take part in the pantomime at a small salary.

Tim had now made a start in life. He had work in hand, and he was determined to put all his energy into it. In the meantime, he made himself useful, and became intimate with the manager and the company.

The stage was literally pulled to pieces

for the production of the grand Christmas comic pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood." Carpenters were thrown into a chronic state of hammering. Busy hands turned and twisted gauze and muslin, and other stuffs, into all kinds of fanciful shapes; caps, dresses, garlands, and bouquets, adorned with tinsel, gold, and silver, were wrought by many fingers.

We will not follow them through the tediousness of their daily progress, the time and patience bestowed on the Babes and fairies, and a thousand difficulties; suffice it to allude to two personages in whom we have an especial interest. Dick, in a tremendous mask, was to do the wicked uncle; whilst a similar though not so important a character was allotted to Tim, who had to wear an ugly mask about as big as himself. But he rather liked having his face concealed, for when he appeared no one would recognize him or notice his confusion. He took lodgings at Mrs. Pudge's, and, as economy had to be considered, it was arranged he should join Dick in all expenses.

"By this means," urged Dick, "you will be enabled to live, and move, and pass your days, not within the reach of gluttony, which is the cause of such a vast amount of disease and consequent death, but in the arms of frugality, which besides being the very life and soul of economy, improves health, inasmuch as you don't overcrowd your digestive organs. I am thoroughly convinced in my own mind that they who indulge in filling their insides from morning to night naturally impair their constitution, and for that very reason I carefully avoid having too many things on the table at once. You don't see me begin with turtle-soup, followed by fish, roast joints, birds, pastry, dessert, and wine. Oh, no, I don't believe in it! It is one of the greatest errors made by the British public. You don't find me having game and champagne when I dine, because I am satisfied it would injure my health. Do you ever catch me indulging in roast ducks and port?"

"Never," said Tim.

"Ye gods!" rejoined Dick—"I should think not. I have endeavoured to keep myself from these very things because I am aware that otherwise I should be in the wrong course; seeing that I know, from the teaching of experience and natural laws, that such a line of conduct would bring me down to weakness and debility. Give me

a red herring for breakfast at ten in the morning, and I can hold my head upright, and feel salubrious until tea-time, provided the latter meal be on the table at four precisely. Then, as to supper, pray what is better and more wholesome than a hot potato? which may be purchased near the theatre at the insignificant charge of one halfpenny, with a pinch of salt given in for luck. You don't seem to care much for a potato supper; but you will do. You should read a pamphlet I have in my possession on the qualities of the potato. It would make your eyes twinkle like stars, and your ears expand like the tail of a turkey-cock. Believe me, I have no wish—not the slightest—to lead you from the glorious path of right and truth to that of late hours and ginger-beer; but, at the same time, if it so happens that we should be attached with thirst whilst eating the smoking mealy excellent, we may step within the doors of some respectable hotel on a small scale—for, after all, they are the most comfortable—and have a glass of mild ale; or, should you prefer it, a small portion of ginger-beer; or, should the two be mixed, we produce an excellent drink known as 'shandy-gaff, or let's have another.' Then, don't you see, we can retire to blissful sleep with an approving conscience, knowing that we have not too much on our stomachs, and knowing also that we have been able to control our animal passions. I say nothing of the luxuries of Sunday. A judicious week-day expenditure will bring us on the Sabbath delicacies of a most pleasing and palatable description: at breakfast, stewed sheeps' kidneys, for instance, or pigs' brains fried in beef dripping. What do you say, my friend? Shall we practise economy?"

"I beg pardon," said Tim, who had been paying no regard whatever to the latter part of Dick's speech; "did you speak?"

"Speak!" ejaculated Dick, disappointed at his eloquence being thrown away. "I've nearly broken my windpipe: it's a wonder I didn't wake the ghost of Cicero. However, it's high time we went to rehearse now. Before we go, we must tell Mrs. Pudge what she may produce for tea."

He rang the bell, and presently the lady referred to appeared, gasping for breath.

Dick, in the presence of Mrs. Pudge, always put on a most dignified appearance, to show that lady his superiority over ordi-

nary mortals on the score of education, common sense, and understanding.

"Will you kindly oblige me by having tea ready at four—precisely at four, if you please?" he said, gravely.

"Yes, sur. What will you 'ave, sur, please?"

"Ah, that is the question."

"Sossige?" suggested Mrs. Pudge.

"Not if I know it," said Dick; "not by no means—oh, no. I distinctly remember having a quarter of a pound about six months ago, and, in addition to the ignorant shopkeeper passing a very ungentlemanly remark about my purchasing such a small quantity—which, I contend, was quite enough for any reasonable being in a proper state of mind—I say, in addition to that, I did not enjoy the meal, having no faith in the maker, and not having the smallest idea of what I was putting down my throat. I was for at least twenty-four hours afterwards troubled with slight but very certain symptoms of indigestion—which, even when the danger was over, disturbed my peace of mind for a week in meditating on my own folly. I have a lively recollection, also, that the seasoning was of the most miraculous description. It sent the blood up into my head like lightning—a proceeding likely to bring on combustion of the brain, or at least something of a very serious nature."

"Then what will yer 'ave?" demanded Mrs. Pudge, already impatient.

"Well, I think you may venture to provide a few winkles, if they are good and fresh; because, you see, they come to us in an entirely pure state from the sea-girted shore, and these cannot by any means be deceptive. What do you say, my friend?"

Tim said "Of course;" and Mrs. Pudge, having been detained a considerable time, was dismissed with the order to supply one pennyworth of fine winkles, if they were in a fresh state and fit for human food.

Whilst Dick is leading the way to the theatre, we will take the liberty of peeping within Tim's sleeping apartment. It was a garret, with a dimmed skylight, and no other window. The bedstead, although of the smallest size, nearly filled the room, which was without carpeting or chairs. A basin of water stood on a box, and beside it was a broken rushlight in a bottle. In this narrow room, Tim's heart had ached for hours. His miserable lot often kept him

awake by night; but by day he concealed his unhappiness, and seemed as one contented.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WHAT WAS SEEN THROUGH A MASK.

IT was December. The north wind came with icy breath to still the rivers, and deck the spouts with icicles. In the glimmer of gas lamps, half-starved people hastened along the cold streets to keep themselves warm, and the pure snow, in dreamy stillness, fell over all. Shopkeepers decorated their windows with holly and mistletoe, and the night was at hand for the production of the grand comic Christmas pantomime.

About the town, big bills containing the words "Babes in the Wood" had been staring the Wiggletonians in the face for weeks. Long before the time arrived, the manager pictured in his mind's eye the crowded houses that were to reward his labours. When he thought of the kind fathers who would bring their families to fill the boxes, and the hundreds of poor people who were saving their coppers for his pocket, he smiled at the success which was yet in the future, but which nevertheless came.

In an hour the performance would commence, and crowds of people would be waiting at the doors for admittance. It must be so. Who could resist "The Babes in the Wood," with all the fun and frolic of a Christmas pantomime? Thus mused the manager of overcrowded houses and consequent silver and gold.

The fairies were busily engaged in arranging their frippery, pinning, painting, and practising sweet smiles in the looking-glass. The Babes, seeming to foresee their gloomy fate, stood close together in a corner waiting to be dressed; whilst the cruel uncle was spending his eloquence on Tim, who had become quite reconciled to Dick's wonderful powers of speech.

"Ye gods!" said Dick—"the time is drawing nigh when we shall dazzle the eyes and intellects of hundreds who will assemble in the very places where now you behold nothing but empty seats. This occasion will long be remembered by you in after-life as one of the most important and critical periods of your earthly existence. You are to make your *début*—think of that: *début*—and to have the most searching organs of sight directed towards you, to blame or to praise, to encourage or to confound. You are



to appear publicly, perhaps in the presence of some of your friends; and one great comfort is that, should any be present, you will be enabled to see them without any possible chance of their eyesight piercing through the gigantic mask that will cover the upper part of your body. When you get that tremendous headpiece on, I assure you, the change will be truly marvellous."

"What time is it?" inquired Tim, growing fidgety.

"It is the hour of seven, minus fifteen minutes—or, in the phraseology of the railway fraternity, 'six forty-five;' otherwise, a quarter to seven. To begin with, I see you have not enough confidence. We had better have a glass of wine each."

And thus saying, he hurried Tim away.

Soon as the doors were opened there was a rush for seats. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the theatre, containing fair damsels, highly-starched gentlemen, and chubby-faced youngsters, eager to see the tricks of clown and pantaloons, and the fairies too, who were to trip in the moonlight beside clear shining rills. The orchestra appeared, with oily hair and clean white collars. There was an increased number of musicians; and the conductor was placed higher than ever on his stool, that he might effectually conduct that wonderful band.

The doors were opened at seven, and at half-past the theatre was full in all parts. The dress-circle presented a gay appearance, such as had never been witnessed before in the same building. There was the most brilliant company the dingy place had ever held. There were young ladies in richly-coloured shawls and costly jewellery, fanning themselves as bewitchingly as possible, to the satisfaction of their respected mammas, who fancied all the unmarried men in the establishment were dying with admiration for their amiable daughters. Captain W., of the Volunteers, was gazing at the stage box, where was seated a pretty girl with sweet pouting lips and dreamy eyes, who was the principal attraction for more than one gentleman during the whole of the evening. In the pit were faces beaming with expectation. There were the people who stuff their pockets with eatables, and carry brandy bottles, for amusement between the acts.

The bell rang, and all eyes were turned towards the stage. It was a charming sight

for children. The wondrous tale they had heard in the nursery was now a beautiful reality. They were enraptured, and of all present they most enjoyed the pantomime. The old-goers cast an indifferent gaze at intervals, and then mostly to pick out faults, or to say it was the same old thing; but to their sons and daughters who had come from school it was all new. They could almost cry for the poor Babes, and feel that the cruel uncle was indeed a wicked man. What young girl did not envy the Queen of the Fairies, as she tripped on flowery paths by a silver river? What young girl would not be one of the fairy band that frolicked by grottoes where water seemed to be trickling down the rocks? But none of those simple children knew that the fairies were poor girls who toiled in the din and smoke of factories, nor that the queen of the pretty band was fighting hard for bread to take to her real home of poverty. Neither did Mr. Rooke, who was in the upper boxes with his wife and the landlord of the Red Lion, know that when he watched the cruel uncle and his companion in big masks, that he was looking at his own lost son and runaway apprentice.

Tim saw his mother and father through the holes in his mask; and when he got off the stage was about to run round to them, and ask their forgiveness; but was stopped, after some difficulty, by Dick, who said, kindly, it was not the proper time or place for such a scene.

"Whatever made them come all this way to see a pantomime?" said Tim.

"What are you talking about, my dear friend? You are intoxicated with joy, and know not what you say. It is not far from Peckfield, and there is an excursion."

"And when will they go back?" asked Tim.

"As soon as the performance is over, they will no doubt go direct to the station."

"It will be dark," said Tim.

"Yes, it will be very dark. I believe there is no moon."

"Then we will go and see the train off."

"Agreed," said Dick, who thought this the best way of preventing Tim from making any sudden retreat towards the boxes.

"There's old Trench, too, from the Red Lion," said Tim. "He little thinks the cruel uncle hopes to be his son-in-law some day."

"Ah, Maggie's a sweet girl," observed Dick; "and it's the dearest wish of my heart, as you know, that I shall some day lead her to church. I will fight for it through thick and thin; but things will have to change——"

"And now you're sad," said Tim, seeing that Dick had come to a sudden stop.

"Oh, no—never in my life: it don't pay. I never was better pleased. Ye gods! I am particularly gratified at everything. First, that you are in such good spirits; second, that you have done your part better than I expected; third, a good house and all going well."

At this time the pantomime was at its height. The band was playing a noisy medley, and a crowd of people ran about the stage to be duped by clown and pantaloons, who were jumping through bakers' windows, robbing butchers' boys, stealing children from nursemaids, and knocking in policemen's hats. Columbine balanced herself on one toe at intervals; and amidst the hurry and noise, the slippery harlequin glided about with his magic wand to add to the confused uproar.

Tim and Dick stayed until the drop-scene fell, and then left for the railway station. It was a bitter cold night. The wind swept in gusts round the street corners, driving the snow against them until they were patched from head to foot.

On account of the wintry weather, Messrs. Rooke and Trench made calls on their way for brandy and water; and when they arrived at the station, nearly all the excursionists had taken their seats. Mr. and Mrs. Rooke and Trench succeeded, however, in getting a second-class compartment to themselves.

Tim, standing in the darkness, could see his mother sitting by the window. When the train moved off, and it was impossible for any one to get out in safety, Tim ran to the carriage, kissed his mother, spoke a word to his father, and nodded to Trench. He heard his mother scream, saw his father's startled look, and they were gone. Sorrow for the foolish part he had played—for now he saw it was such—brought down self-reproach; and with the scream still ringing in his ears, he watched the red lights until he could see them no longer. He did not move until he was accosted by Dick, who asked him if he was gratified at what he had done.

"Gratified!" exclaimed Tim. "I'm a fool—I've frightened my mother. The

shock will, perhaps, make her ill—who knows? And my father, too, he looked at me as though he would have killed me. I have no home now, Dick. They'll care no more for me now. The doors would be shut against me if I went. The best thing is to ——"

"Let the subject drop without proceeding any further in the shadow of death and the vale of tears," interrupted Dick; "because, if you get running away from reasonable language to plunge into a chaos of gloomy soliloquy, like a young Hamlet, you'll be having a duel with the bedpost when you get home, and do something desperate. We'll call on our respected friend Goodle, for a change, and see if his poor wife is any better. The old boy makes a fine clown—capital—very good."

Whenever Tim opened his mouth to speak he was interrupted; and without being asked whether he preferred going to stopping away, he was hurried off to see Goodle, the clown.

"This is the door," said Dick, knocking gently. "We musn't make a noise."

"Who's there?" asked Goodle in a whisper, putting his head out of the window above, where there was a glimmering light.

"Bufton," answered Dick. "I'll not disturb you. I've only called to see if Mrs. Goodle is any better."

"Stay a minute," said Goodle. "I'll come down . . . . Ah! the wind blows cold," he muttered, as he opened the door. "What, young Rooke too? Well done! Come upstairs—my wife is asleep. I have a bit of fire. Come and sit with me for half an hour, for God's sake!"

He showed them the way, with a candle in his hand, up the bare stairs. He had washed the paint off his face, but he was not entirely stripped of the clothes he had played the clown in. He led them cautiously to the sick chamber, without making any noise at all. His wife, as pale as death, was asleep at one end of the room. Her black hair contrasted strangely with her pale face, making her paleness a ghastly white. Now and then she breathed hard, and clenched her hands, but did not open her eyes.

In an arm-chair by the fire was a beautiful young girl who had fallen asleep. Her head leaned against a pillow, and her light brown hair fell negligently about her pretty face.

"Ah! Amy is tired out, poor girl. She is asleep," said Goodle.

The sight of the sleeping girl sent through Tim a feeling he had never known before. But this was not the first time he had admired her. He had seen her on the stage. When unobserved, he looked at her as though he would never take his eyes away. When he had seen her in the pantomime he did not know she was Goodle's daughter, nor did she seem as beautiful then as now, although a fairy, shining with many spangles.

"Amy," said Goodle, approaching her chair—"Amy, you must go to bed now, my girl. Past one."

At seeing strangers in the room when she awoke, she was for a moment surprised. She smiled, however, gave a nod of recognition, and wishing them all good night, left the room.

"I see you're ready dressed for to-morrow night," said Dick.

"Couldn't help it. I was anxious to get to my wife. Nobody with her when I'm away, and Amy. I put on my top coat, and nobody—"

The clown was about to continue the conversation, when he saw through the dim light that his wife was sitting up in bed and staring wildly at the strangers.

"Who are they?" she asked, hurriedly. "Where is Amy? Have they come for her at last?"

"Try and sleep, Jane," interrupted the clown, "it will rest you—try and sleep."

"Tell me—who are they?" she demanded again, her lips quivering.

"Two of the company, Jane. They have called to ask about you."

"About me, did you say? What about me? What have I done?"

"They have come to see if you were getting better, Jane."

"Where do they come from?—tell me where they come from," she demanded.

"They belong to Peckfield," he answered, quietly.

"It is so!—it is so!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "They come from Peckfield, do they? At last, at last!—God forgive me!" she said, and sank on the bed.

"There," said the clown, "it is over now; she is going to sleep. That's the way she talks for hours. If I had said you came from Fiji or Timbuctoo, it would have been all the same, poor thing. She would have

said 'At last, at last!' and 'God forgive me!' or something else."

They remained chatting of the success of the pantomime for an hour or more; and when the visitors departed it was two o'clock in the morning.

## THE LEGEND OF THE LADY GINEVRA.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

**A**MONG many queer tales I have read in my time, in musty old pages, in prose and in rhyme; 'mong the many wild legends and stories of eld, of knights and fair damsels by demons impelled, that in endless profusion lie scattered about, and from tomes of diablerie grimly stare out, there is one that recurs to my memory to-night, which my infantine bosom oft filled with affright. List awhile, I implore you, fair mistress or maid, to this eerie old legend of Hazelwood Glade.

Secluded from view, standing grim and alone, 'mid a rook-haunted grove, is a mansion of stone. Its gables are quaint, and its turrets are gray; and its ivy-clad walls are fast going to decay. A desolate spot, and an ancient withal; and its turrets and gables and ivy-clad wall, and the ravens that build 'mong its lime trees so tall, seem to whisper weird legends of days that are gone, when the mansion in splendour and opulence shone; when its ceilings re-echoed with revel and glee, to welcome Sir Geoffrey from far Galilee—who, shoulder to shoulder with Richard the Strong, bravely mounted the breaches at famed Ascalon; when the music resounded through turret and stair, and King Harry the Bluff held high carnival there; when Surrey's young Earl at the banquet was seen, and, seated beside him, the Fair Geraldine; when the young Virgin-Queen, in her heyday of bloom, with her presence that spacious old hall did illumine; when King James from his palace at London came down (unmindful, the while, of his sceptre and crown) to follow the hounds in the maddening chase, and to knight the Sir Loin, as a prelude to grace; and when, lastly, old Rowley, with fair Lady Maud, tripped the stately lavolta upon the green sward.

But those revels and feastings have long passed away; and nought to recall them remains at this day, save the turreted mansion so battered and gray. The broad acres have

passed to the gold-lending Jews, and the baron has nought but his title to lose. He is moody and stern, and the fire in his eye warns all who approach him that danger is nigh. The minion is luckless who crosses his path, or stands in his way, in the hour of his wrath; and luckless the sportsman who chances to stray o'er the woodland adjoining, by night or by day, if the baron's dark spell be upon him, they say.

For, at times, a gloom deeper than nature bestows hangs around and about him wherever he goes. Then his glances are fierce, and his words they are high; and the servants all know that a tempest is nigh.

But to *one* of that household, whatever his mind, his demeanour was ever complacent and kind. No matter how threatening his aspect might be to others, no matter how dreadful to see his gestures and bearing to friend or to foe, to the Lady Ginevra he always spoke low, and gently, and sweetly, as when he first made her his bride, and the mistress of Hazelwood Glade.

Ah, Lady Ginevra! I see, as I write, thine eyes of azure, and thy tresses so bright, that anon o'er thy neck and thy bosom of snow, gently fanned by soft breezes, bewitchingly flow; that ravishing smile, that no painter could catch; and that bust, that Praxiteles scarcely could match. It were useless and vain to attempt to portray that creation transcendent, but this let me say: just imagine a form of perfection divine—'twill be far more suggestive than language of mine.

Such *was* Lady Ginevra: what *is* she? Ah, me! Father Time's ruthless traces are painful to see. Sombre days have passed o'er her, imprinting their sign on that countenance once so surpassingly fine. Those eyes whose bright lustre once rivalled the stars, and sent Talbot's young lord in despair to the wars, have grown dim from the tears that in torrents have flown down those cheeks that of yore so resplendently shone. The smile that once gladdened the heart to behold, is now supercilious and frigidly cold. That bright, glorious hair is besprinkled with gray; and that form, once so perfect, has wasted away. Her step that of old was elastic and light, has grown nervous and trembling; and when, in the night, she strays forth 'neath the lime trees, dejected and lone, and stares up at that old-fashioned turret of stone, she convulsively shudders, and turning away, re-enters the mansion so battered and worn.

But the changes, though great, as the legend has shown, are by no means confined to my lady alone. Lord Richard himself, though austere as of old to others, to her is repulsively cold. He no longer speaks low when he utters her name; when he speaks it at all, 'tis with eyeballs of flame. His manner, which once to herself was so mild, is almost ferocious, so startling and wild. When her glance meets his own, she withdraws it in fright; for it seems to consume her, so glittering and bright. He never stirs out—save, perhaps, for an hour in the twilight, when demons and larvæ have power; but their power, if exerted at all, is in vain to dispel the dark fancies that madden his brain. He returns grim and silent, and seems to steal in as though bent on surprising some mischief within.

Would you ask, curious reader, the reason of this great revulsion of feeling—this hatred of his? Would you ask why this lady, once lively and gay, is now gloomy and wretched by night and by day? Why a few fleeting seasons such havoc have made, and cast gloom and despair over Hazelwood Glade?

List awhile to the story my muse will unfold, and confess 'tis the strangest that ever was told.

Once, returned from the chase in the neighbouring park, Lord Richard ascended the staircase so dark that leads to his lady's own chamber of rest, impatient to fold her once more to his breast. He entered the chamber with mirth in his eyes, expecting to cause her a pleasant surprise. The chamber was vacant, but traces were there that the Lady Ginevra, so loving and fair, had but recently left it; and from a recess, screened by curtains of velvet and hangings of lace, a soft, whispering voice, and an accent that jarred on the ear of Lord Richard, distinctly were heard. He stamped with his foot, and pronounced his wife's name, who shrieked when she heard it, but instantly came from behind those rich curtains and hangings of lace, and dismay and confusion were seen in her face.

Her lord stood before her, with riveted gaze—his nostrils expanding, his eyes all ablaze—and stared down in her countenance lost in amaze.

Ah, yes! she was startled—his sudden return had surprised her—ay, *that* he could plainly discern; but that *voice* and that *accent*: what meant *they*? and why did she tremble and shiver and piteously cry?

These questions, and like them a multitude more, when his tongue allowed speech, he continued to pour in her ear; while she, trembling, and pale as the death she so ardently longed for, with labouring breath, seemed terrified, maddened, distraught if you will; but continued with ceaseless persistency still, assuring, protesting that nought was amiss; and she held up her cheek for Lord Richard to kiss.

For a moment he paused, with his hand on his brow. He had ne'er hesitated to kiss her till now; but that accent and voice with persistence came back, bringing hatred, and frenzy, and hell in their track.

One moment he stood, as though mute with surprise—then the red fiend of murder shot forth from his eyes, and he spurned her away in her piteous distress, and stepped forward as if to explore the recess. But she sprang to his side, and, impeding his course, implored him, in accents discordant and hoarse, his design to forego, to remain by her side, and in her most sacred assurance confide that the recess was vacant—that no one was there—that his entrance had merely disturbed her at prayer; and that if he persisted in doubting her now, she abjured from that moment his name and her vow.

Lord Richard stopped short. "Take that crosslet," he said, "from the place where it hangs by the side of your bed; and swear, by your hopes of perpetual bliss, that you do not attempt to deceive me in this—that there is not this moment a lover concealed within yonder recess, and my purpose I yield."

Even while he was speaking, she took from its place that symbol to man of unmerited grace. She held in her hand that bright crucifix there, while it glittered with diamonds and jewels so rare.

"I swear by my hopes of salvation," she cried, "may the direst misfortune my future betide; may I live to be scorned by the crowd passing by; may my lineage be cursed—may I wither and die—and when from this body my soul takes its flight, may it wing its swift course to the regions of night, if the words that my lips have just uttered be aught but the sacredest truth."

Then with fervour she caught that bediamonded crosslet between the fair tips of her fingers, and pressed it in haste to her lips. Then a start and a shudder that moment were heard from within that recess; but no accent or word passed the lips of Lord

Richard, who, frightfully calm, stood silently pressing his brow with his palm. Then he turned, with a countenance livid and white as the pale, sheeted ghost that stalks forth in the night, and summoned a servant, in whose listening ear he whispered commands that he only could hear.

The servant departed. Lord Richard sat down, and took Lady Ginevra's white hand in his own. The Lady Ginevra sat silent and still—her breathing came fast, but her heart it grew chill; while the time glided on, and the moments flew by, and Lord Richard sat calmly and silently nigh.

Hark! what mean those echoing sounds on the stair? The chamber door opens—a figure is there! Then the voice of Lord Richard sounds out through the gloom, sepulchral and low, like a voice from the tomb—

"Bring here to this chamber the tools of thy trade—bring mortar, and bricks, and a trowel," he said. "Put in swift requisition thy deffest address, and wall up the entrance to yonder recess."

The figure bowed low, and descended the stair; while the lady's wild glance showed the dread that was there.

The mason returning, without more ado set swiftly about the task given him to do. Ere midnight had sounded the wall was complete; and Lord Richard smiled grim, as he rose from his seat.

His lady sat down, and implored him in vain—her terror had rendered her almost insane—to raze to the floor the brick wall he had built; and she partly confessed, in confusion, her guilt. But Lord Richard gazed down with those glittering eyes, and expressed the profoundest, intensest surprise; and his harsh, bitter laugh sounded close to her ear—"What mean you, my lady? What ill do you fear? Why rave you so wildly? Why rend you your hair? *You have sworn on that cross that there is no one there!*"

Throughout that long night, and throughout the next day, and throughout the next month, so the servants all say, Lord Richard ne'er left for a moment that room—at the end of which time, like a ghost from the tomb, he emerged from his solitude, listless and pale; but ere long he returned to his self-imposed gaol. And from that day to this it is seldom and rare that his visage, now furrowed with hate and despair, is seen in the park or outside of the door; and his temper is even more fierce than of yore.

For days and for nights the most heart-piercing groans, succeeded by wailings and dismallest moans, from that recess re-echoed; and day after day did that lady importune and ceaselessly pray to her lord to demolish the wall he had made, and to thrust her for ever from Hazelwood Glade. But he, looking down with that basilisk gaze, with the laugh of a fiend, and affecting amaze, would persist in inquiring the cause of her prayer—

"*You have sworn on that cross that there is no one there!*"

Great excitement prevails at De Montfort's old hall, and the courier's swift steed is led forth from his stall. His rider in haste scours the country all round, but the missing Lord Edward can nowhere be found. No token or trace can the courier descry; not the least indication encounters his eye. His lord was last seen walking out all alone in the neighbouring woodland, just three days ago.

Days, weeks, months, and years, in their turn, pass away; but no news of Lord Edward is heard to this day.

Though the time has rolled on, and the years have flown by, and the *fons lachrymarum* has long since run dry at the mansion of Hazelwood, blackest despair on the brow of its lady sits hovering there. And until the last trump of the dread Judgment Day shall be heard in that mansion, so battered and gray, the dark mystery that hangs like a funeral pall o'er that dark upper room and that modern built wall will ne'er be revealed; and the tragical fate of Lord Edward will not be made known till too late for humanity's vengeance or mortal redress; for his skeleton moulders in yonder recess.

The servants, 'tis said, at the dead hour of night, hear wailing, and groaning, and shrieks of affright; and there is not among them a soul that would dare to mount untended that wide-spreading stair.

## AN HOUR WITH THE OUTCASTS.

By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

"ARE you afraid?"

The hour is noon, the day Friday, the month August, the place Church-passage: not a blind court, but a London thoroughfare. A child standing in Oxford-street—a huge artery of the great metropolis, teeming with imperial wealth and population—could easily throw a stone into Church-passage. Yet, not in jest, my friend asks me

if I am afraid to walk through the place. The question would not reflect upon the courage of the bravest of the brave. Let no one boast of his manhood who could for the first time enter Church-passage without a sudden heart-sickness and trepidation.

A man blindfolded being led into Church-passage would be stricken with a deep loathing and a vague horror. The atmosphere is heavily charged with pollution. The visitor is conscious of inhaling a physical and moral poison, for the odour of squalor does not merely offend the nostrils, but it also alarms and appals the moral sense. The place is apparently open at either end, and apparently open skywards—apparently and not really open. By some means invisible to mortal eye, Death has shut in this hotbed of pestilence. It is shut in, but not hermetically closed. It may be that, now and then, the perfume of flowers or the sweet smell of new-mown hay is borne from afar off on the wings of the summer wind, and for a moment lives in the deadly atmosphere of Church-passage. Certain it is that, from day to day and from hour to hour, streams of the noxious air of Church-passage mingle with the purer air above the doomed spot; and thus the seeds of disease and death are wafted to the bright homes of the rich. Poets and artists have attributed a grim humour to the Rider of the Pale Horse. Ah! how Old Death must chuckle at our sanitary science! We seek to purify the river, we flush the sewers, we filter the water we drink, we insist upon the dusthole being emptied at frequent intervals; and we tolerate in our midst hotbeds of pestilence of which Church-passage is not the worst!

The first thing that attracts the eye in Church-passage is that from nearly every window of every house are projecting poles like rude flagstaves, and on the poles is the "washing" hung out to dry. Every day this is to be seen; but there are more poles out on Friday than any other day in the week. It struck me as strange that there should be so much clothing in such a place, until I reflected that at least one family was crowded into each room. Perhaps fifty or sixty persons per house is about the average. The colour of the Church-passage linen is uniform, but not white. It looks as if it had been washed in a mixture of very yellow pea-soup and murkiest mud. Probably the supply of water is strictly limited, and soap costs money. Besides,

the drying-ground is sufficient to account for the unwholesome tinge. The windows are for the most part open, and the pauperism and the dirt are not hidden from view. But the cellars!

I suppose that, years and years ago, these houses were inhabited by well-to-do families, and the basements were cleanly kitchens. Now they are cellars: not receptacles for coals, but the abodes of the most wretched of the wretched: dark, dank, filthy holes, in which men, women, and children are huddled by day and by night. Some have been boarded-up by direction of the police; but it is impossible to conceive that they were worse than those that are still tenanted. If dogs or pigs were kept in these cellars, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would interfere.

"Board-up all the cellars!" exclaims the reader.

Not so fast, good sir. Do you know why these outcasts of the great City abide in filth and darkness? Because there is no better habitation provided for them.

Most melancholy sight of all is the faces of the people who are living a lingering death in Church-passage. Every countenance tells of unmingled misery. The stolid, vacant stare is relieved by a look of slinking cunning, or it would seem that the men and women—especially the latter—were stage puppets—hideous caricatures of humanity put there to complete the sad scene. The young look prematurely old, and the old are haggard. In their eyes no speculation; in their movements no animation; in their countenances no gleam of light. Shall we call this numbness of body and of mind fortunate? Why, if they had the vigour of health, what would ensue? Near them are shops and houses overflowing with riches. Between them and the necessities and luxuries of life—food, raiment, and jewels—there is only a three minutes' walk and a few panes of brittle glass. What restrains the thousands of outcasts from constant attempts at robbery? Not surely the fear of failure and punishment. Penal servitude would in all respects be far better than the servitude of extremest pauperism. Compared to a room in Church-passage, the gloomiest cell of the prison would be a paradise. These outcasts steal when the spoil is ready to their hand, but they have neither strength of body nor mind to wage regular and organized war against property.

But let me be just, even to Church-passage. There are two houses superior, far superior, to the rest. They are public-houses.

Shall we deplore the presence of these public-houses? Likely enough, the money that would give the hungry children a little bread is cast into the ever yawning and bottomless till of the publican. Likely enough, the liquors sold in Church-passage are the worst that can be purchased in London. What then? Shall we wish that these houses were closed? Ought we not rather be glad that the abject outcasts of the human family can now and then render themselves brutishly insensible? If the drink shortens their lives, what of that? Look at them. Think of their being day and night, and from year to year, in such dwellings, and then say if we should seek to keep them from the grave.

The friend who accompanied me through Church-passage is a leader of the Good Templars and a zealous apostle of teetotalism. No man knows more about St. Giles's; and he told me that drink was the cause of the appalling wretchedness, and that drink perpetuated the wretchedness it produced. Drink frustrated the efforts of the benevolent.

Those who administer the Mission House charitable funds are loath to clothe the naked—yes, even naked children in the depth of winter! Why? Because the clothing they put on the children is taken off by the parents, pawned for a trifle, and the trifle is spent at the public-house.

Amongst the outcasts are men and women capable of earning an honest, decent livelihood. For the capable and the willing, work can be found; but the attempt at redemption is in vain, utterly in vain, unless those who are aided will first forswear drink, and will keep their solemn pledge.

As I write, I have a vision of Church-passage, and of the woeful sight that no words can describe. I do not doubt, I cannot doubt, that drink is the cause of this miserable state of things—that we should call insufferable, only that we see it is suffered. Teetotalers may be fanatics; but, surely, of all fanaticisms, teetotalism is the most excusable.

There is a fable—I do not remember if it's Talmudic—that the Devil touched the root of the vine, and gave to the juice of the grape its intoxicating element. Alas!

when we reflect on the evil of drunkenness, we may well imagine that—

“— the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,”

was a cup that makes the drinker drunk; and we understand why the teetotaler thinks that the use of alcohol alone prevents the dawn of a Millennium.

My object in visiting St. Giles's was to see the working of a new sort of mission—a Medical Mission; and my friend thought it well I should have a glance at the neighbourhood. When Mr. W——, the superintendent of the Mission House, heard where I had been, he proposed that I should see one of the St. Giles's kitchens. So we went to a court a few yards from Endell-street, and into one of the so-called kitchens, through a courtyard ankle-deep with most unsanitary mud. It was a small room, with a large coke fire in the grate: on the shelves a little broken crockery and half a lettuce, yellowish and flabby: at a bench three dirty men smoking dirty pipes, and playing with dirty cards. Two of them appeared sullen, and I sympathized with their sullenness. What right had I to intrude upon their misery? The third man rose from his seat and spoke with civil deference to Mr. W——, telling him that his men—the men who used his kitchen—were willing to work if work could be found. Then I turned away, for the foetid stench was intolerable. Mr. W—— said this was a decent kitchen, and he would not take me to the worst, because fever and small-pox were rife and virulent. There was one cellar-kitchen he should have liked to show me, but he was no longer admitted. From that place he had rescued the younger women—those for whom something could be done—and had left the old and the confirmed drunkards. The woman who owned this cellar-kitchen said that Mr. W——'s conduct was not fair, and she would not let him visit her cellar-kitchen again. “And,” said Mr. W——, “from her point of view, she is quite right.” I remarked that missionary work in such a district must be heart-rending and depressing. Mark the reply:—

“The people are not so much worse than other people, and we must steel the heart against the misery.”

Born, bred, and living as are these outcasts, none of us could be socially or morally better. But as for steeling the heart against the misery, let it be under-

stood that Mr. W—— and his fellow-workers give all their time and strength to relieve it. They go where the police would hesitate to follow them. Upheld by a deep working faith, they enter the dens of deadly fever, and minister to the sick and dying.

Now to the Mission House—assuredly not an imposing building. It is an old and not very roomy corner house in Endell-street, just opposite to the casual ward of the district. Not a penny has been spent in decoration. The basement is a soup-kitchen, and in the winter months thousands of dinners are given away. The ground floor is used for the Medical Mission. The first floor is fitted with rudely shaped deal benches, and is used for prayer meetings, for the evening school for adults, and for a singing class. The second floor is a work-room, in which there are two sewing machines. There is also a labour agency. Besides the Mission House, Mr. W—— has another house in the neighbourhood, which he lets furnished; and he lets the rooms on credit to rescued women whilst they are looking out for work or situations. Such an institution cannot be carried on without a considerable expenditure; but though there are no appeals to the benevolent, there is no lack of money. It comes in as it is wanted. Then, Mr. W—— is a first-rate man of business. Is that a singular description of a missionary minister of the Gospel? A pity it is so singular, for the work of charity requires business tact to be successful. I was equally surprised and pleased to learn how much could be done with a little money. A woman was present who was going into a situation the following week. A fortnight before, she had been brought to Mr. W——, very sick and utterly destitute. She arrived in London homeless and penniless, and afflicted with neuralgia. She passed one night in the Marylebone Workhouse; and, in spite of her ill-health, she was compelled to take a cold bath and was vaccinated. Mr. W—— gave her lodging, food, and rest. In a few days she was able to do a little sewing; and the total cost of the case had been fifteen shillings! Not only does Mr. W—— show his business tact by a prudent and economical expenditure of money, but more especially by the principle on which he acts. He will have no pensioners. Those who, from age or any other cause, are past work, must be supported by the rates. He takes those only who need a little help to render them self-sup-



porting. This is the discriminating charity that does not demoralize, but really benefits the recipients.

As the doctor had not arrived, and I wanted to see the working of the Medical Mission, I attended the mid-day religious service. The room was more than half filled. What a congregation! Some were patients who had come to see the doctor: pinched and pallid faces that you could not look at without sorrow—women in the homeliest garments and women in rags—one or two very old men, and men crushed by disease, and men prematurely old. A long hymn was sung, of which the burden was—

“For you I am praying,  
I am praying for you.”

Mr. W—— played the harmonium. And such singing! Well, singing is not the word. It was inharmonious harmony that smote upon the ear and touched the heart. There was a short prayer and a ten minutes’ sermon by my teetotal friend. It was a remarkable congregation. No one was inattentive. Even the children seemed solemnized. I looked round, and noticed that, whilst the hymn was being sung, there were many tearful eyes. It was a homely service, it was a rough service, it was even a rude service, but a service that one does not forget. A man who attended it to look on, and to sneer, and to scoff, would be pretty sure to remain to pray.

After the service, Mr. W—— and my teetotal friend introduced me to some of the congregation.

Here is a girl Mr. W—— sent to a hospital. She is now well, and to-morrow she is going into a situation as a servant. Here is a sad-looking child. Is he a child? Can such a pinched, careworn face be the face of a child? Yes. Poor boy, his father was buried yesterday in a pauper’s grave.

I look at Mr. W——, and I take courage. I feel that the boy will have a chance. Here is another girl, young in years—about fifteen—and old in vice. She has been rescued, and gone again to the bad. Is there hope for her? Well, there is this comfort, that Mr. W—— and his friends will hope against hope, and do all that can be done for her. Here is a man of uncertain age. He may be sixty—but he is probably not over forty—and he may be only thirty. His physical pain is evidently acute; but he bears it bravely, and seems happy, almost cheer-

ful. Here is a woman habited in a long serge cloak, with a rope round her neck. I take her hand: it is thin, and cold with the coldness of death. I look at her glittering, restless eyes, and I perceive that her mind is affected.

It was a relief to me when Mr. W—— led the way downstairs.

The Medical Mission—the first of the kind in London—has not long been started, but it is unquestionably successful. The doctors attend gratuitously. The original idea was to have a paid medical officer; but the difficulty was to get a skilled physician for the sum the mission could pay—viz., £400 a-year. The men who would accept the remuneration would not do for the mission, and the men who would do for the mission would not accept such a remuneration. The difficulty has been met by the unpaid services of skilled physicians. Anybody who is sick can walk in and get advice and medicine without any charge or any recommendation. No question is asked as to creed or circumstances. “Do you want to see the doctor?” And then a numbered pass is given, and each person sees the doctor in turn. I looked at one of the prescriptions, and I saw at once it was a painstaking prescription. It was an elaborate and carefully adjusted combination of drugs. It will be perceived that this Medical Mission does more than bring the dispensary to the doors of the poor: it has the advantage of enabling the poor to get the best advice and medicine gratis, and without letters of recommendation.

Mr. W—— says the Medical Mission is of the greatest use in every respect. It affords the help the people need, and they are exceedingly grateful for it. Sickness prevents the poor man from earning his bread; and therefore restoration to health is a condition precedent to any improvement in circumstances. The opportunity is embraced for giving religious instruction; but, so far as the wants of the body are concerned, no regard is paid to creed or religious profession. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and infidel receive the same attention. First relief, and then admonition, is the plan adopted by Mr. W—— and his fellow-labourers. After all, this is a very old plan. Christ fed the hungry and healed the sick before He preached to them.

Those who sympathize with the sufferings of the poorest, and who wish to lighten the



Once a Week.]

[October 19, 1878.

**"COMMON SENSE."**



wretchedness of the wretched, should visit the Endell-street Mission House, and note the working of the Medical Mission. The admonition, "Go thou and do likewise," will be needless. Let there be medical missions in the poor districts of our town, and I am persuaded there will be an immediate, vast, and lasting social improvement. Medical missions which have been tried in Edinburgh, in Liverpool, and now in London, have not yet attracted public attention; but hereafter they will do so, and will be probably regarded as one of the most praiseworthy movements of the age. A special advantage of the medical mission is that it costs so little. A few pounds' worth of drugs will suffice for a large number of cases, and medical men are ever ready to help such a cause.

Do you remember how joyful you were when, after a long spell of town life, you went into the country for a summer holiday? It is Sunday; and, before any of the family are stirring, you sally forth for a walk. You marvel that, in the season of summer, the country folk do not rise with the lark; just as a blind man to whom was vouchsafed a momentary vision of the starlit sky would marvel how those who are blessed with sight can go to sleep whilst the stars are shining. The corn, full grown, but not yet ripe, is moved by the morning breeze, and is gently undulating. The birds are singing, the leader of the choir being the lark, who soars skyward ere he sings. The busy insects are humming their whirling lay. The lowing of the cattle and the tinkling of the sheepbell greet your ear. The flowers, refreshed by the dew of the night, are radiant in the light of the rising sun. Eyes and ears are ravished: you are amazed at the infinity of beauty. The corn fields are gay with poppies, the meadows are thickly gemmed with buttercups, the hedges are blooming, and the ditches overflow with wild flowers. You rest awhile within view of the ivy-covered church; and whilst you are making a nosegay of the flowers you have gathered, the sublime words of the Christian anthem, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting," will come to your mind.

Alas! if you have lately visited St. Giles's, you will add, "Not *all* the earth! Earth fashioned in Thine image, earth wearing the form Thou didst not disdain, earth into which Thou hast breathed the breath of the life immortal, doth not worship Thee!"

Shall we despair of the redemption of the unhappy from their enslavement? Rather let us do what we can to hasten the good time when all the earth will indeed worship the Father Everlasting, and when such plague-spots as St. Giles's shall blossom as the rose, and be no more a shame and a scourge to humanity.

### W. H. SMITH, M.P.

**P**ORTRAITS of the member for Westminster have been published in various illustrated papers since he was successful in carrying off the Blue Riband among electioneering contests in December, 1868; and his features are now as well known to the public as those of any member of the House of Commons not a minister, ex-minister, or great party leader.

Mr. Smith was born in London in 1825, and is the head of the firm of W. H. Smith & Son, 186, Strand, whose various branch establishments, in the shape of railway book-stalls, are familiar to every traveller. The great house in the Strand was founded by the father of the subject of the present memoir. Forty years ago, when the London daily papers were fresh in the north of England forty-eight hours after their publication in the metropolis, when London and Manchester were that distance of time apart, all newspapers sent into the country passed through the Post Office. It occurred to Mr. Smith that, instead of waiting for the night mail and the agency of the Post Office, the morning papers might be sent off by the early morning coaches. As the earliest editions of the papers were often later than the times fixed for the departure of the coaches, Mr. Smith had great trouble to catch them. To overcome this difficulty, he established a system of express carts, which rattled along the turnpikes after the morning coaches till they caught them. On occasions of the greatest importance, these expresses of Mr. Smith's went the whole way—at a great expense, of course. For instance, Smith's express messenger, with newspapers conveying the news of George the Fourth's death, arrived in Dublin before the King's messenger arrived there!

Coaches went out and railways came in. Mr. Smith, first in the coaching days, was first under the new *régime*, and from the beginning has supplied almost every traveller by railway with his newspaper and his

book. The enterprise and successes of the house, culminating in the election of the head of the firm to fill the place of John Stuart Mill, as representative of the first constituency in the kingdom, would afford matter for a fine chapter in commercial history.

Mr. William Henry Smith is a liberal Conservative in politics, an active member of the London School Board, a magistrate for the county of Herts, and a member of the Council of King's College. An able and ready debater, in the House of Commons his speeches are always listened to with marked attention, and his opinions carry great weight with them. The member for Westminster addresses the House only when he has something of real importance to say. He is active in the discharge of his Parliamentary duties, an invaluable man on committees, and has as high a reputation as any member of the House for the possession of that too rare quality—sound common sense.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### IN PURSUIT.

**T**HAT Clements's desire to be revenged on Dubourg overmastered all other considerations, was clear enough. Perez feared, however, that their hold on Lennard was becoming weaker.

"Remember," said Perez, "the bill once in Lennard's hands, all your power is gone."

"Aye, but I have got a pull upon his wife—did I never tell you? Her father—a man named Broughton—was transported for life when she was quite a child; and her mother took the name of Rosier, and cut the connection. Broughton has, however, escaped from the colonies, and lived in Europe for many years; and I have threatened madam to have her father taken up, and reveal her relationship to a felon, as well as a little episode which occurred between ourselves a few years ago."

"Where is this Broughton?"

"Between you and me, I have not the remotest idea, nor should I know him if I saw him. He is alive, and at large; and there all my information ends. I told Mrs. Lennard a wonderful story, though, about how her father was living peacefully in a village; and the happy, useful life he would be dragged from to the bar

of offended justice, if she did not treat you properly. But he may be in a workhouse, for anything I know."

"I shall do something desperate if I don't have that girl, father," said Perez. "And she loves that Fletcher, curse him!" And an expression passed over his face so Satanic that it would have made the fortune of a first villain at a transpontine theatre.

A cloud passed over Clements's brow.

"Too impulsive!" he murmured. "He lets his feeling be read off too easily on his face—just like his mother! Take care, Carlos. You will be stabbing this rival of yours in the public street, if you don't take care; and then I can do nothing to save you. Do you hate him very much? Well, then, I will think about what can be done."

"Do not touch him!" cried the youth. "I do not want him dead, unless I kill him. And when I had done it, I should wish him alive again, that I might kill him again!"

Clements, who had for some minutes been polishing the point of his knife on a leather strap, now closed it, placed it in his pocket, rose from his seat, and walking over to his son, took his head between his two hands, and kissed him. He was not often so demonstrative; but how could paternal affection resist such beautiful sentiments as those the youth had just uttered?

"Wait till he goes abroad," said he, "and then you can follow, and force him to fight. Even an Englishman must overcome his repugnance to duelling if you slap his face at the Opera in a country where it is still the custom. In the meantime, you had better not carry your stiletto about with you."

"I have not dared to wear it for the last week."

"That is right. And now I will be off at once. Dubourg has gone to Chester, so I expect the Lennards intend to hide themselves in North Wales. They will leave a pretty broad trail, I expect, for a man who has followed an Indian war-path."

It was a particularly horrible feature of the relations between this strange, and I believe unique, father and son, that their manners, as well as the words in which their diabolic thoughts were uttered, were those of ordinary men. Even when alone, there was nothing coarse or repulsive in their behaviour. It had always been a favourite theory with Clements that vulgarity was a great stumbling-block in a rogue's path; and he had taken infinite pains throughout his life to

correct the deficiencies of his early training, and had brought his son up with similar sentiments. And so, if you had seen the pair discussing robbery or murder through a glass door, which allowed their voices to reach you but not the actual words, you would not from their tones and gestures have imagined that they were arranging anything less innocent than a dinner or a picnic.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## RUN TO EARTH.

THE Lennards had taken up their abode in a six-roomed cottage, situated in a pretty valley of North Wales. It was built at the foot of a steep declivity, and was overhung by a thick wood of larch, oak, and mountain ash, gradually changing, as it spread towards the higher ground, into a more sparsely planted grove of pine trees, which in its turn gave place to a boundless expanse of fern, heather, and moss. In front, a small flower garden sloped down to the bank of a busy trout stream, that bubbled through the vale;—an innocent, laughing, merry little river, that had got its own way by its ceaseless chatter, and had cut a channel some hundreds of feet deep and several miles long through the stern unyielding-looking rocks now piled on either side of it, getting its own way in the end, just as pretty, soft, yielding, cheerful, babbling things generally will. On the other side of this deceitful hussy of a brook—which lulled you to sleep with its murmur, and bred gnats and midges to sting you while slumbering—the hills, which were of a more rocky and precipitous character, rose piled crag upon crag, towards Snowdon, the topmost peak of which might be reached by a mountain path not much frequented by tourists, though well known to the shepherds, whose flocks, like acrobats and tight-rope dancers, gained a precarious livelihood at the risk of their necks.

It was a retired spot. There were a few cottages grouped into what might perhaps be called a village, half a mile lower down, and a large hotel, at which coaches changed horses, two miles higher up the valley; and the existence of the cottage having been discovered by Mr. Lennard in the course of a fishing excursion two springs before, it occurred to him, directly he began to think of baffling his enemy by flight, as the best hiding-place he knew of. He had, therefore, written to the old lady who owned and

lived in the place, and with whom he had struck up a great friendship during his former sojourn, and finding that she had no lodgers just then, had secured the house; for the whole of which, with the exception of one room set apart for Mrs. Jones herself, he was to pay two pounds a-week, board included.

It was Mr. Lennard who had proposed this modified plan of carrying out Edith's idea of flight. Her health was suffering from the protracted suspense and anxiety. The conduct of Perez had become such that it was impossible to endure his presence any longer without exciting suspicion amongst their friends; and if they retained him as a guest after his behaviour to Fletcher, a breach with that young man would be the inevitable result. So they seized upon the opportunity afforded by the absence of Perez at Doncaster, paid off their servants, put the house in the hands of an agent, who was to let it if he could, and started without beat of drum. They had hesitated for some time whether it would be better to inform Fletcher of their intentions, but decided that it was better to keep the place of their retreat secret, even from him, for the first few days—writing him an invitation to come and see them after awhile, if no particular explosion took place, trusting that Mary's letter would be sufficient to prevent his fancying that any slight was intended to himself. So that only one man in London knew the place of their retreat; and that, as Clements had at once divined, was Dubourg.

For Mr. Lennard had received an anonymous letter, so worded as to show that the writer knew something of the relations between him and Clements, appointing to meet him at a certain chop-house; and when he went there he found the croupier and partner of the gaming establishment, who offered to obtain the fatal document and deliver it into his hands on payment of a stipulated sum—a proposition which Mr. Lennard eagerly acceded to, and would have done so had the price been double that demanded. At that meeting they made arrangements for future communication; so that he had no difficulty in directing Dubourg where to find him, should he be successful in his undertaking.

They were not a very lively family party. Mr. Lennard was on thorns, constantly on the watch for his liberator, and hardly

able to distract his mind from the one subject, unless he was in actual bodily movement; while Mary, though hoping the best from her letter, could not help fearing what the effect of all this strange and mysterious conduct might be upon her lover's mind, and was nervous and unlike herself accordingly. What would have been her state of mind if she had known that her epistle had been kept for two days in a vegetable dish, and then placed in Perez's hands?

It is well for us that we don't know everything. The penny post and electric telegraph are two-edged, and sometimes cut our fingers; and a still more subtle method of communication would hurt us more often than it pleased us—unless, indeed, it was complete, and informed us of everything; and then, perhaps, we should never have any pleasure at all.

But Edith's depression was excessive, and hard to be accounted for by any one who knew her disposition. She had cause, indeed, to be anxious for her daughter's future, seeing that William Fletcher had taken such offence at the conduct of the man they had harboured, that he had not called upon them after the quarrel; but she had divined his character sufficiently to entertain a well-grounded expectation that he would come round when he saw that they had broken off all communication with Perez since his outrageous conduct. The peril which threatened her unknown father, and the threatened disgrace of being proclaimed to the world as the daughter of a felon, was sufficient to make her thoughtful and melancholy; but it was her nature rather to defy and fight with the storm than to bow her head before it; and the fact of having rebelled against the arm which threatened, the sense of throwing aside the policy of timid vacillation, and taking a determined course of action, should have braced her nerves and roused her spirit. So those who had studied her nature would have judged; and yet she grew more and more anxious and desponding. She was oppressed with a creeping horror of that man who had risen from the grave to blight her life and darken the prospects of her child, and she looked forward to meeting him again with the thrilling dread experienced by the victims of hallucination when the hour approaches at which their ghostly foe appears. As her nerves became weakened by constant apprehension, she would expect to see the face of Clements from a

picture, the folds of a curtain, the doorway of an inner room; she would fancy he was behind her when she ascended a staircase—before her when she entered a chamber. Whether this state of mind was the cause or the result of her illness, it is impossible to say; but certainly her health was suffering. Her face grew pale, her form thinner; her proud eye, when unlighted by excitement, was dull and filmy.

Both her husband and daughter had noticed these symptoms with alarm, and had urged her to have medical advice while they were in London; but she shrank so much from the suggestion that they did not press it, and confidently hoped, when they suddenly decided upon leaving town, that the fresh air of the mountains would speedily restore her. It had not produced any effect as yet, it was true; but this was only the third day after their arrival, and the intercourse between this little family—father and mother each with a separate secret, which was kept from the daughter, whose lover had been left in the lurch—was not of that free, unconstrained, and cheerful character calculated to assist country air and change of scene in the restoration of an invalid.

It was true that they all found a common topic in William Fletcher; and both her parents tried to cheer Mary with a prospect of brighter times, and a promise of communicating their present address to him shortly. But there was necessarily so much mystery and reticence in their discourse, that the conversation flagged woefully, and could only be maintained in a forced manner by fits and starts.

Amongst the many family phenomena which kept Mary's wonder at the full stretch was one which, under any other circumstances, would have given her unqualified delight, and which now afforded her gleams of pleasure through the clouds of uncertainty and anxiety which oppressed her; and that was, the way in which her parents had drawn together. Her father, pained and alarmed by his wife's state of health, was lavish in his attentions towards her; and she no longer repelled his advances with unkindness. It is when we have an enemy that we learn the value of a friend.

Mr. Lennard had, in their present situation, a great advantage over his wife and daughter, inasmuch as he was an ardent fly-fisher, and, though it was late in the season, the troutlings rose pretty freely in the

middle of the day; indeed, some recent rains had put the stream in better order than it had been during a summer so warm and dry that the shallow water had proved too dry for the successful prosecution of the angler's art. Now, there is nothing like fly-fishing in a mountain stream for distracting the thoughts from any anxious or unpleasant subject. However much harassed in mind you may be while putting your rod together on the bank, the attention necessary for selecting the spots where the fish are likely to lie, the difficulty of keeping yourself concealed, the care you have to take that your flies shall fall lightly on the desired spot, without catching in overhanging bushes; the thrill caused by a rise, and the excitement of hooking and landing your prize; the exertion of maintaining your footing on the slippery boulders which form the bed of the river; and, above all, the perpetual babbling of the water, which fills the ear with its monotonous murmur and produces a dreamy bewilderment of the brain, all combine gradually to shut out the real world, with its cares and anxieties, and to transport the angler into a fairy region of rocks, water, flies, and fishes.

The coach which passed daily through that district, starting from the nearest town, twenty miles off by road, where there was a railway station, stopped to change horses at the hotel at about three in the afternoon; so that Mr. Lennard, beginning in front of his cottage at mid-day, and fishing the stream up, arrived shortly after that hour at a bridge which crossed the river near the inn, and on which he had appointed to meet Dubourg, should he be successful in his enterprise.

Two days he had pursued this course without any result, and had returned home with a heart heavier than his creel. On the third, when he turned the corner of the projecting rock which concealed the bridge until you were close upon it, he saw a man leaning over the parapet. Dropping his rod, and leaving the line with its three flies to float down the stream for the trout to examine at their leisure, he hurried up the bank. He was right in his expectation: the stranger was the ex-croupier.

"Well," gasped Lennard, directly he had climbed on to the bridge, "have you got it?"

Dubourg turned round and raised his hat.

"Hem de vous de rien? Vus I have got

it: not without difficulty. I took it from under the very nose of the greatest ruffian in Europe. I risk my life in your service; but I have it."

And he produced a pocket-book from the breast of his coat.

"Give it me, give it me!" cried Lennard, reaching out his hand excitedly.

"Pardon me," replied the other—"have you brought the price?"

"Ah, true!" said Lennard, in his turn drawing out a morocco case, swelled to a considerable bulk by a bundle of notes, which he handed to Dubourg, who at the same instant gave him that bit of stamped paper, signed with another man's name, which had given him so many sleepless nights and miserable days.

"We cannot be seen here?" asked Dubourg, glancing round upon rock and wood.

"No, no; there is no one to observe your riches but that sheep yonder; and I expect he does not understand the value of that paper money. It is just as well, for it might hurt his feelings to know that he was not worth one of those flimsy bits of notes—wool, mutton, and all."

And while the other, seating himself upon a stone, counted and folded up his bank notes, Mr. Lennard took his fusee-box from his pocket, struck a match, and set fire to the recovered document.

There was not a breath stirring to foil his purpose; and there rose a tongue of flame, hardly visible in the bright sunshine, a wreath of smoke; and all that remained of the terrible instrument which had held an English gentleman in bondage more crushing than that of the African cotton-hoer was a pearly-gray ash, floating softly down to the water.

But Mr. Lennard's remark about their sole spectator being a sheep was not true. There was another animal, and one that had as keen an appreciation of the value of bills and bank notes as the chairman of the Bank directors or the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, who witnessed the cremation of the dangerous paper and the transfer of money which took place on the bridge.

Some half-mile up the opposite mountain a rugged group of huge boulders were piled, and concealed amongst these there crouched a man, who carefully watched every movement of the pair below him through a powerful pocket telescope, which he rested on a convenient ledge.



"All right," said Dubourg, presently, placing the note in a pocket which he had inside his waistcoat. "You will never get such a bargain as this again."

"And yet it is a high price I have paid you."

"A high price! I should have made it in three months if I had remained with Clements. I might have exacted more—much more—from you if I had chosen. I am flying now to France. If Clements visits that country I must again fly; for on the day that I meet him, my life is not worth an ounce of dirt. A high price!"

"Well, well—I do not grumble," replied Lennard. "One cannot pay too dear for liberty. But I hope that your risk is not so great as you suppose. The laws of England are sufficient to protect you; and however reckless men are, they do not often incur the certainty of being hanged for the sake of mere revenge."

"I am leaving the country," replied Dubourg, shrugging his shoulders. "I take no luggage with me, nor do I wait at the hotel here to-night. I am a man with a bloodhound on his track, and have lost a day as it is; for the train met with an accident on the way to Chester, and I could not get on for six hours. The post-horses are all out, but they tell me of a footpath across the mountain which I can hardly miss, and by which it is only twelve miles to Llanfyddau, where there is a railway station. It is a long walk over rough ground for a man of my age and habits, but I dare not wait for the coach. You may judge, then, what the danger is. Do you suppose I would have incurred it for such a price alone?"

"You had another motive besides the money, then, for doing me that service?" said Mr. Lennard, in surprise.

"Yes," replied Dubourg. "I had not meant to have told you; but it is hard to make an atonement at the hazard of one's life without any one knowing it; and I have not done so much good in the world that I can afford to let this action, too, be set down entirely to love of money."

"Atonement! What can you have to atone for to me?"

"Not to you, but to yours. I injured your wife and her mother. I owed them protection, and—but do you know the story of Mrs. Lennard's family?"

"I never knew one of them but her

mother," said Mr. Lennard. "Can there be anything about her relations, or in the fact of your connection with them, which Clements can have made use of against her, as he used that cursed bill to subjugate me?"

"It is possible," said Dubourg. "I have suspected it. Ask her; and if it is so, tell her that Clements cannot put his hand upon the man for whose safety she fears; that he has lived with him without knowing him; and that now the threatened victim is on the point of leaving England, out of which country he is safe. I cannot delay any longer. Good morning."

And once more raising his hat, he turned and walked away in the direction of the hotel.

Mr. Lennard was rather mystified by what Dubourg had said, as well as startled at the idea of having subjected a fellow-creature to such a risk. It had not occurred to him before; but now that he reflected on the evidence he had had of the desperate character of the man who had been bearded and outwitted, on the cool villainy of his manner, and the stern cruelty of his mouth and eye, he owned that the fears of the ex-croupier were not entirely unfounded. For he had divined something of Clements's nature from the little he had seen of him. What would he have thought if he had known as much as Dubourg? Would Dubourg have run the risk if he had known all?

Mr. Lennard soon forgot every other consideration in the joy of his sudden and half-despaired-of liberation from the iron thralldom which had oppressed him. His wife would soon regain her health and spirits; for if she had a care different from his, as Dubourg had hinted, the words of that man would dispel it. His daughter would be happily married to the man she loved. He felt as if he could almost fly, as he walked rapidly home with these reflections inflating his bosom; but finding that he could not quite rise in the air, and there being no one to see him, this middle-aged man actually *ran* for the last half-mile, and was very warm when he reached the villa.

Mary, who was in the little garden in front, came to meet him.

"Why, papa, dear," she cried, "how pleased you look! Have you caught a very big fish—a salmon, or something? No," she added, peeping into the creel—"only

seven pretty little spotted trouts. What can have happened?"

"Nothing—or rather, everything," replied Mr. Lennard. "I have been to the coach and got a letter—I mean a sort of message, you know; and some business which I thought would be bad has turned out good. You can write to William Fletcher at once, if you like, and I will send him another letter, asking him to stay here, and apologizing for our abrupt departure. I have had a great deal to make me anxious of late, Mary; but it is all right now, and—in short, come here."

And throwing down his rod, he put both his arms round his daughter's waist, and fairly lifting her off the ground, kissed her vehemently on both cheeks.

"Where is your mother?" he asked, setting the happy but bewildered girl firmly on her feet again.

"In her own room, papa."

He entered the house.

#### SONG OF THE ROSES.

WE come at the birth of joy on earth,  
When the summer days are long,  
When the morn is ushered in with mirth,  
And the eve is closed with song;  
When the soft south wind, to kiss inclined,  
Comes whispering thro' the grove,  
And the warm rains fall at nature's call,  
Like wine for a pledge to love.

When the sky is blue, and clouds are few  
In the noontide heat we bask,  
And drink till we nod the crystal dew,  
When the stars peep thro' night's mask;  
From many a bow'r, at twilight's hour,  
We behold fond lovers meet;  
And on wedding day bestrew the way  
In our fragrance at their feet.

When the summer goes our revels close,  
For with autumn cometh care;  
And the garden path no longer glows  
With our colours rich and rare.  
O'er the cottage door we climb no more,  
With a cheering grace to bloom;  
White, pink, and red, our petals we shed,  
When the shortening days bring gloom.

#### TABLE TALK.

MOST people will admit that every subject will bear consideration from more than one point of view—even the cat-o-nine tails. Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor, M.P. for Leicester, is dreadfully exercised in mind that, in a "Christian land," two ruffians who had maimed for life, as well as

despoiled of such trifles as watches and purses, certain of their fellow-creatures, should be well whipped for the same in Newgate Gaol. He says:—"I pray you to remember that in these horrors we stand alone. The civilization alike of the East and West of Europe and of the United States, repudiates such punishments, and stands astonished at the sight of England—the land of the free, the land that led the way to the abolition of slavery—standing alone as the upholder of these brutalising inflictions." Perhaps we are unfortunate in having to deal with garotters. The "East and West of Europe," may be freer from the pests our police system has fostered with such exceeding care for a quarter of a century. Mr. Taylor then gives what he considers the "bestial details" of the whipping the ruffians got. There are always cowardly curs, and of course they gave tongue pretty loudly, as the doctor was by. But, to state his case effectively, the member for Leicester should have favoured us with the evidence on which these men were convicted: the broken limbs, the fractured skulls, and shattered nerves of their unfortunate victims: then we could have better considered which side had the worst of it—garotter or garotted. But everybody is not of the same mind as Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor, who clearly has never had any member of his own family attacked and disabled by these most cowardly of thieves. The hon. member's grandiloquent rubbish was replied to next day in the *Daily News* by Mr. J. G. Smith. This is the letter:—"SIR—I regret to learn from Mr. P. A. Taylor's letter that Mr. Cohen was too unwell to receive his full number of lashes, and regret still more that his delicate state of health did not prevent his committing the brutal assault for which he was punished. He was well enough to commit the assault, but not to receive his punishment. Mr. Taylor would not have thrashed a dog so: well, the remedy is easy—let the brutes cease their outrages, and the punishment of the cat will cease too.—Yours truly, J. G. SMITH. Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, Oct. 10." The convict Cohen was let off with a moiety of his dose. I hope, with Mr. Smith, he will recover his full health in gaol, and receive the second moiety of the cat; and come out so powerfully impressed with the pain of a flogging as never to three-parts murder any of his fellow-subjects again—though, of course, he

will return to his old profession. They all do.

SOME CLERGYMEN, at their quarterly meetings, seem quite unconscious that in the world generally such matters as they discuss and think of the first importance are cared for as little as maggots in a Stilton cheese, and they seem to be unaware that it has become necessary to protect, in a manful way, so as to command respect, the foundations of their religion and their Church. The fact is, the clergy are too much surrounded by old and young women, who naturally believe everything that their grandmothers believed in; and they like to be surrounded by them. They are the creatures of circumstances. They read the newspapers that tickle their palates; and they rarely, if ever, get to feel the real great pulse of the world. But, after all, they are the happiest at these meetings when the luncheon time comes on, and it is then more especially that you see the oil run down from their beards to the skirts of their clothing, as it ran down Aaron's beard.

THERE IS SOMETHING in women's dress, perhaps in women themselves, which has, like milk, the property or habit of sending its best, or what is supposed to be its best, to the top. Church at the seaside on a Sunday morning is like a first-class flower show. From a thousand bonnets there arise, as from a floral terrace, representations of almost every shrub and bloom, or green herb of the field, that grows in soil. One might fancy, from the pyramid-like way in which the ladies have their hair built up at the back, that they anticipated a catastrophe somewhat of the nature of a second deluge. A kind of Tower of Babel seems to overlook the flowers resting on the bonnets beneath. There is one of these buildings near to me, rather of the shape of the hump on a camel's back; and the possessor every now and then gives her neck a sort of half-twist round, as though she desired to have a sight of it. Instead of feeling it to be—what Bunyan's pilgrim felt his sins to be—a burden on her back, she evidently thinks it an honour or credit that helps to raise her above the female herd, and a kind of Peter's key that will unlock for her the gates of the kingdom of Heaven.

FROM SOME POINTS of view, it seems

natural to swear: for instance, when you see a woman treading reason—the Creator's great gift to men and women, to steer them through the world—under her feet, as though there was not, or ought not to be, such a faculty; and to see her, whilst you are speaking to her the words of truth and soberness, regarding you with an air and look which means, "You won't and sha'n't take me in, in a hurry," precisely the very thing you do not want to do. It seems also natural to swear when you see a man ill-using a donkey, or picking another man's pocket, or yawning vulgarly in church. Apart from any special explanations of religious faith, one has a natural idea that the Creator is on the side of everything that is just and kind, and right and orderly, and has himself condemned the opposite.

"PUNCH AND JUDY" may be said to be surer of its future existence than the Church of England. It adapts itself to changing circumstances, which is precisely what the Church won't do. When the tide is in, it goes into the streets; and when it is out, it goes on to the sands; and at all times and in all places it can get a congregation on week-days, which is more than the Church can. It introduces a comic element into religion, as Mr. Spurgeon does. Just as I am passing, the sheriff's chaplain, in teaching Punch to be penitent and how to be hanged, has got hanged himself; and Punch is crying, "Oh, deary—oh, deary!" but he doesn't really care. The convict establishment over which this unfortunate clergyman spiritually presides will have to go without a sermon next Sunday from him, on the best way of bearing penal servitude, that is all. Poor Judy couldn't understand a joke, so Punch killed her; but he has begun to be merry again, and will not, I think, remain long a widower. Judging from the faces of the crowd looking at him, he has public opinion on his side. I suppose they think a woman who cannot understand a joke deserves to be killed.

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.*

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*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortimer," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

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No. 252.

October 26, 1872.

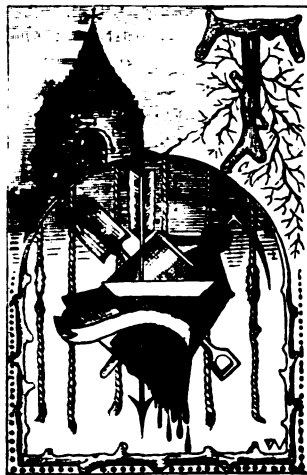
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## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

MR. ROOKE MAKES MERRY.



HE white snow danced round the gray church tower in the twilight, and Rooke, leaning back in his easy chair, watched it in silence.

"Mary, my dear," he said, "it is New Year's Eve; and, in spite of all misfortune, we must make merry

to-night amongst our friends who are coming to see us, or it will be, in my humble opinion, a sin and a shame, Mary. Make no mistake, we must be merry. If you'll close the shutters and light the gas, I'll fetch a log of wood in from the yard."

"Yes, it will look more comfortable then," she replied.

"It will—you are right; and we can't dispense with comfort in this world. It is a most extraordinary world—a puzzler. We must make the best of it, or we shall soon go wrong. A queer world! Just fancy Tim, after we had searched for him everywhere, coming to us in a cloud of smoke at a railway station, to say 'How d'ye do?'"

"Who knows where he is, or what he is now, poor boy?" she said.

"I really can't say. I went after him by the next train, you know, but he had

vanished. It strikes me he's found out there is no place like home."

There was a knock at the door.

"Ah, ah! here they come," said Rooke, determined to be light-hearted—"here they come: make no mistake."

The visitors consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Trench and Maggie Trench, who had not been in the house five minutes when the schoolmaster arrived. Cards, wine, mince pies, and fruit were soon on the table, to afford amusement until supper, and the jollity of the evening was commenced in good earnest.

Rooke and Maggie fought against Trench and Mrs. Rooke at whist. Mrs. Trench and the schoolmaster played at cribbage on a small chess table, and got on remarkably well. Mr. Purden was for once awake, paying great attention to the game, and trying to make himself funny to amuse the hostess of the Red Lion.

"Fif'n two, four, six, and a pair's eight, and one for his nob—I'm out," said Mrs. Trench, knocking her hands on the table.

"Remarkable!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Bless me! I held nothing at all that time."

"Well done, old woman," said Trench, approvingly—"at an agen."

"When I die of old age, you may quake for fear," replied Mrs. Trench.

"I'll call you young, or anything you like, if you'll only give it a name, for you're a dear old sort as ever—"

"I'll not be called old. Wait till I get old before you call me old," said Mrs. Trench. "That's fair, isn't it, Mr. Purden?"

"Decidedly, that is quite reasonable," said the schoolmaster; "although I think the word was not used really as relating to your age, because that would be altogether inapplicable, but as a term of endearment. How say you, Mr. Trench?"

"Quite right—you've hit my meaning exactly."

"I thought so," said Mr. Purden, "for we often call things old we love, whether they be old or not. A man will call a favourite dog, 'good old dog,' when it may be anything but old. We say 'a good old sort,' 'a capital old fellow.' 'Pon my word, here's a hand—sixteen!"

"Maggie," said Rooke, holding a glass of wine up to the gas, "here's your very good health, and long life and happiness to you and your sweetheart, whoever he may be."

"Thank you, Mr. Rooke," said Maggie, slightly blushing.

"Have you got a sweetheart, Maggie?" said Rooke, carelessly.

"Of course I have."

"What's his name—Bob?"

"No, there have been Kings of England by the same name," she answered. "Did you ever see him, Mr. Rooke?"

"Not that I'm aware of, Maggie. I dare say he's sighing and pining somewhere."

"No, I don't think so. She'll never be able to get a husband," said Trench, winking at Rooke. "Hallo! you've revoked, Maggie; three tricks to us—which, on the whole, is peculiarly gratifying, seeing that the said three tricks were taken by your own good cards, as Dick Bufton used to say."

Maggie was thinking of Dick when his name was mentioned, and became slightly embarrassed. Her confusion, however, was noticed by none but Mrs. Rooke, whose suspicions were at once aroused.

"Whatever made Dick run away?" asked Trench.

"I never could understand," said Rooke. "I treated him like a son. I was sorry he left."

Game after game was played, and glasses of wine were poured out in honour of Father Christmas; yet Mrs. Rooke was unable to join in the conversation with her usual heartiness, and could not banish from her mind the thought that Tim was somewhere alone and unhappy.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### JONAH'S DONKEY TRICK.

WE must hurry with the reader from the hot room at Eldorado, through the cold streets, to that lonely house by the dark river. How did Jonah Deffield spend Christmas-time? It made no difference to him. There he sat, in his gloomy room, his little eyes blinking in his heavy head. He made his timid wife sit by him, that he

might taunt her. He fastened the door, and told her, with a wicked leer, that she could not get out. He was the cat playing with the mouse, or the black spider with the fly.

"You poor silly noodle," Jonah said, sneering at her. "I could make a pie of you now, before help could come; but I don't want."

"Jonah—Jonah, don't talk so!" she said, sobbing.

"Why shouldn't I talk so? Why did I marry you? Not to be the useless thing you are. Why shouldn't you be a thief or a beggar, as well as others? You shall be, or you'll rue it. I am out of work now; but I must live just the same, mind. You have never helped me yet; but you shall have one more chance—only one—and be careful before you refuse."

"Jonah—Jonah!"

"Listen," he answered, disdainfully. "You must get money. It matters not to me whether you steal it, beg it, or work for it. I have worked—now it is *your* turn. You know Mr. Wickliffe has taken a fancy to that lad of ours: he'd like him more if he knew what I know. He has sent me money for his schooling: it has gone, and you must get more—get it as you can, but get it you must."

"Jonah, does your son know you would have me steal?" she said, summoning up courage.

"My son! Thou poor fool, he is not my son. When I married you, and told you he was, I told a lie—a lie! You crazy idiot—my son! I adopted him one dark night in November. I have told you hundreds of lies; but that's not one. I said my wife had been dead five years—that is one: she is alive now, for aught I know. Keep secret what I have told you, and mind you get the money."

He turned her out of the room, stupefied at what she had heard, and locked the door as usual.

"I'm going to settle a little account with Mr. Trench," he said. "I'll teach him not to be saucy."

So saying, he left the house.

That night, as soon as the streets were deserted, and most folk abed, Jonah went to the back-yard at the Red Lion Inn, to do damage to the host's property for having slighted him when he purchased the bottle of gin. He got on the roof of the house

behind, and having fastened a rope round the chimney, let himself down the tiles at the front of the house, close to the sign. There was not a soul abroad. He took hold of a saw he had brought with him, and, supporting himself by the rope, began to saw steadily at the beam which held the old sign. He made but little noise, and no one interrupted him. The beam being nearly cut through, he pulled himself up the roof again, took the rope away from the chimney, and replaced the ladder in the yard. He then went round to the front of the house, threw one end of the rope over the sign, and with a noose made it fast. He leered with satisfaction at his own craftiness; for now, as soon as he should pull, down would fall the favourite sign. He hesitated, however, for well he knew it would make a great noise, and he might not get away in safety.

Whilst thus puzzled, a donkey came round the corner, and startled the faint heart of Jonah. He thought at once of a new scheme. Here was a willing servant to pull down the sign. The rope was at once placed round the animal's neck, and the ill-fated donkey, no doubt thinking his long-looked-for supper was at hand, pricked up his ears, and made the street echo with his braying. Jonah hastened away in the shadow of the houses without having been seen by any one. When Edward had ended his braying, and was about to resume his midnight stroll, he felt the rope disagreeably tight round his neck, and, alas! he pulled. Down fell the sign with a crash that mightily surprised Edward, who, in attempting to dart off at full speed, pulled the noose tight round his neck, and strangled himself. He staggered to the sign and, like a murderer, fell—although he had lived a harmless life, and was an innocent donkey.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### TIM SMOKES A CIGAR.

AND now we must carry the reader from Peckfield to see how New Year's Eve was spent in the house of Mrs. Pudge at Wiggleton. As soon as business relieved them, Tim and Dick, in company with Mr. Felton, the harlequin, went home to a log fire made for their reception in the parlour. There were two or three bottles of wine on the table and some cigars, which had been purchased by Dick, Tim bearing his share of the expense. The harlequin, a thin man,

who bore marks of ill-usage in the world, was smoking a pipe, with his feet in the fender. Dick, on one side of the harlequin, was smoking a cigar; whilst Tim, on the other side, was sipping at a glass of wine.

"Do try a cigar," said Dick, who for some time had been persuading Tim to smoke; "never mind whether it is a good habit or not for one night. I have made up my mind to enjoy myself, and I should like to see you smoke to-night, if you never do again. It is Christmas Eve, you know. Let us all be in harmonious comfort."

"I agree with you," said the harlequin. "We shall probably never meet again under the circumstances; and I'm sure," he continued, addressing himself to Tim, "if you could increase the happiness of your friend Dick by simply smoking a cigar, you would not hesitate."

"Not for the world," exclaimed Tim, who had not looked at the matter in this light. "I shall never be able to return his kindness." And in another minute he was lighting his first cigar.

"Hear, hear!" shouted Dick; "now we are all comfortable together."

"I'm sorry for Goodle's wife," observed the harlequin. "He's a good old sort."

"We called to see him the other night," said Dick, "and he was unusually depressed, poor fellow."

"Is that his daughter we saw in the chair?" asked Tim, thoughtlessly.

"Ah, ah! we've got to the feminine gender, have we?" said Dick, laughing.

"Oh, I see," added Felton; "yes, it is his daughter. I know her well. Here's our young friend struck with first love. What says Byron? 'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog bark; but to hear the honest watch-dog bark aint so sweet as first and passionate love.' I think that's it. Yes, we shall have a pair of romantic lovers true running away by moonlight, if we don't mind."

"Do you consider her pretty?" asked Dick.

"Beautiful," answered Tim, innocently.

"Well done—capital!" declared the harlequin. "I thought so. It will end in a clandestine affair, after all. First love is wonderful."

"We must keep an eye on Tim now," said Dick, winking at Felton.

Tim took the joke in good part. He had never ceased thinking of her, and he en-

joyed a momentary thrill of happiness when his name was mentioned in connection with hers. He drank wine excitedly, and smoked his cigar. He conversed freely, and considerably increased the pleasantness of the evening.

Two glasses of wine were emptied to the health of Tim; then came the healths of Dick and the harlequin—when Tim felt himself growing dizzy.

"And now," said Dick, "here's to the health of Amy, the clown's daughter."

"With all my heart," said the harlequin.

"What ho there, without!" said Dick. "Tim, you're lagging behind. No heel-taps."

"I think I've had enough at present," said Tim, the room reeling round with him.

"What, not drink to the clown's pretty daughter!" exclaimed the harlequin, feigning surprise.

Tim was satisfied that if he hesitated to drink to *her* health, he should be a perfect little fiend, so he filled another glass.

"Here's to the clown's daughter, Amy," he said.

"Bravo!—bravo! You have the spirit of a true knight," said Felton. "We have drunk everybody's health now, I think."

The harlequin dropped his head on the table with a "Goo-good night." Tim, too, was already asleep.

Dick raised the harlequin, and took him home. When he returned, Tim had not moved.

"Tim, my boy," said Dick, in soliloquy, "I've done wrong in forcing too much wine down your precious young throat. I might have known you couldn't stand it. Never mind, we've enjoyed ourselves, and it's only once a-year. Ye gods! Heaven knows, we couldn't afford it much oftener!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### DICK GOES TO PECKFIELD.

**T**HERE'S an end to everything, they say. Perhaps so: at any rate, there was an end to that glorious and very comical Christmas pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," which for weeks had delighted the fancies of the Wiggletonians. It had dazzled the public eye for the last time. The fairies had left their grottoes to toil in the big factories of smoky Wiggleton, whilst the fairy temple they had met in from day to day was closed. Those blissful birds that

had flown straight up and down, night after night, with leaves in their mouths as big as saucers to cover the heavy-headed Babes, were thrown aside, and the Babes themselves had passed from the public gaze. They were to fame as babes of the past.

The theatre was to be closed for a month, and Dick and the whole company were to be thrown out of employment, with a small chance of being re-engaged when the theatre should be re-opened. Although Tim had no idea how he should continue to exist, he was glad he had appeared for the last time on the stage. Dick was also puzzled as to what should be his next step in the world. He cared not for himself—he could rough it; but he had acted in such a manner that Tim seemed to be under his protection. He could not leave him behind in kindness, nor take him along in safety. After a deal of cogitation, he came to the conclusion that the wisest thing he could do, for the happiness of all concerned, was to go at once to Peckfield, and tell Mr. Rooke his son's history since he had left home. If Mr. Rooke turned out turbulent, he would not give Tim up—he would refuse to say whether he was in France, England, or America; but if the father was inclined to forgive his runaway son, and treat him with kindness, he would, without hesitation, give such information as would lead to Tim being captured.

"I think this is a brilliant idea," said Dick to himself, "and worthy the profound wisdom of Minerva. I don't think my friend Socrates could have come to a better conclusion. I shall see my own dimple-chinned Maggie, and some of my friends, and perhaps be the cause of unbounded felicity in the abode of my old master, Rooke. I will not tell Tim where I am going, or he may seek fresh quarters before my return. I have a sufficient quantity of filthy lucre to help me, with good luck, into a situation of some sort, if I fail to get another engagement. But I will stand by Tim to the last gasp. Ye gods! what blessings we poor miserable plodders can get on our way through the Valley of the Shadow of Death with filthy lucre—food, warmth, comfort, courage! The root of all evil is the root that makes the pot boil. It is the finest root in botany. Let me see, what's the business in hand?—Peckfield, yes."

At the conclusion of this soliloquy, Dick summoned Mrs. Pudge, and asked her if she

knew of the whereabouts of his esteemed young friend.

"He's a-washing of hisself," answered Mrs. Pudge.

"Then will you kindly inform him that when he has done a-washing of hisself, I desire to see him? Ah!" continued Dick, as Tim entered the room, "you need not trouble yourself—here he is. Cheer up, my daisy, brighter days are coming. I've just hit a noble idea, and without any delay I'm going to carry it out. If it succeeds, we shall both be removed from this state of uncertainty in a short time."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Tim.

"Never mind—wait and see. I shall be back to-morrow. This is a bold stroke for fortune—ye gods! a bold stroke for fortune. Make yourself easy, and have something nice for tea when I return with the good news. I can't stay. Good-bye, old boy—good-bye."

He did not wait for any remark Tim might make; but waving his hand, ran along the street towards the railway station.

The train started with Dick to Peckfield. He had no pleasure in looking through the window, for all without was gloomy and sad, and not likely to afford much relief to a traveller by rail, well-nigh frozen. He closed the windows, and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He sang, whistled, and talked to himself—there being no one else in the compartment; and still he could not help but feel dreary, a rare occurrence with Dick, who scouted the idea as an unprofitable delusion. The train rumbled along, and the minutes went by slowly. Happily, he had bought a newspaper before starting—the *Wiggleton Chronicle*. He began reading at a desperate rate. He was not over-fond of reading—there was not enough of life in it; but in such an extremity he could have waded through anything. When nothing else was left of interest, he began the advertisements. He read of tea and coffee that enterprising grocers were anxious to dispose of at less than cost prices. There were fashionable drapers earnestly seeking an opportunity of ruining themselves for the good of the public, by selling articles just received from Paris at half their value. There were rival advertisements in hats, blacking, trousers, mustard, pens, and ointment, which were nearly all in some way protected by royal

letters patent, or had been the cause of the advertisers being inundated with gold medals from all the four quarters of the globe. In the sporting columns, secrets were offered for two shillings'-worth of postage stamps, whereby the lucky applicants might insure immense fortunes immediately. Of course the advertisers had tried the plan, and had become so wealthy that whichever way they turned, bank notes or gold stared them in the face. They merely wanted a few postage stamps.

"Ye gods! what a history!" said Dick to himself—"what a marvellous history is a newspaper! A perpetual record of the good and great deeds of the good and great, with the bad actions of the bad also carefully set forth. What a jumble of fortune and famine! Ye gods! A prince christened, a beggar drowned. Births and deaths, marriages and wife murders. Executions, forgeries, accidents and robberies. We learn of disasters by flood and field, and in the same column we have festivities and merry meetings. Joy and woe to thousands. . . . I wish I was at Peckfield."

The train went shaking along through tunnels, by rivers, and over bridges, and Dick was lost in a maze of thought concerning all things in general and nothing in particular.

He read the paper once more, and this time he was entreated, if he valued his life—which he did, and accordingly became interested—to "Look here! look here!! look here!!!" and to bear in mind that wonders never cease. At once he was let into the secret that a startling discovery had been made by one Ploctum, which had led to the manufacture of Ploctum's Patent Pulmonic Pills, which were so well known throughout the civilized world. He was assured that these wonderful pills were, beyond doubt, as admitted by thousands of her Majesty's subjects, worth a guinea each for bilious and nervous disorders, such as wind, pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fullness and a swelling after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of the heart, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, and a long list of other complaints that flesh is heir to, and not a few that flesh never was heir to, and only had existence in the imaginative mind of Mr. Ploctum. He was then told of the dreadful fact that many of the ignorant and uneducated had been led away by spurious imitations of Ploctum's valuable



medicine. Above all, the reader was cautioned against those deadly imitations that had played such havoc with the many who had been led astray, and to see that the name Ploctum was on each and every box.

Dick was just preparing for a nap, when he suddenly became aware of a slowness of motion.

"Peckfield! Peckfield! Peckfi-e-e-l-d!" cried the porters.

Dick was surprised, and inclined to think there was some mistake; but the old castle in the distance, and the pretty town where he had played so many pranks in auld lang syne, told him he was indeed at his journey's end.

### OLD DOLLS WITH NEW NOSES.

#### A TALE OF OLD BRISTOL CITY.

**B**USINESS of some importance, in the autumn of 1869, called me to Bristol, and from thence to the hilly districts of South Wales. I hoped to have finished my work in time to get away by an afternoon packet to Newport; but the inexorable tide, which, from all antiquity, has persisted in waiting for no man, bore my boat away half an hour before I could possibly finish my labours, and I was left with a few idle hours on my hands to amuse myself as best I could. I was a stranger, and the old city was new to me. Aimlessly rambling from street to street, I was constantly charmed and surprised by coming suddenly, in some neglected alley, on the remains of a fine old mansion, which had evidently been the residence of some one wealthy and important, probably one of the rich merchant princes who lived in the time of the great Elizabeth. Bits of splendid architecture came out from some dismal court; lovely gabled windows, splendid Saxon arches broke upon me from unexpected corners. The city seemed to belong to the past. I thought of Columbus, who probably had stood, and dreamed, and hoped on the very spot where I, too, was dreaming. Ill-used, disappointed Columbus! How many of the old citizens had piled gold upon gold in these old streets? Now they are inhabited by Jews—men who are still heaping up gold, but very different men from the George Heriot sort of traders, who, in velvet and brocade, solemnly walked with their families and apprentices to the grand old Temple Church, where many a mural tablet tells of doles of bread on All Souls Day,

of silver pennies at Lammastide, of poor widows whose hearts were to rejoice at Easter-time with a gift of a quartern loaf and sixpence each. These charities alone survive to tell what were the simple duties practised by the grave citizens of a past century. Still, interested, I strolled on into the more modern parts of the city, where yet rich traders are to be found, not in sober robe and fur, but driving equipages a king might envy—men whose houses are filled with all the treasures of art and literature, whose bank books contain the power of altering the destiny of nations, and whose knowledge and acquirements enable them to turn the tide of commerce east or west. These are a very different class from their ancient brothers—no dole of bread to certain poor widows keeps their memory green for ever; but the earth is tunnelled, the rivers spanned, the ends of the world are brought together. These are the monuments which keep the name of the modern merchant deathless.

And so, still musing, I crossed a bridge, and found myself in a square in front of the old cathedral. The great door stood invitingly open. I walked in. There is nothing splendid, nothing very interesting left to strike the eye. The soldiers of the Commonwealth had done their work of destruction faithfully: but little of the old edifice remains.

"Some, sir, do say," remarked the old sacristan, as he stood pointing out to me the few objects worthy of attention in the church, "that the cathedral used to extend round all the other side of the square—the College Green they call it now. I think it is true, sir; as often when alterations or improvements take place, we find curious things, strange stones—some carved, some with foreign letters inscribed on them: very ancient, sir, very ancient."

There was an air of sadness hanging round the gray old building, as though it had never recovered the insults it had received. The curse of Cromwell seemed clinging to its walls. The churchyard had the most cheerful aspect: a beautiful view of distant hills, the pleasant voices of children at play, the constant recurrence of the sweetest-toned chimes I ever heard, made me reluctant to leave this peaceful resting-place for those who had "ceased from troubling." As I came back to the great door, I lingered to speak a little more

to the old man. He endeavoured to give me all the information he could. I might have heard legends of all the rich and great who resided in the city. Idly and listlessly, I let him run on; and, as his words fell dreamily on my ear, I found my attention arrested by a house on the opposite side of the square. It looked old, very old—in good repair, but deserted. I looked away, but felt impelled to look again, and examine the straight, stiff windows, old-fashioned door, inhospitable doorsteps, obstinate-looking iron railings, cracked, uneven pavement. At last, a sudden impulse forced me to make some inquiry about it; and feeling half ashamed of yielding to the superstitious prompting, I turned to my old friend and asked—

“Who lives in yonder house?”

“No one just now, sir,” he answered, looking a shade graver. “It’s often let, but no one stays long in it. Ah, me! it’s a sad story, sir, and but little of it known. You see, it was late in the reign of George II. and the beginning of George III., a man lived there, so it’s said, who was master of a ship. He was constantly away from home for long periods, and was supposed to be trading—at least, his wife said so. He used to return suddenly, and somehow never said where he came from or where he was going to. He was very stern, and folks felt he was an awkward hand to ask questions of. Little by little he seemed to grow richer and more stern—not that he lived in any show. He had one daughter, who was hard and cold like himself. The only kindly face in the house was the pale, gentle mother’s. One day there was a great talk in the city that a big ship had come into the port, looking for a vessel suspected of slaving. She had been seen and chased, and the captain felt sure she had made for Bristol. There was a sharp search made, but nothing quite satisfactory could ever be made out. There were whispers that this man had more to do with the story than he would like to have known, and that he had powerful friends somewhere. However, nothing more occurred; and years passed away, and he lived on in yonder house, and died there very suddenly, so I have heard my mother say. Then his daughter inherited all his wealth. She was oldish when her father died, and no one could count, they said, the vast sums of money he had left. It was thought she

alone knew how it had been acquired. Anyhow, she lived with one servant, as her hard father had lived; bargained with and stinted every one who had any dealings with her; was seldom seen to smile. And again years passed away, still she made no friends, and never crossed the door of any church. At last, one morning the milkman rang as usual, and met with no attention. He rang again and again in vain. No one answered; and, feeling alarmed, he went to some of the neighbours, who presently forced their way into the house, and there they found mistress and servant murdered. It had been cleverly done, and the murderers must have escaped from a garret window, and got away over the roofs of some houses. No foot-steps could ever be traced; no weapons were left about; no money was found in the house. Although so many years have elapsed, the murderers have never been discovered. Just at the time there was a West Indian vessel lying out at King’s Road, having on board a black cook—a large, tall, gloomy-looking negro. He called once at the house, and asked if any of the old man’s family were alive; and on hearing his daughter was living, he said he would call again, as he had something to say that would interest any one belonging to him. He was never seen to come again; but two days after the murder was discovered the ship sailed. The usual search was made to try and find some clue to this mysterious business, without success. The bodies of the mistress and the maid were buried by the parish, and what little money was realized by selling the furniture of the house was given to the sorrowing relatives of the poor servant. This is all I know, sir; but the house has a gloomy look, and some nights, I am told, there are terrible noises heard about, as though that ill-gotten, ill-used wealth rendered the possessors as miserable in their spiritual state as it did during their lifetime.”

The old man ceased, and with thanks and a small gratuity I left him, and made my way back to my hotel. My mind was strangely affected by his sketchy, simple story. Again and again I wondered where was the old slaver, what had been her fate, who had possessed all this coveted wealth, who was the murderer of these unprotected women. The mystery of the Old College Green House made me restless. How completely the mystery of oblivion had marked

over the whole story, and obliterated every trace! Sleep fled from me, and I hailed with pleasure the first streak of daylight, and rejoiced to find myself presently steaming down the Avon in a Newport packet. The visions of the night soon vanished—few visions could stand their ground against the reality of getting on board a Welsh packet; the screaming, bustling, scrambling; the being taken into a small boat and hoisted up the side of the steamer; the seeing your luggage hurled from one sailor to another, and by and by deposited in a marvellous manner somewhere; a general hurrying and scurrying; a sensation that it would be impossible ever to be calm again. However, all human events come to an end; and after an indescribable scene of general confusion, some fearful execrations, and a few cabalistic sentences uttered by the captain in an unknown tongue, we calmly steamed away upon the bosom of the muddy river, and commenced our little voyage. How beautiful it was!—the magnificent woods shading the river, and clothing the rocks with their exquisite foliage. Every object had a golden tint thrown over it by the sun of that glorious autumn morning.

Now and again the old sexton's story recurred to my mind; and, as we glided from the river in King's Road, the flying slaver and her stern pursuer presented themselves to me once more; and then the undulating movements of the ship, as we sailed through that calm summer sea, soothed me into a quiet sleep, and I awakened to find myself in the hands of a savage horde of porters, each shouting in my ear and laying violent hands on my belongings. Reason resumed her sway. By a violent effort, I broke from my tormentors, seized my own baggage, and, after a brilliant and successful conflict, found myself safe and breathless at my hotel.

### THE EARLY HISTORY OF GAS-LIGHTING.

WE of the present day, who rejoice in our well-lighted thoroughfares by night, and look upon a quiet stroll after sundown through the peopled streets as one of our most natural recreations, find it difficult to throw our imaginations back to what even London streets were after dark, not a hundred and fifty years ago. At that time, the streets of the great metropolis were

at nightfall gradually involved in almost Cimmerian darkness. The inhabitants in the larger streets were obliged, by the order of the Lord Mayor, to hang out lanterns over their doors. These did little more than serve the admirable purpose of making the darkness, if possible, more palpable; and the humble beacons were all extinguished at about eleven o'clock. Glass lamps, supplied with oil, were the next improvement on the private lantern system, and these began to be generally adopted not only in London, but in the larger towns in the country. The expense of keeping them up was, by act of Parliament, defrayed by a lighting rate in the different parishes. But even these lamps were comparatively few and far between. They had only single wicks, and were about as valuable for illuminating purposes as so many common rush-lights fixed on the tops of poles at a very respectable distance from one another. And it must be remembered that even these advantages to travellers after dark were confined only to the more important thoroughfares. The side streets, unless the moon was up, were no better than a country lane, miles away from any human habitation, is at the present moment on a dark night.

After this a great improvement was made. The wicks were enlarged, double and triple lights were introduced, and something nearer to a useful lighting of the public streets was the result. Many persons now living remember well this last system, previous to the invention of gas, by which the streets of London were thus illuminated by oil lamps; and great must have been the contrast to them between this mode of lighting with oil and the new principle of gas.

Although the adoption of this valuable invention is a matter so recent in the history of our social progress, doubt has been raised as to the individual to whom the discovery may be fairly attributed.

The inflammability of gas obtained from coal was known long before the idea was ever entertained of turning the discovery to any practical purpose. The miners were practically acquainted with the existence of choke-damp and fire-damp long before the establishment of the Royal Society; and the earliest notice of either is in their Transactions in the year 1667. In "A Description of a Well and Earth in Lancashire taking Fire by a Candle approached to it: Imparted by Thomas Shirley, Esq., an Eye-

witness," the writer correctly attributed the exhalations from the burning well of Wigan, in Lancashire, to the coal-beds which lie under that part of the county. Soon after, Dr. Clayton, moved by the arguments of Shirley, actually made coal gas, and described the results of his experiments in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. He distilled coal in a retort, and the results were, to use his own words, phlegm, black oil, and a spirit which he was unable to condense, but which he confined in a bladder. These are precisely what are found now, with simply an alteration of names—the phlegm being water; the black oil, coal tar; and the spirit, gas. Clayton several times repeated the experiment, and used to amuse his friends by burning the gas as it came from the bladder through holes which he pricked in it with a pin. It is strange that the hint so plainly given of the inflammability of coal gas did not suggest the practicability of adapting it to useful economic purposes until so long after.

In the year 1773, Sir James Lowther, in "An Account of the Damp Air in a Coal Pit, sunk within Twenty Yards of the Sea," communicated to the Royal Society a curious notice of a spontaneous evolution of gas at a colliery belonging to him near Whitehaven. As the description of the incident narrated is not very long, and explains with admirable exactitude the principal properties of coal gas, we may be excused for quoting it:—

"Sir James Lowther having occasion to sink a pit near the full sea mark, for the drawing one of his principal collieries, near Whitehaven, in the county of Cumberland, which was known would be near eighty fathom in depth to the best seam of coals, which is three yards thick, the work was carried on day and night, very successfully, through several beds of hard stone, coal, and other minerals, till the pit was sunk down forty-two fathom from the surface, when they came to a bed of black stone about six inches thick, very full of joints and open cliffs, which divided the stones into pieces of about six inches square, the sides whereof were all spangled with sulphur and in the colour of gold. Under this black stone lies a bed of coal two feet thick. When the workmen first pricked the black stone bed, which was on the rise side of the pit, it afforded very little water, contrary to what

quantity of damp, corrupted air, which bubbled through a quantity of water, then spread over that part of the pit, and made a great hissing noise; at which the workmen, being somewhat surprised, held a candle towards it, and it immediately took fire upon the surface of the water, and burned very fiercely, the flame being about half a yard in diameter and near two yards high, which frightened the workmen so that they took the rope and went up the pit, having first extinguished the flame by beating it out with their hats.

"The steward of the works being made acquainted with it, went down the pit with one of the men, and holding a candle to the same place, it immediately took fire again as before, and burnt about the same bigness, the flame being blue at the bottom, and more white towards the top. They suffered it to burn for nearly half an hour, and no water being drawn in the time, it rose and covered the bottom of the pit near a yard deep, but did very little abate the violence or bulk of the flame, it still continuing to burn upon the surface of the water. They then extinguished the flame as before, and opened the black stone bed, near two feet broad, that a greater quantity of air might issue forth, and then fired it again. It burned a full yard in diameter, and about three yards high, which soon heated the pit to so great a degree that the men were in danger of being stifled, and so were as expeditious as possible in extinguishing the flame, which was then too strong to be beaten out with their hats; but with the assistance of a spout of water of four inches in diameter, let down from a cistern above, they happily got it extinguished without further harm. After this, no candles were suffered to come near it till the pit was sunk down quite through the bed of black stone, and the two-foot coal underneath it; and all that part of the pit, for four or five feet high, was framed quite round, and very closely jointed, so as to repel the damp air, which, nevertheless, it was apprehended would break out in some other adjoining part, unless it was carried off as soon as produced out of the cliffs of the stone; for which end a small hollow was left behind the framing, in order to collect all the damp air on one side of the pit, where a tube of about two inches square was closely fixed: one end of it into the hollow behind the framing, and the other carried up into the open air, four yards above the top of the pit: and through

this tube the said damp air has ever since discharged itself without being sensibly diminished in its strength or lessened in its quantity since it was first opened, which is now two years and nine months ago."

Soon after the middle of the last century, Dr. Richard Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, made many experiments on coal gas, the results of which he details in the second volume of his "Chemical Essays." He distilled the coal, passed the gas through water, conveyed it through pipes from one place to another; in fact, did nearly everything with his gas but the one great thing needful—apply it to general practical use.

The honour of being the real originator of the gas-light system of illuminating the public thoroughfares belongs almost undoubtedly to Mr. Murdoch, or, as he was always familiarly styled, "Old Murdoch."

In the year 1792 he used coal gas for lighting his house and offices at Redruth, in Cornwall. Old Murdoch, who was an engineer by profession, seems to have been one of those original geniuses who, unlike many—too many—scientific philosophers, do not disdain to turn, if possible, the results of their experiments to some practical use. When he was living in Cornwall, he made gas from every substance under the sun that he could think of. He lighted his house and a street lamp; he had bladders filled with it, to carry at night, with which, and his little steam carriage—another pet invention of his own—he would astonish his admiring neighbours. Mr. James Watt, jun., in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, on the Gas-light and Coke Bill, in 1809, stated that he had known Mr. Murdoch for thirty years; that he had communicated to him his ideas respecting the combustion of inflammable gas from coal in the latter end of the year 1794, or beginning of 1795; that he informed him, two years before that period, that he had made various experiments in Cornwall, from which he had deduced that a very considerable economy would attend the use of gas from coal in producing light, as a substitute for oils and tallow; and that he had proposed to him, either in 1795 or 1798, that a patent should be taken out for this invention.

In 1797, Murdoch made a similar use of his coal gas at Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire; and in 1798 he removed from Cornwall to

Boulton & Watts's foundry, at Soho, near Birmingham. Here he resumed his experiments on a larger scale, with a view to ascertain not only the best mode of manufacturing the gas, but also of purifying and burning it so as to avoid the drawbacks of smell and smoke. For many successive nights he lighted up the principal building in the enormous establishment at Soho with coal gas.

But the triumph of all his efforts came in the spring of 1802. Peace had just been proclaimed, and Murdoch seized the opportunity of the popular rejoicings to give the first public exhibition of his success. The Soho works were illuminated on a scale of extraordinary splendour. The whole front of that extensive range of buildings was ornamented with a great variety of devices that admirably set off many of the varied forms of which the gas-light was susceptible. The sight was as novel as it was astonishing. All populous Birmingham turned out *en masse* to gaze and wonder at what must have almost seemed to them a miracle from another world.

The whole affair was a success. From that night the old system of oil-lamps was really doomed; and it is a remarkable fact in the history of gas-lighting that the streets of Birmingham were lighted by lamps before they were used in London.

Yet for this great and wonderful invention, which was nothing less than a benefit to all civilized humanity, and may be said to have brought about a perfect revolution in the life and habits of every city in the kingdom, Murdoch received not a farthing of recompense to himself. A writer of the day, discussing Murdoch's claim to public recognition, indignantly asked—"Why was not Murdoch rewarded by the Parliament which rewarded Mrs. Stevens for a cure which turned out no cure at all; and Dr. Smyth for not inventing fumigations by acids; and Mr. Manby for another man's invention; and Mr. Macadam for doing what had been done in Switzerland, and in Scotland and elsewhere, time out of mind? Ask Parliamentary sapience and justice why. Omniscience can doubtless answer what omnipotence performs. But it is all luck. Mr. Murdoch got no patent, no reward, and no fame. Known to be the inventor! Yes, to whom? To Messrs. Watt and Boulton, and twenty more. Alas! fame and fortune are twin impostors, and what

'one does the other will swear to.' But thou wert an ignoramus, old Murdoch. Why didst thou not puff thyself? Thinkest thou that if Sir A. or Sir B. had invented the gas-light, we should ever have heard the last of it?"

But while Murdoch kept thus modestly in the background, others had taken the cue from him, and were working steadily in the same field. A Mr. Le Bon, at Paris, had lighted up his house and gardens with the gas obtained from wood and coal, and proposed to light up the French metropolis in the same manner. In this country, a certain Mr. Winsor stepped to the front, and having, as is pretty clearly proved, borrowed his knowledge from Le Bon, in a number of advertisements and subsequent pamphlets attracted public attention to himself, and laid claim to gas-lighting, &c., as his own "discovery" and "invention."

In 1803 and 1804, this new claimant publicly exhibited his plan of illumination by coal gas at the Lyceum Theatre, in London. Here he delivered lectures on the subject, which he illustrated by various experiments. Amongst others, he showed the manner of conveying the gas from one part of a house to another; and by the use of different kinds of burners he was enabled to display something of that variety of form which may be given to its flame. His exhibitions proved that the flame of coal gas was not liable to be extinguished by strong and sudden gusts of wind; and he also showed that, if properly managed, the burning of it would neither produce smoke nor throw out such sparks as often fly from the burning wicks of lamps and candles. Credit must, however, be given to the more practically minded German for drawing that public attention to the value of the new discovery which Murdoch was too modest to enforce. But Winsor's success was not on a par with his ambition. He was a man of enormous pretensions, and of no real scientific knowledge. What was worse, he selected for his assistants men who were remarkable only for their ignorance; and he was the victim, also, of endless impositions and practical jokes. Being a foreigner—it was said, in fact, that he had been assistant himself to Le Bon, at Paris—he was obliged to hire a person to read his lectures to his audiences.

Sometimes, when the theatre was crowded with people waiting to hear the lectures, the

recusant reader would fail to appear, and the audience was obliged to break up in disgust. His gas, too, from being burnt in a very impure state, was far from gratifying to the olfactory organs; and thus he often aroused in many minds a prejudice against the subject of his advocacy.

In May, 1804, Winsor did what Murdoch neglected to do—namely, obtained a patent. In 1807, he lighted up a part of one side of Pall Mall, and this may be said to have commenced the lighting of London streets by gas. Winsor's next step was to establish what he called the National Light and Heat Company—raising, it is said, fifty thousand pounds, under promises of the most extravagant profits to the subscribers, which would nearly equal those of the New River Company. But the fifty thousand was soon wasted in experiments which came to nothing.

In the meantime, however, Murdoch had taken courage, and came more to the front. In 1808, he communicated to the Royal Society a detailed account of his successful application of coal gas in lighting the large cotton mills of Messrs. Philips & Lee, at Manchester. For this he received the Rumford Medal. The paper was inserted in the Transactions of the Society, and being copied pretty extensively into the papers and magazines, created in the public mind a greater degree of favourable public attention than had yet been accorded to the new scheme.

In 1809, application was made to Parliament for an act to incorporate a company for carrying out some plan of lighting London generally. The application failed that year, but was successful the next; and thus arose the London and Westminster Chartered Gas-light and Coke Company, with a capital of £200,000, incorporated in 1812. From this time the new reform may be said to have been permanently established. The business of the company gradually increased. Fresh companies were formed, and every year saw a greater number of our London streets lighted by the new process. The provincial towns followed the example; and Continental cities, one by one, adopted the new order of things.

To show how rapidly the business of the Chartered Company alone increased in a few years from its first foundation, we need only look at the fact that in 1823 it consumed annually as fuel 1,000,000 of coal

which produced on an average 680,000 cubic feet of gas every night; and this was distributed by means of 122 miles of pipe, which supplied more than 30,000 burners, giving a light equal to as many pounds of tallow candles.

Various substitutes for coal in the manufacture of gas have been tried from time to time, but with no practical success. Oil yields a brilliant gas, which is easy of manufacture; but coal exceeds them all in cheapness, and consequently is almost universally employed.

We are so much accustomed, at the present day, to see even the humblest street or lane illuminated by its gas lamps, that we are inclined to smile at some of the enthusiastic language called forth from the writers of the day when the new light was in the early days of its gradual establishment; but there is much sound truth in the following, from a periodical of the time, which we are not sure does not hold good to a certain extent even at the present very *enlightened* time:—

"The new light! Yes, much has been said of its power and influence; but what has all the new light of all the preachers done for the morality and order of London compared to what has been effected by this new light? Old Murdoch alone has suppressed more vice than the Suppression Society, and has been a greater police officer, into the bargain, than old Colquhoun and Sir Richard Birnie united.

"It is not only that men are afraid to be wicked when light is looking at them, but they are ashamed also: the reformation is applied to the right place. Where does vice resort? Where it can hide—in darkness, says the preacher, because its deeds are deeds of darkness. Seek it in Pudding-lane, and Dyot-street, and the abysses of Westminster.

"Why was not this new light preached to them long ago? Twenty bushels of it would have been of more value than as many chaldrons of sermons, and taking even the explosions of the inspector into the bargain. But it is well that this is at length to be compulsory, since it is never too late.

"Thieves and rogues are like moths in blankets: bring the sun to shine on them, and they can neither live nor breed. Let the Duke of Wellington place a gas-lamp at every door of these infernal abodes; and, since they cannot be smoked out, make their

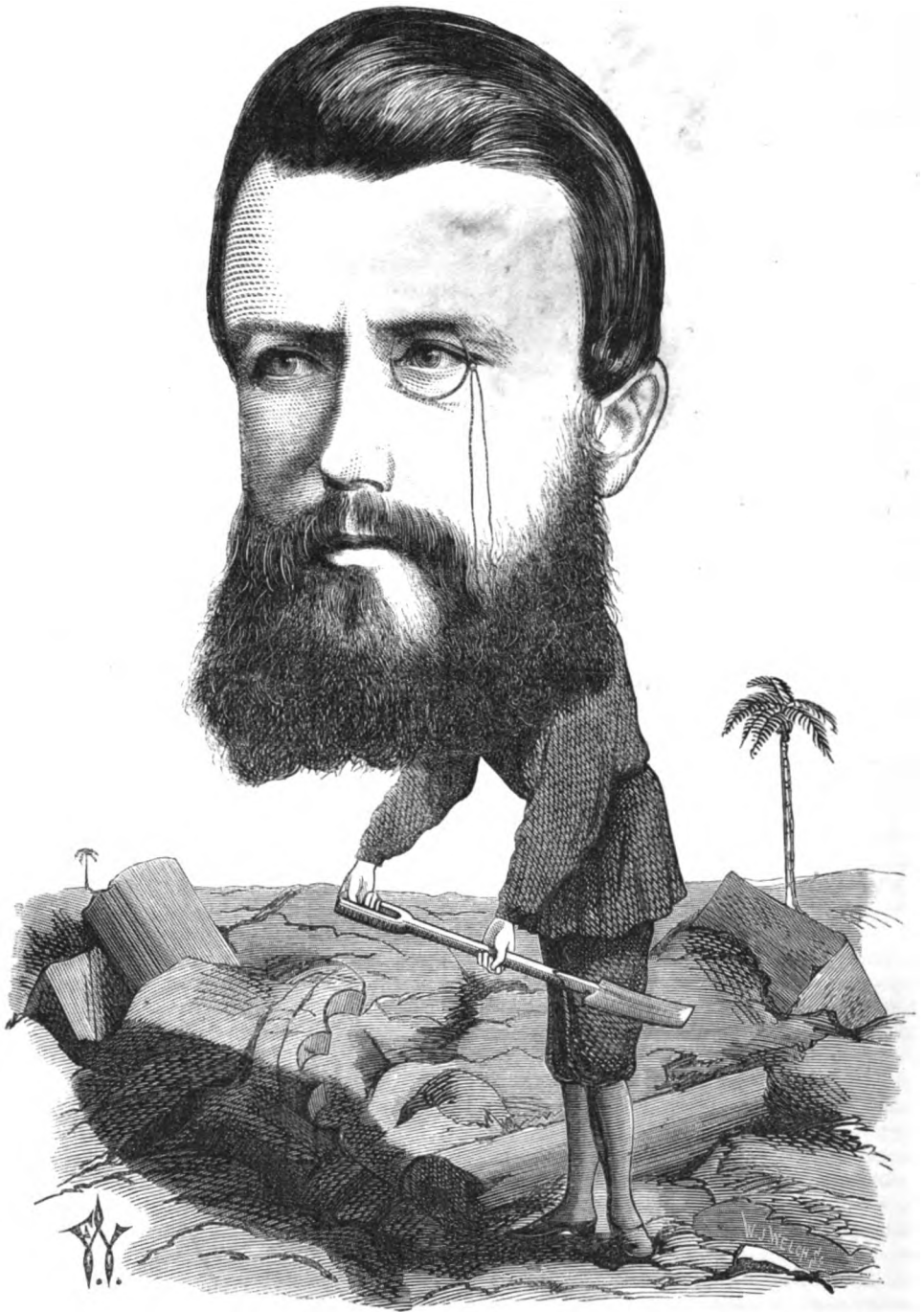
houses as much like glass—on the principle of the old Roman—as we can compass. This is the remedy—at least, till common sense will condescend to the better expedient of pulling down and laying open all these retreats of misery and vice, the disgrace and the nuisance of London, and not less a standing inhumanity to the poor themselves.

"Yes, Regent-street is fine and showy, and—if any one pleases—useful; and so are the new churches—or might be. But the whole would have been well exchanged for fifty or a hundred clean, open, spacious, and well-lighted streets of houses, fitted for the habitations of the lowest orders of London: and while the charity would have been great as penitentiaries, soups, and subscriptions, so would the moral result have been more valuable than that of the whole of the churches united."

#### CAPTAIN WARREN, R.E.

CAPTAIN WARREN'S name is so well known as associated with the recent excavations at Jerusalem as to need but little notice. Readers of *ONCE A WEEK* will remember that we have already (May 6, 1871) given brief accounts of these most curious and instructive works. They were carried on in the teeth of the most formidable difficulties; against religious prejudices which had to be carefully "managed," against an unhealthy climate, against shortness in the finance department, and against great personal risks. We are not here going to recall the leading features of those explorations; suffice it to say that their results are of such great importance as to set the question of the Holy Sites upon an entirely different footing. Other travellers have preceded Captain Warren; none of them explored as he did, nor perhaps ever will again.

The shafts pierced through the rubbish were little holes, from three to four feet square. Their sides were walled up with wood, which was continually being "started." They were pierced to a depth sometimes of eighty, ninety, or even a hundred feet; galleries being run out from thence to examine along a wall, or to follow up a trace. Sometimes an aqueduct would be discovered, dry and empty, or foul with the tricklings of sewage overhead. Down this would crawl El Captan, as the Arabs called him, notebook in hand and pencil in mouth, measur-



Once a Week.]

October 26, 1872. .

**"JERUSALEM RECOVERED."**

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ing, sketching, and examining; for nothing must be left undescribed. Who could tell but that some lucky accident, some unexpected clue, might not lead at once to the solution of all the difficulties? Then the stuff through which the digging had to be conducted was so penetrated with the sewage of the town, that if the fingers were ever so slightly scratched, festering would ensue. And—which was the greatest anxiety of all—the lives of a hundred workmen and more, to say nothing of the gallant non-commissioned officers under his charge, were in the hands of Captain Warren. An error of judgment, a carelessly protected shaft, and all would be over in a moment. During all his work, he *never lost a man!*

The account, chiefly an official statement, of his results was published originally in a connected form in "The Recovery of Jerusalem." The work was intended for students; and those who had not made what is called the Jerusalem question a serious study found it a dry and uninteresting work, lightened by the little bits of personal adventure. We understand, however, that the Palestine Exploration Fund are about to issue, early in November, a popular account of all their work, in continuous order, including the researches of the other officers who have worked for them; and we are also glad to learn that the Committee are going to consult their true interests in publishing the work at a low rate. We trust that full justice will be done to the pluck, intelligence, and zeal of the gallant officer whose portrait we are glad to add to our list. Captain Warren, we have only to add, has found himself unable to go out again to the Holy Land; and has rejoined his corps, the Royal Engineers.

#### THE GHOST OF EDMONTINE. A TALE OF MYSTERY.

THE wind was howling fiercely,  
And heavy fell the rain,  
With a smatter and a spatter,  
Upon the window pane,  
As Sir Thomas Sprout, the landless,  
With graceful, slender form,  
Put down his green umbrella,  
And sought shelter from the storm  
In the very ancient castle  
Of that long family line,  
The Spencer Jorkins Robinsons,  
Esquires, of Edmontine.  
Fair Edmontine was vacant now,  
Its gates were open wide,  
And nought but bats and hooting owls  
Did in its halls reside.

O'er door and window ivy green  
Sent forth its tender shoots,  
And brave Sir Tom was startled by  
The creaking of his boots.  
The house was rather breezy, and  
The wind it whistled through,  
For the windows ventilated,  
And the roof was airy, too.  
Through many a vaulted passage  
And musty corridor  
Our hero walked in silence—  
I hush!—Was that sound a snore?  
Sir Thomas Sprout felt chilly, and  
His hair began to creep,  
And in his slender bosom, too,  
His heart began to leap;  
For through the thickening darkness  
A figure white arose,  
And phosphoric light was shining  
Around its mouth and nose;  
And these solemn words it uttered,  
With voice low-toned and deep:  
"Hast thou come here, O stranger bold,  
To wake me from my sleep?"  
And as these words the figure spoke,  
The wind was lulled to sleep,  
And through the ivied windows now  
The moon began to peep.  
"What art thou?—speak!" Sir Thomas cried,  
With voice and cane upraised;  
"If thou art man, speak out at once,  
And may the saints be praised."  
Then spoke the thing in merry tone—  
"Methinks thou art a Quaker;  
But now, to save more waste of time,  
I'll tell you, I'm a baker."  
"But what's that light about your nose?"  
Sir Thomas Sprout inquired.  
"It is tobacco in a pipe,  
And it has just been 'fired.'"  
"Indeed!" our hero now replied,  
"I'm glad we did not fight;  
But as the storm is over now,  
I beg to say good night."

#### PROFESSIONAL SKETCHES.

##### THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

THE friend of the people! Don't imagine, gentle reader, that for one moment the good fellow herein indicated applies to you. If you are a respectable, peaceful, home-loving citizen you are not of the people, and Mr. Orator Claptrap is not your friend. The people are those who have the energy to declare themselves the people; those who meet in large numbers to discuss matters upon which they are profoundly ignorant; who find a thick stick by no means a useless argument for the settlement of a troublesome subject; and who observe more philosophy in one clenched fist than in all the coroneted heads of St. Stephen's Upper Chamber. There—these are the people, and these are Mr. Orator Claptrap's friends.

Mr. Orator Claptrap has served the British public in more than one vocation. He has been a parish clerk, in which capacity he contributed to its moral improvement; and he has been a leather merchant, commonly called a shoemaker and not uncommonly a snob, in which employment he laboured to protect its understanding. And as the antecedents of all men are apt to get abroad in their after-experience, it is not in a great degree remarkable that in Mr. Orator Claptrap's dignified position, resembling his former self in the improvement of the moral condition of the people and the guardianship of its understanding, he should still be liable to be sneeringly designated a leather merchant by those whose limited intelligence cannot appreciate the virtues by which he has risen.

The elements in the composition of a hero are always of interesting import; and it would be remarkable indeed if the circumstances which combined to make a hero of Mr. Orator Claptrap were not singularly worthy of note. Was it not enough that his best works were trampled beneath the feet of men? Was it not enough that his soul, which, in its native greatness, aspired to diplomatic power, should be condemned to eternal communion with brown paper namesakes? There is a point at which a worm will turn, and Mr. Orator Claptrap is not a stranger to that point. As, however, nothing great can be achieved without corresponding effort, the noble determination of Mr. Orator Claptrap to become the people's friend was but the commencement of a long course of self-denial always inseparable from true philanthropy. Not that he needed to study much. What does an original man want with a number of books, especially when he is uniformly more successful in proportion as his eloquence soars, unfettered by other men's opinions.

Mr. Orator Claptrap does not object to books—not at all; yet he has his own opinions as to their value; and although it is not publicly known, it is none the less perfectly true, that he owes more than half his success to the diligent use of a small but well-selected library. As Mr. Orator Claptrap, by the nature of his profession, is involved in considerable migrative exercise, it is more than usually necessary that such assistance as he deigns to accept for the comprehensive education of his country should be of a condensed and portable

character. And thus it has come to pass that, with the shrewdness that has overcome many another difficulty, he has been able to select from the archives of cosmopolitan literature three works which have sustained his reputation from that day to this. The first of these is a dictionary of quotations, the second a Philadelphian lexicon, and the third a French phrase book; and apart from these, he studies nothing but the Parliamentary debates, in which he finds more inconsistencies than in human nature itself. The Philadelphian lexicon provides him with euphonious expressions in words varying from six to fourteen syllables; the dictionary of quotations secures for him an accurate knowledge of classic history, and a reputation for familiarity with general literature; while the French phrase book obtains for him the character of a man of culture, and enables him to shout "*Vive l'Angleterre*," with proper accent and befitting emphasis, 'mid the overwhelming acclamations of Trafalgar.

But Mr. Orator Claptrap is something more than a mere political adventurer; and although he gives the largest part of his attention to that which affects the largest portion of his countrymen, he is not, and never was, above entertaining the limited area of Exeter Hall with lectures upon any diversity of subject—in history from Oliver Cromwell to Oliver Twist, and in philosophy from the characteristics of old people of both sexes to the anatomy of the British Constitution. In these he draws largely upon his memory, and still more largely upon his imagination; so that whenever one is faulty the other supplies the necessity, and every candid auditor is bound to admit that Mr. Orator Claptrap is a most original man. Years ago, when he stepped upon a public platform he was received with silence, for he was unknown then; but now his appearance is the signal for prolonged vociferation, which is continued as he appeals to general admiration from his remarkable works of reference, and is repeated whenever his name is mentioned by any subsequent speaker; and it is not surprising that subsequent speakers should notice this fact, and take care to make pretty frequent allusion to him as the only certain means, in the absence of a well-selected library, of eliciting genuine applause. But this is not the only way in which shameless imitators attempt to profit by his genius. But what, after all, is an imitation but a pow-

erful compliment to the original?—and if Mr. Orator Claptrap is not without his share, it is no more than every great man must expect. Mr. Orator Claptrap's little game has three trump cards, and the second half of his popularity is the result of the marvellous manipulation he exhibits with them. There is the knave of hearts, or liberty of conscience; the ace of diamonds, or development of mind; and the king of spades, or sacredness of labour; and it is strongly suspected that the whole suit of clubs is quietly biding its time, so that with the dexterity of an accomplished sharper Mr. Orator Claptrap can always follow suit, and is equally certain to be upon the winning side. If hearts are led, affecting is his smile. The knave of hearts leaps bodily into his mouth, with the dictionary of quotations under his arm; then, whoever you may be, take out your snowy cambric; for Mr. Orator Claptrap has possession of your smiles and tears. His attitude leaves nothing to be desired; he runs his fingers through his hair; buttons his frock coat, spraying it into creases; stamps his right foot firmly on his native soil, and begins:—

"Liberty of conscience, my brothers, is the foundation of personal freedom; and personal freedom is the heart of national prosperity. Freedom, liberty—what does it mean? Have you seen the eagle soaring beyond the range of mortal vision? That is freedom—that is liberty. Liberty is the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, and keeps watch o'er the life of poor Jack. Poor Jack!" he repeats, with pathetic emphasis, "poor Jack Bull." And having entirely enlisted the sympathies of his audience, he proceeds to develop the picture emblem of liberty in the distance, up aloft, upon which poor Jack can but at present cast an envious look. But Jack must persevere, as Mr. Orator Claptrap has persevered; and, like him, he will ultimately triumph. If spades are trumps, a golden opportunity is apparent; and the king, without any hesitation, shoulders the Philadelphian lexicon, and bolts into the crimson cavity of Mr. Orator Claptrap's face with almost sufficient velocity to produce a lock-jaw. The sacredness of labour is a favourite theme with Mr. Orator Claptrap: he thoroughly understands it. His Philadelphian lexicon informs him that "sacred" means "set apart;" and he has been extremely careful, as far as he is personally concerned, that in the truest meaning of the term, labour shall be sacred. And un-

less the building up of the moral character of the people can be called labour, when it is the greatest pleasure of his life, it is little indeed that he does.

"Who built this mighty city?" says Mr. Orator Claptrap. "The King of Spades," is the immediate answer of the same unerring authority; and so the King of Spades is the king whose divine right Mr. Orator Claptrap is prepared to vindicate with his dying breath. He is not the man to judge by the cut of a coat; though, certainly, if a man is possessed of a good one it is not much to say in his favour. Does not the history of the country show that the Puritan austerity rebuked the Cavalier excess in the days of an impious dynasty? And now, when the excesses of a pampered aristocracy find vent in the covering of unhealthy bodies with the gaudy plumage of the peacock and other superlative extravagances, is it not noble, patriotic, and sublime—is it not very much "plus grand," that there are, within the hearing of Mr. Orator Claptrap's voice, those who, upon the same principle, wear coats with ventilating elbows, and, in some cases, no coats at all?

But if diamonds are on the carpet, how easy it is for Mr. Orator Claptrap to point the moral there. Diamonds are at the bottom of all that is good or evil. There is the knave of diamonds: it is he for whose possession kings levy confiscation and desolate the people's homes. And there is the gem of talent, the ace of diamonds, that radiates in the universal intellect, the development of which is Mr. Orator Claptrap's constant care. What would have been the sequel to his early promise had he neglected development of mind? Would he not still have been a leather merchant, a bootmaker, and a snob? And would it be worthy of the people's friend to withhold from them the delineation of the principle to which he owes so much? And so it is that the ace of diamonds, with the French phrase book, is perhaps his best card, after all. These, however, are but the means he uses—the stilts upon which he wades through each otherwise insurmountable difficulty, and storms the people's hearts. They are not the man himself; although man's actions are, in a great measure, the truest indications to his character. It is difficult to say what he is; and, indeed, he is not quite sure himself. Like all creatures of impulse, more or less, his actions are the result of a variety of

causes, each having, according to his own view, a certain amount of logical foundation. He says some things because the people like him to say them, and it is right that a man should oblige his friends; others because he likes to say them himself, and it would not be consistent with the advocacy of freedom were he not to do as he liked. Some observations he makes because he believes they are true; others, because, although he originally entertained some doubt as to their accuracy, he has repeated so often that he is not altogether clear which is which.

He does not live for himself, but for the people; he has no enemies, therefore, but the people's enemies, and no friends but the people's friends; and there is nothing within the reach of his fertile imagination that is too onerous for his undertaking. On their behalf he has contested twenty-five elections, but in each case they were of opinion that his labours outside the House were too valuable to be silenced by a party or a place. Mr. Orator Claptrap bowed to his defeat with the marked composure characteristic of great minds, and he has subsequently come to the conclusion that perhaps of them all the office of a public teacher may be made more remunerative than the voluntary service of the House. Just as more may be accomplished by a strong outsider than by a broken-winded favourite with a roping jockey, so he strives—brilliant man—to eclipse them all in the position of his unavoidable choice. Of course, as already intimated, the stilts, the ways and means, the library, and the whole pack of cards are thrown on one side when he is well warmed up to his subject; and if scaffolding is necessary in the preparation of the superstructure, it becomes less and less apparent as it approaches to the clouds. There it is that art gives place to nature, and the intellect stands second to the heart; and though the peroration may have been commenced upon an inverted wheelbarrow, it ends among the sunbeams and the stars. Then it is he calls upon the east and upon the west to bear witness to his veracity, and the north and south to admit his truth; then it is that he bids the mountains listen, and the valleys unstop their ears; abjures the running brooks to silence, and the fountains to hold their peace; and having obtained that perfect attention among the elements which Nature is always ready to afford her

appreciative children, he thunders forth the last advices from Utopia; and carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and inspired by the golden principle it indicates, he personifies his theoretical ideal, and, appealing alternately to the five senses of his audience, screams in the highest key of eloquence:—

“Hear me, O ears, that you may be inspired to ennobling employments. Handle me, O sensations, that you may know that I am a tangible reality! See me, O eyes, that you may feast upon delectable experience! Taste me, O mouth, that my flavours may be grateful to your palate! Smell me, O nose, that Arcadian summers are not so sweet; and embrace me at arms and legs, the day-star of your rising glory!”

Of course, acclamation is not the word to express the stentorian approbation which follows, and that which is the natural outgrowth of imagination we must leave to imagination to depict. In vain does Mr. Orator Claptrap ascend each alternate lamp-post that skirts his homeward course, and beg his followers to disperse; and he is eventually compelled to take refuge in a movable small-pox hospital, of the sex designated Hansom, in order to escape the effects of his own contagion in the necessary excitement of such a scene. It will be readily believed we have never been able to catch the direction communicated to the driver, and are, therefore, unable to conjecture his abode; but if at any time he should be wanted to write out a few speeches for an overworked member of Parliament, or to preside in the interests of the people upon any occasion whatsoever, his name may be found upon any respectable hoarding in the metropolis; and at the place mentioned, at the time fixed, you will find the most injured philanthropist that ever lived upon his imagination, and thought himself equal to a Foxe's martyr.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### PECCAVI.

**E**DITH sat in her bed-room, composing and inditing a letter to a dear female friend, to whom she would as soon have thought of opening the true budget of her

heart as of publishing a feminine imitation of Rousseau's "Confessions," or advertising her private griefs and troubles in the second column of the *Times*. But she thought that the patronage which she had extended to Don Carlos Perez, terminated by repudiation of that young man and the breaking-up of their London establishment, without a whisper of their intentions to any of their friends, might provoke a certain amount of gossip and scandal which would prove annoying if they went back before it had time to die, or which might even cause invidious remarks to be made about Mary, not at all pleasant if they came by chance to her or William Fletcher's ears. And so she fought down the feeling of illness, the nervous terror and restless dislike of sustained thought, which rendered the task a positive torture; and selected a lady who had the prettiest seat on horseback, the best taste in bonnets, and the longest tongue of all her circle, to be the recipient of a long and, I fear, a slightly mendacious epistle, much underlined, and crammed as full of epithets as the "Gradus ad Parnassum," setting forth that Mr. Lennard had been suddenly called away from town on urgent business, which at first threatened to necessitate a visit to one of our colonies, where his property was; that she and Mary had determined to accompany him; and, as their absence might be a long one, they had thought it better to dismiss their servants, and endeavour to let the house; that letters of a later date having come to hand which seemed to render this visit less obligatory, they had agreed to wait for further information before undertaking so serious a journey; that they had then been seized with a fancy for visiting North Wales, and had discovered such a beautiful, delightful, romantic spot in that region that they had taken up their abode there, and intended to remain until the next mail decided whether they were to sail or stay in England; that in the meantime they were enjoying the contrast between the quiet retirement of the country and the gaiety and whirl of London life immensely, et cætera, et cætera. How many men could sit down and write chatty nonsense while their heads were throbbing and their hearts aching? Scævola burnt his right hand off with a smiling countenance; but, then, there were a great many people looking on at him

being a myth. But real live women torture and martyrize themselves every day, and nobody is ever one whit the wiser. I strongly suspect that if we could peep into the private cells of both monasteries and convents, we should find that the monks often conducted their flagellations on somewhat of the Sancho Panza principle, while the nuns whipped themselves in the most conscientious and stinging manner.

Edith had just concluded her letter, which was to be dated and posted sooner or later, as circumstances might direct, when her husband came in. Since she had taken up the task of cordiality, she was surprised to find how easy it was to make him happy: a few words when they met or parted; a question on any ordinary topic; a little interest, real or assumed, in his occupations or amusements, was quite enough to make him esteem himself blest with the most adorable wife in Christendom. Really, it seemed a shame to have withheld from him all these years the few lumps of sugar which would have sweetened his life so completely. His visit was very inopportune just now, for she was longing to let her brain rest after the exertion of writing her letter; but, in accordance with her new principles of action, she looked up from her occupation, and asked what sport he had had.

"Grand!" said he, bringing a chair up to the little table at which she had been writing, and seating himself opposite to her. "Do you remember the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?"

Edith looked at him in some astonishment.

"The 'Pilgrim's Progress!'" she replied. "Yes, a little. I liked it when a child, and was much disgusted when I was told that it had been written by a Dissenter."

"Do you recollect," continued Lennard, "that Christian had a great bundle to carry on his back, and one day it suddenly dropped off, and rolled away into a great gulf, for ever?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, I am just like Christian—in this respect, I mean; not in many others, God help me! I, too, have been dragging a heavy load about this many weeks, and it has fallen from my shoulders this very afternoon."

The desire to talk over and ventilate his troubles and perplexities had been getting stronger and stronger with Lennard: the

kinder manner of his wife, which seemed to encourage sympathy, and the suspicion that she very likely knew something of his secret, had increased that desire; and now, in the revulsion of feeling caused by a sudden transition from danger to safety, he could practise concealment no longer, and he had come to unbosom himself entirely.

"But, perhaps," he continued, "you know all about it? When that man forced himself upon you in that interview—which must have been terrible, for your health has never been the same since—he may have told you the secret of his influence over me?"

"No," stammered Edith—who did not wish entirely to reciprocate confidences, having, after much thought upon the subject, come to the conclusion that the knowledge of her former engagement to Clements, when he bore the name of Hartman, and of the disgraceful stain upon the family into which he had married, could only inflict pain and humiliation upon her husband as well as herself, without doing any possible good, and who was not quite sure what he was driving at—"no, not exactly."

"Ah! he merely told you that he had me under his thumb, without mentioning particulars, I suppose?"

"He did *not* mention particulars," said Edith, gladly availing herself of the phrase.

"Then I think it right that I should," continued Lennard; and then he told her the whole story of his misadventure, from the dinner at Greenwich and subsequent visit to the gaming-house at Chelsea, to the interview with Dubourg on the bridge that afternoon, and his happy escape from the thralldom to which he had been subjected.

"And now," he said, when he had finished, "can you forgive me for my wicked folly, which has been the cause of so much misery, and might have destroyed our daughter's happiness?"

"Freely, Arthur," replied his wife; "but do not speak of forgiveness—I am not free from blame. If I had taken more pains to make our home a happier one, you would not have associated so much with companions who were unworthy of you. We were companions in childhood, we lived together as man and wife year after year, and were yet strangers. It is singular!"

"Ah!" cried the husband, "we shall know each other better for the future."

"The future! Who can answer for the

future?" murmured Edith, as a dull sense of impending calamity weighed down her spirits, in spite of the good news she had heard, and the brighter prospects before her. "But I am not well. This protracted suspense has unhinged my nerves, and I shall soon recover now all cause for anxiety is gone," she added, striving to rouse her spirits. "What was the message this poor man sent for me? I should like to hear it again."

Lennard repeated Dubourg's words.

"I certainly do remember that there was a relative who was the principal cause of my poor mother's poverty," she said, after a pause. "And that man Clements did threaten to give him up to the police for some crime he had committed, and so bring to light some painful family matters which my mother kept from me, and which I feared might interfere with Mary's marriage, if I refused to allow Perez to remain in our house; but, it seems, that danger is past, as well as the more serious danger that threatened you. And now, the first thing to be done is to write to William Fletcher."

Mr. Lennard then called in Mary; and when the mother and daughter had had a soothing, congratulatory cry together, the former was left to repose a little after so much excitement. She was certainly relieved and cheered by the breaking of the spell which had bound them, but to nothing like the extent which might have been anticipated. She was like the captive whose prison doors are opened when his spirit is so broken that he can hardly summon energy to walk out. She could not shake off the nervous feeling that the man Hartman, or Clements, had some mysterious power of injuring her or hers; and, besides, a new and painful thought had taken possession of her mind.

Was this Dubourg her father?

But she felt that her dejection was unhealthy and ill-founded, and at dinner, and during a long evening, forced herself to talk cheerfully; and her husband and daughter, ignorant how painful the effort was, kept her at it in hopes of raising her spirits. And perhaps it was calculated to do her good. When you are sea-sick, and people urge you to walk about and not give in to the malady, what cruel brutes you think them. And yet their advice is sound, and you will be double the time getting made free of the ocean if you neglect to follow it. And it is much the

same with mental depression and dread: the necessity of affecting cheerfulness and conversing upon general topics is as beneficial as it is painful, which is saying a good deal. There is a limit, however, to the powers of human endurance—the sea-sick man must be allowed to turn in sooner or later; and at an early hour Edith pleaded a splitting headache—no false plea, poor thing, you may rest assured—and went to bed, leaving Mary and her father to build castles together—which they did to any extent; and very noble edifices they were. Edith's state of health was, indeed, a drawback to their happiness; but they felt assured it was all owing to mental distress, and now that the cause was removed the effect would speedily vanish. It was late—according to the reckoning of time in a Welsh valley, at least—before they separated, and then they had their letters to write to William Fletcher. Mr. Lennard found that this was rather a severe task which he had taken upon himself; for he had to apologize for their sudden departure from London, and hint at some reason for it, without being guilty of a direct breach of veracity—a quality for which, with all his faults and weaknesses, he had a decided tendency. I am afraid, however, that he did not get off without an equivocation, a leading of his correspondent to form an incorrect conclusion.

“ . . . . I hope, my boy, that you have a holy horror of the bill discounters, and never put your name to a bill either on your own account or for others. I wish I could say as much for myself; for the thoughtless, confiding folly of a moment brought me into a precious mess, which I have only just scrambled out of. I found myself positively in such a position, that if I had turned that Spanish nobleman—whom I now half fear to have been a mere adventurer—out of my house, I should have been exposed to every description of annoyance and loss. But the man's conduct to yourself forced me to take some decided course. I could not harbour him after he had insulted you. I dared not kick him out of the hall door; so I did what was left—I bolted. Something of all this Mary may have explained in the letter she wrote to you when we left; for as you did not happen to call between the occurrence of that row and our leaving, I had no opportunity of telling you how I was situated by word of mouth. . . . It

is not very pleasant for an old man to have to confess folly to a young one; but you are a man of the world, and it would be a false and selfish pride which allowed a serious misunderstanding to exist rather than endure the ruffling of its dignity. . . . However, everything is now settled satisfactorily, and these occurrences will have no effect on my ability to do what I said I wished for my little girl, when . . . . ”

That was the way he put it, with his usual frank manner; and if no breath of positive deceit wafted him over the difficulty, it was at least sailing rather near that wind.

It took him some time to compose this letter to his satisfaction; so that, for the first time in his life, he had to write out a fair copy of it; and the night was far advanced when he at last went to bed.

Nor was Mary much quicker over her letter; though she did not take any pains, blot, erase, or make a second edition—revised and corrected—of it; but it was of tremendous length, and recklessly underscored. She had gone through such a variety of emotions since she last communicated with the fortunate youth, bless her!

At breakfast, on the following morning, Mr. Lennard, who felt that nothing but walking up a mountain would give his feelings any relief, proposed taking a carriage from the hotel to Llanberis, and thence ascending Snowdon. The day was bright and cloudless, just in prime order for a good and extensive view, so Mary jumped at the proposition; but when her mother said that she did not feel able to accompany them, she wished to give it up, and not leave her alone all day. But she urged their going so strongly, and said so earnestly that talking increased her headache, and a day of perfect repose and rest without speaking to a soul was just what would do her all the good in the world, that at last they gave way; and even took the only servant who had accompanied them from London with them, leaving Edith to the care of Mrs. Jones, and a Welsh girl who served in the capacities of cook, housemaid, shoeblack, dairymaid, and united many other apparently incongruous occupations without ever seeming to do anything but dawdle.

About the middle of the day, when the ordinary household work was done, Mrs. Jones, who was a kind, motherly body, began to think what she could do for her lady



lodge, who seemed to be unwell; and she came to the conclusion that chicken broth would be the very thing for her. Now, there were no available fowls in her own yards, the hens were all good layers, the chickens too juvenile. There was an extra cock who might have been spared; but he was old, and did not promise to be nutritious. So she determined to go down to the village and see if she could get the required delicacy there; and as she also wanted some vegetables, she told Jenny to take her basket and accompany her. So that Edith was left entirely alone.

### TABLE TALK.

OUR FRIEND, Mr. P. A. Taylor, has not done yet with the cat-o'-nine-tails and his friends the garotters. He is still writing long letters on what he supposes to be the side of humanity—though why that virtuous quality should always be with the ruffians who nearly kill, after they are brought to justice, and never with their unfortunate victims, I fail to discover. He says—"I am one of those who, year after year, opposed the infliction of the 'cat' upon the soldier." Just so, but the garotters' is a different affair; and in their case the member for Leicester must be content to let the cat "have its day."

A NOTICEABLE FEATURE in the visitors at the seaside is their good-tempered faces. They have left their sour speeches and petty cares at home, and have come into the sun with a similar feeling to that with which a butterfly fresh broken from its chrysalis moves amongst the flowers and blooms. They feel as if old things had passed away, and all had become new. Why should they not, if they remember to pay their bill at the hotel? Human beings, like the crabs in the rocks, require a change of shell and claw. I suppose that every seven years we are, physically, entirely changed beings to what we were before, not having—anatomists tell us—a particle of the same matter which we had in our bodies at the beginning of the seventh year. Our moral nature is more rapid in changing itself. It throws its old self off as quickly as a lobster throws off its claws when put alive into a pan of boiling water. Even a new dress or new style of hair looping will make a woman feel herself a totally different being to what she was

before; and this metamorphosis extends to all classes. Servant-girlism, in its Sunday bonnet, whilst hanging on the arm of its young man, conceives itself to be a Lilliput lady. And how different a clergyman feels when ascending the Highlands in a shooting-coat to what he does when he has his surplice on, pronouncing the absolution, or baptizing a refractory baby! Even the cheap-trippers to the Spa become a little conscious of a higher nature when the strains of good music enter into their ears; but I believe, after all, they prefer Punch and Judy. The effects of the music on the beach are very various. I see that it makes lovers draw closer to one another, and put on an abandoned look, as if their present feelings would never change; and I see little children giving, under its sweet influences, fresh tokens of affection to their dolls; and old men stretch their legs in front of the benches, with a sigh that life is running so fast out of them; and young men take an extra strain and pull at their cigars. But the elevated feeling soon passes away; and in a quarter of an hour—barring the infants with their dolls—most of them will be drinking porter in the refreshment-room. But we ought to be thankful for anything in this naughty world which makes us feel good, even for a little while; and music has—as I hear a cheap-tripper say—"an elevating effect." A gentleman to my right hand looks as if it had made him pray, for his eyes and forehead are heavenwards, and his lips are trembling. There are a good number of gentlemen in white cravats listening to the music. I hope it will sweeten their sermons when they get back to their parsonages. Generally speaking, there is far too much cayenne in them. I suppose they think what is good for the stomach must be for the soul. There are also a few puppies in the crowd. I can tell them by the snobbish way in which they take their hats off to girls staying at the same hotel with them, and the slanting, half-sneaking look with which they puff the smoke out of their Grimaldi pipes. It is Sunday to-morrow, and I hope the whole lot of them—clergymen, young ladies, gentlemen and gents, lovers, snobs, and puppies—will go and hear the good clergyman who preaches at the parish church.

*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 253.

November 2, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE MAID OF THE INN.



THE moment Dick Bufton arrived at Peckfield, he went in the direction of the Red Lion. The old streets he knew so well seemed to breathe a welcome to him. He felt happy—like one returning home. And still there was sorrow in his feelings. He saw what a quiet, lovely place it was; and remembered that his home might have still been there. When he came to the inn, he stood awhile examining it. There was scarcely any change. The big oak door was still wide open, ready to receive its friends. He drew his hat over his eyes, pulled up his coat collar, and, having completed his disguise, walked in. He heard the rattling of tea cups and saucers, and bent his steps in that direction. He opened the door of the back parlour, and found himself in the presence of Maggie. There she was, charming as ever, getting tea ready. She did not recognize him.

"Well, sir, who is it you wish to see?" asked Maggie, in her free, open manner.

"Mr. Trench," he replied, gruffly.

"He is not in now. Will you sit down and wait for him?"

"Thank you."

Maggie went on as freely as ever, knocking the tea cups and saucers together, singing, and making toast.

"Is your business of importance, sir?" she

asked, without looking at him. "I can't say whether he will be five minutes or five hours, you know, although I expect him in soon."

"Yes, it is rather important. It brought me from America, anyhow, ye——"

"Deary me!"

"I have a friend in America who, knowing I was coming over to England, asked me to call at Peckfield to bear a message to a gentleman, whose address and all particulars I might obtain from Mr. Trench, of the Red Lion Inn. The gentleman's name I bear the message to is Mr. Benjamin Rooke."

Maggie would have directed the stranger at once, but she was rather curious as to the news.

"Is it a fair question, sir, to ask the name of your friend in America? I might know him, if ever he lived in Peckfield."

"I don't think so. His name is Bufton."

"Bufton!" she exclaimed. "What, Dick Bufton?"

"Yes."

"And is he in America? Oh, bless the lad, how is he?"

This filled Dick with happiness.

"He was well," he answered, "when last I saw him; but he makes his life miserable on account of a sweetheart."

"A sweetheart!" repeated Maggie, dropping the toast in the ashes—"a sweetheart! What's her name?"

"He never would tell me her name, beyond Maggie."

"Maggie!" she exclaimed, somewhat excitedly; "but—well, sir, well?"

"He used to tell me he loved her madly. Alas! he was the only one who did love. She never cared a straw for him. Do you know her—she lives in Peckfield, I believe, or did?"

"Know her! I do know her, sir. I am that self-same Maggie, sir."

"Really—what a strange coincidence!" he said. "It may be a fortunate one, how-

ever, for I am going back to America, and you may have a message for him. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him I am true to him—that I love him better than my life. Did he ever tell you why he did not write to me?"

"Yes—he had no hope of any answer. He left Peckfield in a hurry, I think; and as he wished his whereabouts to be kept secret, he did not know whether it would be safe or not to write."

"You seem to know all the affairs of your friend. Are you true friends?"

"True!—aye, as Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias," said Dick.

"Have you been long in America, sir?"

"Born and bred in that great country. I went there from Spain in 1805, over the Alps, round by Vesuvius, over the Mountains of the Moon, then by the North Italian Ocean, round the corner into the Bay of Biscay. (Oh, lor! I hope she don't understand geography)."

"Excuse me, sir—you don't seem an old man."

"Oh, no; I was born in 1810."

"Indeed! then you crossed the *North Italian Ocean* five years before you were born, and are about twice as old as you look!"

This threw Dick off his guard. He saw that she had detected his geographical errors, by the emphasis she laid on that fabled ocean; and, besides that, he had made a blunder in dates.

"You don't talk much like an American," said Maggie, seeing he was already baffled, and beginning to lose faith in the truthfulness of his story.

"When I'm in England I speak English; but if you prefer—"

"What part of America do you come from—New York?"

"Wal, I calculate you hev about hit it thar. Yas, I guess you air right, miss, considerably. I hail from that glorious paradise, where the salubrious atmosphere—"

"I beg pardon, sir—I would rather you spoke plain English. I don't like a lot of fancy words—nothing is so disagreeable. You'll excuse me, sir."

Maggie then asked the stranger for his friend's address; but before she could finish the sentence the bell rang, and she left the room, saying she would be back again directly.

"This is too good to last long, I fear," said Dick, when he was alone. "What the

d—I shall I do about the address? Oh, I know. Here's a piece of paper—'Mr. Richard Bufton, Red Lion Inn, Peckfield.' I'll put that on the table so that she will see it when she comes in. That will astonish her ladyship, I'm thinking. I must take off these spectacles and false moustachios. I can't stand it any longer. In the first place, I'll take my hat off. By the bye, it was rather rude not to do that before; but it couldn't be done with safety. Now, I'll make myself spruce in the glass, and see if she knows me when she comes back."

When he had made himself quite neat, he heard her returning, and scarcely knew what to do with himself. He took hold of the toast—it had been toasted once, and buttered ready for eating; but he began to toast it again, so that he might be doing something when she came in.

"There's his address on the table," said Dick, without looking round at her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, as she read it.

"It means," said Dick, speaking in his own accent, and turning his face towards her, "it means that Richard Bufton is toasting."

Beyond saying that there was a lot of embracing, and a lot of kissing, the writer of this history does not attempt to describe the scene that followed.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I'm *so* glad to see you; *do* sit down and have some tea, and tell me all about yourself. What a trick you played me, and what stories you have been telling!"

"Yes, I think I did it very well," said Dick—"as good as an actor."

"Here's the sugar. Is your cup empty? Have some more toast. Do make yourself at home," she said, casting a pretty glance towards him.

"Thank you, my dear. We understand each other now, Maggie. Ye gods! this is glorious. 'Richard is himself again!'"

"Poor Mr. Rooke has had a misfortune since you left. It was only a short time ago. What do you think? Little Tim ran away from home, and he has not been caught yet. Why, you don't seem surprised a bit."

"I beg pardon, Maggie. I'm so happy that I declare I don't know what you said."

"Well, then, listen now. Timothy Rooke—has—run away!"

"Run away!" shouted Dick, seeming to

have suffered a shock great enough to throw him into a fit. "Ye gods! how did he do it?"

"He walked as far as—"

"You don't say so."

"Listen, Dick, till I finish. He walked as far as—"

"Walked!—the young rogue told me he went by train," he said, forgetting himself. "I mean—I mean, I understand he went away in the night time."

"I don't believe you know what you are talking about," she said, kindly. "Yes, he went away in the night time. Pass your cup before I put any water in the pot, Dick; and then I'll finish the story."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Trench, opening the door. "Well I never, our Mag's got a young man to tea. Well done, Mag!"

"It's to see you, father. He's come all the way from—"

"No, I haven't," said Dick, catching at her sleeve.

"Why, it's Dick Buston!" said Trench. "Well, by gum, so it is—oh, oh! Well, how be 'ee, Dick—how be 'ee?"

Dick shook hands with his old friend, said he quite was well, and became very merry. He lost the confusion he at first felt, and soon learned to make himself at home. They sat down to tea, and laughed, talking of the good old days until Dick, who sat next to Maggie, went nearly crazed with joy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WHO DID IT?

**I**N the evening the lovers went to Eldorado. As they left the house, Trench watched them with pride; for he esteemed Dick, who was not worth a penny, more than all the other young men in the universe. Dick, smoking a cigar, walked pleasantly away with his fair companion, and changed to quite a different being. His highly flavoured language was gone. He had either thrown it off at will on remembering Maggie's objection to fine words, or had forgotten it altogether.

He explained to her his reasons for coming to Peckfield—to see her, and to restore Tim to his home. He related his adventures at the Wiggleton theatre, and told of the pantomime and Mrs. Pudge; and they sauntered round the ruined castle before going to Eldorado, that they might continue their conversation undisturbed. It was a clear, moonlight night, and they had a

pleasant walk towards Monk's-road, and thence towards Harleigh Hill.

They found Mr. and Mrs. Rooke at home, with the schoolmaster, Mr. Purden, making a comfortable party on a small scale. Rooke was not surprised to see Maggie; but had a spectre been introduced to him, it is probable he would not have looked more puzzled than when he saw his old apprentice.

There was a hearty greeting on all sides; for though Dick had deserted his master, no ill-feeling existed between them. Dick, before running away, had lived in the house with Mr. Rooke five or six years, during which time he had lost both mother and father. Rooke and his apprentice had lived comfortably together; and no one could understand why Dick, who had no other friends to look to, gave up such a comfortable home.

Dick was introduced to the schoolmaster, and made truly welcome; whilst Maggie stood in the background blushing, and knowing they would all plague her for many a long day for the part she had played.

Rooke, in his delight, poked the fire nearly out. Wine and biscuits were got out, and when the question of "Well, and how are you?" had been asked for the last time, Mr. Rooke commenced the story of Tim's running away. He began with the mistake Harry Deffield had made in taking his son to the wrong school, and finished with his own unsuccessful chase to London.

Dick, amused with the story, was glad to find Tim stood as high in his parents' estimation as ever. He was quite impatient to get back to Wiggleton with the good news, and explain the whole matter to Tim—how that it was a mistake from beginning to end.

"How time passes away!" observed Mrs. Rooke. "How long will it be, Dick, since you saw Tim?"

"We had breakfast together this morning," he replied.

"The devil you had!" shouted Rooke, jumping out of his chair; whilst all, with the exception of Maggie, stared at each other with the greatest astonishment. "Explain—explain! I see it all—you have come to restore him. Bless you, my lad! Explain—out with it!"

"I will, presently. Have you seen him since he left home?"

"Only once," answered Rooke; "and he came like a little ghost."

"Ah, I remember."

This remark caused the trio to start again, and all asked for an explanation.

"How can you remember anything about it?" demanded Rooke.

"I was there," Dick answered, laughing. "Poor Tim made a mistake there, and he repented it."

"Why don't you tell us all about it?" said Rooke, growing too impatient to contain himself.

"I will do so, if you will give me time."

"Where did you see us?" asked Mrs. Rooke.

"At the theatre," said Dick.

"Were you in the boxes or upper boxes?"

"Neither."

"Pit or gallery?"

"Neither."

"Where, then?"

"We played in the pantomime. I was the wicked uncle, and Tim my companion."

Then Dick told all: how Tim had striven to live by his own labours, and his difficulties from beginning to end. He concluded by saying that he thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to restore Tim to his home.

Mrs. Rooke could scarcely find words to thank Dick, and Rooke became uncontrollable in his affection.

"I always liked you, Dick," said Rooke, shaking him by both hands, "and we were sorry when you left. What the deuce made you run away, eh?"

"I was told that you were tired of me—that I was an encumbrance—in short, that I was a nuisance in the house."

"Who said so?"

"Jonah Deffield declared he had often heard you say as much."

"Jonah Deffield!" repeated Rooke, in surprise. "What could that base rogue gain by such a lie as that? I often hear strange tales of Jonah. He was once imprisoned for poaching; but since that time nothing wrong has been proved against him, although no one knows how he lives—he has not worked for months. He is more like a fiend than a man. And do you believe it, Dick?"

"No—no; not now."

"Dick, you're a good lad," said Rooke, looking him full in the face. "Maggie, do you know what you said on Christmas Eve about the Kings of England? You're a sly fox, you are! Let me see, what shall we

do? We must celebrate this event, at any rate. I wish we had Trench here."

Dick insisted on being allowed to fetch Mr. Trench to join them, and taking up his hat with the appearance of being in a great hurry, disappeared, saying he should be back in ten minutes.

Maggie, as she expected, was now made the sport of the company. She was teased by one and all, even including Mrs. Rooke, who was happier than she had been for months. Maggie, however, was not annoyed: she could have listened all night to hear her name coupled with Dick's.

"Ah," said Rooke, "I knew it would all be well in the end. Last night we were as far off as ever; to-night we know the very house where Tim may be found. To-morrow morning I go after him by the first train, and to-morrow night he will be at home, the young rogue!"

"Only think of Tim in the pantomime, and Dick a real play-actor!" said Mrs. Rooke.

"Did you say that young man was an actor?" said the schoolmaster, profoundly; "that's good—he will, perhaps, be able to solve some of the many difficulties I have met with in Shakspeare and the Elizabethan dramatists."

"Mr. Purden, I will tell you what it is," said Rooke.

"Well?"

"We'll have a glass of port and a game of chess until Trench comes. What sayest thou?"

"With all my heart, good sir knight."

"Dick is a long while!" said Maggie, sighing.

"So he is, my dear," added Mrs. Rooke. "He has been gone nearly an hour."

"We'll finish this game, then I'll fetch both of them myself," said Rooke. "He's talking to old Trench, I know he is."

The game ended in favour of Mr. Purden, and Rooke, as he had promised, went to the Red Lion; but Dick was not there.

"I've not seen him since he went out with Maggie, after tea," said Trench. "I'll go back with you, Rooke. He'll turn up soon. He's called on his way to see somebody. When he comes in, mother" (addressing his wife), "tell him it's all right—I'm at Mr. Rooke's."

"And he's to make haste," added Rooke, as they were going out of the door.

Rooke and Trench walked pleasantly

along towards Eldorado, by the same way as Dick had gone with Maggie, a few hours before. They were passing the castle ruins, when they noticed a man lying across the pathway.

"That's a neat place for a drunken man to crawl to!" said Trench. "We'd better rouse him."

"Hallo, here's blood!" exclaimed Rooke, stooping down.

"Let me see, said Trench, striking a match. "Good heavens!"

"Who is it?"

"Dick Bufton!"

#### AUTUMN MANŒUVRES AT PRIMITIVE SEASIDE PLACES.

**H**OW punctual the train must have been to-day! It was nominally due at three o'clock, and it is not four yet. We were just setting out to meet you."

Such was the exclamation of my sister, by whom I had expected to be greeted at the station. She and her daughter had preceded me to a seaside place of remote parts, and where we had never been before.

On my arrival at the station I asked a man to call me a cab—porters there were none. He stared in astonishment at the very name, and said—

"If it be your luggage you want a conveyance for, I'll help that on."

Being very tired, I asked again if there was no sort of conveyance which I could hire to take me to my destination. A group of men had by this time collected, eyeing me from top to toe; and one of them, with some curiosity, inquired where I wanted to go. I was puzzled, for never till that moment had it occurred to me that I did not know my sister's address! My situation was anything but pleasant. I felt my character must be of a very doubtful nature in their eyes. I had nothing to say, but that I did not know where to go to.

"You had better go where you came from," said one.

"Where did you come from?" said another.

Many such speeches, amidst much hoarse and coarse laughter, did not tend to soothe my distress. All at once it struck me to ask if they had heard of the arrival the day before of Lady Ockbrook, with her little girl, her maid, and white dog.

"Not likely that we were the only folks in

Cragbay not to have heard of it! When we found quality had arrived, we went up sharp to the Star for the only decent carriage in the place."

"Then I'll thank you to send as sharp for that only decent carriage to take me to the same house they took her to, as she is my sister."

They looked uncommonly ashamed of themselves when they heard I claimed relationship with the "quality," when they were treating me much as an impostor. Their bows and apologies were quite overwhelming. This instantaneous change was amusing. I cared little to notice it.

"This is the way of the world," thought I.

But their attention was practical, for I had not to wait long before the carriage, *par excellence*, drove up. Glad enough I was to jump in; and, as I have said, I surprised my sister by the train being punctual—or rather, not so unpunctual as usual.

The fact is, the railway to Cragbay is new, and so has not had time to change the delightful primitiveness of the people; and being a terminus, they have not learnt that "steam or stay" should be the railway motto—at least, had I the honour of being a director of a railway, it is one I should adopt. After the train leaves the main branch for Cragbay, the passengers are allowed unlimited time for all their adieux and parting words. A great trial of patience to others—a man blows a horn about in Cragbay to proclaim when the trains are about to start. "Any passengers for the eleven o'clock train?" or as the hour may be.

We soon found the place was as much behindhand in every other way. We were obliged to plaster over our letters with penny stamps, where several were required, as there were not even twopenny stamps to be bought at the post-office; and a carrier's cart came jogging to the doors with the second delivery of letters.

The cliffs were very pretty, and the fishing boats most picturesque; but we particularly wished for sea bathing, which we could not enjoy at Cragbay, as the excursionists monopolized all the few bathing-machines there were, flocking in day after day; and they were such a dirty-looking set of people that we could not fancy using the same machine. We were amused at standing by to listen to the angry altercations between the bathing men and women and the bathers. We watched, on one occasion, a party of

five very shabby, common-looking women emerge from one machine, who in broad language were disputing with the bathing-woman about the payment. They contended she told them it was sixpence.

"And do you think," said she, "I could bathe you five ladies all for sixpence?"

The wrangling was high, and it was some time before she could again be heard amongst them.

"I bathe *one* lady for sixpence; but as you all preferred going into one machine, I will charge a little less to each, and I hope you'll behave to me as ladies."

The bathing-men were equally beset.

"You scoundrel! Why didn't you tell me beforehand I had to pay? I supposed these boxes were for the convenience of the visitors. Pay for cleaning oneself!—a very fine hidea!"

I fell into conversation with an old woman one day who had just been bathing, and she told me she lived above fifty miles off; but that she had been three times this summer to Cragbay for a bath in the sea, and all alone too—or rather, alone in company with many hundreds, for she was a tripper. She had a return ticket for a shilling; and she was seventy-four years of age, and came without friend or relative. She was a tidy, clean old woman, and assured us, with much vehemence, these dips in the sea were the best medicine she ever took. I commended her greatly. The excursionists were fond of going on the water as well as in it. When the sea was favourable for a sail, it amused us highly the quaint way in which it was made known. The boatmen would blow a horn, and cry, "Who'll go with the chap with the long nose?"—the said man with this protrusion being the owner of the boat.

Although we found much to amuse us in the original manners and customs of this place, we found also many inconveniences; amongst others, that there was no washer-woman in Cragbay, and we had to send our clothes to be washed at a place six miles off; so we determined to try another seaside place. We were recommended to one on the same coast, about forty miles from Cragbay, as being a small but fashionable watering-place. It was greatly puffed off to us, especially the hotel, as being so good. I had reason afterwards to suspect there was an interested motive in doing so; but the great inducement to us to try it was that no railway reached it, so that we should be

free from excursionists to spoil the bathing; and there were beautiful sands for riding and driving, in both of which we were not disappointed.

Our journey there was highly amusing. We went as far as we could by train, and then travelled on in a 'bus. We had to pass through a small country town. The 'bus pulled up at the principal inn, and the landlord came to the window, and informed us "all fares taken here." We paid them, and he told us they had picked up some gentlemen, who were outside passengers, and they had to go to a sale of cattle, so they would have to take us "a bit out of our road," but only a few miles, assuring us it would be a "nice ride" for us. We could not help ourselves—and besides, he was such a good-tempered looking man, with such an honest face, it would have been impossible to have objected. We traversed a dreary, ugly country, and found ourselves in a line of farmers' gigs and traps of all descriptions. We saw the auctioneer perched in a cart surrounded by innumerable hats, and beasts near, and shouting and bellowing at the top of his voice. It was a curious scene; and having left the gentlemen there, we journeyed on till we stopped at a low, red brick public-house. The conductor opened the door, and began taking down the luggage. I remonstrated with him, reminding him it was the Bear Hotel we were going to. He pointed to the sign, and sure enough this was our *hotel*. We agreed we had "jumped from the frying pan into the fire;" however, we remained there for rest and luncheon, and then told the landlady we were going in search of lodgings. She was a nice old lady, and greatly surprised we could not make ourselves "contented" there.

We found Herrington a mere village, and the lodgings of the humblest description; but there was one large, newly erected house which engaged our attention. It was built close to the shore, with verandahs in front, and a prettily laid out garden, the sea washing up to it at high tide. We were much attracted by it, and at once went to view the inside. It was so large they could accommodate several families, which we considered a disadvantage, fearing we might not be very well waited on; but the landlady seemed so anxious we should go to her house, that any obstacle we raised was immediately cancelled—in fact, she seemed

the very woman to make us comfortable. My sister said she took warm sea baths sometimes, but she was afraid she could not get them there. A moment's thought of the landlady simplified that difficulty: she said she had a large tub, and she would have it put in a little room below, and made quite available for a bath-room, and it would be nothing to heat the water; and we said we would pay a boy for bringing the water from the shore. Everything was so *couleur de rose*, that right fortunate we thought ourselves in getting there; and as my sister was an invalid, I was glad to find this haven of rest for her. Moreover, the landlady had a horse and carriage, which she said we could hire at one shilling and sixpence an hour whenever we liked, and drive ourselves. This was a great bait for us, as there was only one carriage in Herrington, which was driven by a surly man—a heavy, old barouche, drawn by one horse, and in constant use between Herrington and the neighbouring town; and there was only one donkey on the sands. We were truly enchanted, especially as she described the horse as “a good ‘un to go;” and the carriage, from her description, would have vied with any in Hyde Park. But the best of all was, that she was so very accommodating and obliging herself. Whilst talking with her about the lodgings, before having finally agreed with her to stay, our luggage appeared, which surprised us; she had thoughtfully sent for it. Such attentions made us feel very comfortable. As a matter of course we stayed, and commenced making our room look as much like home as we could. There was an oil-cloth table-cover, in imitation of rosewood, elegantly hanging in loose folds, which looked cold and comfortless. On my sister noticing it, a scarlet baize cloth was immediately sent, with a polite message—“Any little thing we wished altered, we had only to name it.”

We were glad to sit down to dinner, and had that capital sauce called hunger for it; so our criticisms were few, though we thought the cook must be rather of a plebeian nature, and the parlour-maid must be her sister. The knives, forks, and spoons were thrown on the table in no sort of order, the tumblers turned upside down, and the dishes placed where our plates should be.

The view from our windows was lovely, and we had a pleasant balcony, with a verandah over it; and being on the first floor, we

could see very far on either side of the shore. We found the visitors to the place were mostly “flitters,” who came for two or three days—tradesmen's wives and children, from little country towns near. In the same house with ourselves were two dress-makers—an old lady and her apprentice, from a neighbouring town, who had come for a week's holiday. The former had only buried her husband a few days before. She must have been one who made the very best of everything. Not only was her countenance devoid of any mark of sorrow, but it beamed with cheerful joy and contentment. Whenever we chanced to pass her on the lawn or shore, she displayed a fine row of teeth, and always assured us it was a beautiful day with that warmth of feeling which showed how much she was enjoying it. We were astonished and amused one day at seeing her and her young apprentice (a perky, good-looking lass) walking across the lawn without shoes and stockings; but still more so, when they reached the sands, to see them tuck up their petticoats above their knees, and paddle about in every pool they could find. They then walked into the sea, where the fair nymphs stood, with innocent unconcern, holding large bundles before them of flounces, panniers, and petticoats, rather higher than perhaps they were aware of, whilst they enjoyed the cool, dashing waves. The spirits of the younger one were exuberant at times, which frequently evaporated by dancing solo on the sands. She would waltz round and round, and by a rapturous indication of her arms plainly show she was pleasantly indulging in thoughts of “somebody,” the old lady looking admiringly on. The latter must have been above threescore years of age—you might add nearly ten to that number—so we expected to hear that her water frolic had so laid her up that she was in danger of being laid low; but no, she was frisking out the next day, delighting in her watery pastime. We were quite sorry when they left the lodgings.

Walking quietly along the shore one day, our attention was suddenly attracted by hearing some shrill and most peculiar noises close to us. Turning round, we saw a most horrible-looking object, in the shape of an idiot boy, distorting his face with hideous grimaces, and uttering the discordant sounds which first startled us. On making inquiries about the poor creature, we were informed



that he had a brother an infinitely more pitiable object than himself; but that, out of consideration to the feelings of the visitors, he was sent away during the period of the Herrington season. I remarked to my sister that at any rate we had now discovered a striking advantage that this primitive watering-place had over the fashionable places of resort in Italy; for when making a tour there, some years ago, I was constantly beset by dreadful-looking objects of this description; and as I moved with the flock of tourists to other places, as their "seasons" occurred, we met invariably with our friends. They found it a lucrative profession thus to excite the sympathy of the visitors. But in another case, we found Italy had advantages over Herrington; for the latter place literally swarmed with gnats, and we sighed for the mosquito curtains so liberally provided in Italy. Here these horrid creatures—which only differ from a mosquito in the name—are allowed to enjoy themselves uninterrupted by any attempt at self-defence.

"My dear, can that really be you?" was our mutual exclamation, as I and my handsome sister met at the breakfast table. No wonder that we excited each other's compassion, for the playful gnats seemed to have found it an amusing employment, during the dark hours of the night, to insert their sharp stings into our eyelids, noses, and foreheads, thereby producing large lumps anything but ornamental. In our distress, we appealed to our landlady.

"Are there really no means of preventing these horrible creatures from tormenting us?" we demanded, in a grieved tone.

"Oh, certainly," said she. We must provide ourselves with branches of elder, which the gnats, she informed us, "can't abear," and that would be certain to free us from their company. Night came, and we sought our rooms; and I found that the thoughtful Madeleine, my sister's French maid, with all the taste of her nation, had adorned my pillow, sheets, and even the top of my bed with fresh leaves of elder. On my dressing-table, too, I found that leaves of the same were placed, with which, I rightly concluded, I was to adorn my cranium; and standing before the looking-glass, prior to getting into bed, I decorated myself with them, and lay down in a perfect bower of elder branches. But, alas! this plan was unsuccessful; and when I awoke

in the morning, I was ornamented, not with the elder leaves, for they were withered, but covered with fresh marks of my tormentors. Evidently they preferred the *younger* to the *elder*.

The church at Herrington is half a mile from the village, and there is no road to it except by a footpath through the fields. There is no possibility of even riding a donkey to it, as the only path, in some places, leads across a plank over a stream. We went to the service there on Sunday morning. The church, with the high, square pews, and the rustic congregation, looked as primitive as all things else. We were late. The clergyman was just saying the "Gloria." The clerk met us as we were walking up the church, but allowed of no interruption in the service, for he politely opened the door of a great pew, motioning us in; at the same time answering all the while, in a very loud voice, "As it was in the beginning," and so on to the vehement "Amen," as he shut us in.

The bathing was excellent. My sister was much restored by it; but as her walking powers were very limited, the bathing-man used to draw up the machine as near as he could, take his horse out, and bring it up to the steps of our balcony for her to mount. The nimble way in which she sprang on, and then firmly sat without a saddle, astonished him; and he declared that a lady who could do that must be a "fine 'unter." Truly, he had great discrimination.

We were greatly disappointed in our landlady's horse. We had promised ourselves much enjoyment in our drives, as the animal, she had assured us, was "a good un to go." This should have been named as a past achievement. He had belonged to a butcher, who had taken all the "go" out of him. To take the old beast out of a jog-trot was impossible, and he bore such a grateful remembrance to all his old customers, that he would not pass by any of their doors without stopping. However, it was the only way in which my sister could take the air. She used to ride it on the sands in the morning, and then we used to go "a butchering," as we called it, in the afternoon; and we consoled ourselves with the fact that we breathed the same beautiful air whether we went fast or slow. We often laughed and said it would put some of our relatives to considerable annoyance had we driven up to their doors in this most unrepresentable equipage. It

was a two-wheeler, something past description—between an old-fashioned gig and light cart, with the butcher's whip towering proudly above us.

We enjoyed the entire novelty and retirement of the place exceedingly as long as we were in the open air; but, oh, the discomforts of our lodgings, which promised everything we could wish for, well-nigh drove us away. The cooking was execrable. It was of the most uncouth description. "If we could only get good plain cooking!" was our continual cry. Mutton chops swimming in grease, potatoes with stones in the middle, and all food cooked in the same fashion; and one maid to wait on all the lodgers; and the landlady did the cooking herself. Had it not been for our good Madeleine, we must either have fetched the water ourselves to our bed-rooms for our ablutions, or have gone without. At the end of the week, we asked for our bill. The first item in it was, "To use of table cover, 1s." We could not stand such an amount of imposition as that, and she had sense enough not to exact it. We paid the remainder of the bill quietly, though the hire of the horse, instead of being 1s. 6d., was 2s. 6d. an hour. The warm baths were 3s. each, and not a penny did she give the boy for carrying the water from the sea: that was left to our further generosity.

We determined we could not stay on with this horrid woman, she was so abusive, and a thief into the bargain; but when we began to inquire about other lodgings, there were so many difficulties and objections, we made up our minds to endure her another week; besides, we had the advantage of being the nearest to the sea of any house in the place; and, such as it was, my sister was thankful for the services of the old horse.

In order to mitigate the evil we endured from bad cooking, we determined to go to the Bear Hotel for our dinner. We found a good *table d'hôte* there—the company not refined. One evening we were busily employed enjoying lobsters, shrimps, &c.

"Do you like 'Crabbe's Tales'?" a gentleman said to a lady next him.

She looked up from her plate of shrimps, and innocently replied—

"I never tasted any."

All present preserved their countenances—but most, I believe, through failing to see the joke, conversations on literary topics being rather unusual at the Bear.

We heard the lifeboat was going a trial trip in a few days. We had made friends with the sailors at the Coast-guard station, which was close to our lodgings, who told us it was worth seeing her launched, so it was an inducement to us to stay on. We found much interest from being so near to the Coast-guard station. The sailors were particularly intelligent men. They entertained us many an hour with accounts of wondrous adventures, which no one has more to tell of than a British sailor. We could make use of their telescope in the look-out whenever we pleased, and they lent us a draught-board to amuse us in the evening. Their little houses were the picture of cleanliness and tidiness, and their gardens, both of flowers and vegetables, so carefully cultivated. We called on their wives, who to all appearance were as methodical as themselves. The day arrived for the launch. We ordered our butcher's equipage to take us to the spot. It was a pretty sight to see it hauled out of the boat-house on a carriage drawn by six horses, then glide from the carriage, and dash through the breakers on to the mighty ocean. There was a concourse of sight-seers on the beach. We had had an invitation from the secretary of the lifeboat to go in her, which we had gladly accepted; but at the last my sister did not feel well enough, so it was settled she was to drive back alone. There were two young ladies standing by our carriage with a large white dog, of the same species as our own; but that did not ensure them making friends, for they seemed very much inclined to fight. So I was kicking ours on one side, when the prettiest of the two girls assured me theirs was not a quarrelsome dog. This led us into conversation. She expressed a wish that she was going in the boat. I told her, as my sister did not wish to go, I hoped she would take her place. The offer was enthusiastically accepted, and her companion disliking sea-trips, she had no compunction in leaving her. They kissed, and kissed, and kissed again and again, as if it was to be a last separation. I thought it almost looked ominous, though I did not say so. Several other ladies and gentlemen had been invited, all unknown to us. A cart and horse had been sent for to take us through the sea to join the boat. We mustered a party of eight or nine in it. It was a common cart, without springs; and as we all had to stand upright in it, we were often in danger of

losing our equilibrium, or knocking our heads one against another. The cart had to go out so far, that the water was coming in; and the waves were so strong and high, we almost despaired of being able to get the cart and boat alongside of each other. Thundering bumps they gave each other; then came tremendous waves, splashing over us, and separating boat and cart further off than ever.

"Oh, the cart wheel will be off!" exclaimed a lady. A shriek and piercing cry ensued from another. I turned towards the voice, and saw it was my newly-made companion, who looked the picture of terror. Thump!—bump!—again and again. She shrieked louder and louder.

"Oh, that I had never brought you!" thought I, especially when each face was turned towards me, supposing her my relative, with reproachful exclamations—"Why in the world did you bring her?" and "You had better send her back." I did feel ashamed of her, and I must own I was glad of the opportunity of disowning her as a relative of mine. The boat, with every wave coming in full force against the cart, produced more screaming. The tears now rolled piteously down her face.

"Oh! what will papa and mamma say?" sobbed she, wringing her hands.

I tried to comfort her, and begged her to return in the cart. At last the boat and cart were held together.

"Quick, quick!—hand the ladies over. Not a moment to lose."

And quick as the order was given it was executed. The sailors grasped the ladies round the waist, and hauled them over the boat's sides one by one like lightning. The gentlemen bounded over. It was all done so instantaneously that we all wondered to find ourselves there. And there stood my little terrified friend by my side. She had been handed "sharp" over—*nolens volens*—giving her no time for hesitation. I settled her amongst the ladies, and purposely sat with my back to the whole party, fearing I might have to take part in scenes of a more trying nature. So I chatted away with the sailors, and thoroughly enjoyed the sail; and I felt very easy about the nervous young lady, as I saw a young man of the party particularly attentive to her, and there were no more screams.

I had never been in a lifeboat before, so I was glad to have all the mechanism of it ex-

plained to me, and others listened with attention. The sailor said the common exclamation, when saving lives from drowning, was, "How am I to be saved?" He spoke the words with much solemnity. I could not help thinking he was applying the question, in his own mind, to a far more important salvation than that of the body; and spoken as they were on that mighty deep, by that rough, honest sailor, they must have touched more hearts than mine. We were out about two hours. I was quite sorry when our trip was drawing to a close. The cart was there to land us, but all was serene. The sea was now perfectly calm. So was the young lady. But she looked awfully ill; and on taking a survey of all the ladies, I found them all in the same way, and calling loudly for brandy. They all made straight for the Bear to get some, and warm themselves by the fire. My young companion was well escorted, having me on one side, and the attentive young man on the other. She followed with the ladies into the bar, whilst we both waited outside for her; as I was determined to see her safely home, having beguiled her away. She soon returned to us, saying—"Ladies would not wait on ladies," so she could get no brandy, nor even near the fire.

So the attentive unknown—who, by the bye, was a very good-looking fellow, about twenty-two years of age—volunteered, after escorting her home, to return for some brandy, as she said she had had none. He perfectly ignored my services; but I twigged he wanted to find out where she lived.

She and her friend were soon again locked in each other's embraces, and she could hardly tell her fast enough of all her terrible adventures. The young man was not long in bringing her *eau de vie*. She insisted he must mix it, as he understood so much better than she did now to do so. Their tea table was set. The elder of the two pressed me to stay and have a cup of tea to warm me. The attentive stranger required none. I found out "mamma" was gone away for a few days, and left them to take care of each other, and enjoy the sea breezes a little longer—for they were, like ourselves, in lodgings; and I discovered, in the course of conversation, that they were not sisters, only great friends. They were both young. The eldest of them appeared about twenty. There was a repose in her face and a dignity of manner which pleased me much. She was a handsome girl. The

younger appeared about seventeen. She was a pretty little creature—all excitement. We “drew her out,” and had great fun. And so sat we four at that tea table—excepting the girls, each unknown to the other.

It struck me as such a ludicrous situation, that I asked pardon for bursting out laughing, and proposed we should introduce ourselves one to another, as it was rather awkward answering to the appellation of “That gentleman,” and “This young lady,” indicating by a gesture of the hand or head which was the intended one; besides, we might be thieves or pickpockets.

The resolution was carried unanimously. But who was to be the first to speak?

“I’ll be first,” said my little companion of the boat. “My name is Flora Rivers, and my father’s name you will find in the Army List, as colonel of the — Regiment.”

The other young lady was more coy than her friend, and so Miss Flora told all her history for her.

“Her name is Helen Blandford, and you will find her father’s name in the Clergy List, as holding a living in Yorkshire; and we are no relations to one another, although we have always considered ourselves so. My father’s brother’s wife’s sister married Helen’s mother’s sister’s stepson, so there is a *great* connection between us.”

All this she spoke with most amusing rapidity and vehemence. The handsome young man was next called on to give an account of himself. Did I not watch little Flora sideways, to mark the impression it would make on her; and was there not a twinkling pleasure in her eye, whilst her face coloured with a rosy hue, as he handed his card to *her*? She passed it on to her friend with much becoming modesty; and Miss Helen passed it on to me, remarking it was a pretty name.

“Gerald Toringham,” I read aloud. “Oh, are you related to the Toringhams of Brank-sleigh?”

“Yes, he is my father.”

This led to the mention of many more of his relations, whereby he was found out to be no thief, although he had stolen a heart. The conversation flowed freely, and we made marvellous discoveries of knowing mutual friends. All this excitement was so engrossing, they entirely forgot to ask what account I had to give of myself. I made several attempts to take leave, but they were in no hurry to break up the quartette—the

duet would be more to the point. However, I could play gooseberry-picker no longer. The good-bye was said over and over again. Then Mr. Toringham’s hat was lost, which required diligent search, and which was found under his own chair. Then more adieux. I fancied there was more pathos in the very last than in any other.

My sister and I left two days after this singular *rencontre*; but the next morning we accidentally stumbled on my three friends, who had also accidentally stumbled on each other in a sheltered recess of the rocks. Our dogs made friends this time, and were useful to all parties in so doing, for it dispersed what might have been a rather confused meeting. But there was no lack of friendly speeches, of pleasure at having met, and by this second meeting of knowing my sister too, and many hopes expressed that we should soon meet again—hopes that were very shortly realized to *some* of the party. That same afternoon, I met Mr. Toringham walking so fast towards the village that we only exchanged slight signs of recognition; but my curiosity—call it female—was too sorely tempted not to turn my head to see which turn he took. I will only add that it is a daily interest to me to examine carefully the first column of the *Times*; and so ended three weeks of our autumn manœuvring by the seaside.

#### GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE subject of our cartoon was born in Scotland in the year 1824. He is well known as the editor of “Good Words for the Young,” the title of which is shortly to be changed to “Good Things.” The periodical over the interests of which Mr. Macdonald presides was started after the great success that attended its parent, “Good Words,” when under the care of the late Dr. Norman Macleod.

Mr. Macdonald’s first attempt at a book of any importance was met with a rebuff from the eminent publisher to whom he had offered the manuscript. He received a note the terms of which are familiar to every man of letters, successful or unsuccessful.

He was told that though the manuscript was a credit to him, and showed signs of great promise for the future, it contained certain things that it was not desirable, &c., &c. In a word, the copy was politely declined. After this, however, Mr. Macdonald,

with the perseverance of his nation, tried again, and was successful.

The book the first eminent publisher had rejected was "David Elginbrod," the author's best novel.

The following is a pretty complete list of Mr. Macdonald's works: "Phantastes," "David Elginbrod," "The Portent," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," "Guild Court," "At the Back of the North Wind," "Dealings with the Fairies," "Robert Falconer," "The Seaboard Parish," "Ronald Bannerman's Boyhood," "The Miracles of our Lord," "Unspoken Sermons," "Wilfrid Cumbermede," and "The Vicar's Daughter." Mr. Macdonald's first books displayed considerable originality of thought; the characters were strongly marked and life-like, and they had a good Scotch savour about them. Since then, however, their author has been on the decline; his books have grown dull, and he has taken to favouring his readers with long and troublesome sermons in every other chapter of what he is pleased to style new novels.

The fall of the once ubiquitous A. K. H. B. —as far as current literature was concerned—may be traced to foisting upon the public a book of sermons as the "Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson." Mr. Macdonald should take warning in time; and call novels novels, and sermons sermons.

We should rejoice to see him again writing such books as "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," and "David Elginbrod;" and we very much regret he ever devoted himself to goody-goody literature.

#### A VISIT TO HYDERABAD.

ON my voyage out to India, I happened one day to mention to a fellow-passenger that my regiment was quartered at Secunderabad. He advised me by all means to pay a visit to the city of Hyderabad.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was for some time at the place to which you are going, and I went with a large party to visit Hyderabad. There is no place in India that so thoroughly retains all the characteristics of an Eastern city in its primitive state. What it was in 1600, that it is now; little or no advance has been made in the civilization of its inhabitants. You will have to get permission to go there, as without an escort it is not safe for a European to venture within its walls."

I heard that a party was being made up to visit Hyderabad. I immediately seized the opportunity, and got my name put down to join it. It may be, perhaps, as well to mention here that there are two Hyderabads — one in Scinde, the other in the Deccan, and the capital of the Nizam's dominions. It was to the latter that I was going. Three or four days' notice was required to be given, as the application to visit the city had to be forwarded through the British resident to Sir Salar Jung, the Prime Minister to his Highness the Nizam. At last the permission came, stating that elephants sufficient to carry the party, together with an escort, would be in waiting outside the gate of the city at seven o'clock on the following morning, and that after the party had visited all the principal objects of interest, his Excellency Sir Salar Jung requested the pleasure of its company at breakfast.

After a drive of four or five miles, past the residency and the town of Chudderghaut, we reached the handsome stone bridge over the river Musah, near which the city is built. This river, which falls into the Kristna, is nearly dry during the greater part of the year, and a great deal of cultivation is carried on in its bed. During the rains it becomes a swollen torrent. We found eight elephants awaiting our arrival. Several of them were magnificent-looking animals. They all had crimson and green cloths, and were ornamented with large bells. The howdahs I cannot say much for—they seemed to have been old-fashioned gigs and buggies, the wheels of which had been taken off and the bodies placed on a framework. They were very rickety-looking affairs. Most of them had been originally coloured a bright yellow, but the paint was nearly entirely worn off. Our party, in all about sixteen ladies and gentlemen, having climbed into the howdahs, the elephants proceeded to rise—a most uncomfortable motion, requiring one to hold on pretty tightly, or running a great risk of being pitched out. Having crossed the bridge, we came to the principal gateway leading into the city.

Hyderabad is surrounded by a high stone wall, loop-holed at the top, and with bastions at intervals. These fortifications would afford a very poor protection against artillery. The population is nearly 200,000, and the city is four miles long by three broad. It was founded by Cutteb Sha in 1585, and was plundered by Aurungzebe in 1687.



Once a Week.]

[November 2, 1879.

"GOODY GOODY."

---ember 2, 1872.

Some Europeans must have had something to do with this gateway that we passed through, as it was built in a Gothic style of architecture, which, with its Oriental surroundings, looked singularly out of place. Here a guard of honour was drawn up to receive us—such a guard, and such wonderful uniforms! The British soldier has the pattern of his uniform changed very often. Well, here were specimens of each for the last fifty years almost. One had a tail coat, with those huge worsted ruffs on the shoulders that our infantry soldiers wore in the days of yore; another had epaulettes; here was a double-breasted tunic, there a single-breasted tunic of the latest pattern; their head-dress the same wonderful shakos that the Sepoys used to wear, years ago, in the earlier days of John Company. As to their arms, they were old flint muskets, with here and there a matchlock. The officers had uniforms as various. One had a tunic I recognized as having belonged to a bandsman in the Guards. This, with gold epaulettes, was very effective; but the *tout ensemble* was rather spoiled, as his jaws were bound up with a cloth, after the fashion of natives on a cold morning.

A band struck up "God save the Queen." It was a most wonderful performance, but indescribable, so I will not attempt it. An escort of police preceded us to clear the way. The streets through which we passed—and they were the principal ones—were so narrow that we were compelled to advance in single file. There seemed to be no drainage; all kinds of dirt were cast out into the street, so that the filth was something frightful—in some places there seemed to be a depth of nearly two feet of black mire. A few bullock carts were the only wheeled conveyances we saw. Horses, elephants, and palanquins carried the better class; and as the lower were not troubled with over much clothing, and could easily wash, the mud and dirt did not much matter to them.

Our passage through the streets seemed to have about the same effect on the populace that a party of Red Indians would produce if they rode through the lowest lanes in—say Shoreditch. Every one stopped and stared, and pointed apparently with the finger of scorn at us—the little children screaming, at the top of their little voices, "Feringhee! Feringhee!" The flat roofs of the houses had also their occupants—fanatical-looking Mussulmen, who looked

at us with not too friendly eyes. In one case more was done—I was actually spat at from the roof of one house. Every now and then we heard a lattice open, and caught a transient glance of some bright, almond-eyed daughter of the Deccan, as Ouida, in one of her novels, calls her.

The shops exhibited a most extraordinary admixture of wealth and the veriest trumpery—the refuse of some European shops. Here was a goldsmith's, with bangles, necklaces, rings, of the most exquisite workmanship, set with gems of great value. There a general merchant's, with stores of Cashmere shawls, Rampore chudders, muslins, Delhi embroidered clothes, Scinde work, together with penny looking-glasses, needles, tapes, padlocks, and gimlets. Now we passed an armourer's, full of the most wonderful-looking weapons, daggers, swords of every shape, from the gold-hilted scimitar, with its valuable Khoreassan blade, down to the English infantry officer's paltry regulation toasting-fork; then a shop filled with all kinds of fruit—oranges, mangoes, figs, plantains, cocoa-nuts, quaoas, and vegetables—of strange shape, and to me of unknown name, well besprinkled with bright rose leaves. Occasionally, there appeared a recess between two houses, a few feet square; and here, thick as they could be placed, were graves, either flat tablets or altar-like monuments, with little niches in them, containing small earthenware lamps, whose oily, blackened appearance bore testimony to the constant affection of the relatives of the deceased. After having wound through several streets, we turned up a narrow passage, and passing through a gateway, found ourselves all at once in a vast quadrangle. In front of the gateway, and at the summit of a long flight of stone steps, a magnificent mosque was built, whose four lofty minarets towered high into the air, surmounted by gilded crescents, which shone brightly in the morning sun. The front of the building, facing the east, had lofty archways, which laid the whole of the interior open to view. Huge crystal chandeliers were suspended from the roof; but, with the exception of a kind of pulpit, there were no other fittings. The filigree ornaments round the roof, pillars, walls, and minarets were of exquisite design and workmanship. The whole structure was a fine specimen of Indian architecture. Near was a large tank full of water, for the ablutions of the faithful.



We saw several Mussulmen at their devotions. Among them was a native clad in a turban and the cast-off tunic of a Hussar, which had rather an absurd effect. We wished to dismount; but this, we were told, was strictly forbidden—the pavement of the holy place was not to be profaned by the footsteps of infidels. After having seen enough, our elephants were turned round, and we made for the principal street again. About this time, I was not quite comfortable on my elephant. I was with a very stout officer in the howdah, and the ropes that fastened it on not being sufficiently tight, it had a strong tendency to turn over on one side. The elephant was a very large one; and though it would have been soft falling, on account of the depth of mud, I had no wish to try it. However, by constantly changing sides with my fat friend, we managed to keep the howdah level.

Every native that we met was armed to the teeth, which, considering the number of ruffians in the city, was not to be wondered at. There are over 20,000 Arabs in Hyderabad, who, together with Rohillas, Pathans, and Sikhs, make up a very dangerous populace, which requires a very strong hand to keep in order. A great number of these men are retainers of noblemen, whose quarrels they take part in, and whom they follow on all occasions of state or show. An attempt was made some short time ago, when Sir Sarlar Jung was nearly assassinated, to disarm these dangerous classes; but it was found impracticable. They claimed exemption on the ground of service; and to interfere with the feudal rights of their masters would have brought so many horrors about the ears of the Prime Minister.

After going on some distance further, we turned suddenly down a passage of just sufficient width to allow the elephants to pass; and emerging from a gateway with very massive doors, entered a courtyard. A handsome-looking palace was in front, with twenty or thirty steps leading up to it. It was built in European style, and had a lofty portico, supported by pillars with Corinthian capitals. On each side were numerous offices. A guard of honour was drawn up to receive us—a band on one side which played "God save the Queen," after a fashion, and a company who presented arms, also after a fashion, on the other. They were dressed in loose scarlet trousers and blue tunics. My companion drew my

attention to them, and asked me if I noticed anything peculiar in them. I then perceived that they were women. They formed part of a regiment of Amazons that the Prince, whose palace we were about to visit, maintained—I suppose for the protection of his extensive zenana. In the band, I noticed that the right-hand woman of the rear rank, while beating a drum, had a small child astride on her hips; and that the drum-major in a short time would be in a position to do the same if she pleased. We found the Prince, with several of his relations and servants, standing on the top step, ready to receive us.

After exchanging salaams and shaking hands, we passed on into a large reception hall. Here were all kinds of wonderful things, which were pointed out to us—musical boxes, barrel organs, mechanical toys, gaudily painted prints, green wine and finger glasses arranged as ornaments on brackets, coloured plaster of Paris figures of dogs and cats. After having expressed our intense admiration of them, we passed on through room after room—each like the other, the roofs hung with very fine cut glass chandeliers; but so many of them that it gave one the idea of being in a large china shop. Several marble statues, fairly executed, were ranged against the walls. One that was nude had a cloth decently wrapped round its loins. How this would have pleased some of our squeamish friends at home! At last we came to a small room that was full of all kinds of scientific instruments—electrifying machines, galvanic batteries; air pumps, microscopes, and telescopes of the best and most expensive description. We were told that a scientific gentleman, a half-caste, was kept to show off and look after these.

Having gone over the palace and seen all that was to be seen, we sat down in a large verandah, looking into a garden. Here tea and coffee were served. Several unhappy-looking ostriches were driven backward and forward in front of us; and as they passed, feathers were pulled out in the most ruthless manner and presented to us. This over, we rose to take our leave. The Prince presented each of us with two bottles of attar of roses; and, having salaamed, we mounted our elephants again and set out on our return journey through the city.

By this time, the heat had become intense, and we were very glad to find our-

selves at Sir Salar Jung's palace. He, his nephew, and a host of attendants were ready to receive us. Offering his arm to one of the ladies of our party, he led the way into the palace. We entered, after having passed through several long passages, the walls of which were covered with mirrors, a large drawing-room. Everything here was in the best taste, and showed that some other than a native had the selection of the furniture and ornaments. Magnificently bound books, and albums containing photographs of all the crowned heads and the celebrities of Europe, were on the tables. The windows opened on a garden tastefully laid out, in the centre of which there was a fountain, the splash of whose waters sounded deliciously cool and pleasant.

After a few minutes' conversation, breakfast was announced, and we adjourned to a much smaller room, where a very nice *dé-jetner* was spread—curries, pilaw, steaks, cutlets, fruits, &c.; and though our host was a strict Mohammedan, there was no stint of claret and beer for those who cared for it, while there were tea and coffee and iced water for others.

After breakfast, Sir Salar Jung proposed that we should visit his stables. Large crimson and yellow umbrellas were held over our heads by the servants, as we had to cross a considerable space of the palace gardens. The stables were large and well ventilated, the stalls opened on a lofty and well-lighted passage, the name of each horse was over the stall, and it was painted in Hindustani and English. There were between thirty and forty horses in all; two or three were English, but the rest were chiefly Arabs—all very handsome and of high caste. By the side of each stood its groom, draped in scarlet coat and turban. I noticed that most of the animals had a great deal too much flesh on them; but they were well groomed, and everything was as neat and clean as could be wished. A Parsee seemed to be the head groom. In the centre of the building there was a large harness-room with a fireplace. Every description of saddle, from a cavalry down to a racing one, and every kind of harness, from four-in-hand, heavily silver-plated, down to buggy, was hung on the walls.

When we had finished the inspection of the stables, we returned to the palace, and were taken to what was called the china room. This was a large apartment, the

roof of which was supported by several pillars. The walls, roof, and pillars were covered with plates, dishes, cups and saucers of every possible description—dessert plates, plates with the badges of every regiment that had been quartered in the vicinity of Hyderabad, willow-pattern plates, all cemented on in different designs; the whole producing an effect not at all unpleasant.

This concluded the entertainment. At the door we found our carriages waiting. We shook hands with our courteous host, who presented us each with two bottles of attar of roses; and we returned to cantonments, well pleased with our visit to Sir Salar Jung and the city of Hyderabad.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"ALL ROUND MY HAT I'LL WEAR A GREEN  
WILLOW."

I WISH that William Fletcher, when he found himself deserted, had bought a flageolet and retired to the plains of Arcadia; because he would have looked so romantic sitting on a mound, with his knees close to his chin, his eyes turned up, and his cheeks inflated, practising "My Mary Anne" for the benefit of the flocks grazing around him. But, alas! the good old times when forsaken ones acted in so picturesque a manner are gone, and the very sheep would cry "Bah!" on witnessing such a proceeding. Even we, who look back with tearful regret upon the days when ploughboys and milkmaids habitually conversed in a style which earls and duchesses cannot approach in these degenerate times, however much we may admire pastoral despair in the abstract, cannot but own that there would be something ludicrously incongruous about the preliminary steps which it would be necessary to take. By the time a man had selected his instrument at Distin's, taken his passage, and bargained with the steward for his meals during the voyage, the romance of the thing would have got all the gilt rubbed off. No—other times, other manners; and the only practice which we moderns have borrowed from the ancient love stories is drawn from the example of Ariadne, who, when deserted by Theseus, suffered Bacchus to console her. And even this remedy of love is not practised by her own sex—for whose advantage she may be presumed to have discovered it

—but by that of the faithless hero who gave her the slip in so ungentlemanlike a manner. Yes—a per centage of jilted youths take, I fear, to drinking; some run away to sea, some to the diggings; a few enlist, but the great majority have recourse to the great popgun cure, and fall in love with some one else at the earliest opportunity.

Fletcher sought solace from his pipe, it is true, but it was not a musical one. That he never indulged in an extra glass of wine now, after dinner, I am not prepared to assert; but he certainly did not get up a counter-passion. Ah! well, it is all very well to banter him; but, in sober truth, he was very miserable. He had grown very fond of Mary, and found his firm resolution to forget all about her very hard to put into practice. The desired oblivion would come in time, he hoped; but at present memory was very vivid. He could not settle to anything. If he took up a book or a paper, his thoughts would not accompany his eye down the page, not even though he read aloud in order to nail his attention; but the type faded from his gaze, like the ink blot from the hand of the Egyptian wizard's familiar, and a fair face shone out through the publication, which would have been a valuable feature in it if it could have been fixed and used as an illustration—a face that haunted him, which it was his great object to lay; and so he sought cheerful society, into which no ghosts but those who have transmigrated into articles of furniture ever intrude. Foreign travel, and the sight of strange faces and cities, would have been a better remedy; but he persuaded himself that there is no place like London in which to recover from depression of spirits—his real reason being that a hope still lay, unavowed and discredited, at the bottom of his heart. It did not matter to Fletcher that everybody was out of town, for he had plenty of friends amongst the nobodies: there were briefless barristers who, by a paradox worthy of their profession, were prevented from stirring by the want of weight in their pockets; men connected with newspapers, who were chained like Ixion to an ever-revolving wheel; clerks in public offices, who had had their summer holiday and returned. So that what with political, theatrical, and artistic gossip, anecdotes of Parisian life, and details of thrilling adventures amongst the Oberland Alps, he managed to deaden reflection during the

day. But then there was the night. When he returned to his silent chambers, groped his way in and struck a light, a sense of loneliness seemed to chill the very marrow of his bones. If he sat up it was to brood, and muse, and get more and more wretched; if he went to bed it was to turn and turn, and try in vain to fix his thoughts on indifferent subjects, for hours before he could get to sleep. The only remedy for this seemed to be to put off the evil hour as long as possible, and return home with the brain blunted by fatigue, and perhaps somewhat confused with that medicine of Ariadne's. Very shocking this, and very wrong. A man who once has recourse to wine or opium to numb his feelings when suffering from mental distress, has taken a long stride towards destruction. To hope to avoid all share of that sorrow and disappointment which is the lot of humanity is foolish; to fly from it is selfish and cowardly; to seek to harden the heart against it is a crime. The taking of another tumbler when we feel "a cup too low" may seem a small matter; but what is the principle of the thing? To arm the senses against the heart, conscience, or reason—is that the object to be gained? The insensibility of a Helot?—a noble aspiration! And yet it is, doubtless, very tempting to have a mental chloroform within our reach, and rather hard not to take a sniff at it; but, then, so many things which are wrong are tempting, and the nuisance is that every indulgence increases the strength of the next temptation, till at last it becomes irresistible, and then the game is up.

William Fletcher did not enter into all this; and so long as he stopped short of actual drunkenness, thought no harm of a little artificial jollity, except with reference to the effect upon his health, which at present did not suffer. He had his good qualities and his bad, and one of the worst of the latter was an exaggerated tendency to self-indulgence.

Self-denial is not a virtue much practised by bachelors living at clubs and in chambers; indeed, it is doubtful whether many of them know what it means. They have heard a great deal about it, of course; and so they have of the Suttee—an institution not affecting them in any way.

"Burn themselves alive, to please their dead husbands, do they? More fools they!"

"Do what they don't like; give up doing

what they do like, do some fellows? More fools they!"

Fletcher, then, having prescribed late hours for himself, sought out those acquaintances whose habits he knew to be the most nocturnal; and one day, when his ordinary friends were out or busy, he dined at a club of which he had been elected a member some years back, and his subscription to which he kept up more because he had paid the entrance fee than for any benefit he derived from it, as he had soon grown weary of the life led by its *habitudes*, and made little use of it after his admission into one of the larger anti-connubial institutions. For it was a small and fast club, where the whist and pool were high, and whither men repaired late at night, when the other clubs were waxing dull and empty.

Here he found that several acquaintances were still in town whom he had thought the best of good fellows a year or two back, when London life was new to him; but had met more and more rarely, as he discovered that the pleasures to which they were addicted, and had at first seemed so exquisite to his boyish imagination, were in reality the most insipid things possible. There was Ned Harris, late of the —th Hussars, who had run through two fortunes, and was now existing on some eight hundred a-year, which had been saved from the wreck; Captain Fitzherbert, who had been in some foreign service, and was notorious for that awkward affair about Lady Levant—though whether he really fired at poor Levant when they met at Boulogne is uncertain: he says not; Tom Booth, the fast lawyer, who managed to combine business with dissipation, and had a theory that late hours and deep potations would not hurt any one who rose early and worked hard on the following morning—it was the lying in bed half the day, and letting the drink soak into your system, that did the mischief, he said; and as he certainly practised his precept with apparent success, it is to be hoped that if ever he dies, he will be submitted to a *post-mortem* examination; for of what material his stomach, liver, nerves, and brain are composed it would be curious to know—certainly not of the same substance as those of poor Charley Myers, the best of the lot in talents, disposition, and capacity for good, and who had yet sunk lower than any of them.

Vice appearing to be the pleasantest thing

these gentlemen could turn their wits to, they were vicious. The necessity for exertion, an object in life, would have reformed any one of them; and once well out of the slough in which they were wallowing, they would have felt no particular temptation to return to it. But with Charley Myers it was different: there was no hope for him—his only possible path was from D. T. to the grave; for no disappointment in life, no mere listlessness or example of tipling companions, had led him astray. He had been born with a brain which yearned for alcoholic excitement, and the desire for strong drink gnawed his vitals. It is not asserted that this strong desire—the heritage, possibly, of the universal intemperance of a past generation—is an excuse for the man who falls a victim to it; probably every one has some strong temptation to fight against; and pride, selfishness, neglect of duty towards our fellow-men—especially the poor—or indolence, may be as heinous as more glaring vices.

And to refer the wrongdoing of any man to his natural temperament is fearfully dangerous, if you go so far as to say that it renders him irresponsible for his actions; for man cannot see clearly enough into his fellow's brain to draw these fine distinctions between morbid and natural, sane and insane. But the assertion of a truth can never be mischievous, whatever the inferences drawn from it may be; and it is a fact that there are men with a propensity to get intoxicated so strong, that no bonds of religion, duty, friendship, love, nor sense of the misery they are entailing on themselves and those dear to them—no refinement of mind or bracing effect of mental cultivation, nothing but brute force and bodily restraint, can keep them sober. But though we can no more accept this exceptional propensity as an excuse for the drunkard than we can set up kleptomania as a plea for the thief, or homicidal mania for the murderer; though we must acquit or condemn by the average standard of our own temptations and powers of resistance, leaving exceptional cases to be referred to that court of appeal where the Judge can read the prisoner's heart and mete ideal justice, we are permitted to pity while we blame; and so I say, with all who knew him, "Poor Charley Myers!"

It was about six o'clock when Fletcher entered the billiard-room, where the above set and one or two others were playing at

pool. Harris was the first to see him, and he cried out—

"Hallo, old fellow, where have you been this age?"

"Will you come in with two lives?" asked Fitzherbert, who eked out a slender income, much impaired by the damages in the Levant business, with his skill at the game, and had naturally an eye to business.

"Never expected t'see you again. Heard going to be married," said Booth, who minded everybody's business, his own included, and jerked out his sentences, which were comprehensive, to the point, and shortened by a reckless elimination of personal pronouns.

Fletcher expected some such allusion, and was glad to get it over at once. Of all things, he had a horror of playing the part of a forlorn and deserted lover, and would have torn his heart out rather than let it be known what was passing within it. It was as much his vanity as anything else, which led him to show his indifference to the matter by seeking the present society. So without wincing under a lash which came right down upon the sore place, he answered at once—

"Who told you that? I may have been looking about, for it is not every fellow who can make money by his brains like you, Booth; and a man must try to improve his prospects somehow. But there is nothing settled yet."

"Ah!" cried Ned Harris, "I have been looking about myself lately; but the heiresses have been dreadfully wild this year. I have no luck. I got a fortnight on the moors at the beginning of the season, and the grouse were just as shy as the rich women. I am told that last year, when I did not try, both were plentiful and easy to get at. My play?"

And the conversation turned to other subjects.

Fletcher joined the next pool and played for an hour, when the party dined together; and as that operation was for them the principal event of the day, the dishes were varied, appetizing, and numerous, and the wines, of which all drank freely, the best the club cellar could produce. The conversation was confined to a select number of subjects, which became gradually contracted as the evening advanced. During dinner, it was of absent friends, past pleasure parties, a prize fight which was then engrossing the attention of a large portion of this highly civilized land, dogs, horses, and the demi-

monde; over the claret, of the prize fight, dogs, horses, and the demi-monde; with the cigars, coffee, and grog in the smoking-room, of horses and the demi-monde alone. But as the majority of the party were in the habit of daily intercourse, the best anecdotes of each were well known to the others; and since Fletcher could not throw much new light on these interesting and intellectual topics, and with all his efforts at hilarity did not manage to make himself an exceptionally amusing companion, they began, about eleven o'clock, to feel as if some extraneous amusement—music, dancing, singing, a game of chance—would give their cigars and liquor a flavour.

"Let's go somewhere, or do something," proposed Booth, seeing one of the party yawn.

"All right—I'm game," cried Fletcher, briskly.

He was terribly bored, but did not want to return to those dull, silent chambers till as late as possible.

"It is all very well to say let us go somewhere," enunciated Ned Harris, with semitipsy gravity. "Why don't you say where? Come, Charley, wake up, and make a suggestion."

Myers lay back on the divan, his eyes closed, his jaw dropping, his limbs all limp. When Harris slapped him on the shoulder, he woke up partially, and muttered something about not being asleep, in proof of which he replaced the extinguished cigar he held between his fingers in his mouth; but after staring round with fishy eyes, he sank back again.

"Let him be," said Captain Fitzherbert. "I never knew such a fellow! He will sleep for an hour, and then go home. I know his way. But, I say, the Gardens are still open—suppose we go there."

It was a lovely night—starlight, clear, and warm, but not so warm but what the change from the close atmosphere of the gaslit smoking-room was most refreshing; and the oxygen he inhaled as he was whirled rapidly along in a Hansom, combined with the good, rich Burgundy dancing in his veins, helped to chase the incubus Care from Fletcher's breast. His spirits rose yet higher when he arrived at the Gardens, and passed through the turnstile into the Mohammedan paradise within. Lights, foliage, music, and dancers, with the starlit canopy of heaven overhead. Lights everywhere—glimmer-

ing from among the trees and bushes like glowworms, twinkling in converging lines along the distant alleys and avenues, blazing in concentrated brightness above and around the open space where the dancers were whirling in a maelstrom eddy; and as for the music, it was an atmosphere deluging the senses with its liquid harmony, which seemed not to be absorbed by the ear alone, but to penetrate the frame through every pore.

Just as it was beginning to dawn upon Fletcher's mind that he had seen all this before—which, indeed, he had, very often—the music suddenly ceased, there was a r-r-rush through the air, a faint explosion, and the eye that looked upward towards the sound saw several vari-coloured balls floating away on the darkness, ever changing their hues as they passed through the night. It was the first rocket; and Booth, who knew every combination of crackers in Europe by heart, but was insatiable in his thirst of everything which could please his eye or ear, dragged off Fletcher, within whose arm he was linked, to see the fireworks.

These consisted of the usual amount of familiar wheels and squibs, half obscured by their own smoke, with rockets and those showers of gold which are always beautiful, and were as good as one ever sees in this country. But pyrotechnic displays in England are but sorry affairs.\* I suppose that the necessary preparation is incompatible with the climate; and, indeed, what artist could work *con amore*, with the odds at four to one that his cracker will be spoilt by the damp? And there is so much more in the pre-arrangement, which demands a fair prospect of dry weather, than in the costliness of the preparations. One of the prettiest displays the writer ever saw was at Baden-Baden, and consisted merely of a number of large squibs, fastened at intervals of about a foot along a rope some fifteen feet from the ground, and extending the whole length of the Kursaal. The effect when it was let off was that of a cascade of fire.

When the fireworks were over, Fletcher—sometimes with one of his companions, sometimes with another—strolled about, listening to the music, looking at the dancers, smoking, chatting, and occasionally indulging in conventional chaff, until the hours passed, and they felt that mysterious desire for a

broiled bone or a devilled lobster cutlet which those who have drunk a good deal of wine experience when the effect of it is beginning to pass off, and they entered a supper-room.

Who was that sitting at the farther end of the room—that man with fishy eyes, hat pushed off on to the back of his head, and loosened necktie? Fletcher could hardly believe his senses, but it certainly was—Don Carlos Perez! What, Mary's husband in London, and here, drunk, and in such company, on, at the longest, the fifth day of their married life! Mrs. Perez's trials had begun early—if, indeed, the absence of such a fellow could be esteemed a trial, or any other than a boon to her. It did not occur to him that his and Arnold's theory of such a union having taken place might be erroneous, and he had no time to reason upon the matter. Perez hated him, had attempted his life, and was evidently in no state to control any impulse of the moment. A scene, a quarrel in which Mary's name might be mentioned—which, in any case, would be ridiculous—was of all things to be avoided; and he thought he would steal back unnoticed, and give his friends the slip. It was too late. Perez had seen him and risen, and Fletcher could not bring himself obviously to run away from any man; so he walked quietly on, and seated himself at the table which Booth had already selected for their supper. Perez, with uncertain gait, went up to him, and stood staring insolently, with his hands in his pockets: of all which Fletcher took no notice, but continued quietly discussing with Booth what they should have for supper.

"Why, here is the Mexican!" cried Ned Harris, who had made acquaintance with the adventurer. "Hallo, Don! you are rather tight to-night."

"So here you are, you white-livered sneak, are you?" said Perez to Fletcher, without noticing Harris's salutation. "And you think you have done me between you, do you? By heaven, I'll have her yet. Look here, she shall—"

"Be off, fellow," said Fletcher, who saw it was necessary to stop his tongue, or at all events to turn his discourse into another channel, at any risk. "If you annoy me, I will give you in charge to the police."

"Ah, you must have the police to take care of you, must you, cowardly dog?"

"Come, be off!" repeated Fletcher. "The

\* This refers to a period before the Crystal Palace Company had inaugurated their magnificent displays of fireworks.

fact is," he added, turning to his friends, "that I happen to have found out who this fellow, who has managed to palm himself off upon several good-natured people as a gentleman, really is—a swindler, a gambling-house decoy, a——"

"LIAR!" yelled Perez. "There, will that make you fight?"

"I do not quarrel with pickpockets and ticket-of-leave men," sneered Fletcher. "I give them in charge. Waiter, fetch a policeman."

Perez snatched a knife from the table, and dashed at Fletcher, who was, however, prepared for the movement, and warded off the blow with his left arm, while he dashed his other fist, as hard as he could drive, straight into the centre of his assailant's face, sending him stumbling over a couple of chairs into the middle of the room, where he lay on his back with a streaming nose.

The great thing now for Fletcher and his party was to avoid a general row and bother with the police; so they made their way through the fast gathering crowd, and got out of the Gardens as soon as they could. One of the party proposed to return to town and sup somewhere else; but Fletcher, who was now thoroughly clear in his head, felt such an utter distaste for further riot, that he only acceded to the first part of the proposition, and, parting from the rest, made his way home alone.

#### THE ANTIDOTE.

A N only boy, a common fate,  
Did tumble down and bump his pate.  
"What's to be done?" mamma cries. "What!  
Cold water? No—'tis better hot."  
Her-kisses to assuage the pain  
Are all administered in vain.  
"Oh, what a terrible disaster!  
A sponge—some rag—the sticking plaister.  
Quick, or his little heart will break—  
A cabbage leaf—a piece of steak.  
Something or other quickly bring—  
Vinegar—brandy is the thing."  
A remedy from every voice  
Causes embarrassment of choice.  
Old nurse appears amidst the flutter,  
And cries imperatively, "Butter!"  
Her sage advice they promptly take—  
His front is buttered like a cake.  
No remedy could be more *pat*:  
He calmly dozes after that.  
The mother watches in suspense,  
Till house affairs withdraw her thence;  
Returning in a little while,  
She's greeted with a cheerful smile:  
"My dear mamma, you must not mind,

Good little Topsy's\* been so kind;  
For when I showed her where I fell,  
She kissed the place, and made it well."  
Thus actions often gain applause  
When selfish motives are the cause.  
If Topsy all the truth could utter,  
The only love was love of butter.

#### TABLE TALK.

JUST as Guy Faux's Day draws near it may interest some of our readers to see a rhymed statute, or rather a verse or two from a paraphrase said to have been commonly sung in churches. It was called "An act for a publique Thanksgiving to Almighty God every yeare, on the fift day of November, Enacted November the fift, 1605," &c. "The same act in verse meet for song, thereby to retaine in minde our safetie from the gunpowder treason."

I.

"Whereas Almighty God hath in all ages shew'd his power  
And mercie in miraculous standing our Saviour,  
And gracious deliverer of church and children dear,  
Protecting safely Kings and States who right religious are.

II.

And where no nation of the earth hath binne more  
rearely blest  
With greater benefits then this, our realme among  
the rest;  
Which freely now enjoy'th the true and free profession  
Of sacred Gospel under our King and dread  
Sovereigne.

\* \* \* \* \*  
With dev'llish Papists, Jesuits, and Seminaries all,  
Did greatly feare and enve with their priests  
Sathanicall.

#### THE SECOND PART.

V.

And they thus fearing did conspire, and that most  
horribly,  
That when our Sovereigne lord the King, his  
Royal Majestie,  
With Queene and Prince and all the lords (most  
fearfull to remember),  
With all the Commons had been met the fift day  
of November.

VI.

Within the year of Christ our Lord XVI hundred  
and five,  
Then sudainely t'have blown them up, not leaving  
one alive;  
With Houses bothe of Parliament, and all that  
royale Court,  
With gunpowder: to Church and realme to worke  
the deadly hurt."

\* \* The dog.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to  
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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 254.

November 9, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XXII.

MR. ROOKE AND MRS. PUDGE.



DICK, who had been robbed of all the money he possessed, was carried to the Red Lion; and the next morning, though weak from loss of blood, he was able to sit up

in bed, and tell what had happened to him at the ruins. His account of the robbery was a short one. He was passing the castle, he said, when he was struck on the back of the head. That was all; he could recollect no more. The doctor, who had been called in the previous night, assured Dick's friends there was no danger, and that he would be all right again in a day or two.

Poor Maggie, who had been crying and fretting nearly all the night, went to sit by his bedside and talk with him.

"Oh, Dick, I've been so frightened," she said.

"Have you, my dear? It's nothing. I shall be well again soon. The doctor says so, and I quite agree with him."

There was a pause.

"Talk to me, Maggie, my dear—tell me of all the changes since I've been away. Tell me something, Maggie, for goodness sake."

"What shall I tell you, Dick? I'm afraid you're too ill."

"No, I'm not at all too ill, my dear."

"Then what shall I tell you, Dick?"

"Oh, anything, my dear. 'Who killed Cock Robin, and who saw him die?' and who came to sit by his bedside, and wouldn't speak a word?"

"Yes, yes—I've got some news," said Maggie. "Tim's friend, Harry Deffield—that lived with his uncle, Jonah Deffield—ran away too. What a lot of running away! How queer I did not tell you that before! He never knew what to do with himself when Tim was gone, and he has not been heard of since. . . . Mrs. Wickliffe is dead, and Mr. Wickliffe lives in the old hall by himself now. He took a fancy to Harry, you know. He often had him at the hall, and paid for his schooling and many other things. . . . Mr. Purden and Mr. Rooke have become great friends, all through the mistake about Tim's schooling."

"Well done, Maggie—I knew you could if you would. How did the quarrel end with Wadden and Rooke?"

"Mr. Wadden threatened to sue Mr. Rooke in the county court for a quarter's schooling; but it was settled by Mr. Rooke paying the money. There has been nothing said about it since. . . . Mr. Biffle married his housekeeper last year, and went to America. . . . I don't think there is anything else."

"Nothing else, Maggie? We must talk about something. What's the price of butter?"

"Sixteen, Dick. What a question!" said Maggie, laughing.

"Can't you tell me a tale?" asked Dick. "'Little Jack Horner sat in a corner;' or, 'One, two, three: I like coffee and Tommy likes tea.' Anything you like, my love. I leave it entirely in your hands. Oh, I've got it! How came the old sign down?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I never told you that, did I? Well, then, on Christmas Day, in the morning, we found it on the doorstep, with a rope round one end of it,



and on the other end there was a donkey. Father was so sorry, for he quite loved the sign. It was not broken. Father says he shall have it put up again."

"That's queer," said Dick. "A dead donkey!"

"Yes; it was a nice donkey, too—poor thing."

When they could find nothing else to talk about, Maggie brought out all her books, and placed them on the table by the bedside. She called over the names, and Dick having chosen a book, she read it to him till he was asleep.

About this time, Mr. Rooke was hurrying along the streets of Wiggleton, to meet his own dear boy. He arrived at Mrs. Pudge's, and his heart throbbled when he fancied in a few minutes he should see Tim.

Mrs. Pudge wobbled to the door, and opened it.

"Your name is Mrs. Pudge, I believe?" said Rooke, smiling.

"Lor, yees, sur—who towd yer?"

"I thought it was."

"What made yer think soa?"

"I had reasons. You let lodgings, Mrs. Pudge."

"Oh, now I sees what yer bisness is, sur. Will you come in, sur?"

Mr. Rooke was shown into the parlour, where Tim and Dick had sat for hours.

"Do you know Timothy Rooke?" he said, when he had taken a seat.

"Yees, sur, in course I does; an' a nice lad he is, too, sur."

"Well, Mrs. Pudge, I'm his father."

"Noa, yer doan't say soa? Well, I'm sure!"

"Is he in?"

"Oh, noa, sur."

"Oh, noa!" repeated Rooke. "What do you mean? What time will he be in?"

"He woan't be in any more."

Mr. Rooke was not prepared for this, and it made him angry. He looked at Mrs. Pudge as though he had emphatically made up his mind to kill her, and was considering which was the shortest way of carrying out his purpose.

"He paid me yes'day, and said he was agoing, niver to return."

"You infernal hippopotamus, I don't believe one word you say! You see I've come to fetch him home, and you don't want to part with him, because you would lose a lodger. Come out of the way! I'll search every room!"

He darted past her to overrun the house; but Mrs. Pudge, with wonderful dexterity, considering her age and size, caught hold of his coat-tails, and held him fast before he had gone three steps upstairs.

"You owdacious critter, come down!" she shouted. "Did any one ever see the likes? Oh dear—oh dear, you imperit critter! I'll show you whether I'm a ripper-bottimer or not! Oh, how I'll make you pay for this—that's all!"

"Leave go, you disgraceful old reptile! Why should you want to stop me if he isn't here?"

A violent pull released him, and threw Mrs. Pudge all her length on the stairs, with Mr. Rooke's coat-tails in her hands. He ran into all the rooms, shouting "Tim," and looking under the beds. He could not see his son anywhere; but he found a letter for Dick in Tim's handwriting, and he put it in his pocket.

He went downstairs, where he was again attacked by Mrs. Pudge, who all the time had been making use of the most violent language, and threatening to send for the police.

"You can go to the devil if you like, and the police too!" he said, seating himself in the arm-chair. "You may shout and storm until your old head comes off; but I tell you I'll not move out of the house till I see my son—don't you make any mistake!"

Mrs. Pudge, in a state of exhaustion, retired to the back kitchen, to consider what was to be done next.

"I think, under the circumstances," said Rooke, when he was alone, "that I have a right to read this note addressed to Dick. It may confirm my suspicions."

"MY DEAR DICK—I found out your scheme, I think; and I thank you for trying to help me in spite of myself. I'm sure you thought of my good when you resolved to go to Peckfield. I thank you for your kindness to me at all times. God bless you! I shall be a long way from dear old home when you return; but I shall see you again some day, when we both stand higher in the world. Good-bye.—Ever yours,

"TIM."

"How shall I go home this time? His mother will be at the door to clasp him in her arms, and again I must say he is gone. Tim, if you only knew what unhappiness

your waywardness is causing, you would act differently!"

"Who are you a-talking to now, you bage old jackdaw?" said Mrs. Pudge, looking in at the door.

"Mrs. Pudge," said Rooke, softly, "you must pardon me. I have found out that I am mistaken. Here is a sovereign for the trouble I have caused you."

He strode gloomily out of the house, leaving Mrs. Pudge in the greatest surprise.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### EXODUS.

WHEN Tim had satisfied himself that Dick had gone to Peckfield to tell all, he started at once on foot for London, which to his young mind was the land flowing with milk and honey. Thousands had gone there without a shilling, and turned away with fortunes. Many weary miles he went, by day and night, and the hours were full of sorrow. Sick at heart, he travelled the barren roads, with no one to cheer him on his way or say a kind word. He would sometimes make his bed beside a haystack, and watch the moon and stars until sleep closed his eyes; but if rain fell, and he was ill and very tired, he would bargain for a bed at a wayside inn, where he might sleep comfortably, and have his clothes put to dry. How gloomy was the task! And when he should come to his journey's end he would not know which way to turn.

When he came within twenty or thirty miles of London, he felt sure that he should die if he tried to walk any farther. He leaned against a milestone—"London, 28 miles"—and inquired of a carrier who was passing with his waggon if there was a railway station near. He was told there was one about two miles off; and the carrier, saying he was going that way, offered Tim a ride, which he gratefully accepted.

At the station they said the London train would be due in about two hours, so Tim went into the waiting-room, and slept before the fire, using his bundle for a pillow. Sleep before a fire, to one thoroughly cold and almost too tired to move, is indeed refreshing. The bitter memories of the day were gone. He did not dream, but slept so soundly that he seemed not to exist.

At length the train clattered away with him to King's Cross Station, where the platform was crowded with people, bustling each other to get away. The wondrous

size of the place astounded him, and he stood, with his bundle in his hand, like one lost. He turned to go, but was puzzled in getting out of the big building, and when he did do so his amazement was increased. Cabs and omnibuses rolled along in every direction, and crowds of people thronged the pavements. Men, women, and children ran about, shouting and talking on all sides. He had not gone far, when a young man politely offered to carry his bundle for him, and disappeared with it, without asking him where he wished to go. He followed the thief as fast as his aching legs would carry him, to recover his property; but he was knocked down by a passing cab, and nearly run over. His shoulder bled, and he was miserable. He knew not where to go, or what to do.

What a mighty place he had got to; and still, out of all the multitude, none knew him to speak to him or help him! He became so wretched and low-spirited that he could not help thinking he should like to die. He could not dismiss the thought—there was a charm in it. For hours he had passed along the crowded footpaths, feeling that he must go on, on, on; though he knew not where. Every place was thronged with busy folk, for ever coming and for ever going, as though they were machines, and the whole task of their lives was to rush about from morning till night. They did not seem to have any time to think of anybody or anything but themselves. Lords and murderers, dukes and hawkers were all there. Vehicles of all sorts and sizes, from a donkey-car with a shaky old man, to the fancy brougham with powdered flunkies, twisted about; and engines screamed along between the houseposts. How many strange people, and how differently dressed!—silks and satins and shabby gowns; ragged coats and new black cloth; well-dressed rogues and shabby ones; well-dressed gentlemen and shabby ones. How many strange faces! Knitted brows and curled lips, with fierce look and solemn stride, smiling and whistling and swinging sticks. There were the short-sighted with spectacles; the one-armed and the one-legged—a medley throng of young and old, merry and sad; and all eager for life in any form. Hundreds with uncomfortable homes; hundreds without homes; thousands miserable; and not one thoroughly contented and happy.

These were Tim's thoughts as he went in

search of work and a resting-place. Rain fell with the darkness, and he stood in a passage for shelter, trying to summon up courage to meet the worst, whatever might befall him. Shop windows and lamps were lit, and carriages rolled along thicker and faster. He noticed that many stopped a few yards off. He went to the place, and found it to be the entrance to a theatre. Ladies in long shining robes were tripping from the carriages to the carpeted corridors. He remembered scenes at Wiggleton, and he could not help but smile when he pictured Dick and himself in the pantomime.

He bought a pennyworth of hot potatoes for his supper, and turned to find a bed for the night. He saw a card, "Beds," in a small greengrocer's shop window, and he made arrangements to sleep there. He went at once to his bed-room—a cold, wet chamber, with black marks on the walls where the rain had penetrated. He sat on a box beside the window, and buried his head in his hands. A feeling of faintness came over him, which he could not resist. His mouth was parched and his head ached. He could feel the blood rushing to his face, and knew that consciousness was gradually leaving him. He knew he was fainting, although he had never done so before. To banish the sensation, he stood up, and immediately there was a jarring all over him. The blood tingled in his veins, and he felt that his head was being galvanized.

He remembered nothing more until he found himself on the floor, waking as from a sleep. The candle had burnt to the socket, and went out with a sputter as he staggered to the box again. The doors of his home were still open to receive him; and his dear mother and father—God bless them!—waiting to forgive him and take him back with a blessing. Still, starvation was staring him grimly in the face, and all because his little heart was stubborn and hardened as Pharaoh's. And who hardened the heart of Pharaoh? Could he go back again? No, he would not. What if the home was no longer his? What if, in turning back, he met with contempt? No; he would not turn back again, if he died in the gutter. He would live the life, relying on the Providence that brings to every one—lord and beggar—the result of his own deeds. "As ye sow ye shall reap." What had he sown? Disobedience. Neverthe-

less, he would sow again, and time would work changes in his favour.

A man stood under his window, in the rain, grinding an organ—"Home, sweet Home."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### MR. TRENCH GIVES A DINNER.

DICK BUFTON, whom we left at the Red Lion Inn, suffering from a wound at the back of his head, improved every hour under the care of Maggie, and in a day or two regained his usual health and strength. He was sorry Tim had escaped his father. He feared he might have fallen in Tim's estimation, in spite of the kind note to the contrary; and almost regretted what he had done, although it was for Tim's good. He could not regret his visit to Peckfield—even taking into consideration that he had been knocked on the head—for Maggie had made him happy. Nearly every day he went in the fields with her, and he would often tell her what wonderful things he intended doing in the future. He would have a large house some day, with marble statues on the staircase, a library of a thousand volumes, and paintings, pictures, and carpets all over the house.

One morning Dick accidentally fell across the signboard, and his curiosity led him to examine it carefully. He wiped the dust away, and went for spirits of wine. He worked again at the sign, and behold there came to light a lion's paw; then came another paw; and, finally, a lion complete.

"Trench will go off his head when he sees this lion," said Dick to himself. "I must hide it for awhile, and seek out mine host."

In the sitting-room he found Mr. and Mrs. Trench, and Maggie.

"Here's Dick," said Trench. "We've something to tell you, my unlucky friend. Why, you are looking as strong as a lion again—not a red lion. I say, owd woman, that's a good joke."

"What is the news?" asked Dick.

"Well, Dick, this is it: I am going to give a dinner—a really good English dinner—the night before you go away. What with one thing an' another, your running away, an' Rooke's son running away, an' both of yer meeting with one another, an' yer coming here agin, an' then getting your head smashed—and a play-actor, too!—what wi' one thing an' another, you've g'n us

some-thing to talk about for years, and we're going to celebrate your—your”—

"Departure," suggested Maggie.

"Yes, departure," continued Trench. "An' the best of it is, Dick, we like yer, we like yer—everybody, even Maggie, likes yer, an' th' owd pony."

"I'm sure you are very kind," said Dick.

"Now, 'owd your noise, Dick—don't mind about that, we're goin' to"—

"Are you obliged to go on Thursday?" interrupted Maggie; "can't you stay a little longer?"

She smiled so lovingly that it almost made him waver in his determination.

"No, Maggie, I wish I could—my engagement compels me to leave on Thursday."

"Well, then," observed Mr. Trench, emphatically, "the dinner must take place on Wednesday evening."

"And we'll have a treat, and not half a one," said Trench, dancing round the table, and holding his pipe above his head—"a nice party of owd chums, not many—Mr. and Mrs. Rooke, Mr. Purden, Mr. and Mrs. Bulwin, Mr. and Mrs. Trowtman, Mulber, Dick and Maggie, myself an'—an' th' owd woman. My love, I'm always a-callin' you owd, I know; but you remember what Mr. Purden said when we were at Rooke's on Christmas Eve—we generally call things owd that we love. Talking of Christmas Eve makes me think o' that signboard."

"Have you seen it, then, lately?" asked Dick.

"No, Dick, I've not."

"Then go and look at it now, and you will see—what you will see. It's a fine sight now. I've put it in the brewhouse."

Mr. and Mrs. Trench hurried off at once to see what they should see, and when they returned they were full of glad surprise at what they had seen. How some of Trench's friends would stare who had always maintained there never was a lion on the sign! He should thank Dick for his discovery as long as he lived. Trench hurried back to the sitting-room, and was about to deliver a long oration, when he found Dick had gone, and Maggie too!

"Oh, I see 'em!" he said, walking up to the window—"I see 'em! There they go, out for a walk in the fields, as usual, without staying to see what I said about the sign. Never mind, it will do when Dick comes

back. What a rare fellow he is! I reckon that is the finest discovery that has been made this century—in a small way!"

#### MARIE.

**A** CROSS the far blue hills, Marie,  
The mellow moon looks wistfully,  
And folds us lingering sadly here—  
This last, last time for many a year.  
Farewell, farewell, I pass from thee,  
Across the sad hills, love Marie!

Across the far blue hills, Marie,  
The same sweet moon shall shine on thee;  
When drawing nigh to this dear place,  
With tears upon thy wan, sweet face,  
Thou'lt yearn and stretch sad hands for me,  
Across the sad hills, love Marie.

Across the happy hills, Marie,  
With happy steps I come to thee;  
The years of parting all are o'er,  
We twain shall part on earth no more.  
Come forth, come forth to welcome me,  
Across the happy hills, Marie!

Across the shadowy hills, Marie,  
I come, I pause, I look for thee.  
I only find a mossed head-stone—  
A little legend graved thereon,  
That tells me thou art gone from me,  
Across Death's dim hills, love Marie.

Across the bars of Heaven, Marie,  
Look from thy place in love on me,  
And cheer me while I linger here,  
Lone toiling through each lonely year,  
Till God shall bid me come to thee,  
Across the far hills, love Marie!

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

#### WRITTEN WITH A PURPOSE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

**T**HE American citizen who visits England for the first time sees a great deal to admire: more than he can see anywhere else on the face of the globe, let him brag of Paris and *La Belle France* never so loudly. Both in town and country he encounters something totally different from anything he has ever seen before. In town he finds, perhaps, no one commercial street so fine as the Broadway which he has left behind him; but he finds at least a score of commercial streets, any one of which is finer than any commercial street in America *except* Broadway. The massive, antiquated, and—to him—quaint architecture which meets his eye at every turn has a peculiar fascination for him—a fascination which an Englishman, "to the manner born," will have some difficulty in comprehending. Unlike the gay, new,

marble-fronted edifices which he has been accustomed to admire in New York or Washington, the buildings here in London betoken age, stability, and long-enduring prosperity. If he be a connoisseur in works of art, he finds at the National Gallery, at the South Kensington Museum, and elsewhere, such means of cultivating his taste as will to a very great extent destroy his admiration of any exhibitions of a similar character to be found on the American continent. If he be a lover of books, he finds at the colossal establishment in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, a vast collection compared with which the largest literary collections of his native land seem like private libraries. If he be a *bon vivant*, he can gratify his palate with such exquisitely cooked edibles as he will call for in vain even at such palatial and well-ordered establishments as the Fifth Avenue, the Grand Central, the St. Nicholas, or the Astor. If he be an habitual playgoer, he, for the first time in his life, sees acting which bears some resemblance to reality. To be sure, he can always see one or two good actors on the stage at Booth's, at Wallack's, or at Niblo's; but at the best London theatres he sees that the judicious acting is not confined to one or two: he sees every character in the piece sustained by an artist whose soul is in his work. The First Gravedigger, Roderigo, and Hubert hold the mirror up to nature no less faithfully than Hamlet, Othello, and the Bastard. Hereafter, he will read Shakespeare with greater zest than ever; and many passages will have quite a new meaning for him.

In the country, more especially during the spring and early summer, the difference between England and America is perhaps even more distinctly marked than in town. The smooth, hard, level roads; the high state of cultivation; the beautiful, trim-looking hedges, redolent of roses and sweetbriar; the meadows profusely besprinkled with cowslips and primroses; and the innumerable quaint little green lanes, leading apparently to nowhere, all combine to induce the American traveller to pronounce this fair realm of England to be one huge landscape-garden. And if he be so fortunate as to find friends in the country—if he receive and accept an invitation to spend a fortnight at an English gentleman's country house—his visit will be a green spot in his memory to the latest hour of his life.

Another circumstance which materially contributes to his enjoyment, if he be a scholarly man, and well read in English history, is the fact that, from the moment when he sets foot upon English soil, he treads upon classic ground. He knows all about the circumstances under which Magna Charta was signed, and is perfectly familiar with the death of Thomas à Beckett; and now he visits Runnymede and Canterbury. He has read of Tewkesbury, of Marston Moor, and of Chalgrove Field; and now he sees those spots, not only with his mental, but also with his bodily eye; and is probably somewhat astonished—as I most certainly was—to find that the yeomanry in the neighbourhood of the last-named place never heard the name of John Hampden. He finds himself, let us say, in the neighbourhood of Toddington, in Bedfordshire; and Macaulay's touching passage about Lady Henrietta Wentworth at once recurs to his recollection. He sets out to inspect the tree whereon the Duke of Monmouth carved the name of that ill-starred lady; and it is only with the utmost difficulty—owing to the family having become extinct—that he succeeds in finding the former seat of the Wentworths. At last, however, he finds the identical tree, and bears away a piece of the bark in triumph. He also pays a visit to the "sumptuous mausoleum" mentioned by the historian, in the neighbouring parish church, and reads the inscription thereon. Altogether, he finds considerable difficulty in persuading himself that he is wide-awake. He has dreamed of all these things for years, but never expected to see them; and now that they are presented to him in succession, he can hardly persuade himself that the whole thing is not another dream, from which he is destined presently to awaken.

Such, at all events, were my own feelings upon the occasion of my first visit to this country, in the spring and summer of the year of grace 1871. Never in my life have I experienced such warm, such profuse, such unbounded kindness and hospitality. Many causes contributed to make me feel proud of my descent from English stock. An English gentleman is, I honestly believe, the noblest specimen of humanity to be found in the world; always excepting—and that not alone on the score of gallantry—an English lady. And having premised so much, I trust that the animadversions in which I am about to indulge will be re-

ceived in good part, and will not be set down to the democratic prejudice which is by some persons regarded as inseparable from the American character. So far as I know my own mind, I can conscientiously avouch that I have no prejudices whatever with respect to England and Englishmen, except in their favour. But there is one grievance incidental to life in this country which appears so odious in my eyes that I claim the privilege of a hearing upon the subject.

This grievance is the system of GRATUITIES, which, so far as I can learn, is universally prevalent from one end of the country to the other. I have the less hesitation in expressing my views about it, from the circumstance that it is acknowledged to be a grievance, by every Englishman with whom I have conversed upon the subject.

I suppose I need hardly deem it necessary to say that such things as gratuities are unknown in America as part of a regularly organized system, except in the case of professional beggars—a class which happily meets with very slight encouragement there; for on the other side of the Atlantic, no man who is in reasonable bodily health, and willing to earn his living, has any occasion to beg. It would perhaps be more strictly accurate to say that gratuities *were* unknown in America until the last year or two, during which time European travellers have been doing their best—or worst—to introduce the shameful system. I am truly thankful, for the sake of my countrymen, to be able to state that the success of these voluntary experimentalists has been very partial indeed. The experiments have been tried upon a class of persons very different from the ordinary English servant. The average American servant or waiter is not a high-minded gentleman; he would experience no conscientious scruples at getting the better of you in a pecuniary transaction; but he at least has the feelings of a man, no less than his betters in social position. The man who would offer a gratuity to an American servant or mechanic for replying to a civil question, or even for performing an inconsiderable service, would, in nine cases out of ten, have good reason for repenting of his conduct. For my own part, I would almost as soon think of insulting an ordinary American of humble degree by offering him a gratuity, as I would think of pro-

posing a game of whisky-poker to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

My experience of the gratuity system dates from the time when I had been in England about thirty seconds. The moment I disembarked at Liverpool, I walked forward into the large cattle-pen where passengers' trunks and luggage are supposed to be subjected to the scrutiny of the Custom House officials. I say "supposed to be," because, in point of fact, they are, as a rule, only subjected to such scrutiny in the event of their owner's neglecting to espouse the gratuity system by "tipping" half-a-crown—or it may be a few pence—to the person whose duty it is to examine his luggage. I was asked if I had any cigars or tobacco in my trunks. I replied in the negative; and was proceeding to unlock and unstrap them one after another, for the official's inspection, when I received from him a gentle, insinuating nudge on the shoulder. I looked up; and then, for the first time in my life, I saw the face of a veritable Jerry Sneak. He placed his knuckles up to his forehead, and then, with a sort of wheezy grunt, commenced rapidly moving his eyes from my breast to the ground, and *vice versa*—he had not sufficient manhood to look as high as my face. I had never been subjected to anything of this kind before, but I had read of it; and there was no misunderstanding his pitiful, hand-dog gestures. If ever actions spoke louder than words could possibly have done, they did on this occasion. With a smile of unconcealed contempt, I slipped half-a-crown into his apparently unconscious hand, and for that sum purchased the privilege of relocking my trunks without any further inspection, and going on my way rejoicing. For all he knew to the contrary, I might have a hundredweight of choice Virginia in those trunks. He neither knew nor cared what was in them. He had his *douceur*, and had done his duty to his country, like a pious and faithful official.

From the time when I first saw this expression on the face of the official, as above mentioned, I have been able to sympathize with Swift's description of the Yahoos to an extent which before I should have thought impossible. I have often seen the expression since. Not to mince matters, I see it every day. I see it, in fact, every time I dine or lunch at an hotel or coffee-house. I see it every time I ask a policeman the way to anywhere. I see it every time I ask the

simplest question of a railway official. In short, I see it every time I have occasion to accost any person who may be supposed to be beneath my own degree in life. And I never see it that I do not feel a contempt and loathing for its owner such as words are wholly inadequate to express. I never see it that I don't wonder at the audacious satire of the author of that patriotic song, of which the chorus is—

“Britons never shall be slaves.”

I never see it without feeling an almost overpowering twitching of the muscles of my right leg, urging me to apply my foot to that portion of his anatomy which it is unbecoming to minutely particularize. (N.B. The latter impulse doubtless has its origin in that culpable rowdiness so inherent in the trans-Atlantic character.) There is nothing under Heaven base or disgusting enough to compare to that expression. Do you suggest the expression in the countenance of a sneak-thief detected in the fact? Down on your knees, sir, and beg the blackguard's pardon. His countenance is majesty itself, “Hypocrite to a satyr,” in comparison.

I am informed that it is only of late years that this gratuity system has attained its present dimensions, and that it is every year extending its ramifications. All I can say is, that I sincerely hope, for England's sake, that this account is not true. It is manifestly to that class which derives benefit from the system that the nation would have to look to swell its armies in the event of a foreign war, for this class seems to include all persons beneath the rank of gentleman. I should certainly think that nothing short of the direct interposition of Heaven can save the nation that has to rely upon such materials for its defence. A human being, in order to fight well, either in the field or elsewhere, must have some glimmering of manliness and self-respect in his composition; and I have not yet been able to detect any trace of either sentiment in the class alluded to. I have stated my opinion of the English gentleman, and may perhaps be allowed to state my opinion of the English flunkey; which I cannot more emphatically do than by declaring that he has been debased by the gratuity system until he has become the antithesis of his master.

But the system is not only disgraceful and impolitic in the senses above enlarged upon: it is built upon a foundation of shameful

dishonesty and imposition. I take up my quarters at an hotel. A price is set upon the food I call for, which is not calculated according to the mere cost of the food itself, with a reasonable profit thereon; but a liberal per centage is added for the rent of the building, and the cost of cooking and attendance. This price I have to pay for the food alone, and then I find in my bill an additional charge for attendance as a separate item. This, one would suppose to be sufficiently anomalous; but, as Hamlet says, “worse remains behind.” This item for attendance—attendance for which I thus have to pay twice over—goes into the pocket, not of the attendant, but of the landlord. I am then called upon to pay the attendant out of my own pocket; thus paying for his services three times over. Englishmen are ready to sneer at Americans upon the ground that they worship the dollar, and that they are not over-scrupulous as to the means to which they resort to obtain wealth. I hope and believe that there are few American pickpockets or thimble-riggers who would not scorn such shameful trickery as this, which is resorted to by every inn-keeper in England.

I could say much more; but I suspect I have already said quite as much as will prove agreeable to the palate of the English readers of this magazine. To my own countrymen, I would simply say, in conclusion, Don't *you* countenance this infamous gratuity system. Our little transactions in wooden hams and nutmegs have already given us an unenviable notoriety. Don't let us descend still lower, by leaving our servants' wages to be paid by our guests, in the shape of gratuities.

FLAKE WHYTE, ESQ., R.A.

ARE you an unwashed Londoner? Then you know where Flake Whyte lives—just where the sooty Cockney spends his Saturday half-holiday, or his Sunday whole one—near up there above Chiswick, where Father Thames, in glittering attire, coquettes with Mother Earth in vernal gaiety. Do you go by water? The old gentleman will carry you upon his bosom, and surely you will find the place I mean, where, sloping down to the old fellow's side, like nature's apron studded with golden beads and fringed with green, is Flake Whyte's lawn, while the narrow line of path at the top completes the idea as an apron string.

Beyond the path, white as a snow flake, and, like nature herself, shining through its dressings of trellis-work and variegated creeper, stands Flake Whyte House. It is a picture in itself—as, of course, the production of an artist would be—and almost as many people rest upon their oars and admire it as crowd the Royal Academy to see other efforts by the same hand. We are trespassing, however, and it would not be polite to enter by the back door; moreover, we should miss the charming panorama of the hall. Once entered there, and you might be forgiven for not knowing exactly where you were. Italy is blooming on your right hand, and Switzerland upon your left. Roman colonnades confront you, while Derbyshire crags and North Wales scenery are not beyond your view. Everything is spick and span perfection here, and use is blended with ornament in a remarkable degree. A bust of Michael Angelo surmounts a pedestal in close proximity to the umbrella stand, of which he is the trusty guardian; while a hat-rack hard by the portals of the Coliseum relieves us of the necessity of wearing those barbarous articles during our temporary stay.

Should it be surmised, however, that precision, order, and firm rule are the natural characteristics of Flake Whyte, there would be obvious injustice somewhere, both to that gentleman and the Queen of his domestic government. Had Flake White been a tidy man he would never have been an R.A. There are certain characteristics which attach themselves to all professions, without which success is a visionary thing. Who ever heard of a singer who attained lasting popularity without the aid of moustachios? And upon the same principle let history bear witness what painter of enduring fame was ever known to descend to the vulgarity of hair-cutting without a corresponding diminution in his influence on art. Mr. Flake Whyte is no exception to this unbending law; and it is well for him that in the affectionate person of his larger portion orderly deportment is a stronger rule.

Mr. Flake Whyte is rather below the middle height, and, like all little people, has an excellent opinion of himself. He is wont to observe that had he never entertained higher views of his own abilities than his friends held of them, he should never have been in a position to tell them that he knew better than they did.

The first step to triumph is the accurate estimate of one's resources; and if Mr. Flake Whyte's discernment of the elements of success has resulted in the expansion of his fortune and his fame, surely he has a right to assume equal prestige with one who, in the same time, may have extended his physiological development an accidental inch. At any rate, so it is; and those who know him best are least disposed to quarrel with the dignity which is rather real than apparent.

His studio is the mirror of himself—as, indeed, all men's studies are their truest photographs; but we must mind how we enter here. Dummies of every description are standing about, looking uncommonly real. An Indian with a javelin, in one corner, threatens us with uncomfortable consequences if we disturb the artist's solitude. Drawings of all kinds of legs, arms, and curious anatomy adorn the walls, like illustrated bills of fare to suit the sanguinary Indian's palate. Empty frames stand all about the room, and rise in nondescript pyramids from the seats of occasional chairs. A small piece of black canvas surmounts the chimney glass, which was once a picture, though at present it is doubtful what of. In the absence of better description, it represents most effectively a night scene during the moon's vacation and before the invention of gas; while the glass beneath bears record, round its edges, of the innumerable Browns and Smiths who have visited Mr. Flake Whyte, during a period not exceeding a quarter of a century, in such plentitude as would supply a moderate engraver with stock-in-trade for a month.

In the other corner, with his back to the window, and obscured from anything but close observation by the easel, is the veritable R.A. himself. We have not interrupted him, he says—he has just left off at a convenient place for beginning again. In the cool of the evening he will resume his employment, and in the meantime he has no objection to a chat. He is not the victim of hard work that he used to be. He can lay his pencil down at will now, and take up something of the same shape, which goes into his mouth.

These preliminaries are generally followed by the opening of the studio casement, the leaning back in his easy chair, the stretching out of his legs, and the watching of the river rolling on, getting fainter and fainter in the distance, until he nods it a familiar farewell, and the reality dissolves into a



dream. He designs all his great pictures in this position; and therein is illustrated how great events from little causes spring. His celebrated cartoon of "Achilles' Wrath" was suggested by the actions of a Thames Conservancy inspector towards a gentleman of the agricultural interest from Whitechapel; while his "Antony and Cleopatra" was drawn from the happiest pair of lovers that ever glided with the running stream. When Flake Whyte was a young man, he was a Cockney, and it was in one of his sketching trips that he first discovered Flake Whyte House. It was not called Flake Whyte House then, being inhabited by an old gentleman and his daughter, who were satisfied with the modest title of Rose Cottage. It is inhabited by the daughter still; but she has changed her name, and the house has followed her example, both of them going for better for worse.

The most successful picture Flake Whyte ever painted contributed to this end. It was of the two. He called it "Paradise and the Peri," the former being represented by the house, the latter looking out upon the garden from what is now the studio window. Flake Whyte did not know her name then; but he did not think he should be far wrong in describing her thus. He was, moreover, not without hopes that his drawing of her might lead to an introduction to her. And so it was that in the Royal Academy exhibition of that year, although labelled "A Scene on the Clyde," many people fancied they had seen something very much like it who had never been farther north than Islington in their lives; and so it was, also, that the old gentleman, her papa, was tempted to an extravagance in its purchase which, although he felt at the time was just a little bit injudicious at his time of life, as it led to the frequent and genial visits of Flake Whyte, he was prone subsequently to admit was not the worst outlay of his experience. Of course, the old gentleman was not so impolite as to intrude long upon the young couple whom nature and art had so effectively conspired to join, but died off, as a respectable old gentleman should, as soon as he had made all things comfortable for the young ones.

This is how Flake Whyte House became Flake Whyte House, and how both became the property of Flake Whyte. All was accomplished by one picture. But so it is with all triumphs in art. One great work esta-

blishes a reputation, and then the worst that an adverse critic can say is "that number so-and-so will not detract from its great originator's fame." Thus, as Flake Whyte observes, a man's great pictures preserve his name, and his name preserves his smaller pictures. He has his own theories of art, and he is seldom tired of discussing them; so much so, that in the absence of more communicative auditors his easel and his palette come in for large stores of edifying conversation.

"Professor Ruskin, you know," he says, "is all very well, but—"

And then he shakes his head. A wise man is Mr. Flake Whyte. A shake of the head involves nothing but dubiousness, and dubiousness is oftentimes the best friend of prudence. Nevertheless, "True to nature, true to art," was Flake Whyte's motto long before he knew there was a Ruskin in the world. Mrs. Flake Whyte, moreover, is not without her influence in the formation of her husband's views. It was her discrimination that discerned the artistic power in the "Scene on the Clyde," already referred to; and it is but natural that the critic who contributed so much to his first success should be employed in the formation of his others. She is of larger proportions than her husband, and is unquestionably handsome, and of majestic mien.

Artists always look out for quantity in the modicum of beauty which forms the centre figure of their domestic pictures, and Flake Whyte has been particularly happy in his choice. The lady, besides being all that could be desired, and possessing those qualities which her worthy husband lacked, presented him at an early period of their partnership with a miniature image of herself; and if the twenty years that have swiftly intervened have robbed her of brightness and elasticity, it is because they were wanted for her daughter, who is now the photograph of what she was twenty years "lang syne."

So Flake Whyte, without being a Mormon, derives all the benefit of having two wives, without the disadvantage of jealousy on the one hand, or penal consequences on the other. Mrs. Flake Whyte is responsible for the stereotyped neatness of the domestic arrangements; and, indeed, every part of the house except the studio unmistakably acknowledges her handiwork. The solitary exception we have indicated is the only spot—save, perhaps, her own heart—in

which that lady submits to the government of its presiding genius. She seldom, however, avails herself of the opportunity for so doing, avoiding the necessity of keeping unpalatable laws by steering clear of their jurisdiction.

Flake Whyte does not resent this apparent neglect, for he does not feel altogether certain that her frequent visits might not end in his ruin; seeing that upon such occasions as she has found time to enter the sacred apartment, she has been seized with an inadequate ambition to set things to rights, and the result, in five minutes, has been sufficient to involve poor Flake Whyte in a week's discomfort and confusion.

Flo Whyte—Florence is her name—inherits her father's romantic tendencies; and is, therefore, his much more constant companion. They meet upon a common understanding. Here he calls her Peter. It would not do downstairs, you know; but up here, who cares? And so, mixing his colours divides her attention with crochet and the "Last Rose of Summer" with variations. She accompanies all his sketching expeditions, and occupies a variety of positions in many of his pictures. His pictures come from his heart, and there is much of his family there; and that they should have a tendency to mingle is a happy and a natural result. Peter, moreover, has considerable powers of mimicry, which enable her to assume with equal felicity the character of Juliet observing astronomical analogy in Romeo, or her Majesty Victoria the First receiving the embassy from Timbuctoo at Paul's Wharf Pier. This is one reason why she is called Peter, because she is so skilful in being one thing and seeming another.

These are obviously the palmy days of Flake Whyte's experience. He did not always possess a model so much to his liking; and he can remember the time when he declared, in a storm of righteous indignation, that if they did not hang his next picture at the Academy he would hang himself at home. But now they exhibit every one he sends, and it is rarely that a single one returns. It was a difficult thing to find subjects for his canvas then; but now he has whole continents in his eye, which, when they have been buried in his heart, will in their resurrection adorn his country's halls. His country does not forget him, moreover; and although, happily,

he has received more sovereigns than have received him, he has not been without opportunities of airing his Court suit. It is even hinted in select circles that royalty has been so much pleased with his recent efforts as to render it not at all unlikely that a golden handle will shortly be affixed to his name, for the more convenient handling of it down to posterity.

It is hard to say who is looking forward to this interesting event with the greater pleasure—Peter or the Court suit. Peter says she shall go with him; but you must not take any notice of what she says, for no Peter always speaks the truth.

But the tea-bell rings, and we are invited to descend. We meet Peter about half-way, coming up to fetch the knight presumptive. She is not much embarrassed at meeting strangers—she has seen a great many in the course of her life; and so, by hands well accustomed to the way, we are piloted without much difficulty to the little red parlour of Flake Whyte House.

They are early people, the Flake Whytes. It suits his work best, he says. You cannot paint much after dinner, nor in the burning afternoon heat; so economy is effected by dining early, and having the burning heat and the after-dinner at the same time. Besides, if they are invited out to dinner, which is not unfrequently the case, it affords them an opportunity of having two dinners in one day, which is an advantage not to be lightly esteemed by any right-thinking man. The morning and the evening are the periods of inspiration; while ten o'clock rings the curfew to the dependencies of Flake Whyte. Thus, tea-time is early, because everything else is early, and happy for the self-same reason. The board is as bright as silver and glass can make it; the casement opens to the cooling breeze and the view of the winding river; and it is hard if, with the addition of Peter's prattling conversation, we do not thoroughly enjoy the uninebriating cup. Flake Whyte occupies his easy chair, and Mrs. Whyte presides over the dispensing; while Peter sits anywhere or everywhere, with a greater preference for her father's knee than anywhere else when there is no one by to make rude remarks. Welcome is a word that they thoroughly understand; and it is their visitor's fault if he does not discover a new meaning to that word before he has been with them long. And should you visit them

again—though Flake Whyte may be not at home, and though Peter may be somewhere near him—it is doing her no more than justice to observe that, even deserted by such powerful allies, Mrs. Whyte is a host in herself sufficient to bear you hospitable entertainment befitting that lady and her lord.

#### DEAN STANLEY.

THE very Reverend Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is the son of a clergyman who was at one time in the navy, and who—though he was made Bishop of Norwich—was always a good deal more remarkable for his knowledge of natural history than for his theological learning.

He was educated at Rugby School, under Arnold, afterwards proceeding to Balliol, where he won a scholarship. The Broad Church leader's University course was distinguished by a series of successes, ending, in 1837, in his taking a First Class in Classics. He was elected to a fellowship at University; and for many years, and with signal success and popularity, Dean Stanley discharged the duties of tutor of his college.

He was afterwards Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church.

Nearly thirty years ago, Dean Stanley first became known to the world of letters outside the limits of his University by the publication, in 1844, of his admirably written "Life of Arnold."

He is also the author of many volumes of sermons and lectures, and has contributed largely to periodical literature.

He travelled in the East with the Prince of Wales, and was, no doubt, a most suitable chaplain, and appreciated by his Royal Highness at his true worth. When in the East, Dr. Stanley let his beard grow long, which gave him a patriarchal appearance he does not wear in London, where many are familiar with the figure of the small, thin, spiritual-looking man who is Dean of Westminster. Dr. Stanley's views in Church matters are well known. He is a leader of the Broad Church party, is always for the fullest amount of religious liberty for everybody, is a friend of Dr. Colenso's, and was a subscriber to the Voysey Defence Fund.

Dr. Stanley succeeded the present Archbishop Trench in the Deanery of Westminster, in 1864. His official position at the

Abbey Church has placed upon him the duty of preaching a funeral sermon over the mortal remains of several very great men. Dean Stanley has preached, after their burial in the national mausoleum, the funeral sermons of Charles Dickens, Grote, and other eminent men. Such a painful task could not have fallen into abler or more friendly hands.

The Dean's prominent figure among the ecclesiastical reformers has subjected him to much severe criticism. In that pretty Church speech at Oxford, in the month of November, 1864, when Mr. Disraeli told the world that he espoused the side of the angels, he alluded thus to the labours of Stanley, Jowett, and Maurice:—

"I do perfect justice to the great talent, the great energy, and the considerable information which the new party command; but I believe that this new party in the Church will fail, for two reasons. In the first place, having examined all their writings, I believe without an exception—whether they consist of fascinating eloquence, diversified learning, and picturesque sensibility—I speak seriously what I feel—all these exercised, too, by one honoured in this great University, and whom to know is to admire and regard—or whether I find them in the cruder conclusions of prelates, who appear to me to have commenced their theological studies after they grasped the crozier, and who introduced to society their obsolete discoveries . . . or whether I read the lucubrations of nebulous professors, who appear in their style to have revived chaos . . . or, lastly, whether it be the provincial arrogance and precipitate self-complacency which flash and glare in an essay or review—I find this common characteristic of all their writings, that their learning is always second-hand."

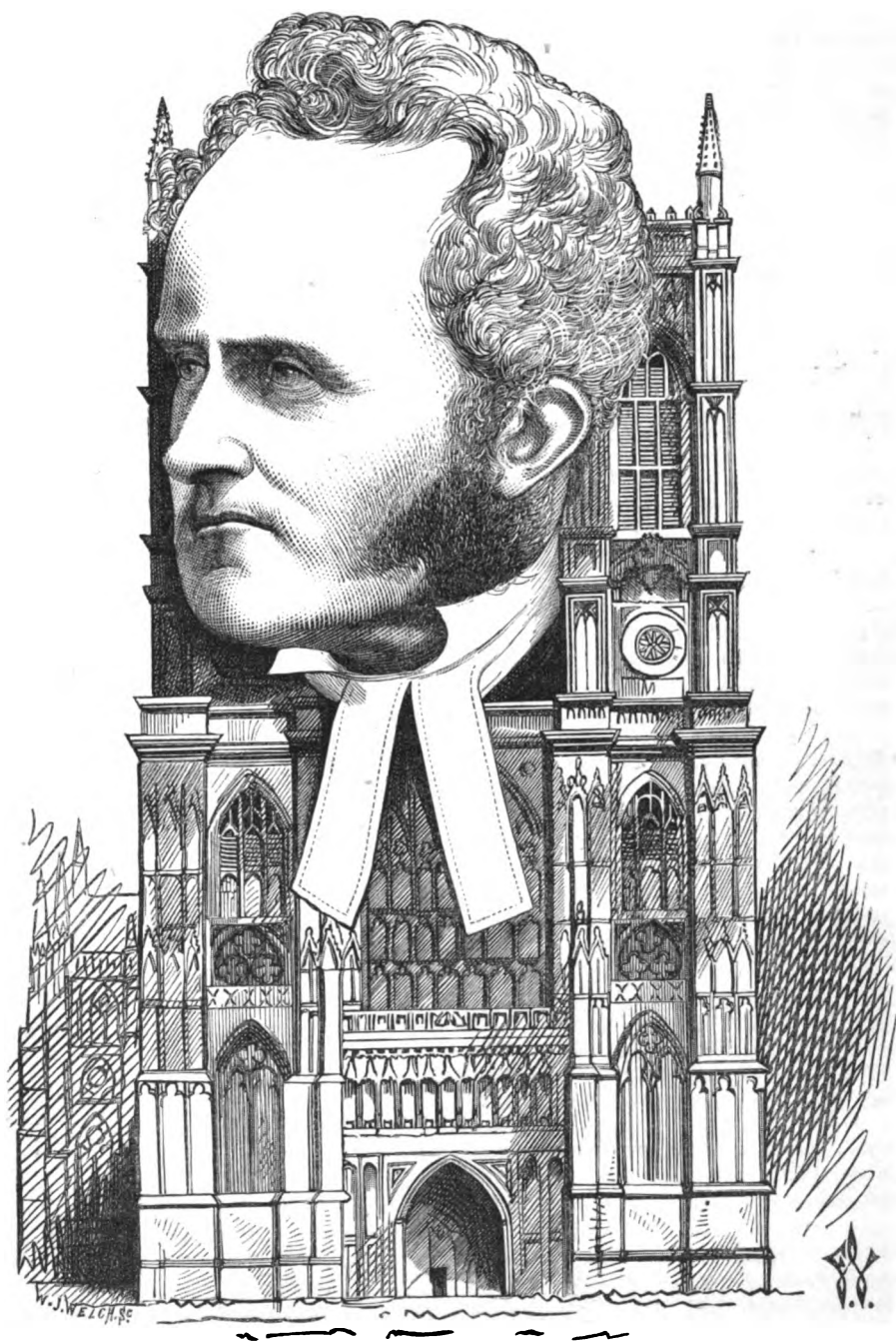
Notwithstanding such criticism, the "new school" still lives, and very likely now Mr. Disraeli himself would be prepared to treat it with more respect.

#### BY RULE OF THUMB.

##### CHAPTER XXX.

STRUCK DOWN.

A CROWD of people, who had been attracted by the sounds and rumour of the fray between Fletcher and Perez, now poured into the supper-room, and stood



Once a Week.]

[November 9, 1872.

“BROAD CHURCH.”

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about Perez, who had risen to his feet, and was looking fiercely round for his enemy.

"What is it?" cried one.

"Only a bit of a turn-up between two swells."

"This one seems to have got a hot un!"

"Aye, but here are the police. Come round, come round—don't let them see him."

"Now then, what is the row here?" exclaimed a policeman, splitting the assembly like a wedge.

But as all disturbance had ceased, and no one made any charge, he soon walked off again without taking anybody, innocent or guilty, into custody.

Perez, half mad with drink, pain, and rage, had yet instinctively secreted the knife about his person; and now he wanted to make the round of the gardens, and take summary vengeance on Fletcher then and there; but some good-natured persons enticed him away, he all the while muttering—

"I'll kill him—I'll kill him, I tell you! Where is he? I'll kill him!"

"And serve him right too," said one who knew how to guide a drunken man. "But he is not here, he has gone home. The gentleman said he would send a friend to call on you in the morning; so you had better go home, and get a night's rest."

"To-morrow be —, I must see him to-night!"

"Well, then, you will find him at the Temperance Hotel, in Marlborough-street. Was not that the address he gave, Jack?"

"Aye, that was it."

And so they coaxed him off the premises and into a cab, which whirled him back to town, muttering curses, grasping the handle of his knife, and looking right and left at all the passengers he passed—thinking, in his delirium, that his enemy might be amongst them.

At the corner of a street, and just as the cab had passed a waggon heavily laden with vegetables, rumbling and jolting on its sluggish way to Covent-garden Market, he saw two men on the pavement, suddenly and for a moment lit up by the flood of light which poured from the opening door of a gin-palace, one of whom bore to his distempered imagination the likeness of Fletcher. Shouting to the driver to stop, he opened the door and sprang from the vehicle—slipped, stumbled, and fell.

The waggon came on—there was a scream, a horrible crunch which turned the cabman sick, the plunging of horses, and the shouting of the waggoners. A crowd assembled, a shutter was taken from the public-house near at hand, a mangled body disentangled from amongst the waggon wheels and horses' feet and placed upon it, and borne carefully to St. George's Hospital.

Half an hour afterwards, one of the head surgeons, who was returning from a visit to a case which particularly interested him, and who had gone in the middle of the night to be present at an expected crisis, passed through the ward where Perez lay, and heard the name "William Fletcher" read by the night surgeon who stood by the bedside.

"What case is that?—a bad accident, I hear."

"Yes," said the younger doctor. "A man run over by a waggon—fracture of the sternum, injuring the lungs. He will hardly live through the night."

"Did you say William Fletcher? I know a man of that name."

"Yes; they have found this letter upon him—there is no card case, and his linen is not marked, so that it is the only clue to his identity. It is addressed '*William Fletcher, Esq., Gordon's Inn.*'"

"That is my friend's address," said the other, moving hastily forward; "but he does not lie there. Let me see the letter. Why, the stamp is not defaced—it has not passed through the post. I will take this, and forward it in the morning to its right owner. He may be able to identify the patient."

On the following morning, Fletcher was aroused from a heavy sleep by a persistent hammering at his outer door, which at last forced him to get up, throw on a dressing-gown, thrust his feet into slippers, and go to see who the early intruder was. He found a servant of Dr. Tomlinson's there, and admitted him.

"Master has sent me with this, sir," said the man. "It was found on a young gentleman who was taken into the hospital last night, badly hurt."

But Fletcher hardly heard what was said, for he had recognized the handwriting of Mary. In spite of the presence of the man, he could not help tearing the envelope roughly, to get at what he expected was a farewell letter. The date—that of the day before they left London. How could that

be? Eh! what was all this?—hope, trust, and confidence in him; her father obliged, for certain reasons of which she was at present ignorant, to leave town at a moment's notice; all would be right in a short time. Then she was not married to that adventurer, or going to be; she had not left without sending him a message—she had not—but how had the letter miscarried? Could Perez have got hold of it surreptitiously? A light broke in upon him.

"How did you say that this letter came into your master's hands, John? Oh, here is his note. 'Bad accident—can't recover. This letter, addressed to you, found on person. Come and identify.' Did you hear what sort of man it was who met with this accident?"

"A youngish, good-looking gentleman, they said, sir, with black hair; but he was terrible spoilt, he was. But master's compliments, and he did not put it in his note, but he will be at St. George's by eight, if you would like to go and identify him."

Fletcher was at the hospital by the time appointed, and found that the sufferer had just expired. He saw the body, however, and, as he had expected, recognized the features of Don Carlos Perez—a few hours ago his mortal enemy, with whom he had been engaged in struggle; even yet the marks of the blow he had dealt him—and he felt as if he had committed sacrilege as he gazed upon them, so awful to the unaccustomed eye is death—were fresh on the livid face. And now he lay there, a poor crushed mass of senseless clay, without the power to strike, to plot, or even to curse: no man's enemy now!

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### THE TIME IS UP.

**E**DITH felt worse, in spite of the events of the preceding day. She could not rouse herself, or shake off either the depression which weighed down her mind or the lassitude which pervaded her frame. Feeling feverish and oppressed in the house, she had taken her seat on a rustic bench erected in the little garden which lay between the cottage and the burn. Beneath her feet, smooth pebbles of different colours had been rudely set in squares and circles, probably after the fashion of the first original tessellated pavement; while overhead a trellis-work—old, broken, and lightly put together, but thickly overgrown with rose,

honeysuckle, and clematis—formed an arbour which screened her from the sun.

She had never been much of a needle-woman; but the difficulty she had lately found in nailing her attention to a book had lent a new attraction to an occupation which allowed her to give her mind up freely to the thoughts which crowded upon it, and yet caused the time to pass somewhat less tardily. And so she was engaged in covering a piece of canvas with wools of various bright hues, while the sun smiled and the stream murmured, and the birds chirped around her, as if striving to divert her melancholy musings.

Why melancholy? She did not know. In spite of the confusion in her brain, she was quite conscious of the spell which had held herself and husband in bondage having been broken, and had felt her heart throb with joy that morning to see the glad light once more beaming from Mary's face, and to feel no fear of its becoming suddenly overclouded. And yet a dull feeling of apprehension gave a gloomy tinge to all her thoughts. Although the danger was past, the effect remained when the cause was removed.

Her mind travelled back through the years, recalling all the events of her life, as if she were gazing inwards on a moving panorama. Once more she was leading the unemotional existence of a twelvemonth ago. She saw her daughter—a blooming woman as she had stood that morning before her—a slim girl, a child, an infant. Once more she felt the ecstasy of knowing that she was a mother, and discovering for the first time what it was to love. Back and back went her memory to her own mother, to her marriage, to Arthur Lenard's return, to the scene at Plymouth, and the courtship of Hartman; to the pretty Cornwall village, and the parting with her first lover and present husband, when he went to Australia; to her early girlhood, and the fluttering of heart when she met him, which she had mistaken for love.

As she mused thus, a shadow fell across her work. She raised her eyes, and met those of Clements.

Though she had been accustomed for weeks—which seemed months—to the fact of his being alive, though he had hardly been out of her thoughts day or night during that time, his appearance now, as before, seemed to her supernatural; and she

was paralyzed with a horror, perhaps greater, now that she was suffering from the commencement of a fever, than it had been when she was in full health, and therefore less under the dominion of the imagination.

He stood before her, so close that his foot touched her robe, his piercing eyes fixed upon her, his arms folded on his breast.

"The time is up," said he.

The sound of his voice partially broke the charm, and she found courage to reply—

"What time?"

"Your memory is short, or perhaps you are a little flustered by nervousness. People who break their faith with me are apt to be rather timid when I come upon them unexpectedly—one was quite recently. I do not wonder at it: they have reason."

"And how have I broken faith with you?" said Edith, trampling down her terror. "I have done my best for your son—have received him as my guest, taken him to the houses of my friends, at the risk of my own credit, and given him every chance of forming such a marriage, if he desired. If he did not make the best of his opportunities, it is not my fault."

"You forget to add that, at the moment when everything was about to be settled comfortably, you left London secretly, and tried to hide yourself in this out-of-the-way hole."

"Everything about to be settled! How so?"

"Simply, that it was agreed between us that if Carlos had not found another wife within a certain time, he was to have your daughter; and within a day or two of the expiration of that period you brought her here, without leaving word where you had gone to, and so dared me to do what I had threatened."

"I did so," replied Edith. "Between the sacrifice of my father and daughter, I did not hesitate; but, at the same time, I did not choose to remain in town while you executed your threat, to meet the questioning and compassion of the people I knew."

"And you still hold to that determination?" said Clements, with his most evil look.

Coherently as Edith spoke, it was with the utmost difficulty that she retained her reason. Her brain throbbed fearfully; her cheeks and forehead were burning hot—the face and form of Clements did not seem human, but bore to her fevered eyes a dis-

torted and gigantic appearance, such as that with which the heathen worshipper of evil invests the idol whose wrath he would deprecate. Still, she again spoke clearly—

"If I determined to run all risks rather than consent to what I thought would hurt my daughter," said she, "at a time when I believed it possible that you might have it in your power to ruin my father and brand myself as a felon's daughter, I am not likely to accept the position of your confederate now that I know your inability to fulfil your threats: for they are mere words. My father is safe from your vengeance. He is not in England; and if he were here, in your presence, you would not know him."

"What!—you defy me, then?" said Clements, in a low, distinct tone, every syllable sharp, clear, and metallic. "Neither man, woman, nor child ever did that without repenting it. We are alone. There is not a mortal within call. Oh, I have watched my opportunity; and if I cannot be revenged on the father, his daughter, at least, is in my grasp."

And he drew forth and opened his knife, but without taking his eyes from hers. Such eyes!—glittering with the light of a tiger's when the trembling victim is beneath his paw.

"Mercy, mercy!" shrieked Edith, crouching back.

"Mercy!" sneered Clements. "What is that? I don't know it. Your time is up, and you have not fulfilled your agreement. More—you have thwarted and defied me. But, come—not out of mercy, but in the interest of Carlos, I will give you another chance. Swear to me, by an oath which I shall dictate, that you will use your utmost endeavours, even to urging upon her that your life depends upon it, to persuade your daughter to marry Carlos, and I spare your life. Speak!—I have no time for fooling."

"Oh, oh!—I cannot. Spare me! You cannot mean to hurt me. But put away that knife. I am ill, and it terrifies me; and do not look like that—I cannot bear it."

"Not unless you swear," said Clements, putting out his left hand and grasping her shoulder, while his right still held the knife, and his eyes seemed to emit flashes of unholy fire.

"Oh, don't hurt me!—don't kill me! What have I ever done to you?"

"Done, indeed! You have baffled and foiled me. But, even if I were inclined to



pass over that, you must die. You alone of all human beings know that Adolphus Hartman lives; yours are the only living eyes that have seen me here in this part of England. How can I let you live?"

"Oh!" cried Edith, in a hoarse whisper, "I will never tell who you are—I will never say I saw you. I will swear that by any oath you like. Oh, what is this—where am I? Ah!"

She felt as if something gave way in her head; then she lost her sight, and presently her consciousness.

"Beaten, by heaven!" muttered Clements, leaning back against one of the rough props which supported the trellis-work. "Which is best? To kill her will be to stir up a hot pursuit, and make a broad trail; and yet if I leave her to say that she has seen me, that will put them on the track of the other affair. It is a risk either way; and I have no spite against the woman. I rather like her—always did. But still, if I thought she would blab—but surely that is not a common faint! Hallo!"

At this point of his reflections Edith had sprung up, and pointing, as she gazed at vacancy, cried out—

"There—there! What's that?" and with a low guttural laugh, she relapsed into apparent insensibility.

"Shamming?" said Clements to himself, and he touched her throat lightly with the knife. If she had shuddered, he would have killed her at once; but she was really unconscious of what was passing around her, and not even the slightest tremor followed the prick of the cold, sharp steel. Whereupon he felt her pulse, and raising the eyelid, looked at the pupil, muttering—

"Perhaps it would be safest to leave her to live as long as this fever lets her. I doubt whether she will ever have her senses again; and if she has, the evidence as to whom she saw this afternoon will be worth nothing, even if she remember anything about it, which is unlikely. And yet—"

A man's figure emerged, crossed the brook, and disappeared, and all was once more still in the rustic arbour. The sun continued to shine and the roses to bloom; but the only human eye there was not gladdened thereby. The river murmured, and the birds, startled for awhile, resumed their song; but the sound fell upon a deaf ear. The poor piece of work—will it ever be finished?—lay on the rude bench; the scissors and wool lay

littered beside it, some of these latter strewn on the ground. And there, on the pebbled flooring, lay the female form, draped in its light, graceful summer dress, so still that had Clements executed his horrible threat it could not have lain stiller; and the stray sunbeams, quivering through the foliage, played upon her hair.

She had lain there nigh upon half an hour, when Mrs. Jones returned from the village, with the heavily laden Jenny.

"It's a nice chicken Mrs. Williams has let me have, and so tender, I do think it is a pity to make it into broth after all," she was saying as she entered her premises. "I wonder, now, if the poor lady could pick a bit of it if it was nicely boiled, and made white and tempting, or if she would sooner have the broth? I think I will go and ask her. Here, Jenny, take it and pluck it as fast as you can, at all events."

"Deed, yes," replied Jenny, and vanished with the fowl and the vegetables into the kitchen.

Mrs. Jones knocked at the Lennards' sitting-room door, and receiving no answer, thought that her lodger might be asleep, perhaps; so she opened it gently, and peeped in. The room was empty. She went upstairs, but the bed-room door was wide open. No doubt she would find Mrs. Lennard in the garden, sitting in the arbour, to which she had taken a fancy; and into the garden she accordingly went.

What was this—the lady lying on the ground? The kind-hearted Mrs. Jones ran to pick her up, and being unable to raise her without assistance, sat down and took her head on her lap, while she startled the silence with appeals, self-accusations, and cries for help.

"Come, rouse yourself, and speak to me, there's a dear lady," she went on. "Jenny! Jenny! To think I should go and leave her all alone. Jenny, come quick! I might have known that she was worse than she owned to. Bring the salts off the mantel-piece. As if the girl could not have got the chicken without me! Just like my fidgeting. Jenny, are you never coming, or are you deaf? You know me, dear, surely? I'm Mrs. Jones. Oh, dear, if she was to be dying! Jenny!"

Jenny came running out, the half-plucked fowl in her hand; but when she saw what was the matter, she soon dropped the bird, and came to her mistress's assistance; and,

with the aid of her sturdy arms, Edith was quickly carried into the house, and laid on a sofa in the sitting-room, when they unfasted her dress, and tried all their pharmacopœia of smelling salts, *sal volatile*, and cold water, to bring back her senses; but though she would start up at intervals, and struggle with them, uttering incoherent cries, which frightened poor Mrs. Jones half out of her wits, they could not restore her to consciousness.

"One of us should go at once for the doctor," said the landlady, when her lodger had sunk back exhausted after a violent paroxysm.

"Deed, yes—I'll go," replied Jenny, jumping up.

"Run, then, there's a good girl. Dr. Thomas lives near the hotel, you know; don't go to his house, but tell them to send on for him, and be as quick back as you can. No; tell them to get a carriage ready, and go on to the doctor's house yourself, and bring him with you—you will be quicker back in the end that way. Stay, do you think I could hold her if she was taken bad again?"

"Did I think so, ma'am—and I'd be there in half the time you would take."

"Well, go, then; and run all the way, there's a good soul!"

Jenny did her two miles in a little over the twenty minutes, and by good luck found Dr. Thomas in his car at the door of the hotel; so that she was back with her prize in a far shorter time than could have been anticipated, though to Mrs. Jones it seemed long enough. Edith, however, had been pretty quiet in the interval, and the good lady was spared that wrestling match with an antagonist endowed with the strength and ferocity which she attributed to delirium of which she had been in continual dread.

Dr. Thomas was a wiry little man, with sharp, prominent features and observant gray eyes; and, when living in the haunts of men, "had been considered very clever in his profession," as the cant phrase runs. And yet, as regards the common affairs of life, a great many people were prepared to accuse him of the grossest folly, seeing that he had thrown up a lucrative practice in Gloucester to reside on a small property of his newly married wife's, in a retired part of Wales, where he could not make fifty pounds a-year by the exercise of his profession. He hated work, and had now enough to

live comfortably upon without it. He liked the country, and was passionately fond of every description of field sport; so whether you think him wise or foolish depends upon your happening to value life for the amount of enjoyment you get out of it, or the quantity of precious metal you have the opportunity of accumulating during its term. It is true that though none of us like to incur the suspicion of fanaticism, or a faint leaning to the papistical, detestable, and troublesome doctrine of works by acting upon it, we are generally inclined to concede that there is a higher aim possible for mortals than either of these; and it was in deference to this vague fancy that he owed something to his fellow-creatures, and that, having acquired a certain talent for healing them, it was wrong to wrap it up entirely in a napkin, that Dr. Thomas practised at all.

"Why, Mrs. Jones, how is this?" he said, when he had examined his patient for some minutes. "The girl tells me that this lady seemed to have all her senses about her two or three hours ago. Is that possible?"

"Certainly, Dr. Thomas. When I left her to go down to the village, she did not seem any different from what she is generally. She has been delicate ever since they have been here."

"They! Who is with her, then?"

"Her husband and daughter. They have gone to Llanberis for the day, in a car from the hotel; but they will be back this evening."

"Ah! Could anything have occurred to startle or alarm her while you were gone to the village?"

"Lor, sir, what should have happened? She was quite alone, poor thing! If any stranger had passed through the valley we must have met him, either going or returning."

"Humph! I am not aware of anything to oblige people to keep on the high road; an evil-disposed person would be more likely to take the mountain-side."

"Good gracious, Dr. Thomas! There are no evil-disposed persons here; and if there were, she has her watch all safe, poor thing."

"Well, well—get her to bed at once, while I go out and speak to my man. I shall not leave her to-night."

"Then is she so very bad?" Mrs. Jones asked, in the undertone distinctive of such questions. "What is it?"

"Very bad—brain fever, with certain complications which you would not understand—nor I either," Dr. Thomas added to himself.

"Will she die?"

"God Almighty hasn't told me. Get her to bed."

But he did not entertain strong hopes of saving her.

In a little more than an hour's time the doctor's man returned, on a pony, with the medicines he had been sent for, and he received a note dictated by his master, but written by Mrs. Jones, to be given by the people of the hotel to Mr. Lennard when his car should return.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### THE EXCURSION TO SNOWDON.

IS there any foundation at all for the doctrine of presentiments? A man has a dull, gloomy feeling that something is going wrong. A misfortune happens. "I had a presentiment of it," says he. He forgets that he has been affected in a similar manner a hundred times without anything coming of it, and does not tell us of the many evils which have fallen upon him from a cloudless sky. No accounts of human affairs are more numerous, concise, or authentic than the anecdotes which are found *passim* in every military biography of men who, on the eve of battle, felt a warning of approaching death and were slain accordingly. But of how many others who experienced so natural a foreboding and were not hit, or of those who were cut down without having ever felt any other apprehension than of not getting their step by the engagement, can we learn nothing?

Mr. Lennard and Mary had no idea of the real illness of the one they loved, or they would not, in all probability, have left her themselves; most certainly they would not have attended to her wish that they should take Ann with them—in spite of the great attention and kindness of their landlady—had they dreamed of her wanting domestic attendance for anything so serious even as a fainting fit. But they had no sense of impending danger as they walked merrily on to the hotel, where they ordered the car. No inner voice warned them to go back—no accident happened to delay their departure. The cars were sometimes all engaged by that time in the morning; but this was not the case to-day, and they

started presently. Nor were the brute creation—supposed by some to be equally, if not more, susceptible of occult influences than the human—at all averse to the journey. Either the horse did not know that a lady—who was the wife of one of his burdens—and the mother of another, was going to be threatened by an assassin, and placed in a position where she would have sore need of their assistance, or else he was perfectly indifferent to the fact, for he did not jib, or stumble, or refuse to cross a bridge; while a little dog of Mary's, who had insisted upon accompanying them in spite of their first intentions regarding him, barked and jumped, and careered about them, wagging his unforeboding tail in a manner which showed that the very last thought in his head was of returning home himself, or urging the others to do so.

Their course lay along a road which had been cut, at enormous labour and expense, in the mountain side; which, though so steep and precipitous, was covered with those trees which manage to grow at such extraordinary angles, and under such difficult conditions. The valley beneath them glittered with a chain of small lakes like silver medallions strung together on a sparkling ribbon of a brook, which, however, was always ready to overflow its banks, and inundate the marshes on either side on the smallest provocation. These were for the present high, if not dry; and the bright green was very pleasant and refreshing to look upon. The smiling aspect of Nature, the clearness of the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the sunbeams, the varied tints of the foliage—just touched by the artist hand of autumn—the sparkle of the water, the restless joy of the little terrier, the gay laughter of a couple of young pedestrians who passed them with their knapsacks on their backs and fishing-rods in their hands, all seemed in unison with the happiness which filled their hearts, and to which they gave free vent.

#### THE OPERATION OF THE ADULTERATION ACT.

AT a large meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of Health, held the other day, it was resolved that, for the effective working of the Adulteration Act, certain suggestions of the Association should be printed and circulated.

One was: "That in their opinion the Adulteration of Food Act, 1872, notwithstanding its imperfections, is capable, with proper management, of being made an important and valuable public measure; but to this end it will be necessary to carry out its several provisions in the fullest and fairest manner, having proper regard for the interests of commerce and trade, as well as for those of the public."

This was another: "That if the Act be put in force in this metropolis, it will be most desirable and expedient that the several analysts appointed by the vestries and district boards should work conjointly and in accordance with some prearranged system. This will not only be the means of securing uniformity of results and agreement of opinions, but it will also serve to check the conflict of scientific testimony, and will afford the best guarantee for the full, fair, and effective working of the Act."

No fault can be found with these laudable resolutions. We hope they will bear practical fruit before long. The tendency of modern legislation is to make the saying less true, that every article we eat and drink is a daily dose of poison to our systems.

The practice of adulteration, certainly, is no new thing. The extent to which it was formerly carried on may be judged from a report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1783, which states that no less than four millions of pounds of tea alone were annually manufactured from sloe and ash leaves in different parts of England; and this, be it remembered, when the whole quantity of genuine tea sold by the East India Company, which then had the monopoly of selling it, did not amount to more than six millions of pounds annually. But since that time the science of chemistry has made marvellous advances; and while its progress has rendered good service in detecting by analysis the incongruous elements which, in the hands of knavish traders, are used to doctor what ought to be pure articles, it has proved, unfortunately, a dangerous instrument in the hands of the adulterator. To such a stage, in fact, has the art of tampering with our food and drink come, that no one requires to be persuaded that the health of every family in the kingdom is more or less affected by the system. Efforts have been made from time to time to find some remedy for the evil, which, if not thorough, might at least be palliative. Com-

missions have been issued; eminent analytical chemists have been set to work to give the startling results of their experiments; the matter has engaged the attention of the papers, and has been discussed in a mild sort of manner in the House of Commons, and yet the adulterator pursues his profitable vocation as coolly and methodically as ever, laughing at the smallness of the penalties in which some member of the tribe at rare intervals is mulcted.

A subject of this kind is ever new. It concerns us all, daily and hourly. The Irish affairs or school board squabbles may interest the members of that House which is supposed to legislate for the good of the millions more than the physical welfare, not only of all living Englishmen, but of posterity; but to each of us, individually, the question comes home, and should not be allowed to rest.

Let us take one article of universal consumption—coffee—and trace something of its secret history. A curious feature connected with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's reduction of the duty on coffee is that he has at the same time lowered equivalently that upon chicory, the necessary concomitant, as it has somehow come to be considered, of the fragrant berry. Now the reign of chicory was inaugurated in the year 1840, in a celebrated Treasury minute issued by the sanction of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood. The effect of this minute was that grocers began to mix chicory with coffee in very large quantities, quite forgetting to let the public know the nature of the mixture, and charging at the same time the full price of pure coffee. The rest has been well told elsewhere. "The evil became so flagrant, that upon the installation of the Derby Administration, Mr. Disraeli promised to rescind this licence to adulterate; but, before the promise was redeemed, the Administration was rescinded itself. Mr. Gladstone, upon his acceptance of office—loath, it appears, to injure the chicory interest—modified the original minute, but allowed the amalgamation to continue, provided the package was labelled 'Mixture of chicory and coffee.' It was speedily found, however, that this announcement became so confounded with other printing on the label, that it was not easily distinguishable, and in consequence it was provided that the words, 'This is sold as a mixture of

chicory and coffee,' should be printed by themselves on one side of the canister." It may be asked what is the nature of this ingredient, that the right to mix it with coffee should be maintained by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, during a period of so many years, as jealously as though it were some important part of our constitution? Chicory, to say the best of it, is an insipid root, totally destitute of any nourishing or refreshing quality, being utterly deficient in any nitrogenized principle, while there are strong doubts whether it is not absolutely hurtful to the nervous system. Professor Beer, the eminent oculist of Vienna, declared it to be the cause of amaurotic blindness.

But there are worse adulterations of coffee than even chicory; which is, as we have seen, almost legalized. What will Paterfamilias—taking, if not perhaps enjoying, his matutinal cup of Mocha—say to a list of substitutes for the genuine article, which includes roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips, mangold-wurzel, lupin seeds, dogs' biscuits, burnt sugar, red earth, roasted horse chestnuts, mahogany dust—and last, but not least, baked horses' and bullocks' livers? This last statement rests upon the authority of Mr. Simmonds, who wrote a book entitled "Coffee as it Is, and as it Ought to Be." He says:—"In various parts of the metropolis, but more especially in the East, are to be found 'liver bakers.' These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them, and grind them into a powder, which they will sell to the low-priced coffee-shop keepers at from fourpence to sixpence per pound—horses' liver coffee being the highest price. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand until cold, when a thick pellicle or skin will be found upon the top. It goes farther than coffee, and is generally *mixed with chicory* and other vegetable imitations of coffee."

In this delicious compound, we see not even an apology for the smallest quantity of pure coffee. It may be replied that the consumer has the remedy in his own hands, by buying the coffee in the berry, and grinding it himself. Vain delusion. Let it be known that an extensive trade exists for manufacturing coffee in the berry form—the berries, like sweetmeat lozenges, being cast in moulds.

And this is an account of the adulteration

to which one article is subjected. In a greater or less degree, nearly every commodity that is retailed to the public undergoes manipulation at the hands of the dealer.

### TABLE TALK.

I TOOK the trouble the other morning to run through the deaths in the *Times*, and make a few notes of the ages. There were about 45 advertised, of whom 41 gave the ages of the deceased. Now look at the figures below, and say whether we are a long-lived nation. Of course, I admit that people whose deaths are recorded in the *Times* are always well-to-do folk, whose lives are, so to speak, an object to them, not likely to be shortened by extreme carelessness or excess. The result of my little analysis is as follows:—6 deaths of children; 1 between 10 and 20; 3 between 20 and 30; 3 between 30 and 40; 4 between 40 and 50; 1 between 50 and 60; 9 between 60 and 70; 7 between 70 and 80; 6 between 80 and 90; 1 over 90 and less than 100. Of the whole 41, 23 were over 60. So that, deducting the children under 10, the average of life for those past that age would be 53 and a fraction. If you get past the age of 30, you may expect to live to the age of 56. If you pass 40, you may reasonably expect to go to 59. Very imperfect deductions these, of course; but as I believe the insurance offices base their calculations on the registrar's returns, which include *all* lives, good and bad, while the *Times* newspaper lists only give those of the well-to-do, and therefore longer-lived, classes, it leads one to inquire whether, in the establishment of a new company, the basis of calculations might not be reconsidered, and the company be satisfied with a moderate profit. Further, it leads one to ask whether the whole system of insurance is not unjust and bad from the very foundation.

*The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.*

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*Shortly will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortality," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 255.

November 16, 1872.

Price 2d.

## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XXV.

TERPSICHOEAN FEAT OF MR. PURDEN.



LOOKING and arranging for the dinner occupied much time, and involved a great amount of preparation by the

host and hostess; and on the Wednesday evening, all in the Red Lion were astir. Several of the guests had arrived and were ushered into the sitting-room to indulge in small-talk until the rest of the company should come. Mr. Bulwin and Mrs. Trowtman were expressing their disgust in round terms at some lady called Mrs. Plintum, who had only just buried her husband, and who had been seen at church on Sunday morning in a hat and pink feather. Mr. Trowtman was repeating to himself the recitation he intended favouring the guests with after dinner when called upon; and the big farmer, Mulber, had collared his classical friend, Mr. Purden, and was talking to him about "tummuts," and telling him how a savage sow he once had "killed a whole litter o' pigs, and swallowed every man Jack, by gum!"

All the guests arrived in due time, and when they had been in waiting a few minutes, the dinner-bell rang.

"Come along, all of yer," said Trench—"come along, my beauties!"

Asking them how they all were at once, he took Mrs. Rooke, and led them all upstairs, where the dinner was smoking on the table.

Trench carved at one end of the table, and Rooke at the other. As the full plates were handed round, knives and forks were thrown into full play, and conversation was for a time wholly abandoned for something more agreeable to an empty stomach.

Mr. Mulber was the first to speak.

"I d' think these yer be the vinest bit o' beev I a' tasted for zome time."

"This is the roast beef of old England," replied Trench. "I saw the beast in the meadow before it was slaughtered. It was beautiful to look at."

Mr. Trowtman said but little, fearing that if he talked before reciting his comic story he might forget it. Maggie and Dick, side by side, were chatting without scarcely taking any notice of any one; while Mrs. Trowtman, to prove her good breeding, was endeavouring to convey the food to her mouth by keeping her elbows close to her sides, and taking hold of her knife and fork by the extreme ends of the shafts. She cut her meat into small pieces before putting them into her mouth—a circumstance which confirmed Mrs. Bulwin's suspicions that she had false teeth.

The cloth being removed, the table was crowded with decanters and dessert for the amusement of the party in general, and afterwards cigars and pipes were introduced for the amusement of the male guests. Everybody drank the jolly good health of everybody else; then the programme changed to songs and recitations. Trench gave "Simon the Cellarer" and the "Arethusa." Dick's turn came, and he sang two verses of an extremely sentimental song; but he somewhat marred the effect of his performance by being obliged to substitute two or three

lines of "la-la-la's" in a place where he had forgotten the words.

Mr. Trowtman being requested to favour the company, plunged at a moment's notice into the favourite recitation of "Ned the Barber and the Ghost." All appeared to regard the performance as excessively amusing, and the reciter fancied himself an important individual for the rest of the evening.

Next came card-playing. Small tables were placed in different parts of the room, and a new pack of cards on each. Mrs. Trench—who never would, under any circumstances, play for anything of more value than peppermints—challenged Mr. Mulber at cribbage, and they had several interesting games for nothing on a table to themselves.

Mr. Rooke, who saw Dick disengaged, drew him aside to tell him he might at any time, and at all times, make Eldorado his home—they would be glad to see him, and no mistake!

Dick thanked him warmly. He was sorry he had been unable to restore Tim to his home, but he might find him again before long. If so, he would not leave him as he had done, but write to Mr. Rooke at once.

"You have done all you could, Dick," said Rooke, "and the only recompense you have had has been a knock on the head. I know you will accept a present from me. You must allow me to give you twenty pounds. 'No, no'? but I say 'Yes, yes.' Don't make any mistake. Pray, what can you do without money? That confounded assassin, or whoever he was, robbed you of all you had. Never mind whether it was much or not. It is my duty to set you right; and if you care for your old master, you'll not refuse his assistance when you know you need it."

He slipped the money into Dick's hand, and did not wait to be thanked.

"Ah, Rooke," said Dick to himself, "you are one in ten thousand. This will do wonders for me. How this would help Tim! I should like to know where he is."

"Now, Mr. Buston, I've caught you alone, I must have a word with you."

So saying, Mr. Purden took hold of Dick's arm, and guided him to another part of the room, where there was not so much noise.

Half an hour afterwards, the tables and chairs were all pushed into the corners for dancing. Trench went downstairs for the fiddler, and made him drink three or four

glasses of wine to begin with. A chair was placed on a table in one corner of the room, and when the fiddler mounted to his seat a country dance was called for. Partners were chosen, and in a few moments nothing could be heard but the rustling of dresses, and the noise of busy feet—the music, of course, excepted. The country dance proved a decided success, and was followed by a galop, which was killing work to the more corpulent guests. A little of the galop went a long way with the big farmer, Mulber, and Mrs. Trench.

Rooke was as nimble on his feet as a harlequin, and galloped round the room with Mrs. Trowtman until that lady said she felt like fainting, and was bound to go to a private room to get just a sup of brandy as a preventive. In vain did the schoolmaster declare he could not dance. He fell into the hands of a determined partner, who made him dance. It may be contrary to the rules of etiquette for a lady to ask a gentleman to dance, and close her ears to all refusals; but certain it is that Mrs. Bulwin asked Mr. Purden to be her partner, and would not allow him to decline. She told him, with a stamp of her foot, that he must. By no means did the schoolmaster wish to make himself disagreeable, and he assured her he should only be too glad to do anything he possibly could to oblige her. He scarcely knew whether to embrace a partner by her head or her heels; and was sure, if he yielded, he should break down and be a lamentable failure. Nevertheless, he said, if it was Mrs. Bulwin's wish that he should dance, he would make an attempt, whatever the result might be. He had scarcely pronounced his willingness to do his best, when Mrs. Bulwin took fast hold of him, and darted into the thick of the dance. He was jostled against this body and that, pushed and pulled without having any control over his own actions. He did not take one step in the right direction, and consequently suffered a series of jerks, his head being thrown backwards and forwards alternately. He was continually jumping one way and his partner another, and the effect was anything but pleasant. It reminded him painfully of the day he first rode on horseback, and couldn't bump the saddle. He remembered how the horse would neither walk nor gallop, but kept on at an obstinate trot, which every second jerked him out of his seat, and obliged him finally to take

hold of his steed round the neck—to the unbounded gratification of all who saw him. He was in the hope every minute of being thrown down, so that his dance might terminate; but there was no such luck for him. He tried to lead with the left foot and with the right, but the result was the same. He went wobbling up and down, almost breathless, knowing that Trench and Rooke were laughing at him. Mrs. Bulwin, with the utmost indifference, kept tight hold of him, whirling round and round until he fairly gasped for breath. Unused to such exertion, he was taken ill; and begged his partner to stop. To speak the truth, Mrs. Bulwin, who had been practising a joke on the schoolmaster, felt dizzy herself, and was glad to give in.

Trench went with Mr. Purden into a bedroom close by. The schoolmaster, breathing hard, threw himself on the bed, and asked Trench to fetch him some vinegar to bathe his head and temples. Trench left the room, and entered with the cruet-stand. The patient did not speak. They were in the dark, and Trench could hardly see what he was doing. By mistake he took out the wrong cruet, and covered the schoolmaster's face with anchovy sauce. He departed silently, believing he had rendered a kind service.

When Mr. Purden awoke, after having slept about ten minutes, he felt that his face was covered with something; but he knew not what. It was not vinegar—no. Was it blood? Yes! Some one had been trying to murder him, or he was in a horrible dream. No, he was not dreaming, for he could hear that dancing was still going on in the next room. He called out at the top of his voice—

“Help!—help!—thieves!—murder!”

Trench, Dick, Rooke, Bulwin, and Trowton rushed in with lights, and armed with pokers, an umbrella, and a blunderbuss.

“Good heavens! what is the matter with me?” asked the frightened schoolmaster. “I’m covered with blood.”

They all ran to examine him, and found he was indeed covered—with anchovy sauce!

Many curious things were said and done that night; but we must hasten to the end of our story.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE CLOWN'S DAUGHTER.

SEVERAL years had passed since Tim entered London with an empty stomach and few pence. He was safe from

starvation now: he had won the fight against poverty. He had lodgings in a quaint, dark house; and a woman, well suited to the apartments, glided in and out his room with the scanty meals he partook of. At times she opened her lank jaws to tell him the price of bread or coal, but nothing more.

He had ended the labours of the day, and was going towards home, past the Elephant and Castle, Kennington. It was a cold night in March, and a drizzling rain fell. In the glare of a window he met face to face with a young woman who was meanly clad, and appeared to be about seventeen years of age. The sight startled him. It was Amy, the clown's daughter! He stood as one spell-tied, unable to speak to her or stop her. For years he had wondered how fortune dealt with her, and if he should ever meet her again. Why did he hesitate to follow her? While he stood there she was passing away from him, and perhaps for ever. He went excitedly in the direction she had gone, and presently came within sight of her. She did not stop to look at this or that, but hastened on quickly; for the rain came down fast, and the wind blew coldly. He watched her as though his life depended upon keeping her within his sight. She went in a yard for shelter, and he passed close by her. What should he do? There might be a way through the yard, and he should miss her. He was returning to see if she was still there, when he met her face to face.

“Do I speak to Amy Goodle?” he asked, in a faltering tone, before she had time to move away.

“You do,” she answered; “but I don't know you, sir.”

It was dark, and she could not see his face, or she might have recognized him. As soon as she had given him an answer, she was about to step out of the way and leave him; but he spoke to her again.

“Stay, Amy—may I not inquire after an old friend? Where may I see your father?”

“Who are you, sir? He has no friends. What is your name?”

“Timothy Rooke.”

“Timothy Rooke,” she repeated, trying to conceal her emotion. “I once knew him. He played in the pantomime at the Wiggleton Theatre. If you are that same Timothy Rooke, my father will be glad to see you; but we are very poor, and my mother is dying.”



Tim comforted her. Amy concealed the joy she felt at meeting him, and led him in silence to the house where her father lived.

"Father," she said, as she entered, "I have brought a visitor—a friend to see you. I met him quite by accident in the street."

"A friend, Amy?—a friend?" he repeated, as though he doubted the possibility of having a friend. "You are right, Amy—Timothy Rooke," and he went up to Tim, and shook him by the hand.

The sick woman was lying on the bed as he had seen her at Wiggleton. There was a fire, but the room was poorly furnished—it was poverty-stricken. Tim sat at one side of the fire, and the clown at the other. Amy, a little way in the background, watched Tim's every movement.

"Do you know where Dick Bufton is now?" asked the clown.

"No, I have not seen him since he left Wiggleton. When I find him it will be by accident, I expect, as I have found you."

"And what have you been doing since I saw you last?" asked Goodle. "I am still the clown—a circus clown now; but, tell me, what have you been doing?"

"I have been doing many things since I left Wiggleton; but I am afraid the story is too long."

"We should like to hear it," chimed in Amy, sweetly, "however long it may be; for it is not often we see any one we know in this great place."

Tim needed no further persuasion. He told them how he had come to London with but few pence, and hungry. He went into a greengrocer's shop, he said, for a bed for the night, and was taken ill. He was in bed for several days, and some of his clothes were pawned to pay for his lodgings. When he got better, he sold newspapers, cleaned boots, and did anything he could. Then he got a situation as an errand boy; and afterwards he rose to a clerkship in a merchant's office, where he remained to the present time, and had saved twenty pounds.

All the while Tim had been telling here and there incidents, Amy watched him without scarcely ever taking her eyes from him.

The sick woman, sitting up in bed, began to rave about the stranger, asking many strange questions in a wild manner.

When Tim took his leave, he slipped five pounds into the hands of Goodle, and promised to call again the following night.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A STRANGE NIGHT.

EVERYTHING was changed with Tim now that Amy was within his reach. The spring-time of his life was at hand. He had been in the night—the day was dawning. He went to bed happier for having discovered the clown's daughter; for he loved her at Wiggleton, and never had he ceased loving her. But there was a dark cloud, and yet the dark cloud had its silver lining. The daily drudgery she was subject to pained him; but he toiled with double zeal, cheered with the bright hope that some day he might bring her to happiness.

Every hour of his leisure was spent at Goodle's. He became known even to the sick woman, and often talked with her. He took Amy books to read, and sat with her in the evenings as she tended her mother.

One night about a month after his first visit, he went to Goodle's.

"Hush, Tim!" Amy said, wiping the tears from her eyes—"my mother is very ill. Don't make a noise." She stepped to the bedside on tiptoe. "She sleeps again."

Amy placed the candle on the table, and they sat together, exchanging their thoughts, full of love for each other. Tim asked after her father, and Amy said he would not be home until eleven o'clock.

Tim began to talk of old days and his playmate Harry.

"I used sometimes to think Harry's uncle was a devil."

"O, Tim, how can you say so? What was his name?"

"Jonah Deffield."

As soon as he had pronounced the name, there was a shriek so piercing that they both started from their seats. It was the sick woman, who was sitting up in bed, with red, staring eyes.

"Amy," she said, calmly, "the time has come when I must tell you of crimes that have brought sorrow on your head."

"Good Heaven, mother!" exclaimed Amy, running to her.

"My child, I am *not* your mother."

Amy took this as insanity; but it frightened her.

"Listen," continued the sick woman,

"and don't interrupt me. That Jonah Defield, who deserves the name of devil, is my husband. When young, he worked hard as a shoemaker, and earned money enough; but he got into bad ways. We agreed to part. He married again, and so did I. Give me some water."

Tim ran for water, and when the dying woman had wet her lips, she continued—

"Amy, your father is Mr. Wickliffe, of Peckfield, and Harry Defield is your brother. You were both taken away in the night. Believe it, Amy—it is the truth, by Heaven! Would you know why you were taken away? I will tell you. A long time ago, Jonah was brought up before Mr. Wickliffe and another magistrate for poaching. Mr. Wickliffe said he was a rogue and a vagabond, and he was sentenced hard. Jonah never forgave him; and when he had served his time in prison he swore vengeance. He threatened, if I would not help him to steal you and your brother, he would kill me. If I would help him, I might leave him for ever in safety. I did help him. You were both taken away, many miles from Peckfield, and I was a wretched woman ever after. When we separated, I took you along with me, and married Goodle the clown. Jonah married soon after, and took Harry away from his hiding-place to live with him at Peckfield."

She sank back on her bed, and died.

Amy, pale and trembling, cast a sickly stare around, without power to speak. Tim took her to a seat, and went to the back kitchen for some water. He fetched a pillow for her head, and spoke comfortingly to her.

"What shall I do?" moaned Amy.

"The story you have heard is true," said Tim, when she had somewhat recovered—"I dare stake my life on it. I know Mr. Wickliffe well, and have often heard my mother say he had two children stolen in the night, that were never found afterwards. Amy, you must not speak one word of what you have heard to Goodle. I will see you safe away, and all will be well. I will go to Peckfield to-morrow, and see Mr. Wickliffe—a kind, good gentleman as ever breathed. Take courage, Amy—all will yet be well. Speak not a word to Goodle."

The door opened, and Goodle came in. He was puzzled to see Amy crying, and a pillow at the back of her chair. Tim, too, with a glass of water in his hand, and looking as pale as death.

"What is amiss?" asked Goodle.

Tim pointed to the bed.

"She is dead," he whispered.

## SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.—I.

### HUNTING THE HARE.

[The scene of this sketch is laid in the county Antrim, Ireland.]

I HAD gone into the country for a day's shooting, and also for the purpose of gracing with my presence a soirée of bun-worry which was to come off at a school-room not far from my friend's house.

It was a November morning, very cold and chill—time, a quarter to four a.m.; and as I could not get to sleep again, I went to my host's room, and woke him up. I wanted a light, and there were no matches in my own room. I gave him a shake, of which he took not the slightest notice. I administered shake number two. This time he opened one eye, then another; then closed them again, and muttered—

"What are ye pullin' about?"

It was evident, however, that he was not conscious, so I decided on trying shake number three—a decision which I at once put into practice with the vigour of one who felt that his situation was growing alarming. He now opened both eyes at once, dug the knuckles of his forefingers into them, looked about, and said, lazily—

"Eh—humph—what's up? What"—with a long yawn—"what time is it?"

I replied that it was about a quarter to four; that I had been exposed to the inclemency of the weather for the past fifteen minutes; and that I had awakened him to ask for a light. When I had thus explained, he was wide-awake, and began to laugh.

A happy thought seemed to strike him; and half rising in bed, he exclaimed—

"Boys, I wus forgettin'—wud ye go to the Green Bowhill fur a hunt?"

Not being acquainted with the locality, I inquired—

"Where's that?"

"The Green Bowhill, ye know," continued he—"that's the place where hares is; an' the owl gamekeeper's niver out till well on in the moornin'. What wud ye say to goin' down an' seein' what we can raise?"

I rejoined that, if there was a chance of sport, I knew a party about my size who would go joyfully.

"Sport!" said he—"it's alive wi' hares!

Ye niver saw sich a groun'. Jump up, and we'll waken Tam, and be off at once."

Accordingly we both dressed, wakened Tam, got out the dogs—two of the best greyhounds in the country—and off started the three of us for the Green Bowhill—a green hill about a mile and a half distant, and situated, be it mentioned, in a strictly preserved estate.

While we are thus making our way across the country, I shall endeavour to give my readers a few of the leading characteristics of the brothers, Bill and Tam.

Bill was a herculean fellow, fully six feet high, with a dark complexion, a pleasing face, a manly heart, and a good-natured, frank manner. He was of a cool, shrewd disposition; and, though thirty-five years of age, was still a bachelor. Tam's character, except in manly good-nature, was about the direct antithesis to that of his brother. He was rather low-set, had a really handsome though rough face, complexion tending to fairness, and an impetuous—almost headlong—disposition. He was greatly attached to all kinds of fun, courted half the girls in the country, and was altogether a rough, rollicking, devil-may-care, good-natured soul.

When we arrived at the Bowhill, Tam was sent to reconnoitre; and shortly returned to tell us that, as far as he could see, the coast was clear. We now began to "beat up" along a whin ditch which skirted the hill; this task being allotted to Tam and myself, while Bill held the dogs. Tam was a short way ahead, kicking the whins and making all sorts of strange noises with his mouth, now and then stopping to look suspiciously around; when suddenly—true to Bill's description of the place—out bunted no less than three hares, which forthwith made tracks up the hill, quite as if a certain old gentleman who has not the best reputation in this world were after them. Now, as I have already intimated, Bill held the slips; and as Bill was by no means prepared for three hares making their appearance at one time, such multifarious appearance of course precluding the slipping of the dogs, the sudden jerk made by those animals in their endeavour to get after the running hares naturally enough caused our friend William to topple over on his nose, thereby making a ploughshare of that important nasal organ, tearing his clothes, and otherwise defacing the outer man. Bill, however,

held on by the slips through all, jumped up, and, after applying a little friction to his nose, joined Tam and me in the laugh at his misfortune.

"Boys," said he, "I wudn't wondher but ye cud ha' done that yourselves; but it's a thrick too good to do often. I thought the half o' the nose was off me!"

As the half of the nose, however, was not off him, but remained almost entirely unimpaired, we soon continued on our way as before—Bill taking good care, by walking firmer and keeping the slips tight, that a similar accident would not occur again.

We had got two or three fields farther, Tam and I beating up as previously, when we came in sight of a cottage, which stood a short way up the hill. Now it so unfortunately happened that there was stationed, for the purpose of guarding and protecting this edifice, a little hairy-faced cur dog. This hairy-faced cur dog of course saw a decided objection to permitting us to trespass on the fields of which, no doubt, he considered he had care; and therefore thought it his simple duty to make as much noise as possible, which he accordingly did, with a gusto which showed he was both able and willing. Here was a fix! If he continued to make the hubbub he was now making, we knew he would be certain to wake the inhabitants of the cottage; or, still worse, bring a gamekeeper down upon us. We tried to get away from him, by getting over the dyke and hurrying along with as much celerity as was permitted us, without slipping the dogs; but all was to no purpose. He mounted the dyke, and barked and yelped after us with renewed vigour.

"Howl' them dogs," said Bill; "an' if I don't stop that thing's mouth, I'll ate my shirt!"

Tam complied philosophically, as if quite convinced that, when Bill said it, it should be done. The latter gentleman then quietly proceeded to tear down a sod of about half a stone weight from the top of the dyke, and, with this formidable missile behind his back, smilingly and treacherously approached the cur. The unsophisticated animal was completely thrown off its guard, and though it never ceased barking, allowed Bill to approach very much nearer than it otherwise would have done. When he was as near as he thought he was going to get, he calculated his distance, and, watching

his opportunity, swung the sod with deadly precision at the object of his regard.

Poor, ill-fated quadruped! The said sod descended with crushing force just where the tail joins the back, thereby dividing the aforementioned turf into various parts and proportions, and causing the said quadruped to throw a back somersault with all the agility of a trained acrobat.

I need scarcely add that the impressive meeting of the turf and the cur's back was followed by a loud yelp; and that the noble watchdog forthwith proceeded homeward in great haste, with its tail—well, no matter where.

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of that annoyance, we again resumed our way—this time with double caution. Two more fields were got over, and we were beating up a very likely-looking ditch, when a rustle was heard behind us, and out of a clump of whins bounced another fine big hare, all alone. No sooner was this spectacle beheld by our acquaintance, William, than his throat gave forth a series of anything but thrushlike notes, something resembling the following—

"Aho! aho! aho!—ahoy! ahoy! ahoy!"

All the while, too, he was running with the dogs still unslipped, and adding a variety of other noises that are quite inimitable even with the mouth, let alone on paper.

When the hare had got what William considered a fair start, the dogs were slipped, and off they shot at a thundering pace in pursuit. And if the dogs started in pursuit, so did we. There was Bill, tearing away before us, over hedge and ditch, as if he had just been made aware that his wealthy old bachelor uncle was about to die, and required his presence to make the will; while Tam and myself made frantic endeavours to keep up with him. After thus running about three or four hundred yards, without seeing the slightest glimpse of the chase, or even finding the whereabouts of the same—for hare and dogs and all disappeared over the first dyke—I stopped short, unable to run farther, and came to the conclusion that if that was coursing I should not be at all solicitous to see—or, rather, to be present at—another. But no sooner had I come to this conclusion than I heard a splutter and a yelp behind me, and, looking round, saw the hare coming in full flight directly towards me with the dogs about ten yards behind, doing their very best to overtake her.

She was beautifully turned three times in the field where I stood, and the hunt was apparently near a close, when over a dyke jumped Bill and Tam, evidently going somewhere in a hurry, as they were in great haste, and were blowing and perspiring like a couple of escaped lunatics, and altogether looking not at all unlike two of those gentlemen. I inquired where they had been, and expressed my humble opinion that they were exceedingly wrong to run away just when the hunt had begun. They quite agreed with me, and promised that it should not occur again. Less than a minute after their arrival, the hare was in the capacious wallet—a large inside coat pocket—of the illustrious William; and, having put the dogs in the slips, we again proceeded on our way.

This time, alas! we were destined to a greater mishap than had yet befallen us. We had not got quite off the field of our triumph, when a gruff voice said suddenly behind us, "Beg pardon, men." We turned and saw a rough, surly-looking man, whom we at once recognized as one of the gamekeepers. Where he had come from, or how he had approached so near without our even suspecting his presence, has always been a mystery to me and my friends, Bill and Tam. But there was no time for wonder now; for there he unquestionably stood, as large, ugly, and cross-looking as gamekeepers generally are.

Our first impulse was to trust to our heels; but seeing that the man carried a gun, we knew that if we slipped the dogs, which of course was necessary, he would shoot one of them.

We therefore stood firm, and waited quietly to hear his say.

"What business hiv ye here?" was his first question.

"Well," said Bill, winking at Tam—"well, we're just takin' a bit of a hunt. Hope we're not doin' much harrum."

"Gim me yer names," replied the keeper, without noticing the last question. "A'll howl ye—a'll put you boys from huntin' any more here."

"Oh," said Bill, again signalling Tam, who undoubtedly would have been violent, "there's no call fur bein' so cross over it. We haint done much harrum yit; and if ye show us the boundary we'll go off."

But this mildness on the part of Bill only made the keeper worse.

"Gim me yer names, or, dash ye, a'll shoot them dogs."

I saw a quick flush pass over the face of Bill, which I knew heralded an anger of which it was uncomfortable to be the cause.

"Well, thin," said he, in a voice slightly tremulous, "are ye not going to show us the boundary, an' let us off dacently?"

"A'll jist warn ye once more," replied the keeper, angrily, cocking his gun. "A'll jist warn ye once more, that if ye don't gim me all yer names a'll shoot them dogs."

Tam was making a rush at the fellow, with a face red with rage, but Bill quietly threw him back with one hand, and said, rather loudly—

"Well, since yer so fond of warnin', a'll jist warn ye that if ye hurt a hair of one o' them dogs ye'll niver live to hurt another!"

There was no mistaking the fact that Bill meant exactly what he said; for as he spoke he approached the keeper, shook his big, hard, bony fist in his face, and uttered the words in a determined, angry voice. The rough, burly fellow was quite taken aback at this; and as he saw the earnestness of Bill's face, retreated a few steps in evident fear. It is probable the affair would have ended here, for Bill was about to move off, and I think it not at all probable that the keeper would now either have followed him or shot at the dogs; but, unfortunately, the temper of Tam was not to be contained, and moving round at the back of Bill, he gave the man a hasty push, and dared him to lay down the gun and fight him. Instead of replying to this challenge, the keeper, in a fit of rage, levelled his gun at one of the dogs and fired. I should mention here that Bill had slipped the animals when he had given the keeper his counter-warning. The dog howled, shook his head, and, running away, disappeared over the nearest dyke. The first action of Bill was to take hold of his beloved brother by the nape of the neck, and draw him back rather more forcibly than affectionately out of his way; the next was to land a blow on the chest of the gamekeeper which sent him over on his back like a felled calf.

This little procedure being managed satisfactorily, he commanded his fraternal relation to see after the dog, as he intended to regulate the punishment of the keeper according to the injury the animal had sustained. Tam soon returned, leading the dog by a piece of cord. It had its nose

grazed, and had received a straggling shot through the ear, but beyond this there was no harm done. The fellow, in his passion, had missed it.

When Bill was satisfied of this, he gave utterance to the following humane words, which will show my reader the large-heartedness and clemency of his forgiving disposition—

"Aw, well, since the dog isn't much the worse, a suppose we must let the infarnal villain off this time"—the "infarnal villain" had as yet made no signs of recovery—"but upon my sowl a was goin' to give him as big a bastin' as iver a mudherin' rascal of a gamekeeper got."

When Bill had spoken these memorable words over the prostrate body of the keeper we turned to go; when, lo! gamekeeper number two and the sportsman (head keeper)—no doubt attracted by the shot—were within a couple of hundred yards of us, coming down the brow of the hill at a headlong pace, and evidently not for the purpose of expressing their esteem for myself and my worthy friends, William and Thomas.

On beholding these gentlemen—the sportsman and the second keeper—we at once came to the conclusion that we were quite long enough there; and accordingly we made our heels acquit themselves as worthily as possible, without stopping to do more than call the dogs. Had it not been for the latter, I am inclined to believe that we should have remained where we were, and that our amiable friend Bill would have taken the necessary steps to provide a funeral at the cost of the sportsman's relations. But fate had willed it otherwise, and we departed. As long as I live I shall never forget that chase. At the first glance, we saw that both the keepers were stout and active men; and as we made our way over dyke, ditch, and field to the best of our limited ability, we felt that the sportsman was actually gaining ground upon us, while his companion was fully keeping his distance. Indeed, had they not stopped a moment to look at their fallen compeer, who happened to be just then recovering, the sportsman must soon have got within range of the dogs, in which case there certainly would have been manslaughter.

We had run rather more than a furlong, and were just approaching the cottage wherein resided the hairy-faced cur, when

one of our pursuers whistled a loud, shrill whistle; and forthwith a man, who had been standing at the cottage door, rushed down the hill with something in his hand to intercept us.

Bill was our leader; and as he continued his way without noticing this manœuvre, we did likewise. The man—who was evidently just out of bed, for he was without shoes, stockings, coat, or hat—stood right in our path, and flourishing his weapon—a pot-stick—shouted for us to stop, or he would be reluctantly compelled, in his own words, to “break our heads.” Bill, however, still paid no attention to him or his threats, but continued his way as before.

“Catch him! howl him! hit him!” were the mild mandates which proceeded in a frantic voice from behind; and the man, in pursuance of the first order, made a catch at Bill as he was about to pass him, and having secured his coat tail, obeyed the second order by clinging to it with all his might, though he was thereby almost precipitated on his face. Bill turned round upon him, and placing his two hands round his throat, and his left foot behind him, whirled him to the ground, pot-stick and all, with great violence.

#### FLORENCE BETTERTON'S PROMISE.

ON a Saturday morning, about the middle of last December, might have been seen getting into a second-class carriage at Oxford station a man with a rug, a gun-case, and a bull-terrier. That man was myself. Shall I venture on a further description for the benefit of the public? Perhaps I had better. First, as to my exterior. This was represented by the universal Ulster, and an equally popular article of attire at Oxford, a squash hat. This was not all; but of the rest it matters not. Had anybody taken the trouble to stare at me, he would probably have discovered that at times my face wore a jubilant look, and at others put on an expression which would have been suitable to the countenance of Job in the midst of his troubles, but extremely inappropriate to an Oxford man just going down for the vacation. I was seized with alternate fits of despondency and elation, and no wonder. It was a last farewell that I was taking to my loved University—that fact alone was sufficient to

account for the sadness of my looks. I had just come out of a *vivâ voce* examination in the schools, and had done, as I fancied, shamefully below my self-set standard. I had been in for honours in “Greats,” and on the result of my examination much depended—I might say, my hopes in life were to be decided in the course of a few days, on the appearance of the fatal class-list.

Yet my case was no ordinary one. To most men, taking a first or second is simply an affair of so much honour, more or less, actual success in life depending on exertions after University life is past, and University studies well-nigh forgotten. To understand my feelings at the moment at which my story opens, it is necessary to go back some years. At school, I, Claude Henniker, was a thorough failure—that is, in the eyes of my head masters, and of those whose business it was to assume the functions of my dead parents. One of my guardians was my uncle, Guy Henniker, my father's younger and only brother, who had inherited all the family property, to the entire exclusion of my father. My uncle Guy always used to say to me, when I came to pay him my yearly visit at Christmas—“Claude, you're a lazy dog; the only things you take any trouble about are shooting and rowing. Why don't you work, and do something to make a name for yourself?”

It was quite true. I rowed stroke of my boat at school, and wasted my time; and it was only when I found myself *proximè accessit* for a scholarship at St. Jude's, Oxford, that I recognized the truth of my uncle's words, and resolved to do something for myself, and make the best of my opportunities.

My uncle Guy was childless; and during the four and a half years I had been at Oxford he had continually written to me, asking me about my progress, and adding each time that, if I did well, I should never have cause to regret it. A fortnight before I went in for my last examination, I had the following laconic epistle from the old man—

“MY DEAR BOY—Write and tell me when you can come to me. House nearly full. I have kept some pheasants for you. Mrs. Betterton and her daughters are here. Don't forget to do well in your examination, to please your old  
“UNCLE.”

Delight at getting away from examina-

tion-rooms and examiners, sorrow at leaving Oxford, were mingled with anxious thoughts of Flo Betterton, and surmises as to the terms on which we should meet.

During my first long vacation I had met Florence Betterton down in Devonshire, at a lovely seaside place near the Chase, where Uncle Guy lived. The Betterton family had since that time struck up an intimacy with my uncle, and now they were living with him. Florence and I had gone through all the stages of a vigorous flirtation in that happy month at the seaside, when I came down avowedly to study Thucydides, but really to read Tennyson aloud to my golden-haired beauty. When we parted, there was a clear understanding between us that we were all in all to each other, backed by a distinct promise of mutual constancy. Six months afterwards, I received a verbal message through a mutual friend that she had ceased to care for me. So much for the causes of my troubled looks when I stepped into the train at Oxford.

At Exeter I got out; and as I had only taken my ticket as far as that station, intending to stop an hour or two in the town, I strolled to the refreshment-room to do justice to a sandwich and a glass of beer. Hardly had I entered the room when my attention was attracted by two strangers, one of whom was telling the other that he knew "the way from Broadbeach to the Chase quite well, and would drive him over there if they could hire a dogcart." Hearing the man speak of going to my uncle's place, I ventured to ask him if he knew my relation, Guy Henniker. He said that he did, and immediately introduced himself to me as Clement Vinning. His name had long been familiar to me as the son of the member for Plymchester. His companion was a brother-officer, Charles Dawkins, of the same regiment as Vinning—the 18th Lancers.

The journey down to Broadbeach was very pleasant; and during the two hours which were consumed by the train in doing about twenty-five miles, and by ourselves in smoking about three cigars apiece, I had established myself on a tolerably intimate footing with my new acquaintances. Vinning told me that there were to be dances and dinners, shooting parties, and other gaieties at the Chase, and that he intended to enjoy himself immensely, "especially as those divine girls, the Bettertons, are going to be in the house." No sooner had the train stopped

at the station of Broadbeach than we saw my uncle on the platform, with Mrs. Betterton and all the girls—Florence, Mary, and Milly. And now I may as well describe them. Mary was the eldest—a fine, handsome woman of twenty-five. She always had been my great friend in the old days when I had been infatuated about Flo. Next came Milly: she was a sweet-tempered, pretty little thing, and as unlike her handsome elder sister as possible. Last, but not least, was my Florence. I used to think her perfect in those days, and young men's impressions often last them till old age. Golden hair, dark eyelashes, and a divine figure. She had a little money, too, of her own: not much, certainly, but quite enough to have given an air of reality to our past dreams.

There was naturally some awkwardness in our meeting, after what had passed between us; but still, the presence of strangers helped me marvellously to retain my composure. "Well, my boy, you'll have to stay here for a month or two, at least—sha'n't he, Mrs. Betterton?" The lady in question, in politeness, said, "Oh, yes." She knew nothing about what had passed between me and Florence long ago. The omnibus was outside the station to meet us, as I had telegraphed from Exeter to Broadbeach that we should arrive. It was dinner time when we drove up. I sat next Mary, and the evening passed pleasantly enough. There were several strangers there, and I had no chance of private conversation either with Mary or Florence.

Sunday, too, was an uneventful day. Florence kept her room all day, and Mary stayed with her. Monday was the day for commencing the serious work of the gay doings. We—that is, the men—were to shoot all day, and the ladies were to join us at lunch at the Home Copse. After dinner, we were all to go to a dance given by a Mrs. Hughes, at Broadbeach, in honour of our party. It was an anxious day for me, as the Oxford class-list was to come out about twelve o'clock, and I fully expected a telegram some time during the afternoon from my chum Willy Langton, who remained up to read after I went down. I shot badly all the morning, and so did Vinning. We compared notes, and each of us confessed to being a little bit down in the mouth. He brightened up about lunch time, when the girls were expected to come. Then it

flashed across me for the first time—Florence threw me over for Vinning. He certainly looked pleased when the girls arrived. Just as they came on the ground in their pretty little pony carriage, up got a pheasant in the corner of the wood, and a partridge rose almost simultaneously outside the hedge. I fired at the latter; Vinning also fired; both birds dropped. The beaters thought I had killed the pheasant and Vinning the partridge; but just then Mary Betterton jumped out of the carriage, and said—

"It was the other way about, wasn't it, Mr. Henniker—you killed the partridge?"

She had a roguish twinkle in her eye as she said this. I knew the reason of it afterwards. The lunch was capital, and Vinning and I shot no more that day. We walked home with the ladies, and left the other two to finish the remaining covers. Again I failed to get an opportunity of speaking to Mary or Florence by themselves—Vinning took off the latter, and I had to walk with Mary and Milly.

In the evening, however, I was determined that I would speak, and find out from Mary, or even from Florence herself, the mystery of her sudden change of mind towards me. How lovely the three sisters looked as they came into the room!—but Florence, despite an air of sadness which had hardly left her face since I had been at the Chase, was the handsomest picture I ever saw. I asked her for the first waltz, and got it. My first words to her, after we had retired to the lovely conservatory, were—

"Florence, have you forgotten four years ago?"

She never answered me, and I thought I would not press the subject then. The next dance was a quadrille, and I was too sad to do anything; so I went up to Mary, and asked her if she would sit it out with me. I did not hesitate a moment, when we were alone, to ask her if she knew anything of Florence's reasons for throwing me over so cruelly and so suddenly. She said, no; it remained a mystery to her as to me—the only possible clue she could give being that she might have heard that I had been flirting with somebody else.

"No, Mary," I said, "you know me too well for that."

I then asked Mary if Vinning was not engaged to Florence, and if she did not care for him.

"Why," said she, "don't you know that he is engaged to Milly, and is only waiting for his father's consent to get married at once—only they had a little tiff to-day, because he thought you were paying attention to Milly, that's all?"

At that moment a waiter came to me with a telegram which had been sent on to me from the Chase. I opened it, and saw that I had got my "first." I was just going to hand it to Mary, when a sudden thought struck me. I pretended to be vexed; crumpled the telegram up in my pocket, and took Mary back to the dancing-room. She evidently thought that I had broken down, and forbore to question me.

The next dance I had with Florence was the seventh. The very first words she said to me were—

"Mr. Henniker, I'm so sorry for your disappointment."

I answered nothing to this, but in a moment I said to her—

"Florence, why did you send me that cruel message?"

She looked at me with her frank blue eyes, and exclaimed—

"Claude, I heard that you were engaged to Mary!"

Then I said—

"Now it is too late; you seem to have ceased to care for me."

The blue eyes filled with tears; her lips said nothing.

As bad luck would have it, the music struck up for another dance, and I saw Charles Dawkins coming out of the dancing-room to look for Florence, his partner.

"Don't leave me, Florence," I said; "I'm so wretched."

"What for?—why are you wretched?"

"Because you hate me."

Then the blue eyes looked bright again, and she said—

"Then you'd better be happy."

She was wearing a lovely white camellia in her dress, and I said—

"Give it to me."

"I will only give it to one I love."

Charlie Dawkins came up, claimed her hand, and left me in misery to walk up and down on the lawn distractedly, till it was time for me to claim the next dance with her. The time at last came. I went into the room. Charlie Dawkins was again talking to her, with the white camellia in his hand. The whole thing was plain enough



now—she loved him. I was in an agony, and without a word I turned on my heel, and strode out of the room. To put on my hat and coat was the work of a moment; and then, hardly knowing what I was about, I started to walk home to the Chase—three miles off.

I had been at home and in bed half an hour when I heard the sound of carriage wheels, and of the merry party getting out. I slept for an hour or two, then rose, packed all my things, and at daybreak, with the assistance of one of the men servants who providentially was about, got a fly to take all my things down to the Broadbeach station. A note on my dressing-table told my uncle the reason of my going, and adding that I had sustained a fearful disappointment about my class—I meant that my hard-won honours were useless to me without Florence's love to spread a halo of sunlight over them; but my words were ambiguous.

The train was just starting that was going to take me to London *en route* for anywhere, when the little pony carriage drove up, Florence and my good old-uncle inside it.

"Stop him—stop him!" exclaimed the good-natured old gentleman, radiant with smiles.

I turned round in surprise at seeing Florence holding in her hand the white camellia of the preceding evening; and Uncle Guy, with a sly grin, said—

"I know all about it, you young rascal; you made a precious mistake."

I saw that I had, but I couldn't help feeling happy notwithstanding.

"Now, my boy," said Uncle Guy, "you two can walk home by the lanes together, and I will drive the pony carriage by the road."

What a happy walk that was! Florence told me that it was all a mistake about the camellia. "Mr. Dawkins wanted to exchange his for mine; but, you know, I wanted mine for a particular purpose." Then she told me that she had found out that I had been disappointed about my class, but I very soon showed her that she had acted on insufficient evidence; and when we reached home—looking very guilty, but very happy—everything was satisfactorily explained; but luncheon had been waiting some time. Uncle Guy forgave us, and told me I wasn't such a fool, after all; and added that he thought far more of my sense in getting

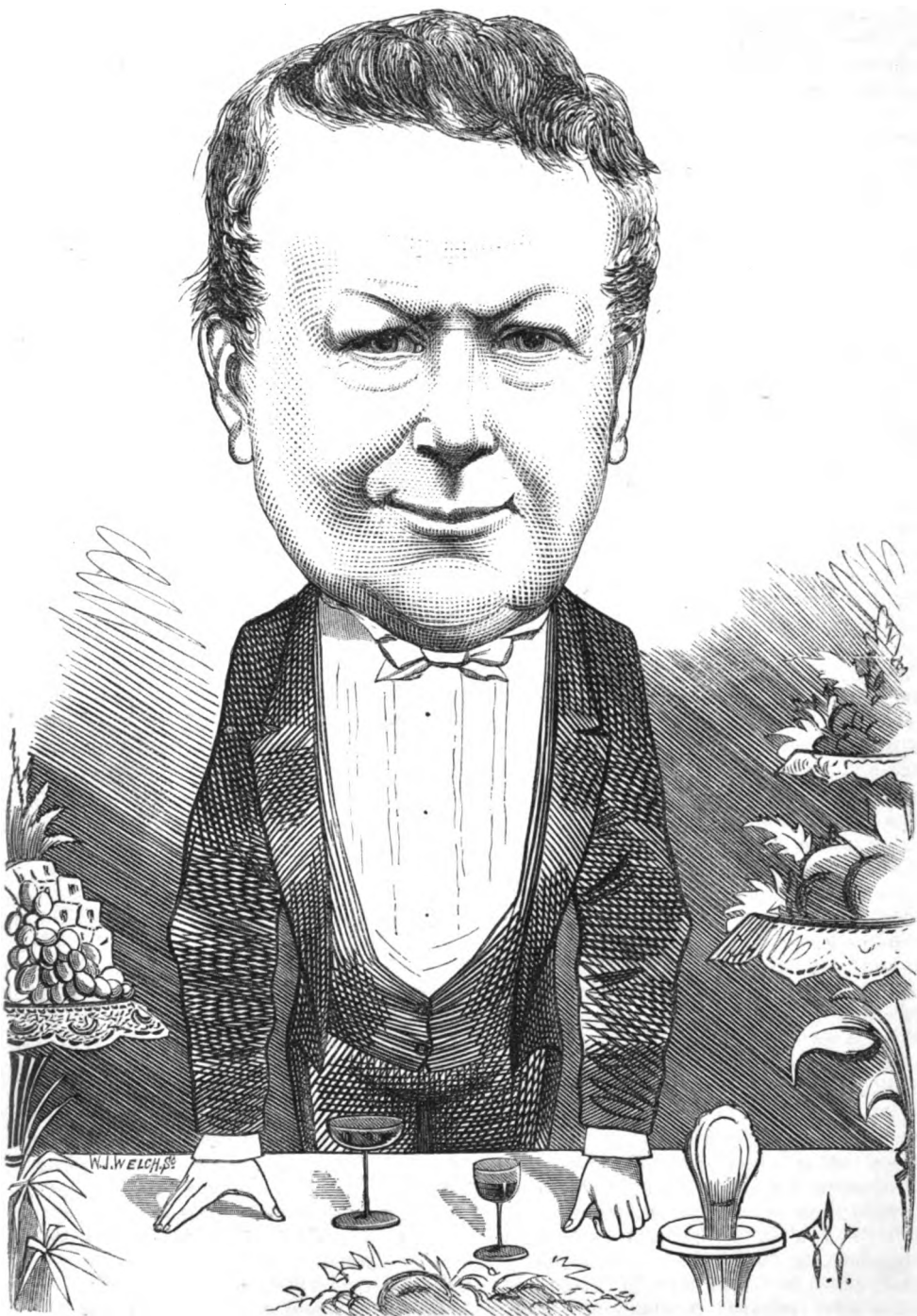
Florence to promise to be my wife than in getting a first, though that was a great pleasure to him. One thing he stipulated for with Mrs. Betterton was, that he should have a wedding breakfast at his own old Chase, and that he should put "that rascal of a nephew of mine" in a position to marry the lovely Florence. I have the white camellia still; and before very long I shall be going down to Broadbeach again, to claim the fulfilment of the promise which I received with it. Milly is going out to India very shortly with her husband Vining; but we—Florence and myself—are to live in the old Chase, and take care of *our* uncle Guy.

### J. B. BUCKSTONE.

LIKE many men who as actors hold a high place in the estimation of the public, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone left the profession to which he was brought up to become an actor. He was born in a southern suburb of London, in the year 1802, and was originally in the navy; but gave up the chance of serving his country afloat to become an articled clerk in an attorney's office. The law, however, was not a congenial pursuit; and Mr. Buckstone, having a very strong taste for the drama, made his first appearance on any stage at the Theatre Royal, Oakingham, in 1823. At this time he appears to have had a notion of succeeding Garrick as Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth; but one day, the low comedian being absent, at half an hour's notice he undertook the character of Gabriel, the drunken servant in "The Children in the Wood." His success was so great that he was afterwards induced to pay great attention to such characters. He continued, however, to appear in tragic parts; and for the remainder of the season he played in tragedy and comedy alternately.

Mr. Buckstone's *début* in London was made in the same year (1823), at the Surrey Theatre, where he played the part of Peter Smink in Payne's "Armistice." The success of the performance, and the applause that greeted it, clearly foreshadowed the position he would occupy on the London boards in low comedy characters.

His fame reached the Adelphi, and he was offered an engagement there, which he accepted—appearing as Bobby Trot in his own drama of "Luke the Labourer," T. P.



Once a Week.]

[November 16, 1878.

"OF INFINITE JEST."



Cooke playing the Sailor, and Terry the Labourer.

Mr. Buckstone's connection with the Adelphi lasted for many years. He used to play there in the winter, and at the Haymarket in the summer. He is the author of a large number of dramas, most of which were very successful at the time they were produced.

But it is as the lessee of the Haymarket that Mr. Buckstone is best known to the present generation of playgoers. Mr. Webster took this theatre in 1837, and Mr. Buckstone went there with him, and, we believe, played there until he became Jesse himself. As all our readers know, he is to be found there still, where every lover of good acting and a good laugh hopes he will long remain. Among his best impersonations, Box in "Box and Cox," Touchstone, Marplot, and Tony Lumpkin may be mentioned; and his most successful dramas are the famous "Green Bushes," "Flowers of the Forest," and the "Rough Diamond." How often his fun and rich drollery have set the house in a roar every playgoer knows. His impersonations are marked by originality of conception; but his strong personality always shines through all, to the delight of all his admirers. On the whole, the modern stage has every reason to be proud of Mr. Buckstone.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE DESCENT.

**M**R. LENNARD and his daughter proceeded on their way without one thought to check their enjoyment, and quite unrestrained by the presence of the servant—for Ann had been in the family for many years, having taken her first service as nursery-girl when Mary was a baby, and was quite like one of themselves.

"William should get our letters to-morrow," said Mr. Lennard, in reply to some remark of his daughter's; "and, let me see, is to-day Wednesday? Then he might be down here by Saturday, or perhaps Monday. Unless, indeed, he is out of town—which is very probable; and then, of course, it will be longer before he comes."

Mary had a private opinion of her own that her first letter would suffice to delay him in London, waiting for more; but kept it to herself.

"At all events, we shall hear from him soon," continued Mr. Lennard; "for if he has formed any other plans for the autumn, he is sure to write. Hallo, Ann, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, sir—only aint we a-going rather near the edge?"

"It looks like it, certainly; but the driver is responsible, and he is probably just as fond of his life as we are of ours."

"Deed, yes," corroborated the man, with a grin.

"Yes, sir; but he is used to precipices, which I am not, being born in Lincolnshire. Oh, lor, sir, it du look very awful. Supposing we should go over!"

"Then we should go on falling until we tumbled into that lake, unless the boughs of some of these shrubs caught us; and I own that I should not like to trust to that."

When they had reached the top of this valley they turned to the left, and shortly afterwards entered the pass of Llanberis, down which they went with many a jolt, and a drag on the wheel, but with laughing hearts, and with eyes that admired the grim and barren rocks more than the softer scenery from which they had just emerged.

"I must rub up my geology," said Mr. Lennard. "This neighbourhood is very interesting, I believe, from a scientific point of view."

"Oh, do, papa," said Mary; "and teach me something about it. I have often thought I should like geology, if it were not for the hard names and the classifications. I suppose that men who have learned Latin and read Ovid know all about metamorphic rocks naturally, but it is hard on the girls to bring the classics into everything. It would be delightful, though, to have some of the results pointed out to me on the spot without the trouble of book-work. Now, for instance, papa, look at those queer scratches on the rocks by the side of the road: do you know what they are? I have heard of the footprints of horrible monsters being discovered; surely, these cannot be the impression of the claws of some tertiary cat, who was accustomed to run up precipices as tittums does up a wall?"

"Those, my dear?" said Mr. Lennard, assuming a learned air—"oh, no; those must be the marks of glaciers. You know, all this part was ice and snow at one time, just like Switzerland; and no doubt the valley we are in was once filled with a

glacier—perhaps the hotel-keepers wish it was now. But, really, this is very curious and interesting. I never saw the marks so plainly."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the driver, turning round; "was the young lady asking what them scratches are? Them's where the irons was druv in when they blasted the rocks to make the road. 'Deed, yes."

"Ah—hum," said Mr. Lennard.

At length they reached Llanberis; and leaving the driver to put the car up at the principal inn, proceeded without pausing to walk up Snowdon. Some ladies shirk fatigue upon ponies, but Mary was not one of these. Light, active, and sound in wind and limb, a hill was an enjoyment to her; and she sprang up like a Southdown, only stopping every now and then to laugh nearly unto tears at her poor, panting, perspiring parent, who was by no means in training, and had not taken so long a walk, let alone the ascent, for the last six months.

"It's all very well for you, you impudent hus—hussey," he gasped, pausing to mop his forehead and "admire the view;" "you have got no weight to speak of to carry. If you had to carry thirteen stone about with you, you would find the difference, and feel pity for the struggles of your poor old father."

At last they got to the top. The sky was cloudless, the air unusually clear and transparent, and the view magnificent. A sea of mountains swelled, billow upon billow, to their feet; numerous lakes, which had collected on the sites of deserted mines, gave a peculiar feature to the scene by their variegated hues, which differed in their shade of green as the water was more or less impregnated with the copper; while in the distance the sea formed a magnificent background to the picture.

"I wish your mamma was here to see it," said Mr. Lennard.

"So do I," echoed Mary. "She never will own that there is any scenery worth looking at out of Switzerland; and this view would convert her, I am certain. What a stupid Ann is!"

Poor Ann's Lincolnshire legs found Snowdon disagree, and she shut up half-way.

When they had gazed their fill, they went into the little hut built at the top, and made a meal off bread and cheese and porter; after which Mr. Lennard smoked a cigar, which, he declared, brought the prospect out with

twofold beauty; and then they descended. Whatever our experience, that operation is always a disappointment; for it is impossible to help feeling that the principal part of your labour is over when you get to the top of a hill, or to avoid considering the descent as a trouble; whereas, a series of jolts must be more trying to the human or any other frame than a steady, laborious drag. And Mr. Lennard discovered that thirteen stone was a considerable trial to the firmness of the loose pieces of rock upon which he came lumping down from a fall, often of two feet at a step. Often did he stumble—sometimes tumble. Mary, too, was rather tired before she got half-way down; and, on the whole, Snap the terrier had decidedly the best of it. Going up had been a great trial to him; but now he made his fifty or a hundred yards in a succession of easy leaps, and then sat down on his tail, wondering why his companions did not descend with equal rapidity.

Hopeless as they began to deem it, they did at last reach the foot of the mountain, and made their way to the hotel, where they found Ann; and the horse having been put to, they started homewards without delay.

Their conversation, if not quite so continuous as it had been in the morning—seeing that when we are tired we feel inclined to rest the tongue as well as the legs—was still cheerful and hopeful.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Lennard, as they reached the Pass of Llanberis, and once more came to the valley which led to their present home, "we have been uncommonly lucky to-day. I have been several times up that little hill, and never had so good a view before. Nine times out of ten one just walks into a cloud and out again, and might just as well be on Holborn-hill in a fog. Still, do you think you would like to try your fortune again?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I should like it of all things."

"Well, I hope your mamma will be quite strong again by the middle of next week; and then, probably, William will be here by then, and we will make up a party."

"Yes, and mamma can have a pony—not but what she can walk better about hills than on level country. She spent all her early life in a hilly part of the country—did she not? Is Cornwall a very pretty part?"

"It is; and our village, Bodoston, particularly. I spent my own hobbedyhoyhood

there, you know; and I should like to see it again. It is very odd, but your mamma and I never happen to have visited it since we married. We must positively go there next summer."

"Oh, I should so like it!"

"You! Perhaps you will have to ask somebody else's leave by that time, miss."

And so they chatted on at intervals, till they came to the hotel at —, where the landlord came out to meet them, and made a sign to the driver, who stopped.

"Drive on," said Mr. Lennard. "We are tired, and want to be taken direct to the cottage."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the landlord, coming up to the door of the car. "Here is a note which was left for you, and which was to be given to you when you arrived."

"A note for me!" and he took and tore it open.

"DEAR SIR—As your lady was not so well after you left, I thought it better to send for a medical man; and Dr. Thomas, who is here awaiting your arrival, considered her very feverish, and recommended her going to bed. I send this note to inform you of this before you reach home, lest you and the young lady should be too much alarmed at finding a medical man in the house. Dr. Thomas says there is no fear of infection, so you need not be anxious for the young lady. —Yours faithfully, "MARY JONES."

Mr. Lennard turned pale as death.

"Is Dr. Thomas considered clever in his profession?" he asked the landlord, handing the note to Mary.

"Wonderfully clever, sir," replied Boniface, who was an optimist about the salubrity, the fishing, the mutton, the scenery, and everything else in the neighbourhood of his hotel. "The very first medical man in Gloucestershire, and only came here because he had made his fortune and found the work there too much for him. His patients would have given thousands to have kept him."

"Drive on, fast!" said Mr. Lennard.

"Do you think it is—is worse than Mrs. Jones says?" asked Mary, as they galloped down the valley.

"No, dear, of course not. Your mamma only wanted a little medical advice, and she will soon be all right again, now she has consented to do what I have urged upon her several times lately," replied Mr. Lennard,

but in a tone which, despite his efforts, belied his speech. And no other word was spoken until they reached the cottage.

Dr. Thomas was in the little sitting-room when they entered. A glance showed him that Mary was not a girl to be weak and hysterical when there was work to be done; so he spoke out at once, without waiting to be questioned.

"You got Mrs. Jones's note, sir? That is well. I regret to say that the feverish symptoms have not subsided; and I must inform you at once that the lady's head is rather wandering, or else you might be needlessly shocked on going upstairs. You wish to attend upon your mamma at once, I see, Miss Lennard, and I will not detain you; but perhaps you are unused to illness?—if so, you must not be hurt if our patient does not know you."

"Is she very ill, then?" asked Mary, in an awe-struck tone.

"She certainly requires careful treatment, and especially good nursing, and I am glad that you are here to attend her."

After a little further conversation, during which Mary mastered the emotions caused by the first shock of this intelligence, Mary retired to the sick room.

Directly she was out of hearing, Mr. Lennard said, earnestly—

"Tell me, for God's sake, sir, what is the matter?"

"Brain fever," replied Dr. Thomas.

"Is there— No, it is impossible!"

The doctor shook his head.

"What—danger? Fear for her life?"

"I will not deceive you—it is a serious case. Come, my dear sir, danger, whether it threatens ourselves or those we love, is the very thing which should brace our energies."

"You are right," said Mr. Lennard, after a pause, during which he had hid his face in his hands. "Pardon me; this was so utterly unexpected. What can be done? Would you like to have a second opinion? Do you think that my wife's usual medical attendant could be of service? He might tell you what her constitution is, and—and—"

"By all means," broke in Dr. Thomas; "it would give me great pleasure to meet him. The driver of your car has been kept; he can take a message for you to the railway station, and from there it can be forwarded by the mail train to the station master at —, where there is a telegraph office."

Dr. Thomas's suggestion was followed, and Mr. Lennard went up to his wife's bedside.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM FLETCHER GOES TO WALES.

ON leaving the hospital, Fletcher went to his friend Arnold's chambers, and found him at breakfast.

"I am late," he said, rising, and going to the cupboard for another plate and tea-cup. "I had some work to finish before breakfast, and that has brought me for once to your hours. But what has happened? You look pleased and grave all together."

"You are a physiognomist," replied Fletcher, seating himself at the table. "We were wrong in our surmises. The Lennards did not run away from me, but from t'other; that is why I look pleased. Mary wrote me a letter, which was intercepted by Perez—how, I cannot think."

"The scoundrel!"

"Hush! do not call him names. I struck him last night, and he is dead. I have just left his corpse. That is why I am grave."

"Dead!" exclaimed Arnold. "What, from the effects of your blow?"

"No—no, thank God! I only struck him with my bare fist, and that in pure self-defence; for he attempted my life a second time."

And Fletcher gave his friend a full detail of all that had happened, so far as he knew, on the previous night and that morning, concluding with the question—

"Does not this alter the aspect of affairs?"

"Considerably," said Arnold.

"And your advice now is—?"

"Nay—nay," replied the other, laughing and shaking his head—"I will give you no more advice, unless it be that of the bells in 'Rabelais,' which rang out, 'Mar-ry her, mar-ry her,' to the lover who consulted them; but 'Don't wed her, don't wed her,' to the husband who listened more critically five years afterwards. The fact is that I do not understand women—can't form any guess what is likely to please or offend them; can't tell whether what they say and do means like or dislike. I can always make friends with a little boy; but a little girl of the same age either takes to me at once, without any trouble of mine, or sets me down as an enemy, whose overtures are snares. And they are just the same when they grow up. The man who fancies

that he knows them best is no safer than Van Amburgh. The soft, graceful creatures may snap his head off any day—aye, and purr up to the fatal moment. No, no; do not come to me for advice. I could never manage my own love affairs, and merchants do not choose bankrupts for managing clerks. I would not have meddled in your affairs at all if I could have helped it, but you forced them upon me; besides, as a friend of both parties, it was impossible not to take some interest in the business."

"Don't answer me unless you like, old fellow," said Fletcher, after a pause. "But, if it is a fair question, what makes you such a woman-hater?"

"I am not," said Arnold. "I do not hate them, I am only afraid of them. It is an old story, not worth repeating. I have been jilted twice, my boy—once for money, and once for caprice; and the operation is not so pleasant that one would court it a third time. Of course I was a fool to take it to heart; but I am so unhappily constituted that I cannot see why treachery should be such a vile thing between two men, and such a good joke between a man and a woman. Perhaps if I had ever been a confederate instead of a victim, I should see the fun better; and yet I don't know, intrigue always seems to me but mean and dirty work; and how it can be a more gentlemanly occupation than any other description of swindling. I cannot imagine. There is something deficient in my moral sense, I suppose. Well, so that fellow is dead!"

"Yes," said Fletcher, who was glad to get off the thin ice upon which he had so incautiously trodden. "Crushed like a beetle. It was an awful thing to see him lying so still and helpless, when a few hours before he had been so full of vitality. Death is a queer thing when one comes to think about it—at least, to a fellow who is not familiar with it; though, to a doctor or a soldier, there is no reason why a dead man should excite more awe than a dead sheep or snipe, which we all regard with indifference. And yet, putting aside awe, it is queer. Our bodies are capable of a myriad of sensations—not a nerve in the complicated structure of our frames but is ever throbbing with pleasure or pain; and some of these organs, such as the eye and ear, some of us expend a great portion of our time in educating to the highest pitch of perfection. In addition to all this, we have a

mysterious inner being which we call the mind, which reasons, thinks, seems almost to create, and this we store with all the knowledge we can gather—the languages of many peoples, the histories of many nations, the secrets of science, the speculations of philosophy, the wondrous beauties of poetry, may lie stored in the memory. Suddenly, in a moment, a convulsion of the heart, a prick in the spinal cord, a slight pressure of blood on the brain, and where is all this? Is the power which could accumulate all these treasures powerless to guard them for a moment? There is the hand, the cheek, the eye, the tongue; but what has become of the will, the motive power, the something which raised or dropped that hand at its pleasure, which caused that cheek to blush with shame or blanch with fear—which gave sight to that eye, speech to that tongue? Gone, lost, untraceable; and all because some little wheel in the machine has become deranged!"

"Do you believe in a future state, Arnold?"

"Of course."

"Aye, but I do not mean your 'of course' creed, but your real one. We are all Christians, 'of course;' for it requires nearly as much moral courage to disbelieve now as it did to believe in the first three centuries. But do you feel as sure that there is another state of existence for us after this as you are that there is such a country as Australia?"

"Pretty nearly," said Arnold, after thinking a minute. "Lost, do you say? How can anything be lost? Analogy repels the idea in every direction, and Nature is not like grammar—I doubt if there are any exceptions to her rules, if you can only get hold of them. The poor body that lies helpless has changed, is changing, will change further, until it resolves itself into its component gases; but nothing is lost—not a hair, not an eyelash, can ever turn to nothingness. A miracle created, a miracle only can destroy. Can spirit, then, be less subtle than matter? Can the will, the thought, the motive power—call that which saw, and heard, and laughed, and talked, and reasoned, and moved those limbs, by the name of life, soul, or what you will—can that, the real person, be annihilated? What, is the actor a breath—less than a breath, for that exists eternally? and his dress, the mask he used to wear, imperishable? Why should we assume that

what is impalpable is therefore non-existent? We see the soul—or call it by what name you please: I mean the power of thinking and acting—in its results. Under certain conditions, it produces certain effects; alter these conditions, and the effects cease. Is it philosophical to assume that therefore the soul has become non-existent? What, then, of electricity? what of the magnetic current? Are those forces created by the machines which give us optical proof of their presence? The telegraphic wire is snapped, and the Sadducee argues that the magnetic current, which worked by its means before the accident, is annihilated."

Arnold's metaphysics were dissipated by the porter, who came in just then with letters.

"Any for me?" asked Fletcher, remembering that they were delivered on Arnold's staircase before his own.

"Yes, sir—two," answered the man, selecting them from his packet.

One was from Mr. Lennard, the other from Mary.

"Read that," said Fletcher, presently, tossing the first across the table.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Arnold when he had read the letter.

"Going to do? Why, I am off to Wales at once. Where is 'Bradshaw'?"

"Mind, I don't advise," said Arnold; "but I am glad of it—devilish glad of it—and may you be happy, old fellow!"

Fletcher went to his own chambers, and packed a few things, and then started for the station. He had discovered his way to Chester easily enough, and found that he could get there that night, and that he could devote the hours of travel to the discovery how he was to penetrate farther into the regions beyond that city. For Chester forms, as it were, the Asses' Bridge of that portion of the Guide which he had at present to do with. So far it is all plain-sailing; beyond it, the problems increase in difficulty with every mile.

His "Bradshaw" was a source of great comfort to Fletcher. There are people who can sleep or peacefully ruminate for any number of dreary hours; but his organization was less happy, and he always got the fidgets at the end of fifty miles. So when he had finished his daily and weekly journals, he fell back upon his guide and friend with the gratitude of Dr. Johnson to his Cocker, or whatever work on arithmetic



it was which the lexicographer always took to beguile his journeys by coach.

When at last even Bradshaw failed—when the dazzled, pricking, itching eyes could no more follow the columns of figures, and the jumbled brain refused to carry on time and place from page to page, he looked about at his fellow-passengers with conversational intentions. There were three: an elderly lady, a young lady—no connection with the other, but travelling alone—and a stout, middle-aged man. He had made certain overtures *apropos* of the disposal of rugs and luggage, the management of the window, and so forth, on first starting, but not with enough warmth to thaw the British reserve. Now he set to work in earnest.

The stout man was given to apoplectic slumbers, upon which nothing but the cry of "Ten minutes allowed here for refreshment!" could produce any effect.

The elderly lady was affable, but stone deaf; and when Fletcher addressed a remark to her, smiled and gave him the end of an elastic hookah tube to talk into, she sticking the mouthpiece into her ear; but even with the exercise of this uncomfortable contrivance, and the shouting out of inane remarks at the top pitch of his voice, he was unable to make her understand him.

The young lady evidently considered an innocent remark upon some point of scenery which they were passing as an assault, and nearly burst out crying at the insult of a man speaking to her without a formal introduction.

Unable to read or sleep, and shut up with a hog and two tobacco-stoppers for his sole companions, Fletcher got desperate; and at the next station they stopped at he gathered up his possessions and left the carriage.

All the first-class carriages had ladies in them but one, and that was full; but from a second-class compartment, which had only one occupant, there issued a promising odour.

"You don't object to smoking, sir?" asked Fletcher, with a smile.

"No, sir—no, not ex—actly."

And in half a minute he was contemplating his new companion in a happy and contented frame of mind, despite the absence of cushions. This was a sturdy man, whose breadth of back made him look almost short, which he was not; his features were blunt and fleshy, but good-tempered; he

had a bull-neck, wore his hair cut very short, and was dressed like a farmer in his Sunday clothes.

"A bit of bacca's a great comfort on a journey, sir," said he. "The railways will never be able to stop smoking, so they had better give it up, and purvide carriages for it. You see, even they as only smoke occasional like a whiff in a train; it isn't law-ful—that gives it a flavour, takes 'em back to their boyhood like; it passes the time, and it soothes the nerves, which the shaking irritates."

"Well done!" said Fletcher, laughing. "You ought to write a pamphlet on the subject, and awaken the directors to their true interests."

"Well, about their interests, I don't know. I was only thinking about those of the public. You see, the railways get a good deal from gents like you, who take first-class tickets, find themselves shut up with ladies, and change to second for a smoke; so that their places can be let out twice, and it is not necessary to put on so many carriages. Besides, there's the tips to the guards; and a company will always look after the interests of its servants."

"But the guards are forbidden to take the money."

"Bah! that's a sop thrown to the orderly thinking people, that bye-law is; and what's their proportion?—not one per cent, no, nor nothing like it. Tipping, like the smoking, just depends upon the public themselves—if a larger number of travellers like to do it, it will be done; if not, it won't."

"And how did you know that I had come out of a first-class carriage—did you see me?" asked Fletcher.

"No—I didn't want to see you. There's swells ride second-class; but you are not one of them. I can tell, bless you!"

"You are a keen observer," said Fletcher, laughing.

"Well, I don't know," replied the man. "What's the use of eyes if you don't use 'em?"

Fletcher saw with amusement that he was practising his precept, and exercising his favourite organs by endeavouring to read the directions on his luggage. For mistrusting his powers of remembering the names of the salient Welsh places he was to pass through, and not wishing to have to refer to Mr. Lennard's letter whenever he procured a railway ticket or gave directions to a porter,

he had written the full postal address on a couple of visiting cards, which he had attached respectively to his portmanteau and hat-box; and as he was one of those weak-minded travellers who are happier when their luggage is in the carriage with them, these now reposed, the one under the seat, the other upon it by his side, and now attracted the scrutiny of the sturdy man, who seemed at last, by the sharp glance he cast from one of the directions to his companion, to have made it out. Then, as if perceiving that the young man had observed his curiosity, he turned the conversation to other matters, and by the shrewdness and mother-wit displayed in his remarks, delighted Fletcher, and drew him on to talk freely, and eventually to let out who and what he was, and where and with whom he was about to stay, without his having an idea that he was being pumped.

When they were within an hour of Chester, the sturdy man said—

"If you are going on to-morrow, sir, we might find ourselves companions again; for I am on my way to that part myself, on business. You can't guess my business, can you?"

"Indeed I cannot," replied Fletcher.

"Have you ever heard of Jobson?"

"What, the detective? Of course I have."

"Well, I am the party; and I have got the rummiest job in hand I have ever had yet. I've got to find a murdered man and his murderer, without knowing for certain whether any such crime has been committed at all."

"That is curious," said Fletcher. "Is it fair to ask for any more details?"

"Of course it is," said Jobson, "or I should not have told you so much. The fact is, that you may be of use to me if you will."

"I!"

"Yes," continued Jobson, taking a leather case from his breast-pocket, and selecting a paper. "Did you know the gambling-house at Chelsea this last season?"

"I heard of it," replied Fletcher, "but never went there."

"Well, Dubourg, the writer of this, was the croupier, and Clements the proprietor. Now, read that letter."

And he handed Fletcher a document, which ran thus:—

"I, who am known in this country and

at the present time by the name of Francis Dubourg, hereby declare that I am in great peril from the man now called Robert Clements—better known to the French police as Jonathan Wilbraham—who has this summer kept a hell at Chelsea, where I acted as croupier. Clements having fraudulently obtained valuable papers from a Mr. Lennard—a gentleman to whose family I lay under obligations—I availed myself of an opportunity to abstract them; and am certain that if Clements can overtake me, he will murder me for that act. I do not much fear that he will be able to reach me. My precautions are well taken. I go this 7th of September to Wales; to-morrow, the eighth, I see Mr. Lennard, and give up his documents to him at —, and I should be able to reach Bristol that evening; and once there I am safe, and this letter will be destroyed, without having met any eyes but my own. Knowing well, however, what sort of man Clements is to play at life and death with, and that he may track, follow, and kill me, I write, seal, and enclose this to her who is waiting for me at Bristol, where she has secured our passage to the Continent, with directions to open and read it, and immediately communicate with the police, if I do not appear in Bristol by six o'clock on the evening of the ninth, as that will allow for the missing of three trains. And if I neither appear nor send a telegraphic message by the time specified, it will be because I am dead by the hand of Clements. I take the precaution of writing this, and depositing it in safe hands—first, because the threat of my having done so may possibly induce Clements, should he find me, to spare my life; secondly, that in case of his murdering me, my death may be avenged."

#### TABLE TALK.

MR. TENNYSON'S last poem completes the series of Arthurian Idylls; and, much as we admire his writings, we must confess that the completion of the task he had set himself is to be hailed with a sigh of relief. "Gareth and Lynette" is inferior to the other poems of the series—it is to be placed between "The Coming of Arthur" and "Enid." The order in which the poems are to be read by the critic of the future is—"The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivien," "Lancelot and

Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Etarre," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur." The subject, the legend of Arthur, would hardly strike the most dispassionate observer as of sufficient importance to deserve such elaboration at the hands of the Poet Laureate; but Mr. Tennyson's fondness appears to have grown with what it fed on. Of these idylls—although doubts have been raised as to its moral tendency—"Vivien" is the most beautiful; the least popular of the series having been "The Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Etarre." What position "Gareth and Lynette" will occupy in the affections of the readers of Tennyson remains to be seen; but such is the value of his name, that two wholesale booksellers in London took between them 6,000 copies of his latest poem on the day of publication.

MR. HARGRAVE JENNINGS, author of "The Rosicrucians," has in the press a singular work of fiction, entitled "One of the Thirty." This strange book purports to trace the history, down to our own time, of one of the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas Iscariot as the price of his crime. Mr. Jennings will also publish shortly "Live Lights or Dead Lights: Table or Altar"—a treatise drawn from the doctrine of the Ancient Fathers concerning the Eucharist. Both works will be illustrated.

THE SUCCESS THAT attended Mr. Planché's "Recollections" should tempt some other old gentlemen with good memories into the same field of literature. We would suggest to Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Buckstone—the subject of our cartoon this week—that they have both of them got a good deal to tell that their friends would be glad to hear; that they can tell it in a very interesting way, and with profit to themselves, and make an important contribution to the history of the stage.

JOHNSON, in his dictionary, derives and defines the word *machine*. He gives to it three meanings—(1) Any complicated work in which one part contributes to the motion of another. (2) An engine. (3) Supernatural agency in poems. And he quotes Pope, Dryden, Prior, and Burnet in support of his definitions. His meanings have since been added to and improved upon; but there is a meaning to the word I question if he dis-

covered even during his "journey to the Hebrides." The following cutting from a late number of the *Glasgow Herald* will show it:—"The Marquis and Marchioness of Bute have recovered their wonted health. Lady Bute takes frequent drives in an elegant light machine, while his lordship has been several times in Rothesay, visiting the operations going on in the old Castle, where a spring of water has been discovered in making the excavations." When I read that paragraph, I confess, in my Sassenach ignorance, I thought her ladyship had been out in a bathing machine, which is the only "elegant light machine" suitable for a lady to take the air in, in common use on this side the Border. I was wrong. It was Scotch for a landau and pair.

THE dreadful weather we have had of late has affected literary men as much as anybody. Critics especially are in a very bilious state. Blue pill, in four-grain doses, might be plied with advantage. Witness the *Saturday* dealing with Mrs. Henry Wood's latest compilation, "Within the Maze." "Time does many things: it mellows garish colours, ripens green fruit, rounds sharp angles, strengthens immature faculties, and consolidates uncertain powers; but it does not improve Mrs. Henry Wood." We might be irreverent enough to add, "nor make the *Saturday* less unkind."

THE *Albany Law Journal* has an article representative of the opinions of American lawyers as to the desirability of a systematic study of the history of law. It is remarked that—"Out of a thousand watchmakers, but ten will be able to tell the early history of watchmaking. Out of a hundred printers, but five will give an intelligible account of the origin and promotion of his art. Out of a given number of professional men, but a small per centage will furnish anything more than a meagre and very general explanation of the historic rise and progress of his profession." This is very true, and we recommend an improvement upon this state of affairs to our zealous law reformers. The history of law should be the first step in legal education.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

In December will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL."

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NEW SERIES.

No. 256.

November 23, 1872.

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## NETTLES.

A NOVELETTE.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"A BEGGAR BEGS THAT NEVER BEGGED BEFORE."



ONCE more let us turn to Peckfield. We left it in winter weather, and we return to it after five winters. Five winters had gone by since the dinner was given at the Red Lion in honour of Dick Bufton; and now the day had dawned when there

was to be another feast on a far grander scale, on the same table and in the same house. There had been preparations at the inn for weeks. The big room upstairs was beautifully decorated with flowers and festoons of evergreens.

Trench was in a state of blissful contentment and ease. An event he had anticipated with feelings of pleasure was no longer in the future—it was in the past by a few hours, and he was surrounded on all sides by joyous hearts. At seven o'clock, when dinner should be on the table, he would attain the summit of satisfaction.

But it is not evening yet; and in the meantime we will call at Eldorado. Nothing had been heard of Tim—his parents knew not whether he lived or was dead. Hours of weary wonderment Mrs. Rooke passed, unknown to any one; yet, in the presence of her husband she was more resigned, and tried to follow the advice he had often given her—to look kindly on all things inevitable, and make no mistake. To dwell upon the theme was sorrow; and to nurse sorrow for what could not be helped,

but by Providence, was to court unhappiness without doing any good to anybody. This is what the schoolmaster told Mr. Rooke, and what Mr. Rooke told Mrs. Rooke.

"To-day," said Rooke to his wife, "we must rejoice, and make no mistake; and when we go to the joyous party to-night, where there will be none but light hearts, we must be merry as the merriest."

"I think we will have tea at once," she replied; "then we shall have time to get ready."

There was a knock at the door.

Rooke looked through the window.

"There's an old man," he said. "I wonder what he wants."

He went to the door.

"Can ye help a poor old beggar-man, kind sir?" said the stranger.

"Oh, yes; we can do anything on a day like this—make no mistake," said Rooke.

He asked the astonished man to come in, and sit by the fire.

"You have come at the right time," said Rooke. "It is open house to-day for poor men, and princes too, if they like to come. Don't you make any mistake. Mary, my dear, will you get out the wine and cake?"

"Your kindness, sir, will be remembered. Heaven bless you!"

"This is a rum world, aint it, old man?" said Rooke, as he scanned the deplorable state of the beggar. "We all have our afflictions. You look as if you had got your own and somebody else's to boot. Never mind, you don't stand alone. I have had a dose of care, and have still—don't you make a mistake!"

"Misery in this world is as necessary as pleasure. Without the one there could not be the other. Adversity takes from us earthly good; then shows to us how great a boon it is; and, when we learn to prize it as we should, Dame Fortune gives it back.

Once more obtained, we use it better, and are doubly blessed."

"Hear, hear—that's good!" said Rooke; "but I don't know why you should speak blank verse; people don't generally transact their business in blank verse."

"We often speak rhyme unawares," said Mrs. Rooke—"why not blank verse?"

"Well said, mother—I beg pardon, kind sir!" said the beggar, checking himself.

"I think so," added Rooke. "Don't call my wife mother, *if* you please. I don't suppose you expect to stay here all night, so you had better drink the wine. To-day there is a marriage amongst my friends, so you'd better drink to the bride and bridegroom, old man."

"May I inquire who is the happy man?" said the beggar.

"Well, I expect it's all the same to you, whatever his name may be. The wine will taste the same to you without the name; but, if you would like to know, it is Dick Bufton."

The stranger, who was in the act of lifting the cup to his lips, let the glass fall to the floor in surprise.

"Deuce take the man!" said Rooke. "What do you think you are doing?"

"It was purely by accident, kind sir."

"You must drink out of the bottle now, whether or no."

"May I inquire the bride's name?" asked the beggar.

"You may if you like, but I shall not tell you. You'd let the bottle fall."

"Here's to the health of the bride and bridegroom," said the stranger. "May they live long, and God send them joy!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Rooke—"that's good! You can take the bottle by the fire, old man, until you are ready to go."

"Thank you, kind sir. I am a poor man that has known trouble in the world; but I think I shall soon be happy myself."

"That's all right—I hope you will. Have you anything else to tell us? Say what you like, you know, while you're here."

"Yes, I have something else to tell you. When I was a boy," said the beggar, feigning to be affected with the wine, "I ran away from home because my father thrashed me, and I knew not why. He told me I should come to a bad end, and you see what I have come to."

"Did he?" said Rooke. "This is interesting. Well, what did you do then?"

"I left home, resolved not to return. I could do credit to my parents; and you may see how impossible that is now. I loved my mother dearly—I loved my father too, still the same. I should have written home, but I thought they must despise me, and would not care to hear from me. I worked in the world, but reaped only sadness. Fortune came to me at last, and I was prepared to return to my father and mother. If you had a son who did the same, and returned to ask your forgiveness, what would you say?"

The storyteller looked eagerly for an answer.

"I would say, 'God bless you, my son, and welcome home!'"

Mrs. Rooke was getting tea, but she heard all that was said.

"Your story brings painful recollections to my mind," said Rooke, full of sympathy. "If ever you want help, come to me. What is your name?"

"My name?" said the stranger, throwing off his disguise—"Timothy Rooke!"

It would be impossible to describe the scene that followed. The gray-haired wig and beard, and the old brown coat, Tim had worn were lying on the floor, and in another instant he was kissing his mother and his father. Mrs. Rooke cried for joy, and Rooke could scarcely convince himself that he was awake. Tim was dressed in a rich suit of black, and looked a young gentleman all over. His eyes sparkled, and gladness brought the blood to his face, and gave him a look of healthy nobleness. He was, indeed, a son to be proud of. His mother asked him more questions than could be fairly answered in an hour; while Rooke sang bits of songs, laughed, performed most dangerous feats with the knives and forks, and upset cups and saucers in happy confusion.

Two hours afterwards, great was the surprise when Rooke appeared with his wife and son at the Red Lion. Dick rushed from his seat to receive Tim, and they shook hands until their arms ached. They retired from the rest of the company as soon as they could, to tell over their adventures since they had last seen each other, and Dick asked Tim's forgiveness for deserting him. Tim said he esteemed him all the more, because he knew he was his friend, and only aimed for what was best. Dick then told with pride how he had won a

place for himself in the theatrical world, and was doing well; and how that he had won Maggie—declaring himself to be the happiest of mortals. Tim found welcome and blessings on all sides.

That night Tim whispered a prayer for Amy, and his mother thanked God that He had given back her son.

# CHAPTER XXIX.

"AFTER A STORM COMETH A CALM."

TIM'S days at home, after his long struggle for bread, passed as pleasantly as a fairy tale. The discord of the hungry crowd was gone, and comfort waited on him like a peaceful dream. For years he had been alone, with no one to sympathize with him, or whisper consolation in his ears—nay, there had not been one to cheer him with a smile until he met Amy. He had been on troubled waters in the dark; but now the sun had burst through the clouds, and it was day, and he was safe on land.

The resting-place of his youth was as sweet to him as the fabled Happy Valley. Between smiles and tears, he read the "Thousand and One Nights" in the summer-house, to recall the pleasant hours of auld lang syne. Mrs. Rooke went about the house with a light heart and a song upon her lips; and Rooke enjoyed his meals and the doze he indulged in, "always of an afternoon," more than he had done for years.

The early spring flowers were blooming in the garden, and birds chirped in the apple tree against Tim's bed-room window. There was the church, as he had known it in his school days—the ivy still twining round the crumbling pile to support it in its old age. There was the same house, the same mother and father; even the tea-pot, the arm-chair, and the poker he knew again, and looked upon them as old friends. Feelings of strange delight played about him when he mused on his present and future prospects. Amy was his own for aye! Success in the world was dawning upon him, and the same pure feelings existed at home as in the days gone by. Home! There's a charm in the name. Home is the heaven of earth: not if there be perpetual strife of brothers and sisters, envious of each other; not if it be a place of curses and bitter quarrels—then it is a sorry place indeed. But Tim had neither sisters nor brothers. He had all the bless-

ings of home to himself—an only child is loved more than a large family, and has no one to quarrel with.

When Tim strolled in the country, or wandered beside the brook where he used to go fishing, the pretty girl with an angel face went with him. Often, as he spoke of the time when they first met, she drew closer to him with a kind of fear, as though she were still in danger, and looked to him for protection. Then she would smile at him—smile so sweetly that tears came to his eyes, tears of wondrous joy.

It was proved beyond doubt that Amy was the daughter of good Mr. Wickliffe. She lived in the big Hall, and called him father. It did not strike her as strange that she should call him father; she seemed to know him, and felt indeed that he *was* her father. She would take hold of his arm and go for long walks, and they cherished each other with a natural affection. She loved Goodle too. Poor Goodle!—he couldn't understand it at all. Mr. Wickliffe engaged a governess who should be a companion for Amy, and Tim was allowed to visit her whenever he liked. It was her father's wish that he should use the Hall as he would his home—for Tim was a favourite, even as Harry had been. Not for this alone: Amy and Tim's love for each other was known to him, and he looked upon Tim as his daughter's future protector.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jonah Deffield, staggered at a disclosure that endangered his own safety, became as a maniac. There was only one who knew the secret besides himself and his wife, and that was his first wife—the woman who had helped him in the crime; and he did not think it reasonable to suppose she had confessed, when her own safety was concerned. He feared every moment the police would be on his track, and he trembled with rage at his wife, whom he believed had betrayed him and handed him over to justice. He left his room, and shouted for her to come with him, with the sole intention of murdering her. She did not answer; and in his rage he rushed downstairs, where he found, not his wife, but two policemen and an inspector, ready to escort him to his future home. They were not there at the instance of Mr. Wickliffe, and knew nothing of the wrong Jonah had done that gentleman—they apprehended him for highway

robbery. He was taken to gaol, after a magisterial examination. His wife was provided for by Mr. Wickliffe. Jonah was tried in a month. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labour. He was taken to Portland, to join a miserable gang of convicts, and to pick stones, perhaps until his death, in that most wretched quarry. Two gentlemen, who had strayed from the path-way one morning, were looking at the convicts. Jonah, seeing them, put his hand to his mouth to induce them to give him some tobacco, and he spoke to them. He was reported for misconduct by the warden in charge of Jonah's company. A day or two afterwards, Jonah seized his pick with both hands, and struck the warden on the head, killing him on the spot. For this crime, Jonah died on the gallows, a few yards from his own house.

\* \* \* \* \*

What led to the welfare of others proved the downfall of Goodle. His wife was dead, Amy was taken from him, and his home was gone. He had nothing to work for—nothing to live for. Mr. Wickliffe sent him money, which went to the public-house. Goodle drank gin to kill his loneliness; and he drank on, until he was healed of all his sadness—he died.

\* \* \* \* \*

One night a stranger came to Peckfield by train. He was a young man of perhaps twenty-one years of age. He had several large boxes of luggage, which he ordered a porter to take into the parcel-office. He lit a cigar, turned on his heel, and left the station. He hurried excitedly along the streets, and stayed at times to peep into windows for old faces. It was Harry Deffield—or rather, Frank Wickliffe. He thought it would be best to go first to Mr. Wickliffe, who would be able to tell him all about his friends before he went in search of them. He soon reached the residence of Mr. Wickliffe. There was a light in the sitting-room window, and the blind was drawn.

Mr. Wickliffe was out, but his daughter waited upon the stranger to inquire if there was any message she could give to her father. When Harry saw her, he was impressed with her beauty. He believed he had seen her before, but he knew not where

—she did not seem a stranger to him. When he learnt that the pretty girl was the *daughter* of Mr. Wickliffe, he was convinced that he had got to the wrong house, for he knew of no such daughter when he left home.

"I think I will call again, Miss Wickliffe, if you will kindly tell your father a friend has called. I will look in again in the morning."

"What name shall I give him?" asked Amy, as he was leaving the house.

He handed her a card, and left immediately. She closed the door, took the card to the light, and read the name—Harry Deffield.

Harry went to Mr. Rooke's, and, to his astonishment, found Tim at home. Eldorado was again thrown into a state of excitement, and a supper was got up in a hurry to welcome the return of another runaway. Mr. Purden—Harry's old friend, the school-master—was sent for, and warm salutations passed between them. Tim and Harry were so full of confused gladness that they knew not what to say to each other.

Rooke, as usual when there was any startling news, went over to inform Mr. and Mrs. Trench, and at the same time to invite them to supper.

In the meantime, Tim, with his newly found friend, took a short walk, that they might talk at will.

"I've seen one of the sweetest girls in the world, Harry, my boy, since I saw you last," said Tim.

"Go out!—you're not going to be married, Tim?"

"Yes, I am. The day is fixed. She is one of the dearest creatures in existence."

"What is her name?"

"Amy Wickliffe. Her name is, really, Mary Wickliffe."

"That must be the one I have seen," said Harry. "Tim, my boy, she is an angel, and you will be happy."

"I know it," replied Tim, with pride. "I can tell you a long tale of our adventures in the world; and now——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Harry, "where does Mr. Wickliffe live that I used to know? I went to the house to-night, and found a Miss Wickliffe—your Amy, I suppose?"

"Yes—yes, it is the same Mr. Wickliffe, your old friend. And now, Harry, I will startle you. We shall be brothers soon!"

"We always were."

"Aye, but Amy is your sister."

"You are trying riddles with me, Tim."  
 "No, you mistake. I say she is your sister."

"And yours too," said Harry. "We are all sisters and brothers."

"But you are the son, and she is the daughter."

"We are all sons and daughters of Adam and Eve."

"You both have the same father," urged Tim.

"God."

"But the same mother," said Tim.

"God is the father and mother of us all, Tim, my boy."

"You beat me, Harry; but I am not jesting. I see I must tell you a long story to convince you of what I say."

Tim then related his adventures after leaving home.

"You have indeed startled me, Tim," said Harry, when the narrative had ended.

"I scarcely know whether it is the nightmare, whether I am dreaming, or what——"

"It is all true, Harry. You have fortune and happiness before you."

"How strange, Tim! They will both be welcome. I have knocked about the world, but I have failed to find the one or the other. I have not been one of those lucky heroes who say, 'I want wealth, and 'I want happiness,' and are immediately served with the same."

"Nor I," said Tim.

"It was a wild fancy that drew me back to Peckfield. I had no reasons, but a longing to see old friends. Something seemed to whisper me back again."

"It was Providence!" said Tim.

THE END.

## ST. CROSS CHURCH, WINCHESTER.\*

HAVING occasion, a few days since, to visit the old city of Winton, I naturally felt more than usual interest in discovering some of its ancient historic places.

I was impelled by that curiosity which every Englishman feels to know the ancient and mediæval history of his country, and especially of its old towns and cities. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the history of the old English capital—the city wherein so many deeds, good and bad, have been done; the

city which abounds in architectural beauties, which is honoured by the tombs of some of England's worthies, and still more honoured by being the burying-place of some of her kings. Other towns and cities may boast of their various excellences, but I doubt if any can compare with Winton in rare old buildings and antiquities, of which it is so full that one may almost fancy himself transported back a few centuries, when the priests chanted their *Ave Maria* more frequently than they do now, and almost think he is one of the monks, just turned out of bed at midnight, with heavy head and sleepy eyes, walking with a slow, measured pace in procession with his brother monks, to repeat prayers and chants to which he has been summoned by the tolling of the convent bell. To most men these temporary delusions are pleasant, but unfortunately they all vanish when, happening to look downwards, a pair of polished boots are seen; but so strong for the moment is the spell that your thoughts again revert to the old days, and you almost wish you had sandals on your feet, and, instead of a frock coat, a long, sober-coloured gown fitting loosely round the neck, and fastened at the waist by a girdle hanging down to the feet; and instead of a high hat, a monk's hood covering your tonsured head, and you almost think you would like even to feel a rough hairy shirt next your skin, so peaceful, happy, and self-denying does the life of a monk seem. But again the sight of boots recalls the fact to your mind that you do not live in those misnamed "good old times;" and when you calmly put the pros and the cons together, you are thankful that you live in the present and not in those priest-ridden days.

Being in the neighbourhood of St. Cross, I made a sally, towards the close of a wet afternoon, to see St. Cross Church. It was with mingled feelings of reverence and delight that I walked through the outer quadrangle and by the "Hundred Menne's Hall." Then, passing beneath Beaufort's Tower, I reached the inner court, where I beheld the grand old church, which had stood for so many centuries, and which, according to the version of our conductor, would stand till the end of the world. I went directly to the rooms of the Brethren, and, in his own room, found Brother K.—a short, hale old man of fourscore and seven summers, who was exhibitor for the week. At first he was

\* See also article in *ONCE A WEEK*, August 7th, 1869.



reluctant to turn out in the rain; but having recognized a friend who accompanied me, all his scruples vanished, and his tongue ran as glibly as though he had half a pat of butter in his mouth. Almost the first words the old man spoke are remembered by us, from their unexpected appearance. They were—"Well, zur, I an' my wife a' been together fur fifty-six years, six months and twenty days, an' I niver had a angry word wi' her yet." This declaration of Brother K. has been considered false by some, for the reason that they think it quite impossible that two should live together so long, and not have a sharp word. However, those who think little of his assertion do not know anything to the contrary, and hence I am willing to believe him.

It is needless to attempt to describe the church—it would only be tedious, and probably unendurable, to those who have studied it. Therefore, I will merely jot down a few of those beauties of the place which were especially directed to our attention as we hurried round it. We entered by the north porch, and were at once struck with admiration when we beheld the massive columns, which, we were told, were four feet thicker round than high—that is to say, fourteen feet in circumference and ten feet in height. Immediately inside the door we noticed some stones bearing the name of Humbert—relatives of the Rev. L. M. Humbert, who did so much for the good of the church and inhabitants generally. The remains of the worthy gentleman himself lie on the eastern side of the northern entrance. We then passed up the middle aisle, noticing the lofty ceiling, and other objects of interest. In each of the large pillars near the east end we noticed that a stone had been taken out and replaced; and, on tapping these stones, it was evident that they concealed some hollow place. How it was that these stones were overlooked when the church was being renovated a few years since may well be a subject of surprise, and it would seem likely that the Antiquarian Society would be amply rewarded for their trouble if they obtained an insight into these mysterious holes, which have apparently been closed so long. We were much pleased with the lantern, the east window, the Purbeck marble, and the elaborate canopied screen which divides the middle from the northern aisle of the choir. We visited the southern aisle, now used as a chapel by the

Brethren, who offer up their morning devotions there. On the south end of the transept is a tolerably bold delineation of the taking down of our Lord from the cross, covering the wall's entire surface. Time and darkness now pressed, and we were reluctantly compelled to hurry through the transept northward, stopping a moment to look at the ornaments of the northern aisle of the choir. Thence we passed rapidly through the ambulatory, noticing the table of King Stephen, and came to the hall, or refectory. This hall conveys a good idea of what a banqueting-hall was in the olden time. Here the Brethren still sing their songs and quaff their ale on grand days.

"Merry it is in halle to hear the harpe,  
The minstrelles synge, the jogelours carpe."

The minstrels' gallery still remains over the screen. An ancient Flemish triptych is placed at the upper end, representing St. Katharine, on the left side; the Holy Family, in the middle; and St. Barbara, on the right. This work has been put to the credit of Albert Dürer, but with little evidence of its authorship. On a raised dais at the same end of the room are some old black leathern jacks, which were used for beer. There are also some dilapidated candlesticks and salt-cellars, said to have been used by Cardinal Beaufort. Handling one of these candlesticks, Brother K. said—"There, zur, they beant worth a ha'penny, be 'em now? They beant worth a ha'penny; an', zur, a lady offered fifty guineas for 'em; if she had offered a hundred she wouldn't have had 'em." In this hall the Brethren, on four days of the week, assemble to receive their hot dinners, which they carry to their own rooms. At eight o'clock each morning in summer, and nine o'clock in winter, they assemble for their daily allowance of beer. It may be surmised that they all appear in good time. By the time we had thus hurriedly looked over this refectory, our time was up, and we were obliged to depart; and after being wished "God-speed" by K., we retraced our steps, promising ourselves to have a renewal of the afternoon's pleasure.

Before I conclude, I should not forget to give Brother K. that praise which is deservedly his. His was no cross, surly voice; going over the interesting portions of the church as though he only had one story to tell to every visitor—word for word.

Mr. K.'s voice was anything but that; it was pleasant, and humorous and lively, as, with pardonable pride, he told me of the "labour of love" which he performed in the restoration of the church. Although eighty years of age, this old man, who was by trade a mason, discovered and laid open to view the two lowest stained windows of the large east window, renovated the northern aisle of the choir in great part by himself, and did otherwise much to deserve the thanks of antiquarians, painters, sculptors, and the public generally. He was justly proud of what he had done, and several times he nudged me, and said—"There, zur, d'ye think an old man over eighty year old could a' climbed up there, an' do all that there nearly by himself?" And then, when I expressed my doubt as to the possibility of such a feat being performed, he would give me another nudge, and confidentially utter the three words, significant in meaning—"I did it!" Once, so beyond himself was he with pleasure in thinking of what he had done, and of what he could do even now, that, in giving me a nudge, he fairly knocked me off a step in the church. He was exceedingly proud of the silver cross he wore on his coat, and he informed us that the crosses which the Brethren wore were over seven hundred years old. I have been told the usual way of addressing visitors is "lovee dear"—probably that term is only applied to the ladies; I certainly did not hear it.

The old custom of giving bread and beer to travellers is still maintained, though I doubt if all those who partake of it are *bonâ fide* wayfarers. It may be obtained at the porter's lodge.

## SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.—II.

### HUNTING THE HARE.

[The scene of this sketch is laid in the county Antrim, Ireland.]

**T**HOUGH upsetting his new antagonist did not occupy William long, it occupied him quite long enough to allow the sportsman to get within about a hundred yards of him; and if the latter gentleman continued to gain ground as he had, two more minutes would be sure to bring him within easy range of the dogs. Besides this, I was completely exhausted, and was determined at all hazards to run very little farther. I had just made this determination, when

Bill came up with me, after the peaceful disposal of the man and the pot-stick.

"Can ye jump any?" said he, hastily, as we ran together neck and neck.

"A little," I replied; "but if it is a big one, I won't be able to run much after it."

"It's all right," said he—"if yer able to jump this race down here, a think it'll bother the boys. Head this way a bit. Tam, take the left a bit, an' we'll jump the river."

No sooner did Tam change his course according to Bill's direction, than he tripped over something and fell heavily to the ground. Our pursuers gave a shout of delight, and redoubled their exertions. When Tam had scrambled up and began to run again, the sportsman was within fifty or sixty yards of him; and the fellow actually raised his gun and threatened to fire upon him if he would not stop. Of course, Tam paid no attention to this whatever; and the keeper, seeing that he was gaining rapidly upon him, gave up the thought, if he ever entertained it, of treating him to a dose of number four.

The river, which we were fast approaching, was a sedgy watercourse running through a meadow, and was about fifteen feet wide—or nearly so.

"Now, Misther —, folly in behind me, an' leap after me in the same place, but not till I'm rightly over. Tam, take it you over thonder, a piece farther up. Whoop! thonder's the dog over, like the devil's whirlwin'. Now, boys, clear it like two-year-owl's."

I dropped behind Bill as required, thereby gaining a moment's breathing space, and with desperate determination nerved myself for the leap. I saw him gathering himself, taking a furious race, and bounding clearly but barely enough over the watercourse, alighting on a lower part of the bank on the opposite side. Now was my time. Pressing down my hat, and drawing a long breath, I came up to the jump at top speed, and striking for the place Bill had rose from, sprang wildly from the bank.

I could scarcely tell you what occurred for the next few moments. I have a faint recollection of galloping a few yards on my hands and knees, hearing a loud splash, and falling on the ground breathless and quite exhausted. I have a pretty clear recollection of seeing Tam, who had happily jumped at a very shallow part of the river, quietly wading towards the bank, up to his middle in water. I have a very distinct recollection of Bill raising me from the ground, and me

being able to stand just in time to see one of the prettiest sights that I ever had the gratification of witnessing.

The sportsman, now sure of his victims, came up to the jump with a look of angry resolution. He did not choose a place to spring from, but kept his eye rather on us than on the leap.

It was not till within a few yards of the bank that he saw the task before him, and being then both unable and unwilling to stop, he made a headlong dash for the other side. It was a brave attempt, and but for the encumbrance of the gun, would have probably succeeded.

As it was, he alighted against the brink, and, falling backward, disappeared from our sad eyes in the bosom of the murmuring stream.

His follower, who was about ten yards behind him, saw the catastrophe too late to save himself. He tried hard to stop, but, alas, alas! in doing so he trotted himself right into the river, and in another moment was floundering and sputtering in the arms of his noble and approved good master and companion. For a little while each held on by the other—for neither could swim a stroke—and splashed, and wallowed, and spouted like juvenile whales, only a trifle more in earnest; but finding the embrace unprofitable, they let go, and began to make exertions each on his own account. Here began another piece of sputtering and floundering, varied by an occasional disappearance, such as is beyond my power to describe. For fully two minutes they puffed, and gulped, and bubbled about in their efforts to make the bank, and then at length the sportsman obtained a hold of a projecting sod—a position which, I need scarcely say, he retained till he got himself scrambled out. But in this scrambling out was another difficult and rather ludicrous task. The bank was too high for him to get his leg placed upon it, and consequently he had to draw himself out as best he could, after the manner of an otter.

The difficulty of the task, too, was increased by the fact that his never-deserting associate was bravely and determinedly holding on by his coat tails. After a little while of frantic scrambling and slipping back, they at last managed, however, to get their feet once more upon *terra firma*. Bill and Tam and I were standing by, enjoying a very hearty laugh at their struggles to get

out of the water; so that when that consummation so devoutly to be wished was gained, their love towards us was by no means increased.

It was not increased, either, by the truth that, from the moment of their first disappearance under the rippling wavelet, their guns were invisible, and had not since been seen.

Nor was it much increased by the fact that Tam, knowing what had become of the guns, turned quietly to the sportsman as he stood dripping, saturated, and shivering on the bank, and benevolently said—

“A say, mister, a’ll give ye a shot at thou dog.”

“A’ll make yiz pay fur this, ye mudherin’ villains!” was the reply, as soon as he had shook off the chill, and gained breath enough to speak.

“Wudn’t a wee half un help yiz, boys?” inquired Bill.

Bill was in earnest, and was about to produce a small flask, which he denominated his “rattley,” and which he invariably carried on such occasions; but the keeper evidently thought he was mocking him, for he answered the inquiry by rushing at Bill in a furious passion, and aiming a blow at that gentleman’s proboscis, which, had it succeeded, would inevitably have materially altered the form and position of that most necessary appendage. But Bill, by some means, knocked off the blow; upon which the keeper closed with him, with the apparent purpose of giving him his share of the bathing. At the same time, the second keeper followed his leader by attacking Tam with a similar design.

Now, as I before intimated, both the keepers were stout and very active men. The sportsman, indeed, was quite as big a man as Bill; and keeper number two was considerably a bigger man than Tam. So that, all things considered, they were pretty well matched. At first it seemed to me that Bill was getting the worst of the grappling; for though his opponent was unable to throw him, he was gradually forcing him next the brink and towards it. Tam, for a few seconds, got the better of his antagonist; but the keeper, by superior strength and endurance, soon gained the advantage, and seemed on the fair way of accommodating Tam with the cold bath which it had caused him so much merriment to see the keepers subjected to a minute before.

I did not feel justified in interfering but as a last resort, so I stood back and watched the struggle, determined to do my utmost to save either of them, should my assistance appear absolutely necessary.

The contest between Bill and the sportsman was hot. Twice or thrice they fell, only to rise again, and go at it fiercer than ever. I noticed, however, that Bill was comparatively cool, while the other was in a perfect frenzy of rage. For the third time the keeper worked Bill backwards towards the edge of the river, plainly with a desperate determination this time to hurl him in, despite of everything. At this moment, Bill caught a glance of the position of his fraternal relative and the other keeper. The position was that, in a dozen seconds more, Tam would, to all appearances, have been splashing about in the stream. Closer and closer to the brink were Tam and Bill forced, and both seemed unable to save themselves. I was about to step forward and do what I could for Bill, when suddenly my services became unnecessary. With a strength that threw all the previous wrestling into insignificance—a strength that seemed to me almost superhuman—Bill changed positions with the keeper, and, grasping him by the throat, shook him as a dog would a rat, and precipitated him headlong into the water-course.

I never had seen, and never again wish to see, Bill so angry as at that moment. His whole frame shook as he glared at his opponent struggling in the water; and, as he turned to dismiss Tam's foe, I could see that his face was the picture of ferocity.

Tam had managed to slip to the ground to save himself, and his foe was now upon him, striving hard to remain uppermost.

Bill took a few hasty strides towards them, and grasping the man by the nape of the neck and an unmentionable part of the unmentionables, carried him thus to the brink, and dropped him in—just as a person would a cur dog.

This being settled, we made our way quietly homeward, and left them to get out as best they could. I must mention, however, that we observed the man who had endeavoured to intercept us, cautiously hanging about at some distance, otherwise we should not have left them in their precarious situation.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on our homeward walk. Bill did not utter a syl-

lable until he had arrived at his own door, and Tam's short leap had given him a stronger inclination to shiver than to indulge in any garrulity. So ended our morning's coursing.

For a closer intimacy with myself and friends, I refer my readers to another sketch which will shortly appear, descriptive of our day's adventures with the guns and setters.

## O Z O N E.

ONE of the most interesting discourses of the season at the Royal Institution was Professor Odling's lecture on Ozone, the more popular features of which are summarized in this paper.

Ozone was discovered by Schönbein, in 1840, when experimenting with the then newly-invented battery of Sir Wm. Grove—an instrument still recognized as yielding a current superior, in respect of joint quantity and intensity, to the current yielded by any other electromotor available for general use. Ozone was recognized by Schönbein successively, as a minute constituent of the oxygen gas resulting from the electrolysis of water effected by a current of high tension; as a minute constituent of air or oxygen through which electric discharges have taken place; and as a minute constituent of air in which moist phosphorus has been undergoing slow oxidation. To Schönbein then is due the great merit of recognizing ozone as a distinct form of matter, having an identity of its own by whatsoever means prepared—as also the merit of discovering the most important means for the production of ozone, and of establishing its principal properties and reactions.

The general properties of ozone are those of an active oxygenant. Thus, like chlorine and peroxide of nitrogen, it bleaches colouring matters, corrodes fabrics, tarnishes or otherwise attacks metals, and liberates iodine from iodide of potassium. Its special properties are its characteristic pungent odour, its destructibility by a moderate heat, and its non-manifestation of any acidulous reaction.

The nature of ozone was at first the subject of much speculation, Schönbein inclining to the view that it was a new elementary body, and a component of nitrogen. But in 1845, Marignac, in a series of most exact experiments, made partly in association with De la Rive, brought the question

as to the nature of ozone within a very narrow compass. The experiments of these investigators, in which they established, among other points, that by exposure to the action of ozone, moist silver was converted simply into oxide of silver, and iodide of potassium into its oxidized form of iodate of potash, were susceptible only of one or other of two interpretations — either the interpretation which they themselves put on their results, that the matter of ozone is identical with the matter of oxygen; or else the interpretation put on their results by Schönbein, that ozone is constituted of oxygen plus the elements of water; or, in other words, that it is a peroxide of hydrogen. For a long time, experiment seemed quite incompetent to decide between these two views—opposite conclusions being arrived at almost alternately by the different investigators engaged on the inquiry. Corroboration, however, if any were needed, of the fact that ozone is really formed from oxygen itself with or without water, and not from any trace of nitrogen or other foreign matter that might possibly be present, was afforded by a remarkable experiment conducted by Fremy and Becquerel in 1853, being, indeed, the first recorded quantitative experiment made with ozone. By passing a long series of electric discharges through a given volume of oxygen standing over an aqueous solution of iodide of potassium, Messrs. Fremy and Becquerel succeeded in causing the whole of this oxygen to assume the form of ozone; as was shown by its ultimate complete absorption by the solution, with correlative liberation of iodine from the dissolved iodide of potassium.

The difficulty experienced in those early days of making out the real nature of ozone—of ascertaining whether it is a form of oxygen or a peroxide of hydrogen—depended mainly on the very small degree to which it was then possible to charge air or oxygen with the ozone to be examined, and on the necessity for the exclusive employment in the investigation of apparatus in which neither metal nor organic matter was present for the ozone to react with. The apparatus had consequently to be constructed entirely of glass, and all the junctions to be made before the blow-pipe or by grinding. Now-a-days, by improvements in the methods of conducting the processes of electrization and electrolysis, it is possible to charge oxygen with ozone in very consider-

able proportion; while by means of paraffin, a substance on which ozone is without recognizable action, junctions of the glass apparatus employed may be made and unmade with the greatest facility.

Assuming the ozone furnished by the three principal processes for its production to be one and the same substance, it was not until the year 1863 that the absolute freedom of ozone from any proportion of hydrogen was so definitely established as not to allow of any further question. In this year, Soret showed that although ozonized oxygen obtained by electrolysis, after having been desiccated as thoroughly as possible, frequently yielded some water as a product of its decomposition by heat, yet that when certain precautions were taken, and certain sources of error in the production and collection of the electrolytic oxygen were recognized and avoided, a uniformly negative result was obtained, and not a trace of moisture or other compound of hydrogen resulted from the decomposition by heat of the ozone present in the oxygen.

This conclusion of Soret's was confirmatory both of the previous result of Andrews with regard also to electrolytically obtained ozone, and of the yet earlier result of Schönbein himself with regard to the ozone obtained by the slow oxidation of moist phosphorus. For in opposition to the view enunciated first by himself, and in seeming discrepancy with undoubted fact that for the production of ozone by means of phosphorus the presence of moisture is essential, Schönbein, in 1849, showed by repeated experiment, that when ordinary air in quantities of several hundred litres, ozonized as strongly as possible by its passage over moist phosphorus, was transmitted first through a desiccating tube, then through a tube heated to 400°, so as to effect the destruction of the ozone present, and finally through another desiccating tube to absorb any moisture that might result from the destruction of the ozone, this last desiccating tube did not show, by an increase of weight or other change, any absorption of moisture whatever, notwithstanding the largeness of the absolute quantity of ozone destroyed in the experiment. From this time forth, Schönbein abandoned the notion of hydrogen being a constituent of ozone; and while making a valid distinction between his own view and that of Marignac and De la Rive, admitted with them that the matter of ozone

is identical with the matter of oxygen. These last-named investigators, in their research already referred to (1845), showed that perfectly dry oxygen, submitted to the influence of electric discharges, experienced an alteration of character, whereby it acquired the property of liberating iodine from moist iodide of potassium—a result afterwards confirmed by Fremy and Becquerel. But they did not regard this alteration of character as due to the formation in small proportion of a new substance within the mass of oxygen, but rather to the assumption by the mass of oxygen of a peculiar electric condition. Moreover, the fact of dry oxygen being capable of some modification by the action of electric discharges, coupled with the fact of the inability of the so modified oxygen to act upon iodide of potassium save in the presence of water, was not inconsistent with the notion of this modified oxygen having to unite with water, in order to produce a compound identical with the ozone obtained immediately from moist or watery reagents. That the effect of electrical discharges, and more particularly of the silent discharge, on perfectly dry oxygen, is really to convert a small proportion of this oxygen into ozone identical with that furnished by electrolysis, and capable of acting upon certain substances, as mercury and iodine, when in the dry state, and on certain other substances, as iodide of potassium and metallic silver, only when in the moist state, was first put beyond question by Andrews and Tait, in a research next to be considered.

In the spring of 1860, Dr. Andrews and Professor Tait made a joint communication to the Royal Society on the volumetric relations of ozone. The primary object of this research was to ascertain whether any, and if so what, alteration of volume took place in the conversion of a given quantity of oxygen into ozone. They thus attacked the problem from an entirely new point of view, and, with admirably directed pains and skill, succeeded in making probably the most important contribution hitherto made to an exact knowledge of the nature of the ozone. In their experiments, a quantity of perfectly pure and dry oxygen, contained in a straight glass tube with a pressure-gauge appendix, was ozonized by means of the silent electric discharge passed through the gas for some time. Coincidentally with the passage of the silent discharge through it, the quantity of

gas contained in the glass tube was observed to undergo a marked contraction in volume. This contraction proceeded at first rapidly, but afterwards more slowly, till it attained a limit which, in one of their experiments, was estimated at one-twelfth the original volume of the gas. And as whenever the gas, contracted in this manner, was examined, it was found to be proportionately ozonic, the general fact was established that the production of ozone from ordinary oxygen is attended with a contraction in volume. The converse result was also obtained. It was found that when oxygen, contracted by the passage of the electric discharge, was exposed for a short time to the temperature of  $270^{\circ}$ – $300^{\circ}$ , it was restored to its original volume. And as whenever the gas, re-expanded in this manner, was examined, it was found to be free from ozone, the general fact was established that the conversion of ozone into ordinary oxygen is attended with an expansion in volume. And this alternate contraction of a given quantity of oxygen by exposure to prolonged electrization, with production of ozone, and re-expansion of the gas to its original volume by exposure to a temporary heat, with destruction of ozone, could be repeated an indefinite number of times. Now, the only possible conclusion to be drawn from these experiments would appear to be that, the matter of ozone being identical with the matter of oxygen, ozone is oxygen in a denser form—that is to say, in the form of a more complex unit. Some years afterwards, this conclusion was confirmed in a very interesting manner by Professor Tyndall, in the case of ozone obtained electrolytically. He found that the absorptivity for radiant heat of electrolytically obtained oxygen, when rich in ozone, was upwards of a hundred times greater than that of ordinary oxygen—a result indicating ozone to have a more complex molecular constitution, and consequently a greater density, than ordinary oxygen. Moreover, after this same electrolytically obtained and richly ozonic oxygen had been subjected to the action of heat, so as to have its ozonic character destroyed, it then exhibited merely the absorptivity for heat of ordinary oxygen—the observed absorptivity not going at all beyond that of ordinary oxygen, as would have been the case if the ozone originally present in the electrolytic gas had been decomposed into ordinary oxygen and aqueous vapour.

Referring to the statement already made, that in Messrs. Andrews and Tait's experiments, the oxygen gas, more or less contracted by the electric discharge, was found to be proportionately ozonic, this point was ascertained in the following way:—A small thin glass bulb, containing a solution of iodide of potassium, was introduced into the oxygen-holding tube, prior to its being filled with the gas; which, after having been more or less contracted by the process of electrization, was next submitted to the action of the solution, released on the breaking, effected by concussion, of the small bulb wherein it was contained. And on estimating the quantity of iodine set free from the iodide of potassium solution by its reaction with the contracted gas, it was found to be the exact chemical equivalent of a weight of oxygen equal in volume to the amount of contraction which the original gas had experienced during the process of electrization; so that if in the process of electrization, there had been one, two, or three cubic centimètres of contraction, the quantity of iodine liberated was chemically equivalent to the weight of one, two, or three cubic centimètres of oxygen; whence it results that to ascertain the iodine-titre of the ozonized gas is to learn the contraction of the original gas effected by its electrization, or the correlative expansion of the electrized gas effected by its exposure to heat. In the case also of electrolytically obtained ozonized oxygen, it was shown firstly by Andrews and Tait, and subsequently by Soret, that the iodine-titre of the gas is the measure of its expansion by heat, consequent on the conversion of its constituent ozone into ordinary oxygen.

It has just been remarked that in the action of the contracted gas on iodide of potassium solution, there is absorbed by the reagent, with equivalent liberation of iodine, a weight of oxygen corresponding to a volume equal to that of the original contraction; but very curiously, the absorption by the reagent of this weight of oxygen from the contracted gas was found by Messrs. Andrews and Tait not to produce any further contraction or alteration of its volume; or the weight of oxygen which acted on the iodide of potassium solution appeared to occupy no part of the volume of the contracted gas, its removal from the contracted gas by means of the reagent not effecting any alteration in that volume. Since this

remarkable result was first announced by Messrs. Andrews and Tait in 1860, it has been abundantly confirmed by Von Babo and Claus, by Soret, and by Sir Benjamin Brodie—the modes of experimenting adopted in the original investigation of Andrews and Tait, and in the three subsequent investigations, being all different from one another. And moreover, not only has the fact been established by the four several investigations with regard to iodide of potassium, but by one or other of the investigations with regard also to iodine, to mercurous salts, to ferrous salts, to arsenites, and to ferrocyanides. So that, when a given volume of ozonized oxygen is allowed to act upon these different oxidizable bodies, the oxidation effected by the ozone present in the gas is found to be unattended by any diminution in the volume of the gas.

#### MR. C. E. MUDIE.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, the subject of our cartoon, was born October 18, 1818, at Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, where his father kept a small library, old-fashioned but good of its kind, and well frequented by the literary dwellers in that then fashionable suburb. Some of our older readers may, perhaps, still remember the little lad attending at his father's counter, too young in the business to do more than fetch and carry, but already a diligent reader of all the books within his reach.

The elder Mudie relinquished the Cheyne-walk library in 1828, and removed with his family to Coventry-street, where he commenced a stationery business, still carried on by one of his sons. There young Charles Edward remained for a few years, spending most of his time in reading what works of philosophy and history he could manage to procure. In those days it was difficult to find any library from which it was possible, at a moderate cost, to obtain any books better worth reading than the ordinary novels of the period; and there was, therefore, nothing for it in his case but to buy the books he could not borrow. In this way, he, in the course of time, accumulated a considerable collection of standard works.

One morning, in the spring of 1840, the idea occurred to young Mudie that there were many readers who, like himself, experienced this difficulty in procuring the higher class of books, and who would gladly patro-





Once a Week.]

[November 23, 1872.

"BOOKS."

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nize an undertaking which would place the better literature within their reach. Acting upon this idea, he commenced business in Southampton-row—then Upper King-street, Bloomsbury—by placing the whole of his collection in a window, with a printed intimation of his purpose, under the now familiar title of "Mudie's Select Library." The "select" library soon attracted a select circle of readers, and as this circle enlarged the supply of books increased; until, in the course of a few years, the success of the enterprise was so well assured that the proprietor ventured to advance from tens to hundreds, and finally to thousands, of copies of works of high repute and worth;—of Livingstone's travels, for example, 3,250 copies were taken on the day of publication.

In 1852 the library was removed to New Oxford-street, and year by year, as the business grew, house after house was added. These, with the great hall in their rear—one of the largest and best-proportioned rooms in London—hardly suffice to contain the vast accumulation of books which has been provided for the instruction and amusement of the multitude.

At the commencement of his enterprise, Mr. Mudie did not contemplate the circulation of works of fiction; but very soon afterwards it was quite clear to him that, as some of the best philosophy of the day came clothed in that attractive garb, it was not desirable to exclude them; and a considerable number of copies were taken of "Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," "Alton Locke," "Mary Barton," "Jane Eyre," "Vanity Fair," and the earlier novels of the author of "John Halifax;" and through the door, once open, a hundred other of the choicer novels found their way, and others followed—the difficulty of drawing any line, save for obvious reasons, having been frankly admitted.

It is almost a pity that the stricter rule and higher standard adopted in the first instance were not rigorously maintained throughout; but the principle of an *index expurgatorius* could never have commended itself to a man of Mr. Mudie's liberal views, and would never have been tolerated by the great multitude of his patrons. There is still a line drawn for the practical purposes of the library—works of inferior worth being still occasionally excluded; but, on the other hand, all books of merit, of every shade of opinion, on all subjects on which the great

mass of readers seek for information, are admitted with a freedom and impartiality that deserve all praise.

Whether the library has accomplished all that might have been hoped for by the more sanguine of its early patrons, and whether, while offering the means of intellectual improvement and innocent enjoyment to many readers, it has not at the same incidentally, and it may be injuriously, disturbed to some extent the old order of things, may be a matter of question; but as far as the founder is concerned, there can be no doubt that he has worked assiduously and effectually in the interests of literature.

Mr. Mudie is one of the members for Westminster of the London School Board; a director of the London Missionary Society; a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; and is, we believe, the author of a volume of poems called "Stray Leaves," of which some of our contemporaries speak in the highest terms.

#### APROSDOKIA.

**K**NOWS she to love?  
O yes, she knows, and lets you know it too:  
Her azure orblets drooping  
Contrast with reddening blush their speaking blue  
O'er heliotrope down-stooping.

Knows she to love?  
O yes, she knows: if she but hear the word,  
That conscious look is telling  
Tales of the secret vows and sighs unheard,  
And happy tears up-welling.

Knows she to love?  
O yes, she knows; and she has made me know  
Love brings but blighted blisses;  
And he that sways the arrows and the bow  
Poisons his sweetest kisses.

Knows she to love?  
O yes, she knows it, shows it, and can teach  
Better than any other.  
Of her I learned: her secret I beseech:  
She owns she loves—another.

#### BY RULE OF THUMB.

##### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### TRACKED.

"**W**HAT would you have said if that had been brought to you?" asked Jobson, when he saw that Fletcher had finished reading Dubourg's letter.

"Well," replied Fletcher, "I think that I should have treated the matter as a hoax."

"Not bad for a nammertower," said Jobson. "I had a suspicion that way myself,

at first; but, you see, the letter aint worked up enough—the sentences come too abrupt, and don't read off clear enough to have been studied. It was written slap off by a chap in a hurry, that was; unless, of course, that's done on purpose too. Then, the woman who brought the letter wasn't in the joke, if it is one, at all events; or else she beats Miss Bateman for acting. And, to wind up, there really is such a man as Clements, who kept a hell at Chelsea all the summer, and he really did leave London on the eighth. He had a croupier named Dubourg, who lived at the house at Chelsea, and shut it up and disappeared on the seventh."

"Dubourg left on the seventh, you say," cried Fletcher, excited by his own cleverness in catching a detective tripping, "and Clements on the eighth? Then the former had a day's start, and the story in the letter does not hold together."

"Ah, that's just what strengthened the case, and sent me on here. Look here at this second note, sent from Chester to the same address as the first, and dated the eighth—'The train broke down and has delayed me. Keep the packet another twenty-four hours.' And, besides the letter, there was this telegraphic message sent at the same time—'Accident to train. Not hurt; but a day's delay.' Well, the train actually did break down."

"Ah," said Fletcher, thoughtfully, "it all hangs too well together for a hoax, does it not?"

"I think so; but Mr. Lennard will be able to clear it up for us a bit, and I shall call on him for his account before I do anything else. It's queer that you should be his friend, and on your way to stay with him, and should get out of your carriage and come into mine, isn't it? I have often noticed that things do come up queer in my profession. You will be hunting in every hole and corner for a bit of intelligence, and it will come slap in your face when you least expect it."

There is no sport so exciting as a man-hunt, and Fletcher became intensely interested in the result of the detective's expedition. Remembering, also, that Arnold had spoken of Perez as belonging to a gambling gang, he told Jobson all about his meeting with that unfortunate youth, and his violent death the night before, which was all fish to the officer's net, who was anxious for every

possible clue to the proceedings and members of the Clements association. As they arrived at Chester, however, just as Fletcher was commencing the Perez history, he proposed that Jobson should come to his hotel, where he took a private sitting-room, that they might converse in peace and security.

On the following morning they journeyed together to the last available station, where they caught the coach which passed through the Snowdonian district; and in a few hours were set down at the hotel at —.

"You know the cottage which has been taken by Mr. Lennard?" Fletcher asked the stable-boy who came out for the luggage.

"For Mr. Lennard's, did you say, sir?" asked the landlord, coming forward and bowing. "Put the car to at once, David, and quick! I beg your pardon, sir, do I address the medical gentleman from London?"

"No," replied Fletcher, "I am no doctor; I am the friend Mr. Lennard asked to come down and stay with him. Is any one ill?"

"What, sir!—have you not heard? Very ill, indeed—brain fever."

"Who, who is it?—speak, man!"

"The lady, sir."

"Which lady?" gasped Fletcher, turning sick and giddy.

"The elder lady—Mrs. Lennard. I beg your pardon for being so abrupt, sir. I—I did not know—"

"Mrs. Lennard ill of brain fever!" cried Fletcher, much shocked, though he did breathe a trifle freer on learning that it was not Mary who was so ill. "Why, it must have been very sudden; there is no mention of it in the letter I received yesterday morning."

"It was very sudden, I believe, sir. Indeed, Mr. and Miss Lennard went up Snowdon the very day she was taken so ill. Here is the car, sir—will you take your luggage?"

"No; under the circumstances I should be perhaps in the way, so you may keep me a room here. It is not far up the valley, I believe?"

"Oh, no, sir—quite a nice walk. Or we have a nice pony for saddle, if you are backwards and forwards often. Is the other gentleman going with you in the car?"

"No," said Jobson. "Look here, Mr. Fletcher"—and taking him on one side, he said—"if you think it would distress your friend to see a stranger now he is in trouble about his wife, I will trust to you to get the

information I want for me. All I care to know is, whether he saw this Dubourg; whether he believes him to have been in any danger of his life from Clements; the hour at which he parted from him; the place where he met him; and the direction he took. Promise to bring me all you can discover about this as early as you can this afternoon, and I will not bother the gentleman myself."

Fletcher agreed to this proposal, and started.

It was a sad meeting. Mrs. Lennard was fearfully ill—the hoping of those around her was against hope. Mary could only leave her mother's bedside for a minute, and to her lover it seemed the most unnatural thing that she should be subject to calamity; she ought to be always happy and merry—death, sickness, sorrow should fly from her like the toads from St. Patrick. And yet he felt as if he loved her all the better for wanting his love the more. Mr. Lennard was in very great distress, and it was a sorry task to interrupt his grief and force him to talk about an indifferent subject; and yet this was what Fletcher was obliged to do. And, indeed, he found less difficulty about it than he had anticipated; for Mr. Lennard was ready to give him all the information he could. The fact was that Edith, in her delirium, had said things which gave him some notion of what had happened. He suspected that Clements had had an interview with her, and that her present dangerous state was principally owing to the fright; and it was a relief to look aside for a moment from the glare of his grief to the fresh green of vengeance. For whether his suspicions were true or not, Clements was indirectly the cause of this illness.

And so Fletcher left them still looking out anxiously for the London doctor, who could do no good when he came, and returned to the hotel, bearing the promised intelligence.

Directly he had left, the indefatigable Jobson began to sniff about for scent.

"Young gentleman seems startled by this bad news," he remarked to the landlord. "Is he a relative, do you know?"

"I do not know, I am sure, sir," replied Boniface. "I was just going to ask you."

"Oh, I am a mere travelling acquaintance. He had paid something for me coming along, and I had to square with him before we parted; that was what I was speaking to him privately about." (It was a sad fact that a

long course of finesse and stratagem had sapped this otherwise meritorious officer's veracity. It has been stated that even diplomatists have sometimes fallen into a like snare.) "I have not come to these parts on invitation; but am here on my own hook, just to see the mountains. You can put me up for a night or two?"

"Certainly," replied the landlord. "We are not full just at present."

"Ah, the season is getting slack, I suppose. You had plenty here a week or two ago, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes, sir—the house was full."

"All sorts travel nowadays. Some come with lots of luggage; others walk through just with a knapsack perhaps?"

"Just so; some even without that. They arrive by the coach, and walk over the mountain to —, where they catch the train."

"Ah," said Jobson, "but not so late in the autumn?"

"No," replied the landlord; "the days are getting short for pedestrians."

"And yet I fancy that I was talking to a gent I met last week, who said he meant to do something of the kind; and spoke, I think, of putting up here."

"Ah, there was a gentleman who came here three days ago, and walked on without sleeping."

"A man with a great many wrinkles about his face?"

"Yes, now you mention it, I remember noticing that."

"And which way did he go — by the usual path?"

"No; he took a shorter cut, which is not much used except by shepherds—it is rather rough walking, and misses the best views about here; but he was afraid of being caught by the dusk, and preferred it. You keep along the valley till you come to a bridge, which you cross, and follow the track over the opposite mountain."

"Ah, well—I will go in and have a bit of something to eat, and then take a walk."

When Jobson finished the hearty meal which he modestly termed "a bit"—a bit with precious little bridle to it—he strolled quietly along the road which led through the valley, and met Fletcher on his return, just by the bridge; on to which they both turned, and there went through the process of transferring Mr. Lennard's information. It did not take long, for Jobson was expert

at questioning; and when he knew all he wanted, he said, in his turn—

"That is the path which Dubourg took when he left this. I have got three hours of daylight, and mean to follow it for a couple of miles or so. Are you going back to the cottage?"

"Not at present. The sick lady is delirious, and talks so loudly that she can be heard in the sitting-room; and I fancied that my presence seemed rather to distress them just now. No, I should like to walk with you, if you will let me; only I am rather faint. Could you wait five minutes? I only want a crust of bread and a draught of beer."

"All right, sir," said the detective. "I will give you a quarter of an hour. You will find me here, or just beyond."

And he seated himself on the parapet of the bridge, while Fletcher walked rapidly to the hotel.

In less than the prescribed time he reappeared, and the pair started along the mountain track.

It was, certainly, as the landlord had said, a dreary and uninviting route; the path went straight for a gap in the mountain, as sharp and clean as if cut by a Titanic hatchet. At the top was a silent, ghostly tarn—which seemed expressly meant for suicides—which it skirted, and then ran on through a barren defile, where the rocks were too small for intrinsic grandeur, though large enough to circumscribe the view.

Fletcher found breathing quite difficult enough without talking during the ascent; but when they had gone a couple of miles or so he got his second wind, and began to use his tongue.

"Can it be really possible that this man has been murdered for such a cause?" said he. "Is it not more probable that he was an arrant coward, and allowed his fears to master him, and that he has either met with some accident, or, frightened by hearing of or seeing his enemy, has hidden himself in a different way to what he first intended?"

"I don't know," replied Jobson. "This chap, Clements, has lived a long time in Mexico and among the Injuns, I hear; and they will risk anything to have their revenge on a pal who plays them false in those parts, they say. Besides, you may depend on it, he had a tidy sum of money about him. Hallo!"

"What is it?" said Fletcher—for his com-

panion had stopped short, like a pointer when he comes suddenly on a scent.

"Look there!" said Jobson, pointing to a piece of rock, which, upon closer examination, bore evident marks of blood, and then to where the short shrubs which grew thickly around were crushed and broken, as if some heavy object had been dragged through them.

Leaving the path, they struck cautiously into this track, and soon came upon a hat. A couple of yards farther, and a carrion crow rose with a hoarse croak, and went, heavily flapping its wings, along the mountain side. Another step, and the body of a respectably dressed man lay before them.

Jobson stooped down, and began to examine it.

"Knifed!" he said. "By an old hand, too. One blow in the back of the neck, that was all—one of them Italian professionals could not have done it better. Good God!"

Fletcher leant forward to see what could draw such a startled exclamation from a man so imperturbable; and found that he was examining a circular place on the crown of the corpse's head, where the hair and flesh had been torn away.

"Scalped!" cried Fletcher, recoiling with disgust.

"I've heard tell of that game, but I never saw it before," said Jobson. "English or French gallows-birds, who escape to America and live with the Injuns, get the habit of it when they're spiteful. It all shows that the poor fellow there knew his customer when he wrote the letter. Pretty evidence it will be if we find the scalp on him, won't it? Remarkable pretty. I'll take the size, while I think of it. And now, sir, if you will be so good as to go back, and send some people to carry this for me, I shall be much obliged. I must stop and look about a bit more, when I have consulted my pipe, where I have seen that face afore—somewhere, I'll take my 'davy.'"

When Fletcher reached the hotel, and announced that the body of a murdered man had been found in the neighbourhood, five men were at once ready to start for the spot with a tarpaulin, though on ordinary occasions it would have taken a couple of hours to gather so many full-grown males together. But a murder, a fight, or a balloon would draw a crowd in the middle of the Great Sahara.

"Only fancy such a thing!" said the landlord. "I should not wonder if a great many people came to see the place. That post-chaise? Oh, that brought the London doctor. He arrived just after you started for your walk, and the horses came back here to bait. There is a car at the cottage waiting to bring him here. A desperate hurry, they are always in, sir, these great physicians. Ah, here he comes! Now then, David, get those boxes out, sharp!"

And he bustled off to the yard. No one could say that Mr. Boniface neglected either his business or his guests.

"How is Mrs. Lennard, sir?" Fletcher inquired, as the car stopped.

"If you are Mr. Fletcher, you had better go up to the cottage at once."

"Is she worse?"

"Yes, she is worse—very much worse," he said, shaking his head. "She has gone!"

"Gone!—why, it is impossible. You do not mean to say that she is dead?"

"It is a sad thing! Mr. Lennard was calmer before I left; but you can be of great use, and had better take this car."

And Fletcher followed this sensible recommendation, and without further delay set out for the house of mourning.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### A TIGER ROBBED OF ITS WHELP.

WHEN Clements, baffled, quitted Edith's side, he crossed the brook which flowed at the bottom of the garden, and breasted the hill opposed to him, mounted it, descended into a valley on the other side, and plunged fearlessly into the labyrinth of the mountains with a readiness which showed that the country was not unfamiliar to him; and, indeed, a man who had been used to the pathless prairies would find little difficulty in making his way over any part of Great Britain with a guide-book, map, and a compass.

So he proceeded while daylight lasted; but when the sun sank he altered his course, and struck, ere it was dark, into a high road, along which he walked rapidly all night.

What were his thoughts during that long, lonely night march? Of dying eyes, white lips, and hands convulsively grasping? Of the spirit of his victims floating behind him, now with mocking gibber, now with plaintive moan? Of the court in which, despite his precautions, he might have to appear, the breaking down of the defence, the gradual

accumulation of damning evidence, the horrible moment when the foreman utters the word "Guilty;" of the black cap, the condemned cell, the gibbet, and that sea of up-turned faces? Or of that tribunal before which he *must* appear, and where no perjured alibi, no browbeating of witnesses, no legal subtility could avail him? Of nothing of all this: murder weighed no more on his seared conscience than the slaughter of his fellow-creatures in fair fight does on that of a soldier. He thought of his Carlos, and how he had failed to secure for that idolized youth the toy he had promised him; and he felt like the tigress who has missed her spring, returning preyless to her hungry cubs.

His plot had failed, and he had to form fresh plans—which, with him, meant fresh crimes—for the benefit of his son, the only creature in the universe for whom he cared, or who cared for him; the second self for whom he would have rushed gladly into the fire, could he have plucked a pleasure for him from the flames.

He walked all night, and reached Bangor in the early morning, got some refreshment, and took the train for London—sleeping through the journey with a strange calmness for one with such fresh blood on his soul.

It was evening again when he reached London, and drove once more to his lodgings in Adam-street. In the letter-box was a note from the decoy whom he had set to watch Dubourg. He closed the door, lit his lamp, and opened the letter, which contained an account of the accident which had happened to Perez.

Clements gazed for a full minute, with straining eyeballs and parted lips, upon the paper; and then, with a fearful cry, a howl of anguish which proved that there was a germ of humanity in that diabolic nature, he dropped like one shot through the brain.

After a time he came round; and then followed a paroxysm of despair and blasphemy which would have driven many an habitual swearer to fly with horror from the spot if he had heard it. This, too, passed, and was succeeded by a dull, heavy obscuration of the brain, which was not madness nor idiocy, but yet a partial paralysis of the mental powers. The criminal instinct might remain; but the power to plan and conceive, the strong will which forced others to execute his wicked plots, was gone for ever.

At the expiration of three hours he left

the house, and going direct to St. George's Hospital, demanded to see the body, with apparent calmness. With the same outward tranquillity, he looked long and steadily on those features, his love for which had formed the only link which was not physical between himself and humanity. And then he turned and went silently out into the dark world. St. George's Hospital was the last place to which Jobson could ever trace him.

It was strange that he did not commit suicide. He had no belief in a God or a future state, and as little fear of death as is possible to man. What had he to live for? The words of the old Roman might have been well applied to him years and years before, especially if one may be allowed to put the coarse sentiment into coarse language—

"You have eaten your mutton and finished your beer,  
And the girls loathe your kisses: what can you want here?"

And the only reason he could have given for loitering was that his son had taken his place at the festive board, and he felt pleasure in seeing him enjoy. But the youth had been dashed down, and hurled out into darkness with the cup still in his hand; and yet he remained. Nor could it have been the dread of any parting pang which restrained him; for there never was a man more recklessly brave. And yet the idea of putting an end to himself never occurred to him. In truth, it is very difficult to form any theory about suicide: the most timid will have recourse to it on very slight provocation; the man of strongest nerve will bear the extremes of degradation and misery without trying the obvious remedy. It seems to be a matter of constitutional temperament, and one feels a sympathy with coroners' juries, who mostly cut the Gordian knot with a verdict of temporary insanity.

But Clements was not mad; though, indeed, his brain was on the verge of turning—at least, his actions had sufficient method in them to repel the assumption of actual insanity. He returned home, took what money he had, put a few things into a carpet bag, and drove down to the London docks, where he went on board the first foreign steamer he came to. He had no plan, no purpose; but acted as a sick man appears to do in a fever dream, impelled to go hither or thither without any object or exertion of will, or perhaps influenced by the instinct which

teaches the hunted animal to fly from its pursuers.

Was it the hand of destiny or blind chance that led him on board a Spanish vessel bound for the very port which, if in the due possession of his faculties, he would have most avoided? Certain it is that he landed at a town from which he had fled a few months before, after the perpetration of a crime which had excited the somewhat sluggish vigilance of the authorities to the utmost; and, before he had been in the place an hour, he was arrested and thrown into prison.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. WILLIAM FLETCHER IN A NEW PART.

THE life of a well-to-do, idle bachelor, residing in London, is generally passed amongst roses; and though the crumpled leaves may and do fret his luxurious skin, he keeps pretty clear of the thorns. William Fletcher had hitherto enjoyed an unusual immunity from all mortal ills and distressing scenes. He had lost his parents at an age too early for prolonged sorrow, and sickness, anxiety, and death had been mere names to him; so that when he found himself installed at the cottage he felt quite a different being. Everything depended upon him. He had to console the bereaved husband and daughter; to make arrangements for the funeral; to take Mr. Lennard, in the first depth of affliction, to identify the body of Dubourg; to manage that he should not be further harassed and distressed by having to attend the inquest; to conduct the household affairs, settle all matters of business for Mr. Lennard—who was too much prostrated to do anything; and, after awhile, to determine where the family should go to, and what should be their future plans.

Edith lies buried in a pretty little churchyard, on the shores of a neighbouring lake. The stone which marks the spot merely bears her name and age, with an expression of humble trust in the mercy of the All Merciful; but the story of the London lady who came for health and pleasure to that lovely but secluded spot, and found death, is a legend of the valley which will last longer than the monument. Hard by, a nameless mound shows where the murdered man sleeps in his bloody shroud; and father and daughter, who never knew each other in life, lie side by side in death.

The excitement caused by the discovery

of Dubourg's body on the mountain, and the subsequent inquest and verdict of "Wilful murder against some person unknown," lasted beyond the mystic nine days at the expiration of which puppies see, and wonders mostly go blind. Sensations are rare in Snowdonia, and the present one was kept vibrating by inquisitive people from distant localities, who came over to inspect the scene of the tragedy, picnic in the immediate vicinity, and bear away bits of rock, ferns, or anything else they fancied as relics. So there was a rare season in the valley that beautiful autumn, and Mr. Boniface made his profit out of it; while Fletcher was very anxious to get away, as it was impossible for either of his charges to walk out, and especially to visit the churchyard, without meeting parties of the curiosity-mongers. So they presently took leave of Mrs. Jones, whose kindness had been excessive, and removed to Tenby, where Fletcher broached the little plan he had formed for their future residence, which was that a house belonging to himself at Hamborough-on-Thames, the tenant of which was then quitting, should be taken by Mr. Lennard; and as this was not his only property in that neighbourhood—his father, a man fond of speculating in the building of new localities, having been the original founder of Hamborough—he intended to fix his own residence likewise in a place which combined the advantages of the country with those of an easy access to London. Such an arrangement would, it seemed to him, be convenient during the period which must elapse before his marriage with Mary; and when that pleasing event at last came off, it would be more cheerful for his father-in-law to live near them, unless indeed Mr. Lennard preferred to reside in the same house, which Fletcher, knowing his character, tastes, and habits, and inclined to take that optimistic view of his future wife's belongings not uncommon before marriage, had not the slightest objection to.

This, like everything else which he proposed, seemed to the mourners, who depended upon him, the best thing to be done; so Fletcher plunged into a voluminous and sustained correspondence with his agent and an upholsterer, and even journeyed twice up to London and Hamborough himself—no light matter for a man like Fletcher. After the funeral the widower and orphan removed to their new and chastened home; and Fletcher, who for the present could only

get a lodging in the neighbourhood, saw them daily, and watched how Mary gradually recovered from the effect of the shock she had received, under the soothing influences of love and time.

To attempt to console Mr. Lennard was for some time a more difficult task. He had been a very model of chivalrous constancy—loving his wife from boyhood, in spite of absence, coldness, and almost contempt; and just as at last her heart seemed to be softening towards him, it was for ever frozen by the icy touch of death. Probably his regrets were delusive, and he sorrowed—as through life he had yearned—for an unreality. If Edith had lived, and the cloud which had overshadowed their life for the last few months been dissipated, her old manner towards her husband would most likely have returned. Her nature was a very honest one, with very little deceptive power about it; and if she despised her husband, she would not have been long able to conceal the fact. As to any real alteration in her feelings towards him, was it not too late now for that? No habit is so inveterate as a habit of estimation. It is odds that his anticipated happiness would have proved exceedingly bitter.

But when those we love are dead and buried, we forget their bad points, and only think of their good ones; and the memory of a deceased spouse is like that of a bygone summer: the fine days have made a vivid impression, the wet ones—were there any wet days last summer? But even the widower began to grow cheerful after a while, and then the horizon brightened rapidly. The first thing he took any great interest in was Jobson's pursuit of Clements; for though his poor wife was never able to express herself clearly about the matter, he was convinced, by incoherent expressions of which he alone had the clue, that the monster had made a last effort to terrify her into submission, and that it was the fright which had given the fatal turn to her illness—an idea for which he had the professional authority of Dr. Thomas—and he was anxious for revenge. He declared that if the villain was caught, and proved guilty of murdering Dubourg, he would have a window and see him hanged.

But whether he would have put this determination into practice cannot be settled; for though the detective found plentiful evidence as to the bad character of Clements in France, Germany, and Italy—for he had gone about scattering misdeeds as if he was leading a



Continental paper-chase, and, running short of paper, had used sins for scent—he could not lay hands on the man himself, never could hear of him after his visit to his son's corpse at St. George's Hospital.

### TABLE TALK.

REFERRING to our recent notes on the adulteration of coffee, we have received a long letter from a correspondent who is connected with the tea and coffee interest in the City of London. We learn this from the card enclosed, for the letter is signed—"One who knows good Coffee." The remarks in our article were carefully considered, and founded on fact; but of course it is impossible to expose abuses without treading on somebody's corns. Our hits were made not at the honest but at the unscrupulous dealer; and, as always happens in our experience, the person who writes to complain is "A Subscriber to ONCE A WEEK from the first." We hardly ever recollect having a letter of complaint from anybody who was not—and we have had a good many. Our correspondent gives a recipe for making coffee. It is—"Buy some fine old fresh-roasted Mocha, grind it, pour on as much water again as the bulk of the coffee, add boiling milk, cool with good cream, sweeten with white sugar-candy," and he recommends us then "to write another article on coffee before the soothing effect is lost; at the same time making a careful estimate of the cost per annum of providing the luxury for a moderate family."

AS THE OPINIONS of a practical man always have some value, we make further extracts from the letter above quoted. The writer says:—"As a rule, tell the public it is coffee and chicory, and they will not buy; give them pure coffee, and they bring it back, simply because they have to pay nearly double for the same quantity of liquor. In the one case they have what suits their taste and pocket, and in the other that which does neither. Chicory—which I do not like—is not an insipid root, but of a bitter-sweet taste, and an improvement to cheap coffee—as the writer would think, had he to supply breakfast to a large family upon an income of say thirty shillings per week. Of the other articles mentioned by the writer as used to adulterate chicory, I never knew any of them cheap enough

to use for the purpose. Burnt sugar was used in very small quantities to clarify and darken the liquor; but, since the duty has been placed upon chicory, that has been forbidden and abandoned. I never heard of or saw an imitation coffee berry in all my experience; and should like to see the machine, and have an estimate of the cost of making the imitation berries. I suppose the inventor's address is St. Luke's, or Basinghall-street. I believe, some years ago, certain parties used roasted corn; but I never heard that toast and water injured the constitution. And, after all, who encourages the trader to adulterate but the consumer?—the cheap and nasty, and the two-shilling tea and seven-and-sixpenny cosy section of the public, who want brass to look like gold—not the poor or the mechanic, who generally buy better things. Competition is so great, that if pure ground coffee was wanted by the public, plenty of dealers would supply them, and glad to do it. I find that the general public will not, as a rule, buy berry coffee, and many that do so also buy chicory to mix it themselves. The continual interference of Parliament with trade by such absurd legislation as that of the late Act is useless, and enables the unprincipled trader to rob his neighbours of their customers by underselling them; but no Government will make the people sober or honest by Acts of Parliament. Anything injurious to health found mixed in articles of consumption should subject the mixer vendor to severe penalties, but beyond this point Acts of Parliament should not attempt to go." It is only fair that both sides of a question should be heard. In that spirit we have printed our correspondent's remarks; but it is with a feeling of profound regret that we find a gentleman who has "subscribed to this journal from its commencement," spelling "Parliament" three times in one sentence and only making use of three "As."

*The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.*

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 257.

November 30, 1872.

Price 2d.

THE  
MARVELLOUS EXPERIENCES  
OF  
ELIZABETH WINTERBOURNE.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

I.



IN that part of merry England called Lincolnshire, and in

that parish of Lincolnshire formerly called St. Olaf's, and in that certain part of the parish formerly called St. Olaf's which I shall not venture to further particularize, there is a tract of waste land known as Crabtree Moor. It is about two miles long by a mile and a half broad, and is remarkable for an almost complete absence of vegetation—for the stunted furze, which is sparsely scattered over the surface, scarcely deserves the name of vegetation; and this furze, and an old half-decayed crab tree—from which, it is to be presumed, the moor derives its name—are all the indications of fruitfulness which proclaim it to be more productive than the Sahara.

The old crab tree to which allusion has been made is situated nearly midway between the two ends of the moor; and within ten yards of it, not many years ago, there stood—indeed, it may be there still, for all I know to the contrary—a humble mud dwelling.

Humble, said I? I might have employed a stronger term without being guilty of exaggeration. For one thing, it was very indifferently thatched. In rainy weather—and it did and does rain most tremendously down in Lincolnshire sometimes—the occu-

pants of the hut were subjected to the unpleasant domestic phenomenon of a damp ceiling and floor. The chimney, too, was shockingly out of repair, and when the wind was contrary it smoked most intolerably. And, oh, how the wind does blow and shriek across Crabtree Moor on dark November nights!

In that dwelling, on the 19th of November, 183—, resided Matthew Winterbourne, labourer, and Esther, his wife; together with their daughter and only child, Elizabeth (ætat eighteen), whose strange experiences I am going to relate.

II.

Crabtree Moor could boast of no other habitation than Matthew Winterbourne's mud cabin. Indeed, as has been suggested, *that* habitation was not much to boast of. So, you see, it must have been a very desolate spot indeed. But if Crabtree Moor had been gifted with the faculty of speech—and from the manner in which the November blasts shrieked across it sometimes, it might almost have been supposed to be so endowed—it could reasonably enough have boasted of possessing, in the person of Elizabeth Winterbourne aforesaid, one of the prettiest girls in Lincolnshire.

Don't be alarmed: I am not going to occupy many lines in describing her. She was simply a very beautiful girl, with a better education than belonged to most country girls of her class thirty-five years ago. She had lived for six years with a spinster aunt—a sister of her mother's—in the north; and during the greater part of that time had attended a free school. On her seventeenth birthday she had returned to her parents, and since then had contributed not a little to the household support by taking in plain sewing. There were three young ladies at Harrowfield Manor who used to employ her pretty extensively; and on the evening of this identical 19th of November she is

stitch, stitch, stitching away most assiduously in their behalf. She has promised to complete and deliver the piece of work on which she is at present engaged by eight o'clock. She will scarcely keep her word, though; for she has still a good hour's work before her, and the old clock on the mantelpiece proclaims it to be five minutes past eight already.

"How long will it take you to finish, Lizzie?" her mother asks.

"Rather better than an hour," is the reply.

Stitch, stitch, stitch—how nimbly the white fingers fly over the yet whiter muslin!

### III.

Stitch, stitch, stitch. Nine o'clock has struck.

"There, mother, I have done. Pray fold it up for me, while I put on my bonnet and shawl."

"Lawk, Lizzie, you can never take it home at this time o' night."

"I can, and must. Miss Harriet made me promise to have it home by eight; and she'll never place any dependence upon me again if I don't take it *some time* to-night. Father can come with me."

Old Matthew was comfortably nodding in his chair before the fireplace. He had been labouring hard all day, and the comfortable fire had produced a soporific effect upon his nerves. Besides, it was about his usual bedtime.

"Father, don't you hear me? You are to come along with me to the Manor. I don't like crossing the moor alone at this time of night."

"Come, Matthew," chimed in the mother, "I know you be gey tired; but it isn't far, and Lizzie doesn't like to go back of her word to Miss Harriet."

Thus adjured, but with no very good will, the old man aroused himself from his dreams, possessed himself of his hat, comforter, and stick, and prepared to accompany his daughter to Harrowfield Manor.

The night was cold, with a pretty sharp breeze. It would have been bright moonlight, only the sky was partially obscured by clouds. It was nearly two miles to the Manor.

"I won't stop a minute, mother," exclaimed Lizzie, as she stepped forth on to the desolate moor; "and as we shall walk as fast as we can—or, at any rate, as fast as

father can—you may expect us back soon after ten. Come, father."

Father and daughter trudged on briskly across the moor for a quarter of an hour, when the latter became conscious, from the quick and heavy breathing of old Matthew, that the pace was trying his mettle.

"Poor father, you are tired; and no wonder, after your day's work. You shall go no farther. Rest you on this stone, and I will go on by myself. I shall not be one bit frightened. Why, you can see me nearly all the way, and I won't go up to the Hall at all. I'll just give the bundle to old Martin, at the lodge, and he'll take it up to Miss Harriet for me, and I'll run right back."

The old man made no violent objections to this arrangement. It was barely three-quarters of a mile farther; and if the moon had been very bright he could actually have watched his daughter's progress the greater part of the way, as the road was perfectly straight, and there were no trees intervening. Besides, he was really somewhat blown with his rapid exercise, and never dreamed that Lizzie would encounter any obstacle. He seated himself very complacently on the stone, and Lizzie sped away on her journey with redoubled haste.

"I shall be back in ten minutes, father," said she, as she left him.

"Ten minutes;" muttered the old man to himself—"no, that you won't. Clever and all as you are, I defy you to do it in less nor twice that time. Meanwhiles I'll light my pipe."

And as soon as his breath began to come a little easier, he *did* light his pipe, and abandoned himself to reflection. I have intimated that the temperature was very far removed from sultry; and the breeze was altogether too keen out there, on the moor, to render reflection an easy matter for delicately nurtured people. Matthew, however, was used to cold and wind, and didn't mind them much. Turning his back windward, he puffed away with the utmost composure.

"Yes," said he to himself, "she is a clever girl; and, what's more, she's a *good* girl—though I, which am her father, say it on her. Let me see—eighteen year old the beginning of last month, as sure as I sit here. That makes me fifty-three, come next January. It seems like t'other day as she wur born. Eighteen year old! A very few years

more, and it'll be time for her to begin to think about settlin' herself i' life. I ha'n't seen no young chaps offerin' her any civilities yet, though. Well, it'll be a sad day for her mother an' me when she makes up her mind to leave us by ourselves again; but in the common course o' natur' it 'll ha' to come to that, soon or late. There's Jim Fotherup, now, the Squire's man, 'ud be a likelyish match enow for her—as likely as any I knows on; but I never seed him even a-speakin' to her. And, now I come to think on't, he's no such great shakes, after *all* said and done. He didn't come out o' that business at th' races, a year ago last spring, with hands over and above clean, altho' Squire pretended as he didn't believe a word on't. No, the girl sha'n't ha' nought to say to un, that's flat. But what an old fool I be, to be sure. Didn't I hear, not a great while sen, as he wur to be married next Christmas to some lass over Broxton way?" And so on, till his pipe was smoked out, which brought his soliloquy to a close—for soliloquizing without the aid of tobacco, sitting in a cutting wind on the border of Crabtree Moor, at ten o'clock at night, was too much, even for old Matthew Winterbourne. His rapid walk across the moor had induced a slight perspiration, and this made him feel the wind colder than he would otherwise have done. He got up, and walked backwards and forwards, to keep himself warm.

"Drat the girl! it's well anigh half an hour sen she promised to be back in ten minutes, I'll be bound."

He stood still, and listened for the sound of her returning footsteps; but all was still and silent as the grave. Just then the moon came out from under a cloud, and shone with such brilliance that he could see more than half-way to the lodge-gate; and it was quite evident that there was no one upon the road. He concluded that, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, she had gone up to the Hall to deliver her work personally, and that Miss Harriet had kept her chatting about it. Well, he would walk slowly on towards the lodge. He *must* meet her before he got there.

He didn't, though.

#### IV.

A few minutes brought him to the lodge-gate. Still no signs of Lizzie. There was no light in the lodge. How was that?

Martin had gone to bed, that was how it was. Matthew rang the bell pretty sharply, for he was becoming impatient. Another moment, and a light appeared in the lodge. Another, and the small side-gate opened; and there stood the old lodge-keeper, considerably more than half asleep.

"Why, Martin—gone to bed, and Lizzie inside! How is the girl to get home, think you?"

"Oh, Matthew, is it you? What wur you a-sayin'?"

"I wur a-sayin' as you shouldn't 'a' gone to bed, when you knew Lizzie wur up at th' Hall, and would want to get out—that was what I wur a-sayin'. What i' world can be keepin' her, think you?"

"Lizzie—what Lizzie? Oh, *your* Lizzie. What, is she up at the Hall?"

"Is she up at th' Hall! Of course she's up at th' Hall. Don't you know she is? How long have you been abed?"

"Hardly any time. I hadn't hardly put the light out when I heard the bell ring, and got up and found you here. I didn't think as anybody 'ud want to get either in or out to-night."

"You didn't think—why, how long is it sen you let my daughter Lizzie in?"

The old man paused an instant ere he replied, with great deliberation—

"Your daughter Lizzie ha'n't a-been through here, to my knowledge, sen—let me be sure—sen last Wednesday."

"Do you mean to tell me as my daughter Lizzie ha'n't a-passed through here, on her way up to th' Hall, inside of an hour or less?"

"I mean to say as I'll take my Bible oath as your daughter Lizzie ha'n't a-gone through here to-day—no, nor yesterday neither, for that matter."

Old Martin was now broad awake, and just the least bit inclined to be crusty.

Then, for the first time, Matthew Winterbourne began to be alarmed. He hastily explained the circumstances to old Martin, whose crustiness at once gave way to surprise, and the pair set off together for the Hall. This, as they ought to have known, was quite superfluous on their part, for there was no possible way for Lizzie to have gone to the Hall except through the lodge-gate—and as old Martin averred that the gate had been locked all the evening, it was equally impossible that she could have passed through without his knowledge. People do

strange things, however, when labouring under the influence of extreme surprise or excitement; and Matthew half hoped to find the object of his alarm safe and sound at the Hall. It was only a hundred yards or so, and they were not long in reaching it.

She was not there; nor had she been there since the previous Wednesday. The young ladies had expected her ever since eight o'clock; but when ten arrived, they gave her up for that night, and had just gone to bed.

## V.

In less than five minutes, a party composed of half a dozen serving-men, headed by the Squire in person, set out to assist old Matthew Winterbourne to find his lost daughter.

The main road ran due east and west past the lodge-gate. In addition to this, there was the Broxton road, running north-east and south-west. This latter merged in the main road, in front of the lodge-gate. The road leading across to old Matthew's hut was, properly speaking, no road at all, but only a well-worn footpath, which ran north-west and south-east, almost at right angles to the Broxton-road, and, like it, terminating at the lodge-gate.

The party carefully explored the footpath all the way from the gate to the stone whereon Matthew had sat, and kept repeatedly calling aloud on the object of their quest. The clouds had passed over, and it was now bright moonlight. Not a trace of Lizzie was to be seen.

Just then they heard the sound of wheels rapidly advancing along the Broxton road. The party hastened back to the lodge-gate to intercept and make inquiries of the occupant of the vehicle, who turned out to be young Jim Fotherup, returning from Broxton, whither he had been to pay a visit to the mistress of his affections. In answer to their inquiries, he replied that he had met a young woman with a bundle, rather better than a mile down the road, who was walking rapidly, and seemed to be in a great hurry. How was she dressed? Well, he didn't take much notice how she was dressed, as he was driving fast; but she *was* just about Lizzie's size, and had a bonnet on which he believed was like the one Lizzie wore. Yes, he shouldn't wonder at all if it *was* Lizzie. He hadn't met or seen any-

body else all the way from Broxton, which was five miles away.

"That's her, for a guinea!" exclaimed the Squire, unmindful in his haste of strict grammatical propriety. "Here, Charlton, run to the stables, saddle Black Bess, and bring her round here, as quick as Old Nick 'll let you!"

Charlton darted off in the direction of the stables.

"Take comfort, Matthew," said the Squire, turning to the old man. "I'll go in chase myself; and if I don't bring her back to you in a jiffy, call me a Frenchman. Go you up to the Hall with the men, and get a mug of ale and something to eat till I come back. I'll not loiter, I promise you."

"Lord, Squire, I couldn't eat a morsel!—and as for that being Lizzie, going off alone down Broxton way, when she knows as her father's waitin' on her out in the cold, I can't bring myself to believe it. Why, what should she do *that* for?" said old Matthew.

"Can't say; but the girl Jim Fotherup met with the bundle was your Lizzie, depend upon it. Where else can she be? You had better take my advice, and go up and make yourself comfortable."

Here Charlton arrived with Black Bess. Squire Thornton leapt to the saddle, and flew down the Broxton road like the wind. Matthew, seeing no other feasible method of employing his time until the Squire's return, accompanied the others to the Hall; where he remained in a state of unutterable anxiety, and wondering what the old woman would think all this time, until past midnight:

When the Squire returned—  
ALONE!

## VI.

The Squire had gone all the way to Broxton, but had failed to encounter the fugitive, or any one else. From the speed at which he had ridden, he felt certain that had she kept the road he must have come up with her. She must either have stopped at some house, or taken to the fields.

He turned back, and called at every house on the road, till he came to Farmer Glosser's; where he learnt, to his huge astonishment, that the farmer's own daughter, Susan, was the girl who had been met by Jim Fotherup. She had been spending the afternoon at Widow Bloomley's, and had

stayed later than she intended, in order to finish a piece of worsted-work for her entertainer—so late, indeed, that she had had a great mind to remain all night; for she did not particularly relish the idea of going home alone at so late an hour. Being fearful of causing unnecessary anxiety to her parents, however, she had taken courage, and run nearly all the way home. On her way, she had met Jim Fotherup; but not wishing to be recognized by him, had hurried past.

Up to this time, Squire Thornton had felt so perfectly convinced of the identity of Lizzie Winterbourne with the girl mentioned by young Fotherup, that he had not permitted himself to entertain the slightest doubt upon the subject; but it was now quite evident that he had been in error. Where, then, *was* Lizzie Winterbourne?

The only thing he could do just then was to return home to old Matthew with the melancholy intelligence of his failure.

Although Matthew had professed to be by no means sanguine as to the Squire's success, he had in reality been almost as confident as the Squire himself; and the signal failure of the latter to discover any trace of the daughter so mysteriously lost almost overcame the poor old man.

A servant was despatched to break the sad news to Dame Winterbourne; and Squire Thornton himself, together with three serving-men, held themselves in readiness to start, with the first streak of dawn, north, south, east, and west—which they did.

A little after noon, on the 21st, one of the messengers who had gone forth on the expedition returned. His mission had been entirely fruitless. Not the faintest clue had he been able to discover, though he had made diligent inquiries, and had scoured the country for above thirty miles.

At four in the afternoon another arrived, and reported a precisely similar result.

The third returned about dusk, and his arrival was followed in a few minutes by that of Squire Thornton himself. They had been equally unsuccessful.

Advertisements were inserted in all the newspapers in the county. Handbills glared all through that and the neighbouring parishes.

Fruitlessly: for weeks passed by, and still old Matthew Winterbourne and his help-mate mourned the mysterious disappearance of their child.

## VII.

Christmas and New Year, with their attendant festivities, came and went—as they will continue to come and go till the end of time—but there were few traces of festivity to be observed in the humble cabin on Crabtree Moor. The old couple who dwelt there had aged more during the last few weeks than during the previous ten years. The wrinkles in their careworn faces had deepened very considerably; and it was quite apparent to every one with whom they came in contact that, unless some tidings of the missing one were received, they would ere long bid adieu to this world and its many cares.

The knowledge of their daughter's death might have been borne, and with comparative fortitude, though she *was* their only child; but the terrible, harrowing uncertainty as to her very *existence* was too much for human endurance. They were not less superstitious than many of the English peasantry then were in some of the rural districts; and the horrible idea would sometimes intrude itself that their Lizzie must have been carried away by beings of another world; for so indefatigably had the search for her been conducted, that it seemed almost impossible that she could have been conveyed away by human agency. Day succeeded day, and when night arrived, and brought no tidings of their lost one, their grief was piteous to see. They would sit moodily by the fire for hours together, without exchanging a syllable, and waiting for the news that never came.

For once in her life, old Esther could derive no comfort even from her Bible, which was something altogether out of the category of her experiences hitherto. She was indeed sorely tried; and used frequently to ask herself what crime she or her poor old man had committed, that the hand of Providence should be laid so heavily upon them.

January set in, sharp and cold. About ten o'clock on the night of the 5th, the miserable old pair went to bed as usual; and, as usual, tossed from side to side, in vain efforts to find that sleep which might enable them to forget their great sorrow for a brief season.

They had not been in bed much more than an hour, when they heard the sound of light and rapidly advancing footsteps on the moor without, followed by a loud rap at the

door of their dwelling. Old Matthew's heart jumped wildly, for he knew that footstep and that knock. With all speed he arose and opened the door, when the object of so much solicitude entered, pale and trembling—partly from cold, and partly from the excitement of seeing the loved ones once more, after leaving them in so singular a manner.

The parents, as may readily be imagined, were almost beside themselves with joy. She, for whom they had mourned and wept themselves to the very verge of the grave, was there before them, "clothed, and in her right mind," and apparently uninjured. Upon the scene of their greetings I willingly draw the curtain.

In the next chapter you shall hear the account which Lizzie gave of her truly "marvellous experiences."

#### VIII.

This was the purport of Lizzie's strange narrative.

The reader will recollect that she left her father sitting on a stone, about three-quarters of a mile from the lodge-gate, with an intimation that she would be back in ten minutes.

She had sped away on her errand as fast as she could run; but this soon becoming too great an exertion, she had subsided into a rapid walk. She had accomplished considerably more than half the distance, and had arrived within two hundred yards of the gate, when two men sprang up, suddenly as lightning, from behind a large stone by the roadside; and before she had time to cry out, one of them seized her and placed his hand firmly over her mouth, while the other held before her eyes a long, glittering knife. They were both masked, and she could, of course, give no description of their countenances. Neither of them spoke loud enough to give her much idea what their voices were like. They assured her, in the most dreadful language, that any attempt to escape or summon assistance on her part, or even to speak above her breath, would be followed by her instant death; but that if she remained perfectly quiet, and accompanied them unresistingly to where they intended to take her, no harm whatever should happen to her, and she should be returned safely to the lodge-gate within an hour.

Being completely overcome by terror, and unable to cry out, even if she had dared to

do so, she promised to obey their commands, and submitted to have her eyes bandaged with a large red silk handkerchief. This done, her assailants turned her round and round until she was dizzy; when, one on each side of her, holding her by an arm, they hurried her away at something more than a fast walk. Of course she had not the remotest idea of the direction in which she was taken, owing to the turning round process to which she had been subjected; and this the reader who has played at blindman's buff will have no difficulty in comprehending and believing. She was satisfied, however, that she was not conducted along any travelled road; because they came to three successive hedges, over each of which she was lifted by her captors. At length they seemed to emerge upon some road; for she was lifted into a carriage, and one of them mounted the box and drove off, while the other seated himself by her side. She knew the carriage to be a covered one, from the closing of the doors and the position of the driver, who occasionally spoke in a low tone to the horses. He drove at first very slowly, in order, as she supposed, that the motion of the wheels might make as little noise as possible. As nearly as she could calculate, at least half an hour must have elapsed from the time of her capture to the time of her being placed in the carriage.

In vain she asked to be informed whither they were taking her. Her companion enjoined the strictest silence, upon pain of instant death; but reiterated his assurance that she should come to no harm if she remained still and quiet. The man outside began to drive faster, and she was conscious of the direction of their journey being changed several times. She became every moment more convinced that they had deceived her in promising to return her to the lodge gate within an hour; but she was afraid to ask any questions. Once or twice she was on the point of screaming out at the top of her voice, let the consequences be what they might; but, by an effort, she restrained herself.

On, on rolled the carriage; and hour after hour passed by. At last, when it must have been not far off daylight, they stopped. She was lifted from the carriage, and taken into a house; up a stairway; thence along a narrow passage, for a considerable distance. Then she was pushed into a room, with an

intimation that she was at liberty to remove the bandage from her eyes if she chose. The door of the room was then locked, and she was alone.

Upon divesting herself of the bandage, she found herself in a chamber about twenty feet square, furnished in the most meagre style. There was neither carpet nor covering of any kind on the floor. In the centre was a common deal table, without any cover, upon which stood a dirty lamp, still burning, which supplied the only means of illumination she could discover—for there was no window; and from this latter circumstance she was led to conclude that it must be an *inner* chamber. At one extremity of the room was a rusty grate, containing a few smouldering embers—the remains of a good fire, for the place was quite warm. In a corner, upon one side of the grate, was a bed, very scantily supplied with covering. Three common wooden chairs, and a sofa in the last stage of shabbiness, completed the room's equipments. The only means of egress or ingress was through the door by which she had entered.

She had barely time to make this brief survey of the apartment, when the door opened, and gave admission to an old woman, who carefully locked the door after her on the inside, and put the key in her pocket. A more wrinkled and ill-favoured old harridan Lizzie had never seen, and she at once became impressed with a more abject terror of this creature than she had previously conceived of the two men who had brought her thither. Advancing a few steps into the room, this old crone asked if she was hungry; to which inquiry Lizzie replied in the negative, and tremblingly requested to be informed why she had been brought there.

"I am forbidden to answer any questions," croaked the old woman.

"And will you not tell me how long I am to be kept here, and what is to become of me?"

"I have no more idea than yourself; and, if I had, I durst not tell you. I will bring a cup of tea and some food presently; and my advice to you is to eat something, and go to bed. You must need rest; and this much I can promise—you will not be disturbed for some hours."

With these words the old woman unlocked the door, went out, and locked it behind her. In a few moments she returned with a tray,

whereon were a tea-pot, a cup and saucer, a loaf of bread, a broken plate with butter, another with some cheese and cold meat, and a knife and fork—all of which she deposited on the table, adding a lump of brown sugar from her pocket; and, with a laconic observation that there was no milk in the house, she again retired, locking the door behind her as before.

Lizzie sat ruminating upon her hapless situation for some time. She could not eat a mouthful, and did not even make the attempt. She would gladly have drunk the tea, but was deterred by the fear of its being drugged. She was completely worn-out with fatigue, but was afraid to go to bed. Finally, she lay down with her clothes on; and, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her situation, fell into a troubled sleep.

She knew not how long she slept; but when she awoke, the lamp had gone out, and she was in total darkness. She continued to lie still for more than an hour longer, when the door was unlocked, and the forbidding countenance of the old woman once more presented itself. She had in her hand another lamp, which was lighted. She placed it on the table, and went out again without speaking; but returned in a moment with a large tin dish containing water, a towel and soap, and a fragment of a comb. Having placed these on two chairs, she told Lizzie she might make her toilet, if she felt so disposed, which the young woman at once proceeded to do.

When her ablutions were completed, her ancient attendant took away the things, and presently brought in some food, which was of the plainest description as to quality, but sufficiently abundant in point of quantity. This time, overcoming her fears, she made an attempt to eat and drink—for she was faint; and the cup of tea revived her. The woman then informed her that if she were so minded, she might accompany her into the garden, to get a breath of fresh air—a permission of which Lizzie joyfully availed herself. She was then conducted out at the door, and down a steep flight of steps to the right, when she found herself in an enclosure of about half an acre in extent, and surrounded by a high wall. From the cabbage-stalks and vestiges of onions which abounded there, it had evidently been used as a vegetable garden; but it looked sadly neglected. In one corner was a solitary apple tree, and near the middle was a large



thorn. The house, which was a large one, was built of plain red brick, and presented, at the rear—which was all she could see of it—the appearance of being uninhabited.

The sun was just going down, from whence she concluded that she must have slept a good many hours. She could perceive no means of exit from the garden except by the door by which she had entered, and a similar one farther to the right, which was barred up. The only indication of the world outside which could be heard was the occasional bleating of sheep at some distance.

The old woman sat on the doorstep, and permitted her charge to roam at will about the garden until the moon rose, when she was conducted back to the chamber, which had been swept and dusted in her absence, and a fire kindled in the grate.

It would be useless and monotonous to give many further particulars of the girl's life during her confinement. One day was very much like another. At first she made frequent appeals to the old woman to enlighten her as to the cause of her detention, and its probable duration; also, as to the name of the person or persons to whom she was indebted for it; but to all such appeals her listener turned a deaf ear. Once she conceived the bold design of personally assaulting the old wretch, possessing herself of the key, and endeavouring to force her way out; but, apart from the terror which the hag inspired in her breast, she was well aware that there were others in the house, and those of the masculine gender, to oppose any such attempt; for she frequently heard the sound of men's voices, apparently in altercation, in a distant part of the building.

From the moment when she first entered the chamber until that in which she finally left it, she never saw a human being except the female gaoler already mentioned. She had no means of computing time, and even on this point could gain no information. She was frequently taken out into the garden for fresh air, under the old woman's surveillance, and upon returning to her chamber, invariably found it swept and dusted. The old woman, at her urgent request, supplied her with material to make up into various articles of female attire; and had it not been for the employment so furnished, she believed she would have gone mad. As it

was, strange to say, she continued in good health, and had, generally speaking, a good appetite.

### COAL GAS.

THE luminous flames we use to light our houses after sunset are all equally gas flames.

The gas which burns round the wick of a candle is formed by the action of heat on the grease of which the candle is made. The gas which burns over the wick of an oil lamp is formed by the action of heat on the oil. The gas which burns over a "gas-burner" is formed by the action of heat on coal.

By the heating of any of these substances many different kinds of gas are produced, some of which become liquids if they are allowed to cool, while others are permanently gaseous. In the case of candles and lamps, when the hot gas is burnt as fast as it is made, the uncondensable and the condensable are burnt alike, the latter contributing even more than the former to the luminosity of the flame. In the case of coal gas, which is kept for many hours, and has often to travel along many miles of iron piping before it is burnt, only very little condensable gas reaches the burner. In this respect, "gas" illumination is at a great disadvantage as compared with candles or lamps. To counterbalance this disadvantage, gas must be produced from some substance which is much cheaper than grease or oil, and such a substance we have in coal. But coal, like all minerals obtained on the large scale, is mixed with small quantities of other substances, and, in particular, masses of coal always contain a greater or less proportion of a mineral known, according to its form, as pyrites or marcasite, composed of eight parts of sulphur united with seven of iron. When coal is heated, a part of the sulphur from this mineral unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, and thus the illuminating gas formed from coal is contaminated with at least two sulphur compounds—carbon bisulphide and hydrogen sulphide. Such gas yields, when it is burnt, in addition to water and carbon dioxide, sulphur dioxide, produced by the burning of the sulphur. This gas has a well-known pungent smell; it acts on various colouring matters, and it is gradually changed in presence of air and moisture into a far more

destructive substance, called hydrogen sulphate, or oil of vitriol. Unlike sulphur dioxide, which is a gas, and can be removed by ventilation, hydrogen sulphate is not volatile, and exercises a continued corrosive action upon organic materials or fabrics on which it is deposited. In a furnished room, the leather bindings of books and coverings of furniture are especially liable to be injured thus; perhaps because this material, being a better conductor of heat than others which are used for the same purposes, is more bedewed after gas has been lighted in a room than they are, and also because it requires less often to be cleaned or renewed.

Fortunately, the conversion of sulphur dioxide into hydrogen sulphate takes place so slowly that in a room lighted with gas and well ventilated, a very small part of the sulphur which gas is liable to contain remains in this destructive form. Fortunately, also, the quantity of sulphur which gas as at present manufactured is liable to contain is very small. In a room lighted with four gas-burners, the volume of sulphur dioxide mixed with the atmosphere of the room in the course of an hour is about one-hundredth of a cubic foot. The amount actually present at any moment, if the room is fairly ventilated, is a small fraction of this volume. Nevertheless, it is possible, and even probable, that some injury, especially to the bindings of books, may in the course of years be caused under these circumstances; and it is desirable, with a view to avoiding any such injury, and also with a view to allaying the apprehension of it, that the proportion of sulphur compounds in coal gas should be reduced as far as possible.

A ton of coal may contain about 30 lbs. of sulphur: it yields nearly 10,000 cubic feet of gas, and a considerable part of the sulphur contained in it is given off with the gas in combination with either carbon or hydrogen. Of these two elements hydrogen claims by far the larger proportion, not less than ten parts for one that is united with carbon. For the purification of gas from hydrogen sulphide, excellent methods are everywhere in use. The gas is passed through layers of slaked lime or of iron oxide, by either of which substances all the hydrogen sulphide is capable of being completely absorbed. But the smaller quantity of sulphur existing in the form of carbon bisulphide is not arrested by these agents, nor is there at

present any material or process known by which it can be effectually removed.

When coal gas which is pure from hydrogen sulphide is heated and tested again, it is found to contain this impurity, showing that some ingredients of the gas are capable of producing hydrogen sulphide by their mutual action. Hydrogen seems to have a much stronger affinity for sulphur than carbon has. One consequence of this difference is the unequal partition of the sulphur between the two elements in the gas retort. But this inequality does not reach its limit in the short time which elapses between the formation and cooling down of the gas; and accordingly, when foul gas (or gas which has not been purified from hydrogen sulphide) is further heated, the proportion of hydrogen sulphide in it is increased, and that of carbon bisulphide diminished. From a number of experiments in which foul gas was passed through an iron tube three inches in diameter, filled with iron turnings and heated for a length of about two feet to low redness, it appeared that the amount of carbon bisulphide could be so far reduced that the gas, after purification from hydrogen sulphide, contained five or six instead of thirty grains of sulphur in 100 cubic feet. The gas was driven through the heated tube at a rate of from one to two cubic feet a minute.

A somewhat greater reduction in the amount of sulphur is obtained by heating the gas after, instead of before, purification and purifying it a second time. If it is the case, as seems probable, that the sulphur present in coal gas distributes itself when the gas is heated between the carbon and hydrogen in a ratio dependent upon the relative affinity for sulphur of the two elements, the proportion of carbon bisulphide to the total sulphur in the gas will be always the same when the composition of the gas is the same, and when it has been heated long enough for the establishment of an equilibrium. Accordingly, we should expect the removal of sulphur, by the conversion of carbon bisulphide into hydrogen sulphide and the absorption of the latter, to be accomplished more effectually with gas from which the chief part of the sulphur had already been extracted. And this, as has already been stated, is found to be the case.

The nature of the chemical change which takes place when coal gas is heated may be illustrated by passing hydrogen over the

mouth of a tube containing carbon bisulphide, and thence through a piece of combustion tubing heated nearly to a red heat. The mixture of hydrogen and carbon bisulphide vapour has no action on a solution of lead acetate; but, after the application of heat, the gas which issues produces at once a black precipitate, proving that hydrogen sulphide has been formed. This change occurs readily with hydrogen which has been carefully dried; but the presence of moisture appears to promote it; and as coal gas contains a quantity of aqueous vapour, much more than sufficient to react with the maximum amount of carbon bisulphide, it is possible that the formation of hydrogen sulphide, when coal gas is heated, may be partly due to the intervention of moisture.

If clean iron nails are heated to redness in a glass tube, and coal gas is passed slowly over them, a soft, black, carbonaceous deposit is formed, and the gas is deprived of a part of its carbon. If, however, the gas be passed through more rapidly, no such deposition takes place, although the time of contact of the gas with the heated surface is still sufficient to effect the conversion of the carbon bisulphide into hydrogen sulphide. In the latter case it may be presumed that no change occurs in the illuminating power of the gas. But to establish a point which is of capital importance, some direct observations were made on the illuminating power of gas thus treated. It was found with gas passing at the rate of 5 cubic feet an hour through a half-inch iron tube, heated for a length of 12 inches, that, when the heat did not exceed low redness, no change was observable. When the heat was raised to bright redness, there was a perceptible increase in the illuminating power.

If the process of heating coal gas, in order to remove the sulphur contained in it, should be employed on the manufacturing scale, the rate of transmission of the gas through the heating apparatus would necessarily be such as to render any deposition of carbon very unlikely. But even where such deposition takes place, it is not necessarily accompanied by a diminution of the illuminating power.

An interesting experiment, from this point of view, is the decomposition of marsh gas by the electric spark. When a stream of sparks from a Ruhmkorff coil is transmitted between the ends of platinum wires through a small quantity of marsh gas enclosed in a

glass tube over mercury, the gas gradually expands. In about ten minutes it is nearly doubled, and at the same time a black deposit appears on the tube, in the neighbourhood of the wires. Here the intense heat applied has effected an almost complete decomposition of the hydro-carbon into its elements. But at the same time there is found a small quantity of some more condensed hydro-carbon, probably acetylene. On expelling the gas through a jet attached to the upper end of the tube, and burning it, the flame is seen to be much more luminous than that of marsh gas itself. The fact of which this experiment gives a striking illustration is that the illuminating power of gas depends much more upon the nature of the hydro-carbons it contains than upon the total amount of carbon. How great would be the gain to the manufacturers of coal gas, if such an operation as this were possible on the large scale, by which the volume of gas is doubled, and its illuminating power at the same time greatly increased!

As far as chemistry is concerned, the simple operation of heating gas appears to offer the means of a sufficiently perfect purification. The construction of a suitable system of iron pipes for heating the gas, and the best mode of obtaining and applying heat, is a problem for the engineer. On the scale on which gas is manufactured, all the apparatus for dealing with it must be of a magnitude to which it is difficult to pass, even in imagination, from the small scale of laboratory experiments; but, otherwise, the problem does not appear to be one of any peculiar difficulty. It may perhaps be found possible to employ some of the waste heat of the retort-house for this purpose, and thus to effect the required purification without much increasing the consumption of fuel.

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W. H. AINSWORTH.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, whose novels were very popular only a few years ago, and who is still a contributor to Mr. Mudie's bookshelves, was born at Manchester, in the year 1805. He was educated at the Free Grammar School of his native city, and, the son of a solicitor, was bred to the law. But at a very early age Mr. Ainsworth showed a taste for literature; before he left school he was a contributor to the pages of *The Iris*,

a journal then published in Manchester. He married the daughter of Mr. Ebers, a publisher, in Bond-street, and at that time manager of the Opera House. Ainsworth's first novel was "Sir John Chiverton;" and of this, his first essay in fiction, no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott spoke in terms of high praise.

At Mr. Ebers's suggestion, Ainsworth appears to have tried his hand as a publisher; but he soon abandoned this, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1834, "Rookwood" appeared, and at once established his reputation as a writer of fiction. "Rookwood" was followed, in 1837, by "Crichton," which was as successful as its immediate predecessor, and added to the author's fame. In the month of March, 1839, Charles Dickens retired from the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and wrote his successor in in his humorous style, talking of the old and new coachman—*Bentley* being the coach. "The new whip"—we quote the writer of a short biography of Ainsworth—"having mounted the box, drove straight to Newgate." By the bye, Dickens had driven *Bentley* there before him; but the great humourist's thieves' story had a fine moral to it. "He there took in Jack Sheppard and Cruikshank, the artist; and, aided by that very vulgar but wonderful draughtsman, he made an efficient story of the burglar's or housebreaker's life."

In such works of fiction as "Jack Sheppard," it soon became plain that Ainsworth's forte lay. He followed up his latest success with "Guy Fawkes" and "The Tower of London." In 1842 his connection with *Bentley's* terminated, and in a magazine of his own he produced successively "The Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," and "St. James's." In the above list the best of the author's works are contained; but it by no means exhausts the catalogue of his works. It is as the biographer of such gentlemen as Mr. Jack Sheppard, of bad fame, that our author must lay claim to immortality; and it is in this field of labour that he is most at home. He has himself placed on record the state of his feelings after he had disposed of Mr. Turpin's apocryphal steed, "Black Bess." "Well do I remember," says the author, "the fever into which I was thrown during the time of composition. My pen literally scoured over the pages. So thoroughly did I identify myself with the flying highwayman, that, once

started, I found it impossible to halt. . . . In his (Turpin's) company I mounted the hillside, dashed through the bustling village, swept over the desolate heath, threaded the silent street, plunged into the eddying stream. . . . With him I shouted, sang, laughed, exulted, wept; nor did I retire to rest till in imagination I heard the bell of York Minster toll forth the knell of poor Black Bess."

This is poetic frenzy with a vengeance; and nobody will be disposed to deny that whatever else the novelist lacked, it certainly was not sympathy for his creations.

The moral tendency of his writings, and the effect they were likely to produce on the youthful or untrained mind, have often been the subject of criticism. Of these, we think there can be no doubt, the effect must be bad. While we wish Mr. Ainsworth no harm, we wish the cause of morality in fiction well; and we cannot help thinking that if the "fever into which he was thrown" by the recital of the lawless adventures of a highwayman had carried off his passion for writing novels, English literature would have been the gainer.

## BY RULE OF THUMB.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

AFTER the lapse of a twelvemonth, Mary Lennard was married to William Fletcher in the parish church of Ham-borough. It was a quiet wedding. There were only three ex-bosom friends of hers for bridesmaids, with, of course, the people who chaperoned them, and a few relatives of his from whom future expectations were possible and immediate presents certain, with Arnold for groomsmen.

"A melancholy pleasure," said the latter with regard to his office. "Mind, Fletcher, you have exhausted my friendly offices now; you must apply to some one else to stand your second, to bail you, to hold you down when in the pangs of cholera, to bear your pall. My spirits are not buoyant, and I cannot stand more than one of these ceremonies for the same man."

His fears were unfounded; for as there was no family separation to be caused by the marriage, it was free from those influences which so often turn a house of theatrical feasting into one of practical mourn-

ing, and cause persons of cheerful temperament rather on the whole to prefer funerals. Indeed, the young people had proposed not to leave Mr. Lennard at all after their marriage, fearing lest solitude should again plunge him into those depths of melancholy from which he was emerging; but he urged them to spend the first weeks of their married life in the orthodox fashion, amongst railway porters, douaniers, German counts and countesses, steamboats, glaciers, vines, cathedrals, roulette tables and picture galleries. I wonder if the reason why the English have such rose-coloured impressions of the Continent, and foreigners such yellow-tinted ones of our tight little island, is that we visit them mostly during our honeymoons, while they generally return the call at a later period of married life?

When the William and Mary, *x* tons (of luggage), was launched and fairly started for Boulogne, Mr. Lennard set out on a pilgrimage to the west of England, and once more visited the little village of Bodston.

A few new houses had been built; the fishermen's huts were larger, cleaner, and not so poverty-stricken; there was a resident clergyman and a new school-house; but the general appearance of the place was not much changed. The villa where his mother had died, his father languished, and he himself had indulged in sanguine dreams; the paths where he used to walk with Edith; the sheltered bay where he had first told her of his love; the avenue where he had parted from her to go to Australia—all were the same as his memory painted them.

He spent a fortnight in wandering about these Cornwall scenes, and then went on to Wales and visited the grave.

As he awoke from a long musing, and turned to leave the churchyard, his eye fell on the mound which marked the spot where Dubourg was buried, and he stopped.

"Ah," he muttered; "whether my poor wife would have died had she not been frightened by that villain, Clements, may be uncertain; but there is no doubt that this unhappy man lost his life directly by his hand, and that in my immediate service; and yet he is unavenged!"

And it was with a frowning brow and a clenched hand that he turned from the place.

Unavenged?

In the swamps of a lagoon a number of men are toiling; some carry bales down to

boats run on to the mud, others launch these boats when laden, and row them out to a vessel anchored in the deeper water; others again receive the goods on board and stow them away. All are heavily chained—the porters to each other in pairs, the rowers to their oars; and over them stand men with cruel whips who keep their labour up to the highest pitch, cutting the naked bodies of their victims when their arms droop from fatigue, or sometimes dropping the lash playfully upon the back of one who was already straining his muscles to their utmost, for the mere devilish amusement of seeing him wince with the pain. Besides the overseers, who are armed with pistols as well as whips, there are sentries placed at intervals with loaded muskets, ready to shoot down any who attempt to escape. Escape! What for? To be torn and devoured by the wild beasts in the forest, or the crocodiles in the lagoon?

Upon this scene of human suffering, the fierce sun of the tropics beats down with a sickening, infernal heat which cannot be imagined or described; while the air is thick with a heavy, dank, evil-smelling emanation, which makes the head throb, relaxes the nerves to an extent which makes it pain to move hand or foot, and which seems to breathe the very essence of ague fever and the deadly vomito.

A boat has stuck in the mud; and in spite of the efforts of the convicts, exerted under the stimulus of blows and curses, cannot be pushed off.

"Send for No. 66," cries a man with a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, a cigar in his mouth, pistols in his belt, and the dreaded scourge in his nervous right hand—"he is as strong as any four of you."

And a convict past the middle age, in every line of whose face sickness and ague are apparent, but of enormous muscular development, is pushed forward, together with the companion to whom he is fastened by a chain which has eaten into the ankles of each.

"Now, No. 66, catch hold of the bows of that boat," cries the overseer. "Now, then; together! Push, you lazy hound! Push, push!" And the lash comes down upon the flesh with every cry, the cruel tongue laps round his body and limbs like a strip of fire, his muscles rise in knotted cords, and the sweat streams off his face like water, under the superhuman exertions forced from him







by the torture. The boat moves—faster and faster cracks the whip; it slips into the water; and No. 66, his back one mass of bloody weals, falls exhausted on the slime, dragging his chain-fellow with him.

Night comes at last. Surely, now at least there will be some cessation of their sufferings? They will lose their misery for awhile in heavenly sleep? A few, from extreme exhaustion, may snatch a short forgetfulness; but fever, ague, cramp, the pain of festering wounds, the sting of innumerable insects—they can tell how the hours are waning by the varied hum and bite of these winged tormentors—make the night only a continuation of the sufferings of the day to most.

Unavenged? Why, the couch in the condemned cell were a bed of roses, the last sermon a friendly greeting, the sudden drop a kind relief indeed, compared to this.

Unavenged? When the murderer was no longer known as Adolphus Hartman, Robert Clements, or by any other of the names which he had assumed in the course of his long career of crime, but as No. 66 in a gang of Spanish convicts on a tropical coast!

A few years, very few, have elapsed. William and Mary Fletcher are still living at Hamborough, and her father resides in the same house with them. William is one of the great unpaid, for whom we pray every Sunday that they 'may indifferently administer justice;' though perhaps, when the Prayer Book is revised, it may be better to omit the *in*. He is mad about gardening and pigs, and believes himself to have the finest specimens of geraniums and grunterns in the county. He exhibits, and sometimes gets prizes for both his hobbies. He hunts a little, shoots a little, and boats and fishes a little—amusements in which his father-in-law, who has in a great measure recovered his spirits, joins him; though certainly, as regards the first, he does not ride very straight to hounds, being a somewhat heavy weight and never famous for his horsemanship. However, he potters occasionally after the harriers, and gets a capital appetite for his dinner. But he is great at fishing, and takes intense interest in the future of the Thames as a trout and salmon river. Mary, who is rather High Church, at least in ornamentation and singing, works altar cloths and such things, and seconds the efforts of the clergyman of the place to make the schools model institutions and organize a

choir. They have not been as yet very successful in the latter object of their ambition, for the people of Hamborough seem to be born with the most stubborn propensity to sing out of tune; but as to the school, they have really done wonders. With these employments, and a pleasant though small circle of acquaintances, who eat and drink, gossip, and dance at one another's houses; with boating in summer and riding with her husband or father all the year round; with an ever-changing box of books from a London library; and, above all, with a couple of children, whose very tender years require a great deal of her care, she passes her life very happily. William grumbles when he has to go up to London, and leave his pigs and flowers; but when his wife wants to shop, or a new exhibition is opened, or a comedy or opera which sounds tempting is announced, they run up for a day or two, and are remarkably glad to get back. They experience a like feeling of relief when they return to Hamborough after the annual trip which they feel it their duty to make to the seaside or the Continent; and how can I write any more about such unadventurous human cabbages?

Arnold often stays with them. He is godfather to one of the children, and has a room allotted to him during his visits, in which he may smoke, and write his leaders. I expect that he will marry some day, and that his wife will fearfully avenge her sex for all the hard things he has said of them. He has been writing able social articles lately about domestic matters, teaching husbands and fathers how to manage their interiors; and as his theories of the rights of man are bordering on the tyrannical, he is safe to be henpecked.

But a truce to last words. Whether you have been bored by my story or have liked it—nay, even if you are a skipper, may health and happiness attend you, reader.

Fare you well!

THE END.

## SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN EDITOR.

MY DEAR EDITOR—I recollect reading an anecdote of a man who was to be hanged at Tyburn in the good old days when men were hanged with much greater spirit and vigour than they are at present.



Black Monday morning came. The bell tolled; the cart was in waiting; and the gaoler had the pleasure to announce that the time had arrived when—— At this summons to quit for a better a wicked world—in which the condemned man had had the misfortune to confuse the ownership of a handkerchief, valued at one shilling and fourpence—he pulled a very long face, and bemoaned his sad fate in the appropriate language of a last dying speech and confession of the period. But he suddenly cheered up, and became almost gay, on being informed that he was by no means alone in his plight, but that a batch of five was to swing at the same time with himself.

Such is the effect of companionship! So gregarious an animal is man, that he goes with comparative calmness even to be hanged if he has but company. It is the solitary misfortune that is insupportable.

The story with which I begin is ominous. What is its application? This. You know my connection with *The Miscellany*—that during three or four years I was the occupant of the editorial chair. Receive my solemn assurance that I would as lief be hanged as edit anything of the sort again. I know your hard lot. Like our friend of the sixteenpenny handkerchief, there is some grain of comfort for you in a feeling that you have companions in misfortune—in the knowledge that others have trodden the thorny paths of editorship before you. In this sympathetic light you will read the recital of my troubles with some interest; and it is to be presumed that what interests you will be of interest to your readers, or, in your editorial capacity, why do you exist?

*The Miscellany!* It is some time since I put an end to my connection with the paper; but as I pronounce the word, once so often on my lips, always in my thoughts—my plague by day, my dream by night—I heave a profound sigh: a composite sigh, breathed part in regret, part in sorrow; in anger somewhat, yet having in it a tinge of grief. I am not surprised now that Dickens resigned his editorship of a daily paper in something less than a fortnight, or that Thackeray found conducting the *Cornhill* an uncongenial task. There is no more unthankful work than rejecting contributions, unless it be reading them. This last difficulty, I am aware, may be got over by a rude contempt for the feelings and rights of the senders of MSS., and

the use of a large waste paper basket. There are publications that receive no contributions from outsiders, though they veil the practice under some such words as these—"It is impossible for the editor to return rejected communications; and to this rule no exception can be made." The real meaning of this phrase is, in most cases, that the editor has a waste paper basket under his table, into which everything goes without fear or favour. But while such a practice saves the editor's time and temper, it is a manifest injury to a contributor who, ignorant of this rule, sends up such a trifle as a three volume novel, which has cost months of labour perhaps, and *may* be a "Jane Eyre" or a "Vanity Fair" in manuscript. My own experience leads me to the belief that under such a *régime* injury would be done to the interests of literature in about five per cent. of the cases.

Of a hundred manuscripts received, about ninety are not worth publishing, varying in demerit from utter trash to mediocre word-spinning; five per cent. of the cases are doubtful—a safe and easy course would be to toss a coin for or against; and five per cent. are worth printing. At *The Miscellany*, my practice was to read myself, or place in the hands of a competent reader, all the MSS. we received. In this way justice was done to everybody, but at a great sacrifice of time. Of course it was impossible to enter into a correspondence with every sender of MSS. Their rejected contributions were put into pigeon-holes, and kept till they applied by letter for them—alas! too often, in person—when they were returned to their irritated owners. It became necessary to adopt some stereotyped form of refusal—at once polite, but firm. I hit upon this as a sort of salve for wounded vanity:—

This Manuscript is returned to the Writer, with the Editor's compliments. The pressure upon our space is very great, and the Editor desires it to be understood that the return of a Manuscript is not in all cases to be taken as a criterion of its merit.

It worked, perhaps, a little better than the lithographed letters of some of my contemporaries; but I always felt certain that every man, woman, and child—I have had manuscripts from correspondents who stated they were "only twelve years old," and hoped their faults would be excused—whose copy was returned or pigeon-holed, became a determined and implacable enemy for life.

I do not know whether *The Miscellany* was more honoured than other magazines devoted to literature, but we averaged about ten or a dozen little offerings a-day in the shape of copy of all kinds—from a simple verse of four lines to a full-blown three volume novel. The people who sent a single “side,” as the printers call it, often wrote a longer letter with it than those who favoured me with a thousand folios. I once received this letter, with a novel of rather more than the regulation length:—

Oxford Union Society.

DEAR SIR—Will this suit you at all?

Yrs. obtly,

Editor, *The Miscellany*.

And I must say, such brevity was so rare, that I always felt much more favourably disposed towards those persons who left their MSS. to tell their own tale, instead of explaining what they meant in several pages of illegibility.

Before proceeding further with these recollections, let me say a word or two about *The Miscellany*, over which I was the presiding spirit. It was a magazine of the highest respectability, published monthly, and had seen some five-and-forty summers when I took it by the hand. It was established in the days when prospectus-writing was alive, and it was ushered into existence with a flourish of trumpets played by master hands. It was said in the prospectus that it desired “to establish an independent position, neither rivalling its weekly nor copying from its daily contemporaries. . . . The editor and writers of the proposed miscellany are aware that their aim is high, and consequently think their pretensions may be considered ambitious. For such an imputation they are, however, fully prepared. They desire to be judged by their magazine itself rather than by professions which can but very inadequately describe their hopes and objects.” And they wound up by “appealing with hope and confidence to public support,” feeling sure that they would “never plead in vain to the educated and reflective mind of this country.” This grand language was appropriate enough at a time when a monthly periodical of the sort was comparatively a new invention, and when the monthlies were a power in the world of letters much greater than they now are. By the general decline of “periodical” literature in the public favour, *The Mis-*

*cellany* had suffered not so much, however, as many of its contemporaries now happily buried. The truth is, the age was slower when *The Miscellany* was started. Now, the dailies and weeklies do the work the monthlies and quarterlies did then. Hence the wretched spectacle of decayed and dying “mags” we see around us: vigorous in their youth, strong in their prime, but now—the less said of them the better. The public taste has changed: powerless to adapt themselves to the change of fashion, they have been simply stranded by the force of circumstances.

An opinion expressed now seventeen years ago on the prospects and position of periodical literature may, with a slight alteration, serve very well to describe the state of affairs with *The Miscellany* when I took it in hand. “Fat, fair, and close on forty, her disposition, now mild and motherly, was dashed in youth with a touch of acerbity, sometimes suddenly varying the sweetness of her aspect with a scowl of disdain or a gleam of fierceness. Such forbearance admirably according with the dignity of the matron and with the stateliness of her full-blown presence, has not been without ill-consequences. The chivalry of periodical writing has lost some dash ever since the laws of the combat placed buttons on the foils; the fiercer spirits miss the excitement of the game in earnest; meek men in spectacles venture into the ring once sacred to the grim yet graceful athlete, victor in a hundred fights; the combatants pique themselves on being open to conviction, and fight in the courteous spirit” of Mr. Gladstone’s able coadjutors when arguing with an American Secretary of State, let us say.

In fact, the change that had come over the old magazines had left them in a hopelessly dull state. It was this dullness that I hoped to remove; and, by a lively discussion of topics of the day, to supersede the padding that had helped the fiction out. I knew the public were heartily tired of the articles to which they had been helped by every magazine for so long a time. I determined that *The Miscellany* should no longer be—as for a quarter of a century it had been—so unimpeachably respectable, but so hopelessly uninteresting in all the matter except fiction, which its pages contained. I am about to record some of the difficulties of prosecuting such a scheme.

I had been appointed editor, and the papers had made the fact public; but this did not prevent an inundation of offers to the proprietors from gentlemen who, at their own estimation of themselves, must have been admirable Crichtons at the least. With hardly a single exception, they announced their capacity to do everything; and added as a postscript, couched in somewhat mysterious language, their intention of "pushing the circulation" among their friends, or offering to communicate to the proprietors some wonderful secret for reducing the expenses of carrying on the magazine. These letters were handed to me, and put into the waste paper basket at once, with a few exceptions. One remarkable exception was an application from a gentleman who had been sent adrift years before for his notorious incapacity to do anything, except help a large circle of friends by taking their articles from them, who wrote a florid letter announcing his readiness "to resume his old post" at his old salary. He is now under restraint, I believe. Talking of lunatics reminds me of an offer that came about this time, which I have the pleasure to reproduce in the author's own words, verbatim. After stating that he had seen the announcement of my appointment in the papers, he went on—

I beg to inquire if I could be of any assistance to you in your editorial capacity. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the nature of editorship to point out what this could be; but I should be willing to look over contributions, prepare for the press, read the press, aid in correspondence, or do plain copying. I believe it would sometimes be profitable to have a manuscript re-written. Whatever I might do, must, unless occasionally, be done at home. I have no doubt I should be able to take such terms as you might offer.

My age is 42. In early life I passed a couple of years in the City as a clerk. Since the age of 19, I have, when possible, been engaged in schools and private teaching. I have published two books of poems, descriptive of my holiday pedestrian excursions. I have often suffered from great poverty, for several months most severely, extending to the total want of any food. Even now, I can only provide insufficient bread for a few days. The main cause of my difficulties has been confinement in Hanwell several times. But my constitution has always been delicate, and I have had the cholera, etc. Still, as my nature is poetical-artistic, I could by the fireside, choosing my own time, yet accomplish more, perhaps, than some men. Herewith, for your information only, I state a few names. I should not wish you to reply unless with an offer; and I may say that at present anything I could do would be most useful. Excitement has not caused my confinement for a great many years; poverty has later, but without justice. Hoping for your favourable consideration, I remain, yours faithfully,

Here followed the names of nine respectable persons to whom reference might be made. I pitied the poor man very much; but was he likely to make an efficient sub-editor? I thought not. I shall, in the course of these "experiences," have to print a good many letters, suppressing names and dates. I place the originals in your hands, as the best testimony of their genuineness. We shall presently have some more from lunatics and *ci-devant* madmen.

I will give some details presently of my interviews with my own friends, and with ladies and gentlemen who were, till they called at the office of *The Miscellany*, perfect strangers to me. Though these people were serious enough at the time, I hope to get a little fun out of them now. Let me first take a few more letters.

Here is a specimen—typical, and by no means uncommon—of the devices by which it is sought to arrest an editor's attention, and make a letter something different from the heap supposed to be lying on his table.

Bedroom, March 6, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR—I don't want mamma to know anything about it; so I have persuaded my cousin to send you this note from the City, together with the MS. entitled "A Leaf from my Life," which I beg to offer you as a contribution to the columns of your periodical. I enclose my cousin's card, and am, yours secretly,

JULIA.

"A Leaf from my Life" was, if my memory serves me, a copy of doggerel verse, very far beneath even contempt. I returned the MS. to Julia's cousin, who, no doubt, was the ingenious author and a clerk in a broker's office in the City. His letter was meant to arrest attention as being funny. The next I print as an example was intended to produce an opposite effect.

This is it:—

SIR—A literary man and a stranger to editor and publisher is a sorry being who is never wanted nor cared for; nevertheless, I leave you some thirty folios of "Author's Wife," conscientiously believing you have never read anything like it before, and probably you may never wish to again. I sent it to D—; he kept me waiting three weeks without ever deigning a reply or ever looking at it. With that exception, I have offered it to no publisher. Shall feel obliged if you will run your eye through a couple of chapters—they are marvellously short, crisp, stinging, and immensely sweet. Have you read Ouida? It's something after her style—perhaps a mere dish-up.—Faithfully yours,

ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

I had read Ouida, but I could trace no resemblance to her style in the MS. before

me. It was as great rubbish as ever fell into my hands, and quite accounted for its author being right in describing himself as a stranger to publishers. Though, if we might judge from the state of the copy—thumb-marked, dog-eared, and dirty—his being still an unpublished author arose from no fault of his own.

Whilst I am on the subject of curious letters, let me—though out of its turn—insert a specimen of the sort that come from well-meaning, religious people. The post-mark is generally in the north of England or in Scotland on the envelopes that contain these effusions:—

#### THE BIBLE.

SIR—I have an interesting narrative to tell you about this wonderful book. When I was a boy, about twenty-nine years ago, I was employed in a very large warehouse in Manchester. One day the manager asked me if I ever read the Bible. I said, "Yes, on a Sunday." He then said, "You should read it every day." I commenced to do so. In about six years afterwards this large warehouse was burnt to the ground, and above £60,000 worth of property destroyed. Amongst the ruins was found a Bible, every page complete—except the back, which was almost burnt off. This Bible did not belong to me, but it was brought and presented to me by the owner, and is now in my possession. Should not this incident remind us of that great day when this world will be burnt to ashes, but God's word will endure for ever and ever? The precious Bible can now be had for sixpence from the British and Foreign Bible Society.—Yours respectfully,

I could print many such letters. I have not the slightest doubt of the truth of the anecdote told, and I cannot help respecting the intention of the writer; but I regretted the fate that sent such communications to me instead of to the professedly religious publications: as, if the anecdotes were not inserted, they were generally followed by a long and prayerful letter, expressing a Christian's hope that I might yet be converted; but asking, in a postscript, "where I expected to go when I died." The effect of such communications was not inspiring.

It was my misfortune to discover, at an early period of editorial life, that reading the MSS sent to me, and accepting some five per cent. and rejecting the rest, was by no means all I was expected to do. I received a large number of letters, asking for advice, correction, hints that might be useful to them, and very often for money. I learned that people who, as they expressed it, were "driven to writing," had the vaguest possible notions of what good writing is

worth per page; that they conceived the mere fact they stated, that they were "driven" to being troublesome to editors, was a reason why their MSS. should be attended to immediately, and sent without a day's delay to the printer. I found they particularly wished to "receive a sum down" for their contributions, and that this large class of literary (?) persons had every possible and improbable sort of relative "depending solely on their efforts." Every degree in relationship, in fact, from a great-grandparent to an infant child "born only the day before yesterday." Let it be added to this, that these unfortunate beings, so widely differing in age, suffered from every human ailment that can—or cannot—attack the body at one and the same time.

I have long felt that that excellent body of my countrymen and women known in the advertising sheets of the *Times* as The Benevolent could not do better than make an editor the medium through which their rivers of charity flowed. In my experience, I have known a hundred very hard, pitiful, and genuinely deserving cases; and I have done what very little lay in the power of a badly filled purse to relieve them. And it has been my lot to be imposed upon by some of the greatest scoundrels it is possible to imagine. Of them, more anon.

Here is a specimen letter, representative of a large type. To letters of this kind, I always returned an answer giving the best advice I was able to offer. I only hope it did good in the same proportion that it consumed valuable time:—

SIR—I send you by this post a paper on "Pyron," with the hope that you may deem it worthy of insertion in your magazine. I am young—it is my first production. I am, of course, a stranger to you, and have no right to ask the favour I now ask: that if you reject it you would kindly write me a line to tell me *why*, and what are its most glaring faults, so that I may in future remedy them. I am not well off, and when I leave college (—, Oxford) must depend on literature for bread; and am, therefore, anxious to qualify myself for it. It would be a great and substantial kindness to one who is beginning his battle, and who is aware that he has no more claims on you than a young author wishing to tread the same path as yourself. I enclose a *stamped envelope* for answer, and a stamp for return of MS., if rejected.—I remain, sir, yours obediently, —.

P.S.—An early answer will oblige, as I am only visiting here.

The only remark I have to make about letters of this kind is, that the grammar would bear improvement. The case se-

lected is an exception, of course, coming, as it did, from an Oxford man.

I soon found that, however much I tried to grease the wheels and make matters run smoothly, it is a matter of course that an editor should get into a row. Let us give the ladies the first place. The name of a noble lady was mentioned to me by a friend, and I consented to receive some of her copy, with a view to publication. My friend announced to her ladyship the result of his negotiation; and with her first batch of copy I received this letter:—

Lady — presents her compliments to the Editor, and Mr. — having kindly suggested to her that she might find an opening in *The Miscellany* for short contributions, begs to enclose a paper, entitled "The Rights of Women," and at the same time to say that she has a small volume of essays, called "—," which, not being of the dull genus essay, she thought might do to fill up a gap in that admirable journal as a continued series under the above title. In case the Editor should not deem "The Rights of Women" worthy of seeing the light under the distinguished auspices of *The Miscellany*, Lady — encloses the stamps to have the MS. returned to her.

Be good enough to observe that, to begin with, *The Miscellany* is "that admirable periodical," and to see the light "under its distinguished auspices" is quite a thing to be desired. A book of MS., the size of a tradesman's ledger, and in the same white parchment binding, accompanied her ladyship's scented letter, the perfume of which is still strong. I selected a paper for publication; and wrote to her ladyship, saying that after an interval of time I would publish two or three other papers and return the remainder of the MS. to her. Circumstances occurred which made it difficult to find space for her ladyship's contributions for some time. I still meant to take the earliest opportunity for printing another of hersketches, and I thought that it would be then time enough to send her ladyship a cheque for the two together. Her first performance made, I think, about a couple of pages. It was very short, at all events.

Imagine, then, my surprise at receiving such a letter as this:—

Lady — is sorry to trouble Mr. —, but she wishes to know if it is his custom not to pay for contributions to *The Miscellany*, as she has always been paid sixteen guineas, and at the rate of sixteen guineas, a sheet for contributions to magazines. Indeed, she has such a wholesome horror of the English Press, from the utter blackguardism with which it is now conducted, that nothing but abject necessity could ever goad her into contributing

a line to it. Of this Mr. — was perfectly aware when she expressed a wish to write—*alias* to find employment—on *The Miscellany*, as, indeed, he says, in his last note to her—"Mr. — perfectly understood from me that you were to be paid; he always paid me, honourably." It would have been better and more germane to the matter had Mr. — repeated this to Mr. —, which any one but an Englishman would have done. Lady — begs to reiterate her apologies for being *compelled* to trouble Mr. — on the subject; only she can assure him that pauper peeresses are *quite* as much to be pitied, if not a great deal *more*, from their cruelly and completely *false position*, than pauper needlewomen.

My secretary wrote a letter in reply, saying that the terms of her ladyship's letter made it undesirable that we should publish any more of her MS., and enclosing a cheque calculated at her estimate of what her writing was worth. By return of post he received this choice effusion:—

SIR—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £1 17s. 6d. from Mr. — for an article contributed some months ago to *The Miscellany*. I regret, not indeed the honour (?) and equal profit (!) of being allowed to contribute to that periodical, but that I should have wounded Mr. —'s susceptibilities by presuming to hint at the truth regarding that infernal machine, the Press: though I am by no means singular in my delinquency, as it is now patent to every one that this country, socially, politically, and, above all, in its literature, would not, and could not, be the immense sink of iniquity it is, varnished with the most impious hypocrisy, but for the notorious venality and corruption of its time-serving and prostituted Press; that, while it could outrage all morality, truth, and decency, by an apotheosis to such a breaker of all the laws of God as the pothouse Plutarch, Mr. Charles Dickens!! is equally ready to puff or do dirty work, as occasion may require, for the still living scoundrelocracy of the happily defunct "Guild of Literature." But I should have remembered *que ce n'est que la verité qui blesse*, and therefore have been more cautious in speaking of that hideous national inquisition, the Press, to one of its members. I congratulate Mr. —, however, for my having furnished him with a pretext for a German quarrel, so as to save him from the risk of offending the powers that be by having me for a contributor; and, indeed, I candidly own that such vulgar trash as "—," guiltless of wit, humour, fun, or common sense, is much more congenial to the palate of that concrete and omnivorous ass, the British public, than anything I could write.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant.

Charles Dickens a "pothouse Plutarch!"—the man of genius—as kind a man as ever sent a starving fellow a five-pound note to help him on his way through life! Here, with my eyes very much opened to the duties and burdens of editorship, my correspondence with her ladyship ended.

It prepared me, however, for my next

*rencontre* with a lady—this time a governess. She came to the office, manuscript in hand, chaperoned by two elderly females of superhuman inquisitiveness. I had a way of looking at would-be “interviewers” before I received them. I saw her party, and fled. But they occupied my secretary’s time for above an hour. The chief question they seem to have asked was if “I was connected with the peerage.” I believe if I had been more nearly related to a lord, I should have been spared what followed. The veneration for the peerage entertained by all three was evidently beyond computation. This lady came with the names of two great authors on her lips. She said they admired her MSS., and wished her to find a publisher for them. She had left their letters at home. The story she left was of average merit, and I accepted it. At the last moment the printer sent to say something must be cut down. I took a page or so out of her story. In my opinion, it was improved by curtailment. Not so in hers. She sent me this letter:—

SIR—You will not be surprised to receive this letter from me. I hope you will read it, as I write it, temperately and carefully. Your magazine has appeared, and my name has appeared in it as the writer of “—;” but the reading world will very soon be made aware that I never wrote the story in the form in which you give it publication. You have taken advantage—and most dishonourably—of informing you that I had no other copy of the MSS., and, with the same want of honesty, you sent no printed proof of the story to me. In a note I received from you the 18th of last month—a note not remarkable for its civility—you tell me to write to the “printer,” and mentioned his address, but *not his name*, which entirely prevented me from writing—which, apparently, was your object. You have cut out the best parts of the story, and made it appear the work of an ignorant “penny-a-line” writer. Why not have asked me to curtail it? I could surely have made it appear better worth the reading than it is at present. I have a right to expect you to deal honestly by me, as I have done by you. You desired the story for your magazine, I wrote it; and though assured of its acceptance by “—” and of its *honourable treatment*, I preferred sending it to you as a matter of justice. I write now to demand the proof of the MS. and the MS. itself—it can no longer be of service to you, as it is not the *proof of the story* you publish, and it is my right to be in possession of them. You may question it, if you choose; but if I do not receive them in the course of a few days, I shall send a full account of the affair to the *Times* newspaper. Money and interest *always* insure publication. Only yesterday I received a note asking for “—,” that it might be brought before the notice of the Prince and Princess of Wales. I have no intention of sending your distortion of my intellect, as it appears in your magazine. Awaiting your early reply—I am, sir, faithfully yours, —

Well, in the meantime I had ascertained from my friend the editor of the magazine she named that she was not “assured of its acceptance” there. Also, that one of the great men whose names she mentioned did not know her in any way. “The Editor of the *Times*,” I knew, was a threat hurled at my head in a very innocent way; and as to the Prince and Princess of Wales, I felt sure they would never have been troubled with her story. So my secretary wrote, under my direction, a courteous letter, and we sent her a cheque for her little story—estimating it at what she said it would have made. This would have satisfied most people, but not this lady. She, no doubt, felt all hope of getting anything into *The Miscellany* for the future might be abandoned; and she favoured me with the following letter:—

SIR—I received this morning, through Mr. —, your latest insult. You have acted unwisely in returning the MS. you accepted, and you may think twice over the affair when I inform you that active measures will be at once taken to repair the injury you have done me, unless I receive payment for the MS. you have chosen to return in a manner that is neither businesslike nor just. Your note to Mr. — shows you to be, what your letters and actions of late have proved you: a person totally devoid of either honour or principle. You must be something beneath the contempt of all right-thinking people, to endeavour to convict a lady of falsehood. Happily, you will not succeed with the editor of “—”. I was assured by Mr. — of the acceptance of my stories for his paper. I have not the pleasure of knowing him, but am writing to him to-day to inform him of your misquotation of my letter. If you were to follow as closely as I do the old adage, “Honesty is the best policy,” you would escape a few disagreeables; but honour is an old, crooked, sapless tree: I dare say you have never found it worth your while to cultivate it.—Faithfully yours, —

P. S.—The fact that you enclose a cheque for five pounds proves that you more than “slightly reduced” my story, as you informed Mr. —.

I had done her no injury in the first place; but as she thought I had, I at once did all I could to remedy the supposed evil. Letter writing, I suppose, was her forte—certainly, in its better sense, story-telling was not; and such an opportunity was not to be lost.

Let me add, if it gave her pleasure it did not hurt me. It did me one service—it prepared my mind for what I might expect from female contributors in future.

Having laid these facts before your readers, I reserve any comments I have to make upon the letters of these ladies for my next communication.

## TABLE TALK.

IN our next number we shall have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the first instalment of a new serial story by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy," which was unanimously pronounced by the press one of the most remarkable works of fiction published of late years: certainly it was one of the most popular novels of the past season with readers of all classes. The title of the new story has already been announced, and we have the strongest reason for believing that "My Little Girl"—which is a narrative of the history of an adopted child—will be found in no way inferior in interest and merit to its predecessor from the same pens. In addition to the usual three volume edition, published at 3rs. 6d., a large cheap edition of "Ready-money Mortiboy" will be issued early in January by Messrs. H. S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, in their "Cornhill Library," published in blue cloth at 3s. 6d. per volume. Besides these English editions, "Ready-money Mortiboy" has been published by two houses in America, and reprinted in Australia—without the permission of the authors—in the columns of the Melbourne *Daily Telegraph*.

IT IS SAID that a certain Private Secretary wrote to a morning journal to thank the editor for a considerate article on the police mutiny. The letter was kindly published in an evening paper. It read:—"When the San Juan award was under discussion, we discovered that old saws and sayings have not yet lost their value. 'There's no use in crying over spilt milk' was the saving of us. Everybody was struck with it, and took it up. We are indebted to you, I believe, for starting that good and sensible old proverb. Can you not think of something of the same kind to help us over this terrible police difficulty? What do you say to 'Accidents will happen in the best regulated families?'" A correspondent of the same paper, who signs himself "Octogenarian," raised the question of the date when "There's no use crying over spilt milk" first came into proverbial use, and tells us this anecdote about its origin:—"Sir George — was, as is well remembered by his contemporaries, a *bon viveur* of the old school, and had a fine taste for wine and a noble store of it. Of one rare kind, however, his stock was very small; it was only produced on

special occasions, and he noted the declining number of bottles with careful and regretful eyes. One evening after dinner he called for a bottle of this wine—one of seven that alone remained. After a variety of comical subterfuges which I need not describe, his butler fairly confessed that there was no more of the precious liquor. Seduced by a taste as fine, but more reckless, than his master's, he had himself consumed it. Sir George's rage was boundless. Starting from his chair, he seized the man by the collar, and, as if hesitating whether he should strangle him or stab him with the fruit knife he held in his grasp, Sir George roared out, 'What the d—l *shall* I do with you?' 'Don't know, Sir George, I'm sure,' was the reply; 'but there's no use in crying over spilt milk.' It was enough. Sir George was so pleased with the answer that he vowed the man should never leave his service. Poor fellow, he did not long survive. Two years afterwards he was burnt in his bed, with the better part of Sir George's town residence, in consequence of putting a lighted candle under his pillow one night instead of his watch. When the news of the conflagration reached him, the saying of his old servant fortunately recurred to Sir George's mind on the instant, thus affording him, as he told me himself, intense relief." Perhaps some of our anti-quarian friends may be able to fix the date when this proverb was first printed, if they cannot settle who invented it.

"LONDON," the very fine illustrated work produced by Grant and Co., is now completed, and the monthly parts, when collected and bound, will make the finest work of the kind extant. M. Doré's designs have all the merit which we expect in drawings from his pencil; indeed, the only objection to be taken to them is that, under his treatment, English people look a little Frenchified. Mr. Jerrold's letterpress is a suitable accompaniment to the pictures of his fellow-pilgrim. We have no doubt that the volume will be very popular as a Christmas present.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation. Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

In December will be published in ONCE A WEEK a new novel by the authors of "Ready-money Mortiboy" entitled "MY LITTLE GIRL." next

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 258.

December 7, 1872.

Price 2d.

## MY LITTLE GIRL.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

### PART I.—IN THE ISLAND

#### CHAPTER I.



**I**N the Great Stormy Ocean—that part of it which is bounded by the Bay of Bengal on the west, and the coast of Mexico on the east (or thereabouts)—lies the island which the French, when they had it, called *Ile des Palmistes*, but which the English, on taking it at the beginning of this century, patriotically named after their great and good Regent, Prince George. The geography books call it Prince George's Island still; but no one out of England knows it by any other name than the *Ile des Palmistes*, and all English people, except the Colonial Office, know it by the name of Palmiste Island. It lies, in its rounded and graceful curves, like a maiden at rest—within a silver ring of surf, breaking over the coral reef, in latitude  $18^{\circ}$  S. — a latitude which I take to be the most delightful in the world, especially in a country

where you can get highlands to live in, and a constant sea breeze to fan you. In Palmiste Island the sea breeze blows all the year round—sometimes giving way to a warm west wind, which comes from the neighbouring continent, and sometimes lashing itself into fury, no one knows why, and performing prodigies as a hurricane. It is bad at these times to be at sea, because all the ships go down. But it is perhaps worse to be on shore; for there the roads are mere rushing rivers, down which the wayfarer is hurried by the flood to meet an untimely fate, the gardens are stormy lakes, trees are blown about like leaves, roofs of houses are lifted like sheets of paper; and men, if they are so unlucky as not to get shelter, are sometimes taken up towards heaven, like Elijah—only, unlike the prophet, they generally come down again with the breakage of a good many legs, arms, ribs, and whatever bones happen to be most easily fractured. If the hurricane lasts long enough, the people, shut in their houses, are starved for want of provisions; and while it blows there is no means of cooking what they have. It has its advantages; for, after it is over, all the planters who were shaky before take the earliest opportunity of going through the form of bankruptcy, and excite universal commiseration for their hard fate, as they enlarge on the thousands of pounds' worth of canes or coffee that the hurricane has destroyed. Once clear of debt, they go on again with light hearts and renewed hope. By some curious inversion of the laws of political and social economy, very few, unless they are English, seem the worse for their calamities, either debtor or creditor. I have some idea, though not in this place, of putting forth a treatise on this important subject from a novel and tropical point of view. My readers will perhaps bear this project of mine in mind, and buy me, when I do appear on the Northern and Temperate Zone System.



After the hurricane, the papers—there are six daily organs of opinion in the island: two on straw paper, two on a peculiar fabric something stiffer than tissue, and something coarser than homespun, and two on real paper—live for a fortnight at least on the correspondence which pours in. An "Occasional Correspondent" writes to detail the effects in his town, an important centre of at least three hundred people, a "special" narrates the effects in the adjoining hamlet, half a mile removed; "our own" writes from the other end of the island, fully thirty miles away: they all sign their names, and run up to town the next day to receive the congratulations of their friends. They arrive with folded arms and brows knit. This illustrates the majesty of literature; since even these small dailings with the muse produce such mighty throes of the mental system. And in a month all is repaired: the fields move again with the yellow-green canes, the dark coffee bushes blacken the hillsides, the roofs are all put on brand-new, the bankrupts have got new estates, or retain their old ones through the clemency of their creditors, and all is as it was. And in the Ile des Palmiste nothing changes but the men.

These are a heterogeneous race. They lie like a parti-coloured pyramid, the single stone at the top representing his Excellency the Governor. The lowest stratum is composed of Coolies. These excellent beasts of burden supply the place of the old slaves. I do not think they are exactly kidnapped; but I believe it is demonstrable that very few of them have distinct ideas of their future when they embark on board the emigrant ship off Calcutta or Madras. On the other hand, their condition is certainly improved by the step. They get better wages and a larger access to drink; they do not work very hard; they are well fed; and if they are beaten with sticks, they may, if they like, have up their employer for assault. To be beaten with sticks carries, however, no sense of personal degradation without, and generally hurts little, much less than the docking of wages, which is their only alternative. Consequently, spite of laws and fines, old Father Stick, the first lawgiver, still retains a certain amount of authority. Then, again, their children can go to school, if there happens to be a school near; and when they are taught to write, come in handy at forging leaves of absence, passes,

and such-like small helps to making life pleasant. At least once in six months, too, a missionary comes their way, and beguiles the time for half an hour after sundown by telling them they are going to that place where they will find all their good resolutions. This raises an animated discussion for the evening, and helps to fill up the missionary's trimestrial letter. He writes this the next morning, after a comfortable dinner at the planter's house, with half a dozen cigars, and two or three goes of brandy and soda. For the English collector of those stray shillings which go to make up the million a-year spent in this noble work may read the half-hour described as follows:—"Tuesday. Rose half an hour before dawn. Thought of Zech. li. 32. Rode through the gigantic forest to the estate of Fontainebleau. Having obtained permission to preach the Word, spent my time in deeply interesting conversation with the labourers in the village. All were eager to learn. Alamoodee, an old Tamul man of sixty-five, was particularly anxious to hear the good tidings. And I was greatly pleased with the intelligent look of Mounia and Cassis, two young Indian women of about sixteen. I lent them a few tracts, and they laughed, putting their fingers in their mouths. They cannot read, but others can read to them. In the evening, news came that the husband of Mounia was beating her for some alleged misconduct. How sweet it is to sow the seed! Alamoodee, poor fellow, was brought in next morning on a charge of drunkenness; but dismissed with a caution. I have reason to believe it was a conspiracy. The hard toils of the humble missionary have often no reward but hope."

The next stratum on our pyramid is coal-black. This is composed of all the negroes now left alive. Thirty-six years ago they were emancipated—a hundred thousand, of all ages. There are now about ten thousand. For, receiving their freedom with a joy which argued well for the future, as their admirers said, they proceeded to make a solemn covenant and agreement—not on paper, for they had none, and could not write; nor by special Parliament, for they never met; nor by mutual exhortation, for they never talked about it—but by that more certain method, the silent consent of the nation, the inarticulate *vox populi*. They agreed, one with the other, that they would never do any more work at all. And they never

have. They have kept this resolution with the unbending obstinacy of the medical student who promised his aunt that he would lay aside his studies on the Sabbath. It has been a pleasant time with them; but somehow they have not prospered. They are dying out. They live in little patches of garden, where they plant potatoes and lettuces, bananas, beans, and such things as grow by themselves and cost little trouble. What they cannot eat themselves, they sell for rice and rum. When they desire to make a feast, the nearest planter's poultry yard supplies the materials. They smoke their pipes in great peace, while the vertical sun strikes upon their roofless hats and penetrates pleasantly through the woolly protection of nature; they talk but little, and then of soothing subjects, such as the cheapness of rum, the excellence of their bananas, and their own amazing sagacity; and they laugh at small provocation, seeing great jokes and effects of humour when graver men look on with a smile. Sometimes they call themselves—all out of the gaiety of their hearts—carpenters, and, if you trust them, will build you a house whose windows are of unequal height and different dimensions. They laugh when you point out this incongruity of things; and if you foolishly get into a rage, they only laugh the more—but at a distance. When they marry, they buy a large mosquito curtain as a proof of respectability. And their highest ambition is to have a piano.

Their wives and daughters love to go to church in white kid gloves, and a parasol. Their husbands follow, walking behind in bare feet, battered straw hats, and blue stuff coats. Or, if they are richer, they have a black coat and blue stuff trousers. The ladies are mightily devout, and go through the external part of religion with great fervency. The men kneel down, and continue kneeling, with what is called the sweet, sad intelligence of the African race, till they catch the eye of a friend; then you may see two frames convulsed with a mighty struggle. Finally, quite overcome, they go out into the churchyard, and laugh on a tombstone till the service is over—taking turns to laugh at each other, like an Aristophanic chorus.

By degrees they get old: their wool becomes gray; the fine calf which once adorned that part of the leg with us called shin, shrinks and shrivels; the heel projects another two inches or so behind, the frame gets bent—

but the man is the same. He does not know that he is old; he does not know how long he has lived, or how long men usually live. Presently, to his utter amazement, he positively dies; and thinks himself cut off prematurely, although he has numbered eighty summers. Certainly he has had no winters, because there is no winter there.

The best of them go fishing, and are very handy with their boats. Some few have been pushed on in the world; but their patrons generally drop them, on account of some defects which make them a little lower than those angels we English once took the race to be. These half-educated ones are very bad specimens indeed. A hog in black clothes, a monkey with a book before him, would be fair types of their morals and their philosophy. As a rule, they drink themselves to death; and as there are, fortunately, but few of them, they hardly count.

Let us get a step higher. The next stratum is the oddest of all: it is the Chinese layer. I have the greatest liking for this folk. There is a profundity, coupled with cynicism, in their look that few English philosophers possess. They seldom laugh, they despise all people but themselves, they make money diligently, live laboriously, fare badly, drink little, are clever artisans, can be relied upon in matters of work; and, with all these virtues, are so clogged and burdened with vice that they cannot rise. To smoke opium, to gamble all day, and to do one or two other things that western civilization denounces, form their ideal heaven. They are convivial, too. Their gravity is the result of education, not of nature; it is grafted—not indigenous. Witness the air of suppressed fun, inseparable from the nature of the action, with which two of them carry a pig between them on a pole, or attend a pork-devouring religious ceremony, or let off crackers at the funeral of a friend, or sell you a box of sardines. And, more remarkable still, they are all alike. I do not know how they get over the possible complications that might be caused by this circumstance. I suppose care is taken so far as the rights of property and the domestic relations are concerned. At least, I never heard but once of any case in which the national likeness was taken advantage of. This was when Ah-Kang—I knew him well: a good fellow, but wanting in the finer shades of moral principle—going into the shop of Kong-Fow, found his poor friend

lying dead behind his own counter. He thereupon conceived the brilliant notion of burying him in the garden, and taking his place. This plan he carried into effect; and for three months drove a good trade—his friend's name and titles being all the time on the door-post as follows, painted by an imperfectly educated Creole:—

MR KONGFOW ESQU  
IRE LICENS'D DEE  
LER IN TOBAC  
CO RETAILER  
OF SPIRRUTS

#### N.B.—Day and Martin's Best Blacking.

Then he was found out. I forget how.

Another step. We are among the mulattoes. I suppose this is the most intelligent class in the community, because they are always saying so. For the same reason, they are the most truthful, the least addicted to the ordinary frailties and backslidings of human nature, the most religious, the most trustworthy, the most enterprising, the most polished, and the bravest.

That no one else says so is a clear proof of the malignity of other people. Scandal hints that they hate their fathers for being white, and despise their mothers for being black: their enemies maintain that they have the vices of both races, and the virtues of neither; and, though they have barristers, physicians, and lawyers of their own, assert that their science is worthless, their eloquence froth, and their law chicanery. When all is told, I dare say, if they could forget their black blood, they would not be a bad set. The thing that rankles in their bosoms, the injustice that sets their blood aglow, is that white people, who shake hands with them on the Exchange, and meet them on terms of equality in the courts of law, will neither enter their houses nor sit at meat with them, nor introduce them to their wives. The law, which formerly forbade them to wear boots, has given them all the rights of civic equality; but no law can remove the prejudices of caste. Are they worse off than we in Europe? Are there not houses where we, who grace the district of W.C., enter only on a kind of sufferance? Does not the Faubourg St. Germain still exist, eighty years after the Revolution? Would the Duke of St. Smithfield, whose grandfather began life as a journeyman baker, and ended as an earl, sully his blue blood by letting his fair daughter marry me—

me, the author? And are we, therefore, dear habitantes in Bloomsbury, to eat out our hearts in malice?

Our pyramid narrows. Next we come to the planters and the merchants—the English and the French. With the merchants we have nothing to do. Let me try to show you a planter's house. But first, for I am tired of my pyramid, let me clear it off, and have done with it. The next stratum is of the governing body, the officers sent out by England. Palmiste Island is a Crown colony. Therefore, the officers are generally men of good family, if of small means. Their posts do not enable them, as a rule, to save much. But they save a little; and when the time comes for retiring, they have something more than their pension to fall back upon. They are not usually a remarkably brilliant set of men; but they are generally well bred, and possessed of tact. The Government cart goes on smoothly enough. There are few real grievances, and would be no imaginary ones were it not for the daily papers. The judges are just; the Crown law officers have sufficient ability; the bishop is pious and bland; the Colonial Secretary is cautious; things get put by for a more favourable opportunity, and then right themselves. And the top storey, the apex, the crown of the building, his Excellency the Governor-General of Prince George's Island and its dependencies, gives dinners to the *élite*, balls to society in general, receives whom the Colonial Secretary sends to him, and composes long despatches recommending reforms which will make the colony a Paradise. He is obliged to write them, to show his zeal; though it must be a fearful bore. And, when they come home, some young clerk in the Colonial Office, who knows as much of Palmiste as of Timbuctoo, annotates the laboured thoughts of the experienced statesman, and snubs him. This done, according to rule, the despatches are put in a book, and carefully bound up, to be preserved for ever. There are now so many of these hapless children of thought, smothered as soon as born, and kept as calf-bound mummies in Downing-street, that a few years since they were compelled to move them all to the cellars. Their weight was pressing out and crushing down the walls, and it was feared that their presence longer continued would possibly result in the demolition of the whole fabric.

Shades of departed Governors! pensionless wanderers by Brighton sands, consider with gratitude the Nemesis that waits on the contempt of your labours!

#### CHAPTER II.

THE estate I am going to take you to is called Fontainebleau. All the estates in the Ile des Palmiste have these pretty French names. One is called Mon Songe, another Mon Rêve. There is a Trianon, a St. Cloud, a Sorèze, an Amboise, a Chenonceux; there are Beau Plan, Belle Vue, Riche en Eaux, Belle Rivière, Savanne; there are Lucie, Eugénie, Adrienne, and Louise. All the poetry in the heart of the owner is lavished on the name of his estate. "All the same," as a wandering jockey once observed to me, "as the owners of the 'orses in the Derby"—a remark which seems to throw a new and very pretty light upon horseracing.

Fontainebleau lay on the confines of the great forest that filled the centre of the island. On one side rose hills—not the round, indolent hills of England; but sharp, eager, ambitious little mountains, scarped with precipices fifty and a hundred feet high, jagged with peaks and cut with passes, for all the world like a row of Alps. These pretentious elevations tower upwards at least five hundred feet, and are covered with wood, except in small spaces cleared for coffee. They look down on the broad fields of Fontainebleau. Planted with canes, the acres stretch down the sloping land towards the sea, kindly Mother Earth rounding, as it were, into a breast of fertility. As the sun takes his swift, long course midway in the heavens, the yellow-green crops wear a thousand different shades of light—now as the wind turns up the dark hidden side of the leaf; now as it flutters out the bright upper part; now when the cane is in flower, when it blows about the feathery beauty like the trappings of a helmet; or now, when the clouds fly here and there in dark shadows along the glorious colours; and always the sea breeze raises the gentle waves of the field, like the sweet unrest of a sea which never knows a storm.

An English corn field is a sight, when the sun shines upon it, to admire; but an estate planted with canes, in all their richness of colour and beauty of form, is one to fill the eyes with those tears which rise at the contemplation of nature at its best—tears from no divine despair, but perhaps from a

sense of the passing unfitness of man for the earth. In the cities it is not felt; but in the lonely corners of the world, in those tiny spots in the ocean where God's finger seems to have lingered longest, delicately shaping sweet rivercourses, shady glens, ravines, cascades, and quaint mountain tops, where nature is most productive and man most out of sight, the heart is saddened, the eyes dimmed.

Fontainebleau was a very quiet place, and a lonely. To north and east lay the great, silent forest. To south only it opened out; and standing in the road one could see ten miles of land—ten miles, rather, of waving canes—before the ocean seemed to rise up like a wall, and bar the prospect. Looking over the sailless sea—for no ships came that way—the misanthrope might derive a sense of freedom from feeling that, far and wide, no land interposed between the headland beneath him and the barren peaks of the Arctic shores, far to the south. But the broad fields looked hot, thirsty, and parched. It was better to turn northwards, and climbing over the wall which kept out the deer, and was a nightly gymnasium for the monkeys, dive into the glades and recesses of the forest.

I suppose it would have been difficult to lose oneself in it. One might, perhaps, wander about in it for a few days; but sooner or later the end of it must have been reached. It is not very large—ten miles one way, by perhaps thirty another. There are few paths in it; but a man has only to keep going by the sun to arrive somewhere near his destination. And then there are no perils in it. Nothing more harmful lurks in its recesses than the monkey, a gigantic beast—species, say, ourang-outang—of at least a foot and a half high. There are also deer, the little bristly jungle pig, and perhaps a wild cat or two—that is, a tame cat gone wild; not a panther or a leopard, or anything of that nature, understand. There was once a tiger. He got away from a menagerie, and betook himself to the woods. Of his end there are two legends. For some maintain that he died of indigestion, having eaten an old negro who disagreed with him; others, with greater plausibility, affirm that his nature has been changed—*animum cum celo, mutavit*—that he has been distinctly visible in the gray of the morning, filing his teeth in boulders, and that he lives retired in the mountains—a vegetarian, shun-

ning the sight of man. And this they allege as a proof of the mildness and placability induced by the climate of Palmiste Island. There was once, also, a crocodile. He, too, escaped, being yet quite young, and unfortunately mistook a water-pipe for a cavern or retreat made specially for his behoof. There, many weeks afterwards, he was discovered, choked—a gruesome body; and Englishmen must needs take consecutive sodas and b.'s as a corrective and preservative against any small matter of putrefaction that may have entered their stomachs through incautiously drinking the water unmixed—a thing quite improbable, on the face of it, and entirely contrary to their known habits. Lastly, there was once found—as the ballads say, I do not lie—*half a snake*, the tail half. How it got there, where the other half was, whether he had a sister or a brother, a father or a mother, or a dearer and nearer one still, in the jungle, was never ascertained. And in all the annals of Palmiste, no other snake, crocodile, or tiger, was ever found in the whole island.

As a set-off against this immunity from danger, the forest is almost silent, and inexpressibly dreary. Save here and there the faint chatter of a monkey, or the occasional cry of a *coq-de-bois*, the silence is profound and oppressive. Few birds are there in Palmiste—very few in the forest. They have two natural enemies: monkeys and hurricanes. The former take down their nests and destroy their eggs—all out of pure mischief; and the latter blow their nests and eggs and all into the sea.

But besides the mournfulness of its silence, the mere aspect of the forest saddens if you stay in it too long. For a bright, cheery, glorious wood, where you may picnic, wander, or build castles of future greatness, I prefer the New Forest; for a poetical, dreamy place, where you may make poetry and *chansons de geste*, that of Fontainebleau—in France, I mean; for a sweet-smelling, sentimental wood, a place where one can walk with one's love, and fall into tender talk of eternity and heaven, and all sweet hopes and confiding trusts, I prefer a pine forest on the lower slopes of a Tyrolese Alp. But for a place where death and decay stare you in the face—where, if you stay your steps, you fall presently to musing on a mis-spent life, go to the forest in the centre of Palmiste. There, when you mark the giant creeper crushing the

life out of some great monarch of the wood, curling round him like the *privee*, with its countless arms, think of evil habits, and remind yourself how man never shakes them off, and how the soul is choked with them. Then remember your own, and abandon hope. Or when you see the dense mass of trees—so thick that they press against one another, so close together that they never dream of such a thing as leaves till they are thirty or forty feet high—think of men in great cities, how thick they are, and how they fight for life, and give up all prospect of aught but toil, and labour, and oblivion, till the end comes. Presently you will come—it lies in your path—upon a large pillow-like mass of green, soft moss; put your foot upon it—it sinks through to the hip. This was once a great tree. It lies where it has fallen; its wood is rotten and wasted; no one ever noticed its beauty, and it served no purpose in life or in death. Then draw your moral, sitting in the shade.

I extract most of this description from a discourse I once pronounced in my friend Venn's rooms. He maintains that such a forest as I have described would affect him with a lively joy; and points out how all that I have named would but serve to raise his spirits and fill him with gratitude and hope. Nature can be read two ways. In all her moods there are joy and hope, and in all there are mockery and despair. I tell of the forest as it affected me.

There are two or three little watercourses running out of the forest through the estate, which these simple islanders call rivers. These bubbling streams speedily cut out little ravines for themselves, and go brawling about among the boulders at the bottom as if most important business, not to be deferred a moment, hurried them down. Here and there they disappear, and you may hear them grumbling below. When they emerge, it is to make a great leap, as if for joy, into a basin where the water runs round and round in a mighty hurry to get away. These ravines are dark and narrow: the steep, sloping banks crowded with trees and brambles. Rich and rare ferns lurk under the shadows; orchids almost priceless are found in the branches; and you never by any chance meet any one if you care to wander down the ravine, except perhaps a bevy of Indian damsels with their hair down, performing their ablutions, like Bathsheba of old, in the open.

By one of these rivers stands the residence of Fontainebleau. It is a large, deeply verandahed wooden house, with wooden tiles for roof, all on one floor. All the rooms open into each other, and on the verandah. They are furnished with a curious mixture of things costly and things rude. There is a rough, common table side by side with chairs that might do duty in Belgravia. A pianoforte which has never been tuned, and never been opened for no one knows how many years, is in one corner, littered with powder flasks and shooting gear; a tall bookcase, filled with books whose bindings have once been splendid, but which are now dropping off the books from damp; a few pictures, a great pile of newspapers, and a general air of comfort and negligence, mark a drawing-room where there has been no lady for many years. The dining-room is behind: it has a great table and a sideboard, both of which were once, it may be presumed, new, and which are now mere monuments of neglected mahogany. It has no other furniture, because the chairs of the house have generally succumbed to time the destroyer; and now at dinner time they take them out of the drawing-room, and bring them back after dinner. Not that they are ever wanted, for easy chairs stand on the verandah, and cigars are best smoked in the cool night air.

At the back of the house, outside, stands the kitchen of the Indian cook—a place whence comes savoury things; but within which no one was ever known to penetrate, except one man. He came out with pale face and trembling limbs. They gave him brandy. Presently he recovered. But he never afterwards was known to touch pudding in Palmiste. I believe, too, that he died young. And the bed-rooms, each furnished with gay little iron bedsteads and mosquito curtains, are, like the sitting-rooms, made to open on the verandah. There are not many of these habited now; for the gay days of Fontainebleau are over, and the gray-haired man who lives there now has little companionship save that of his son and his nephew. The society of the town twenty-five miles away has nothing to do with him. He is out of it now, and forgotten; save once or twice a-year, when at some great hunting party in the forest he appears, pale and melancholy; and old men whisper that poor George Durnford is the ghost of himself. Time

was, they tell you, when George was the soul of the island. The ex-cavalry officer, who got into such a devil of a mess with his colonel, and had to sell out; who came to Palmiste twenty years ago, and bought Fontainebleau; who married Adrienne—*la belle* Adrienne—niece and ward of Henri de Rosnay; who led the life of the place, and was foremost in everything social and genial—can it be the same person?

More of him hereafter. Let me finish with the house.

About the verandah, or in the dining-room, or about the kitchen, are the boys—Indians—who belong to the service of the house. There are some half-dozen of them, dressed in a sort of tight cotton jacket, with little caps, looking, as they are, full of intelligence and life. These, with the bright, fearless look in the eyes, and the slender grace of the limbs, vanish when the boy passes the threshold of manhood; and he becomes heavy, sluggish, and sensual. At present, however, the boys are from eight to twelve years old, and make the best servants in the world. Mendacious they are, it is true, and as destructive as monkeys; but if one is going to be thrashed for breaking a glass, it is just as well to say that another did it. You get no more, if you are found out. Logically, and with respect to immediate results, they are quite right. It has not yet entered into the heads of the residents of Palmiste that they might Christianize their servants. Certainly, the specimens turned out by the missionaries are not encouraging. The converted Hindoo is, in most cases, precisely the kind of man that no one *will* employ. And though things may be better in those districts of Southern India which have been largely Christianized, I think that the less said about missionary labour among the Indians the better.

At the side of the house stretches its great garden, filled with all sorts of English vegetables, and all kinds of tropical fruits. Here are rows of pines which Covent-garden cannot hope to equal. There are too many for eating, and they are rotting on the stalk. Here is an orchard of letchi trees, the fruit that Warren Hastings tried to acclimatize in England, but failed. I would he had succeeded. Here are mangoes, with vanilla trained upon the trees. Here are custard apples, oranges, citrons, and guavas. Here, too, are strawberries, peaches, mulberries, and grapes. You may look, however, in

vain for apples, pears, and such things. These grow not in Palmiste; and Englishmen, eating fruits more delicious far than these, grumble that they cannot get a pear, and would almost go back to England to get a plum.

In front of the house lies its lawn—a broad, rolling piece of ground, set with flower beds, mostly neglected, and planted round with rose trees. Side by side with English flowers are others which remind you of greenhouses, Kew Gardens, and the Crystal Palace. They are not, however, so sweet as our own; and yonder bed of mignonette fills the air with a perfume far more delicate than many of the heavy laden tropical plants. Here is a sensitive plant. Touch it: all the leaflets near your finger close, and shrink together in a kind of fear. Here is a gorgeous dracæna. You remember one like it in the Palm House. Here is a honeysuckle climbing up the wall of the house; and here, in heavy masses over the verandah, are creepers which if left unchecked would climb over and embrace the whole house, and tear all down together.

My picture of still life must finish. Throw into the background a row of slender palms; put in, if you can, that glimpse to the right of a miniature gorge, some fifty feet deep; mark its tree ferns, tall and symmetrical, with their circled glory of leaves; throw, for light, the soft, white rays of a sun that wants yet half an hour of setting; let your air be warm and mild; let a breeze, cool and crisp, from the south-east, blow through the branches; while, from the camp of the Indians, not far away, imagine—for you cannot paint it—a confused murmur of tongues, cries of children, an occasional quarrel among the women, the monotonous beat of the tum-tum, and the drone of the Indian storyteller. Then try to fancy that you have lived in all this so long that Europe with its noisy politics, and England with its fierce battle for life, and London with its fevered pleasures and bitter sorrows, seem all dreams of a former existence; that the soft lassitude of the climate has eaten into your very marrow, and that you no longer care to think, or to work, or to do anything violent or in a hurry; that your chief pleasure is to sit at early dawn on the verandah, with a cigar, and see the day rise over the hills; or, at evening, watching the Southern cross, and letting your thoughts roam here and there unchecked; your chief hope—save at

moments when a sickness for home comes on you, and a yearning for the life and vigour of England—always to go on like this: to have no sickness, to feel no sorrows, to be tormented by no sympathy, to make no alteration or improvement, to dream life away, to eat the lotos day by day, in a land where it is, indeed, always afternoon.

### CHAPTER III.

COME back with me ten years before my tale begins. We are still at Fontainebleau. It is a dark, dreary night in January—cold, though it is the middle of the hot season. A fierce gale, of which the wind blowing about the trees is a sort of fringe or outside robe, is raging somewhere at sea. The rain falls at intervals in a continuous sheet of water; doors and windows are closed; and George Durnford is sitting alone in his dining-room, with an untasted bottle of claret before him, and a bitter sorrow at his heart. That morning he had followed to the grave the wife who but two days ago was alive and well. From a room close by comes the prattle of two children, in bed, but not yet asleep. To them the dismal ceremony of the morning was a pageant which conveyed no meaning. One of them has lost his mother; and he sits now on his little white bed, a great-eyed, fair-haired, solemn boy of two, with an uneasy sense of something wrong, and a growing wonder that the familiar hands do not come to smoothe his sheets, and the familiar lips to kiss his good night. The other—a year or two older, with blacker hair and darker complexion—in the opposite bed, is singing and laughing, regardless of the nurse's injunction to make no noise and go to sleep. He is cousin Phil. And the little two-year-old is Arthur Durnford.

The baby voices do not rouse the lonely mourner in the room outside them. He sits musing on his brief three years of love and happiness; on the dreary scene of the stormy morning's funeral; of death and of sorrows that come to mar the brightest promise. He thinks of the day when he brought home his young bride, flushed with joy and hope; and of her cold, waxen face when he took the last look at the fair face that had nestled at his heart. The hope and vigour of life seem suddenly taken out of him, and he shudders as he remembers the long years to come—perhaps thirty or forty—alone in misery. For all sorrow

seems to be endless when it begins; and, when the pain dies away into a sad regret, its very poignancy is remembered as a kind of evil dream.

The storm outside increases. Roused by the crash of thunder, he raises his head; and then, for the first time, he sees that he is not alone.

How long she has been sitting there, when she came in, and how, he knows not. She is a young mulatto woman, not darker than many a black-haired woman of Provence, apparently about twenty years of age. Her jet black hair is rolled up in a wavy mass. She holds her hat in her hand. Her dress is wet and draggled, but her hands are not rough. In her face, as she gazes steadfastly on Durnford, there is a look of mingled triumph and pity.

He started with surprise.

"Marie!—why do you come here? I thought you were in England."

She did not answer for a while, and then began in a sort of low, measured way—speaking English fluently, but with something of a foreign accent.

"Why do I come to-night, George Durnford? I think I came to triumph over your sorrow, because I heard about it in the town when I landed yesterday. But I heard things as I came along which forbid me to triumph any longer. Why should I triumph?" You, who loved me once, would love me again if I chose. You, who deserted me for that good, dead girl—you see, George, I can be just—would, if I chose, take me again to be your plaything."

"Never," said Durnford. "Woman, can you not understand that a man can cease to do evil?"

"But," she went on, as if he had not spoken, "I do not choose. I will be no man's plaything. You taught me something, George. You taught me that a woman, to be what a woman should be, must learn many things. We, the daughters of a despised race, are good enough to be the mistress of an hour, but not good enough to be the companions of a life. We have our year of fondness, and think, poor fools, it will last for ever. We have but one thing to give you—our love. You take it, and trample on it. We have nothing but ourselves. That is yours; and when you are tired of the toy, you throw it away in the dirt. As I am only one of the many—only a mulatto girl—I ought not to complain. It has been my

fate, and I accept it. Besides, you are a gentleman. Not every girl gets an Englishman for a lover. You were kind to me; you put ideas into my head; you taught me things; you made me feel, without meaning it, how great a gulf there is between your race and mine; and you showed me how to pass the gulf. You did more—not as a salve for your own conscience, because I suppose your conscience never pricked you about it; nor as a bribe for me to go away and never trouble you again—you gave me money on that day—the day before you married—when you bade me farewell. I used the money well, George. Even you will confess I used it well. I have been to your great city—your big, cold, dreary London. I put myself to school there. I have learned all that a woman should learn, and more. Shall I play to you? Shall I sing to you? Shall I talk art to you? Shall I prove to you that even your cast-off mistress can be, if she pleases, as perfect a lady as — No, George; I will make no comparison. Adrienne, my mistress—my poor darling—whom I played with and loved, I shall never be like you!"

Durnford made an impatient gesture.

"I must say what I have to say. I want to say a good deal. Besides, it pleases me to talk. I have talked to no one since I left England; and you must listen. Don't think, to begin with, that I love you any more. The poor, ignorant creature that trusted you, and thought herself honoured by having your arm about her, is gone. George, she is dead. All that is left of her and her life is a memory and a knowledge. I remember, and I know. She could have done neither. She would have gone away, back to her own cousins—the swine who live in the huts by the seaside, and scramble once a week for the wretched fish that will keep them till another week. She would have married some black clown, as ignorant as herself, and far more brutal; and would have brought her children up like their father. George, where is my boy?"

Durnford pointed to the bed-room door.

She snatched a light, and came back directly with little Phil, still asleep, in her arms—kissing and crying over him like a madwoman.

"Oh! Phil, Phil—my darling, my darling! Could I leave you all alone? Speak to your mother, my son—my son! Will you never know her? Will you never be proud of



her, and cling to her, and be good to her?"

The child opened his eyes, looked up sleepily, and then heavily turned his face from her, and was asleep again in a moment.

She took him back, and placed him again in his cot, and took the light, and looked long and steadfastly at the other. She returned, and sat down again, sighing deeply.

"Your child is mine, Marie," said Durnford. "What I swore to you then, I swear to you now. He will be brought up like the other, educated with him, and shall share with him."

"Will he never know the story of his birth?" asked the girl.

"It is my hope that he never will. He will be called—he is already called—my nephew. I told all to my wife. She had forgiven."

"When you die, will he, or will the other, have this estate?"

Durnford hesitated. At last, he looked steadily at her, and said—

"My lawful son will be my heir. What wealth I have shall be his. Your son will have a competence; but I will not—I cannot, Marie, defraud my heir of what is his."

Marie sat silent for a time.

Then she began to walk about the room.

"I am not myself to-night, George. I was angry as I walked here through the forest. I am only repentant now. The old love for my poor Adrienne drowns the resentment that filled my heart an hour ago. I came to upbraid you—I cannot. Her spirit is in this house. I felt her breath as I leaned over the face of her boy. I saw her face as I came in at the door. I feel her here now, George. If I think more of her, I shall see her. *Ado* see her! She is here—before me. Adrienne"—she bent forward with streaming eyes and supplicating hands—"forgive me. Forgive the poor, passionate girl that never did you any harm, but whose heart has been filled with bitterness against you. You did not wrong me, my poor dear; and as for him who did—here, in your presence, I forgive him. George, for three long years, far away from here, among strangers, I have had but one prayer every night. I have prayed that misery might fall on you and yours. Adrienne, Adrienne—speak to me, if you can. Give me some sign that my prayer was not answered. Let me go away at least forgiven."

As she spoke, the hurricane swept with all its fury against the house. The wind howled like an accusing spirit. George rose from his chair, pale and trembling.

"Woman," he cried, "you are answered."

But as suddenly the wind dropped, and with one last effort blew back the shutter of the window. Durnford hurried to replace it; and with the driving rain that came in, like tears of wild repentance, a poor dying dove was blown through the window, straight to Marie's bosom.

"I am answered," she said, folding the creature in her hands.

Neither spoke. Presently Marie fell on her knees, with the dove in her hand, and prayed aloud. Great tears rolled down Durnford's face. When she had finished, he lifted up his voice and wept, saying—

"God have mercy upon me, a sinner."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight. Marie rose from her knees, another Magdalene.

"I must go," she said; "but first, George, aid me to carry out my plan of life. I am going back to London. I have got a great voice—a splendid voice, George—a voice that will bring me, they say, more money than I can spend. I shall save it for the boy. To make it useful, I must study and work. Let me have some more money. I don't think it degrades me to take it of you, does it? My real degradation no one knows, over there. You must give me money, George."

He told her how he would help her in England, and give her what he had. They were both very quiet and subdued.

"I have seen you," she said, "and I have not cursed you. But, ah! my heart mis-gives me. I came through the lonely forest to-night, and heard sounds that mean misfortune."

"Marie, it is superstition."

"Perhaps. I cannot help it. It is in my blood. And a voice whispered in my ear, as I came along, that I should have no joy with my boy; and that you would have no more pleasure in life; that my fortune was to come, but my misery and punishment with it. George, was it no bad omen that my child turned away his face from me? Is it good to come to a house of sudden death and mourning? Shall I begin the world afresh with a brighter spirit for this night of tears and repentance?"

"You are shaken. Stay to-night. Take

the child to sleep with you. In the morning you can go, if you will."

"No—now, now," she said. "I cannot stay here. Take care of him, George—take care of him. Some day, perhaps——"

"You cannot go through the forest to-night."

"I must—I cannot stay here. Farewell, George. I think I shall never see you again. Pray God to forgive us both. I will pray every day. They say God hears if you go on praying. And write to me sometimes to tell me of the boy."

They stood one moment, face to face. George took her hand; and then their faces met. There was no passion now, in that last embrace. The memory of the wife came between them like a spirit. They kissed each other, like children, in token of forgiveness, and in self-abasement; and then, lifting the latch, Marie went out into the darkness, and disappeared.

George Durnford, lighting a cigar mechanically, went outside to the verandah. The Indian guardian, whose duty it was to make the rounds, and keep off nocturnal thieves, was coiled up in a corner, fast asleep. The storm had died away. A pure sky, bright with the southern constellations and with a clear half-moon, was overhead. George's eye fell on the cross of the south—that heavenly sign that once filled the sailors with hope. He felt the warm, soft air of the summer night. Sitting down, he presently fell asleep. When he awoke the day was breaking; the mill was lighted up; the day's work was begun; and he pondered in his mind whether he had not dreamt it all.

Little Philip, coming to him at six o'clock, began to ask who had taken him out of bed. And lying on the floor he found a handkerchief with the name of Marie on it. Then he knew that he had not dreamed this thing. And he kept it in his heart.

#### HENRY M. STANLEY.

RATHER more than three years ago—on the 16th of October, 1869—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, being then in Madrid, received a telegram from the proprietor of that journal, calling him to Paris. The message from Mr. James Gordon Bennett was to this effect:—"Come to Paris on important business."

The nature of this business was commu-

nicated to Mr. Stanley in the following conversation, quoted from the introductory chapter of his book:—

Mr. Bennett asked—

"Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir!"

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not be," I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him."

Mr. Bennett goes on to say—

"Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best. BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

More easily said than done. But to the great honour of the young correspondent of the *New York paper*, it will ever be set down in the pages of the history of gallant adventure that he successfully accomplished the difficult task of finding Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa. This came to pass two years after Mr. Stanley received his instructions from Mr. Bennett. On Friday, the 10th of November, 1871, at the village of Ujiji, the young explorer shook the famous missionary by the hand. When he saw Livingstone advancing to meet him, he was overpowered with joy at the welcome sight of the object of his long search. "What would I not have given," he says, "for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast; but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances."

The circumstances of such a meeting as that of the two travellers are indeed unique. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Stanley wanted to "kick up his heels" on the occasion.

Reviews of his book, "How I Found Livingstone," reports of his receptions and speeches, and of dinners given in his honour, have filled the columns of the daily and weekly press to such an extent as to render a review of Mr. Stanley's travels *in extenso* unnecessary. We may, however, remark that, as a narrator of the incidents of travel and adventure, he is far behind several of

his predecessors in "doing Africa." Grant, Speke, Du Chaillu, and Burton have all written more picturesque accounts of their performances. Mr. Stanley's book only becomes interesting when the reader is more than half-way through its pages. From the time he records his meeting with Livingstone, however, the interest in his doings becomes supreme.

There are two gentlemen who have travelled who could have done justice to the subject. Mr. Sala and Mr. Hepworth Dixon could both have given us a series of picturesque sketches of such an adventure, unrivalled in their way. There was, however, the little difficulty of getting to Uji. This it was, probably, that deterred them both from writing a book of travels that would have put all their previous performances into the shade. There remains the fact that Mr. Stanley did get there. This places his book beyond the pale of ordinary criticism. His readers will never forget that he found Livingstone. In the knowledge of this, any faults he may have will be readily pardoned.

#### THE ORGAN BLOWER.

THAT shadowed corner in the loft,  
Where music loud as thunder's roll.  
Ran through the mighty pipes and out,  
Was lit with fire from his soul.

And when it died away by grades,  
To notes like those the evening bird  
Sings to the glow-worm on the bank,  
It touched his finer chords and stirred.

That shadowed corner in the loft  
Was then as if, through broken sky,  
The echoes of an angel's hymn  
In falling stars was showered high.

Again his heart with organ rose,  
And flashed its lightnings all around  
That shadowed corner in the loft,  
And struck with fire ceil and ground.

And then again a space of calm,  
As sunset after stormy day,  
Or that which follows deathly throe  
Before the spirit flees away.

#### BOSCobel.

IN the preface to his new novel, "Boscobel," it is gratifying to observe that Mr. Harrison Ainsworth acknowledges his indebtedness to "The Boscobel Tracts."\*

\* "The Boscobel Tracts: relating to the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures." Edited by J. Hughes, Esq., A.M. Blackwood, 1857.

Those interesting papers contain an account of the doings of King Charles the Second about the time of his escape after the disastrous Battle of Worcester. Their republication by Mr. Hughes, in 1857, was of the greatest value to students of English history; and it is matter for regret that the story of the lives of our kings cannot oftener be illustrated by such genuine and authentic records of their actions and sayings. The introduction is followed by a diary, in which the facts are given in their historical order, very carefully arranged; and then the tracts themselves. After the loss of the Battle of Worcester, Charles seems to have at first intended to flee to the metropolis, and endeavour to enlist the sympathies of the Londoners in his cause. This resolution was, however, overcome by wiser counsels, and he rode northwards. With considerable danger, he passed Stourbridge with his retinue, and reached White Ladies, a house owned by the loyal Roman Catholic family of Giffard. By Mr. Giffard's advice, the King here took leave of his attendants and followers, and proceeded to take refuge at Boscobel with the Penderels, who were tenants of Mr. Giffard's. A writer, fifteen years before Mr. Ainsworth published his "Boscobel," thus describes the place from personal knowledge:—

"The 29th of May is the date of his Majesty's Restoration, not of his enthronement in the oak, which took place in autumn. The spring leaves would have scarcely hid him from the sharp eyes of the fanatic troopers who came about it to look for him. The scenery in which Boscobel House is situated is some of the loveliest in the midland counties of England. It stands amidst swelling uplands, the highest point of which commands a view—I am afraid to say how far—but nearly as far as the Welsh mountains. It includes their outpost, the Wrekin. All around are woods and wild pastures; and here and there, especially round the seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury, lovely sheets of water; and in the merry spring-time the air is fragrant with the blossom of lilac and hawthorn, and vocal with all the British song-birds. The house itself is—or was when I saw it ten years ago—one of those model old English granges or forest-lodges, few of which are now to be seen, with white walls and gables, and black beams curiously and tastefully intersecting each other. Its wainscoted interior is buprowed

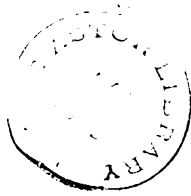


Once a Week.] •

[December 7, 1872]

**"HE FOUND LIVINGSTONE."**

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with queer hiding-places, which were devised for the refuge of hunted priests in the days when Roman Catholics were persecuted.

"The King's Oak is no more, but a smooth-stemmed tree grows on its site, which is said to have sprung from one of its acorns. It is mentioned in the documents that the original was a pollard oak with a bushy top, otherwise it could not have effectually screened two men sitting among the branches, as it screened Charles and Carlis."

Let us now make a few extracts from worthy Mr. Thomas Blount's "Boscobel Tracts," which relate immediately to his Majesty's sojourn at Boscobel House with the Penderel family.

The King made an unsuccessful attempt to pass from Boscobel into Wales. His name was to be Will Jones, and his arms a woodman's bill. This done, he started for Madeley, in Shropshire, five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the Severn, which lay in his way, attended by Richard Penderel. He had an uncomfortable adventure on his way to Madeley, at Evelin Mill. The jolly miller was entertaining a party of the King's supporters, and they were on the watch all night in consequence.

The miller took the King and his men for Parliament men, and they had to ford a brook to get out of the Royalist miller's way. Hearing the fords of the Severn were in the hands of the Roundheads, the King returned to Boscobel, staining his face with walnut leaves to more completely disguise himself.

The King now met Colonel Carlis again, who performed the office of groom of the bedchamber to his Majesty. We read:—

"The colonel pulled off his Majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet; and there being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, the goodwife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst his Majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted."

The King's feet seem to have been more tender than his royal conscience.

It was by the colonel's advice that the King mounted the famous oak. They took bread and cheese and beer into the tree with them, and his Majesty often dozed in Carlis's lap. In the evening they returned to the house. The King "permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head, as short at top as the scissors would

according to the country mode. Colonel Carlis attending, told his Majesty—"William was but a mean barber;" to which his Majesty answered, 'He had never been shaved by any barber before.' The King bade William burn the hair which he cut off; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleased some persons of honour, and is kept as a civil relic.

"This night the goodwife—whom his Majesty was pleased to call 'my dame Joan'—provided some chickens for his Majesty's supper—a dainty he had not lately been acquainted with; and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his Majesty to rest in; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house and the roadway to prevent the danger of a surprise."

On Sunday, the King felt a desire for mutton—his favourite meat. The ready colonel accordingly stole out and stuck a fat wether. Penderel carried the sheep home on his back. The King said his prayers, and then set to work to cook some cutlets. "His Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife point; then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily; Colonel Carlis the while, being but under-cook—and that honour enough, too—made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan."

It was wonderful that the King should under all circumstances preserve so good an appetite. Blount in his second tract thus summarises the particulars of the King's escape:—

"From the 3rd of September at Worcester, to the 15th of October at Brithemston"—Brighton—"being one and forty days, he passed through more dangers than he travelled miles, of which yet he traversed in that time only near three hundred (not to speak of his dangers at sea, both at his coming into Scotland, and his going out of England, nor of his long march from Scotland to Worcester), sometimes on foot with uneasy shoes; at other times on horseback, encumbered with a portmanteau; and, which was worse, at another time on the gall-backed, slow-paced miller's horse; some time acting one disguise in coarse linen and a leathern doublet, sometimes another of almost as bad a complexion; one day he is forced to skulk in a barn at Madeley

another day sits with Colonel Carlis in a tree, with his feet extremely galled, and at night glad to lodge with William Penderel in a secret place at Boscobel, which never was intended for the dormitory of a king.

"Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a bellyful; another time in a wood, glad to relieve the necessities of nature with a mess of milk, served up in an homely dish by goodwife Yates, a poor countrywoman; then again, for a variety of tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of danger, he directly meets some of those rebels who so greedily sought his blood, yet, by God's great providence, had not the power to discover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another time to some subjects for relief and assistance in his great necessity, who out of a pusillanimous fear of the bloody arch-rebel then reigning durst not own him."

Whatever Mr. Ainsworth may be able to add in his novel to the romance of Boscobel House, we think that the quotations we have made from Blount's "Tracts" are of sufficient interest to make such of our readers as may be unacquainted with them desire to read them for themselves. Fact ever has a greater charm than fiction.

THE  
MARVELLOUS EXPERIENCES  
OF  
ELIZABETH WINTERBOURNE.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

IX.

THE hour at length arrived when Elizabeth Winterbourne was to be liberated. The old crone entered her apartment, and informed her that the men who had brought her thither had a carriage at the door ready to convey her home, but that she must submit to have her eyes bandaged. Scarcely crediting the blissful intelligence, she acquiesced; and no sooner was a handkerchief carefully adjusted about her eyes by the old woman than two men entered, who, without uttering a word, led her down the passage, down the stairs, and into a carriage, which rolled rapidly away—one of the men driving outside, and the other sitting by her side, as before.

Many hours—probably six or seven—elapsed ere the carriage stopped, when the man who sat beside her lifted her to the

ground, and, whispering his companion to stay with the horses, lifted her over a hedge and hurried her along. Presently they came to another hedge, over which she was likewise assisted; and on they went, until still another hedge stayed their progress. Having got over this also, making three hedges in all, they went on swiftly for some minutes. Then they came to a full stop, and the man turned her round and round, as when he and his companion first made her their prisoner; and with a whispered injunction not to remove the bandage or stir from the spot upon peril of her life until she had counted five hundred slowly, he stole away on tiptoe, in what direction she was utterly at a loss to say. She did as she had been directed, and counted the five hundred slowly; when, in great perturbation, she tore off the bandage—to find herself within a few yards of the identical stone upon which she had left her father sitting upon the night of her abduction.

She flew on wings of wind along the well-remembered footpath across the moor to her father's dwelling; at which she knocked and was admitted, as already related, a little before twelve o'clock at night, on the fifth of January—having been absent therefrom for the space of six weeks and five days.

Such was the wondrous narrative which Lizzie related, sitting there by the fire, to her astonished parents.

X.

At an early hour on the following morning, old Matthew presented himself at Harrowfield Manor, and sought a private interview with the Squire, to whom he communicated the fact of his daughter's return; together with the substance of the strange tale which has been laid before the reader in the preceding chapter.

Squire Thornton was not usually a demonstrative man, and, as a general rule, kept his feelings under pretty strict control; but if the perpetrators of this mysterious and incomprehensible piece of villainy had just at that particular moment been brought before him in his capacity of a justice of the peace, he would have been much disposed to emulate the example of some of his ancestors in bygone times, by summarily directing the immediate suspension of the culprits to the nearest oak limb which might prove strong enough to bear such a weight of iniquity.

"What's the use telling me"—this in reply to an imaginary remonstrance—"I say, what's the use telling me that the girl has come to no bodily harm? Is a free-born English girl to be kidnapped in cold blood, and hurried away and imprisoned, the Lord knows where, for weeks and weeks? Is this to be done, and nobody punished for it? Egad, most girls wouldn't have come out of it all in their right senses! Why, it might happen to one of my own daughters next time! If this sort of thing is to be allowed to go on with impunity, there might just as well be no magistrates in the kingdom. And do you mean to tell me, Matthew," continued he, after a brief pause, "that neither you, nor your wife, nor Lizzie herself, has any suspicion who is to blame for this—this most unprecedented violation of the Habeas Corpus Act?"

To which old Matthew responded that he knew no more than the dead—that neither he nor any one belonging to him had an enemy in the wide world. "And that, Squire," observed he, "is what makes it all seem so mysterious like."

"Mysterious, indeed!" answered the Squire. "Go you downstairs, Matthew, and find Brooks, my steward, and send him up here to me, and let us consult for a few minutes. I'll get to the bottom of this affair, if money will do it for me."

The result of the deliberation was that Brooks mounted the best horse in the Squire's stud, and set out for London, to secure the services of one Barcliffe, a man famous for having apprehended a greater number of thieves, and for having unearthed a greater number of secret villainies, than any man of his day. His reputation had reached even to Harrowfield Manor; and he was to be brought down without delay, at any cost.

The only thing for old Matthew to do was to go about his work as usual, pending the arrival of Mr. Barcliffe. Home he went, the Squire accompanying him on horseback, to see how Lizzie looked after her unheard-of adventures, and to learn the particulars from her own mouth. She, however, could add nothing material to what her father had already communicated.

A journey from Harrowfield Manor to London, comprising a distance of somewhat more than a hundred miles, was in those good old times by no means so

expeditious a process as it has since become; and the thief-taker's arrival could not reasonably be looked for under several days, even should he be at leisure to go into the investigation immediately upon Brooks's submitting the matter to him, which was not at all to be regarded as a certainty.

# XI.

It was on Tuesday morning that the steward left. On Saturday he returned. He had easily procured an interview with Mr. Barcliffe, who had promised to be down by the middle of the following week, until which time he had declined expressing an opinion about the matter; and he had particularly requested that his intended arrival might be kept a profound secret in the neighbourhood.

On Wednesday of the following week, Mr. Barcliffe made his appearance.

A remarkably queer-looking customer, certainly. His countenance was colourless as that of *Pallida Mors* itself; with gray, piercing eyes that seemed to read you through and through like a book, and a nose that seemed to indicate his descent from Julius Cæsar—or Judas Iscariot. He was apparently in his prime—probably about forty. His voice was cracked and squeaky; and when he moved, he did so as though impelled by an electric battery.

No sooner had Squire Thornton set eyes upon this man than he formed the most sanguine hopes as to the ultimate success of his investigations.

The Squire and the thief-taker forthwith betook themselves to the study, when the former poured Lizzie's story into the attentive ears of the latter, somewhat more fully than Brooks had done. Barcliffe listened in silence until the narrative came to a close, never interrupting by a single question or remark; when, with a sudden jerk, he brought himself to his feet, and exclaimed—

"Let's go and hear the girl's own story."

On their way to old Matthew's, the Squire pointed out the exact spot where Lizzie had been set upon, and the large stone behind which the assailants had secreted themselves; also the stone where Matthew had enjoyed his smoke while awaiting his daughter's return.

Upon reaching the hut, they found Lizzie seated at her sewing beside her mother. Matthew was away at his work. So pierce-



ing was the look the thief-taker cast upon the girl that she felt considerably startled. Without waiting for an invitation to sit down, he whisked himself on to a seat beside her, and began to make inquiries as to who had taught her to sew; whether she knew how to make good bread; and whether she was fond of reading. Having received satisfactory replies to these and sundry other queries equally pertinent to the matter in hand, he directed his discourse to old Esther, of whom he inquired whether she had been brought up in that part of the country. No; she had been born and bred at Kendal, in Westmoreland. How long had she lived in Lincolnshire? She had lived in Lincolnshire ever since her marriage, nineteen years ago last Michaelmas. Did she like Lincolnshire as well as Kendal? Well, no; she couldn't say as she did. And so on for full ten minutes; when, with one of his startling movements, he once more brought himself to his feet.

"Let's go for a walk," said he, addressing Lizzie. "You stay behind, and entertain the old lady," added he to the Squire, who had evinced symptoms of a desire to make one in the excursion, but who sat down again like an obedient child.

Lizzie put on her bonnet, and they sallied forth across the moor, in the direction of Harrowfield Manor.

"Now, tell me all about it," exclaimed he, as soon as they were well clear of the hut.

The girl recapitulated her narrative, during the recital whereof her companion never took his fiery little eyes from her face. Unlike his conduct while listening to Squire Thornton, he frequently interrupted her by rapidly uttered questions; some of which seemed to her to be singularly irrelevant. When they came to the place where the two men had sprung upon her, he sat down on the stone, where he remained until he had learned all she had to tell him. Then, for the first time since they had left the hut, he withdrew his eyes from her face, and cast a long and searching glance all round in every direction. He got up on to the stone, for the purpose of extending his range of vision.

"Come," said he, at length; and back he started, at so swift a pace that Lizzie could scarcely keep up with him without running. All the way back he kept his eyes on the ground; and Lizzie was not sorry that he

did so, for she had found his steadfast gaze anything but comfortable.

"Now," said he to the Squire, when they had returned to the hut, "if you've got through with the old lady, I've got through with the young one. Let's go back."

On their way, the Squire asked—

"Well, what think you of it all?"

"Don't know—tell you more about that when I've made up my mind. Meanwhile, give me a good horse, and don't ask questions. I don't mean to be rude," he added, by way of apology for his petulance, "but questions upset me when I haven't got my answers ready."

Squire Thornton had his favourite Black Bess saddled with all expedition; and the thief-taker, with no other parting salute than a jerky nod, rode away towards Broxton.

## XII.

Nothing further was seen or heard of Mr. Barcliffe at Harrowfield Manor until late on Friday night—so late, indeed, that the Squire was just about retiring to rest; but upon being informed of that personage's arrival, all slumberous sensations vanished. The two were very soon seated together in the study.

"Well, my dear sir," began Squire Thornton, "am I now at liberty to ask questions?"

"As many as you like."

"In one word, then, what success have you met with?"

"Well, I have discovered the instigator of this little business."

"Do you really mean to tell me so? Who is it, for goodness' sake?"

"Gently, Squire, gently—I wish to give you a full explanation, in writing, of the whole scheme. It won't take long, and you had better send for your steward to take down the particulars at my dictation."

"Certainly, my dear sir; but pray keep me no longer in suspense—what is the villain's name?"

"You had better allow me to proceed in my own way. In plain English, Squire Thornton, I won't tell you anything about it until your steward is present to take down my statement in black and white. You will understand and approve of my resolution, when you know all I have to tell you."

It was quite evident that all remonstrances would be useless, and the steward was at once summoned.

"What do you think, Brooks?" exclaimed

the Squire, as his functionary entered—"our friend here has discovered all about this devilish piece of business, but won't say a word until you are ready to take down his statement in writing. You will find paper in that drawer—make haste, man, and sit down; what are you waiting for?"

Thus adjured, Brooks sat down and prepared himself to write. He was almost as much excited by the news as the Squire himself, and his surprise seemed to have completely deprived him of the power of speech.

"Are you quite ready, Mr. Brooks?" asked the thief-taker, with the most provoking calmness.

"Yes, yes," from both—"go on."

"I will," resumed Mr. Barcliff; "but first allow me to lock the door, to guard against any chance of interruption—servants are awfully inquisitive sometimes. I had a servant once, who—but I see you are impatient, and will proceed to business at once. I had better sit close to you, Mr. Brooks, in order that I may not have to speak too loud."

So saying, and having turned the key, he approached the chair upon which the steward was sitting.

"Now, are you sure you are quite ready?" he repeated.

"Of course, of course," exclaimed Squire Thornton, impatiently; "get on, in the devil's name. Don't you see for yourself he's quite ready?"

"Very well, then—if he's quite ready, so am I. Edward Brooks," laying his hand gently upon that person's shoulder, "you are my prisoner. Now, do behave gently, and don't let's have any fuss. I do hate a fuss about nothing."

Brooks sat perfectly still.

"In—in heaven's name—what—what do you mean?" faltered he, pale as death.

"You know perfectly well what I mean; and, as I said before, there's no use making a fuss about nothing. Will you quietly submit to wear these little ornaments"—producing from his pocket a pair of handcuffs—"or shall I put 'em on whether or no?"

How his head did jerk from side to side!

The steward, trembling in every limb, held out his wrists, and in another moment the darbies were adjusted—the Squire meanwhile staring in mute astonishment at these prompt measures.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Barcliff to the pri-

soner, "be so good as to come along with me to the lodge, where a constable and carriage are waiting to convey you to gaol. If there are any little nick-nacks you would like to take with you, just mention 'em to the Squire, who, I have no doubt, will direct the servants to get 'em for you."

Ere many minutes, Mr. Brooks was on his way to the county gaol. The thief-taker and Squire Thornton returned to the study, when the former narrated the story of his exploits. Whenever he came to any part of his story which seemed to him to require more than common emphasis, the motion of his head was very similar to that of a trout when he first finds himself hooked. He contrived to keep on his chair, but that was about as much as he did.

### SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.—III.

#### HUNTING THE HARE.

[The scene of this sketch is laid in the county Antrim, Ireland.]

IT was not until Bill had duly disposed of half a dozen cups of tea, and made a wide and deep excavation in a pile of bread, that he became himself again.

Nor did Tam seem particularly happy until he also, after changing his saturated unmentionables for a dry pair, had quietly consumed half a sixpenny loaf, three "farks" of soda bread, and one of "pratle flutther."\*

"Boys," said the latter gentleman, as he pushed his last empty cup from him with a satisfied air—"boys, it stracks me we'll make a scatterment among the victuals at the bun-worry the night."

"I think it," was Bill's sage reply.

"An' I tell ye what," continued Tam, "I'm not goin' to do what Jimmy Geery done at the last one—take no dinner that day to git valvey fur my money when I go; but, by the powers o' Moll Kelly, I'll ate all I can. I don't care who says it's not pur-lite. No use o' payin' yer good white shillin' for a cur'n bun or two an' a cup o' tay."

"Sartinly not," said Bill, in acquiescence. "An' I hiv a notion there'll be a scarcity of provisions about my vicinity, too. I'll not lave a flutther that I can accommodate."

In justice to my friends, I must inform my readers that these remarks were made in a joking way; though, indeed, it must be

\* A facetious name for potato flour—a bread much used among the peasantry.

allowed that they were about half in fun and wholly in earnest.

Having enjoyed a draw at the pipes, round the turf fire on the hearth, we began to think about our day's shooting.

Tam provided a stool, and got down two double-barrelled guns, which hung above the fire-board. The setters lay asleep with their noses in dangerous proximity to the fire.

No sooner, however, did they become aware that Tam was taking down the guns than they sprang up, stretched themselves, and began to give unmistakable signs of high delight.

"Billy, you can take that big single barrel of Johnny Adams's, an' we'll give Misther — this wee double barrel. Nancy, where's my shot-bag?—did any of ye touch my shot-bag? O, ay, here it's—I hiv it. Here, Misther —, here's a powder-horn an' shot-bag fur you; an', Billy, these two'll do the two of us. Now, I say boys, where 'll we go?"

"I think," said Bill, reflectively, in answer to the last query, "if we tuck a turn roun' by Sammy Tamson's big hill, it wudn't be a bad mark. I hiv a notion there's a wheen o' pathridge down there; an' then we cud take on roun' by Mrs. Rafferty's bog, and right on up into Hughey Graham's turnips, and then down into the Glebe Bog, and roun' by the stubble hill of Nick Bradshaw's, and right up roun' by the Cairn. Billy McKittherick says there's a whole lump o' rabbits in the Cairn the year."

Having agreed that this, so graphically laid out by Bill, should be our circuit, we shouldered our guns, and, with a dozen injunctions from the ladies to keep out of danger, proceeded towards "Sammy Tamson's big hill." It was a fine, clear, frosty morning, and the mellow rays of the rising sun made a thousand diamonds in the crisp grass, and threw a freshening radiance over fields, trees, and hedgerows. The air was clear in the extreme, and was just sufficiently cold to be exhilarating. One of those mornings it was that make us feel happy even in our old age—that lift from our hearts the burden of the years, and make us feel something like boyhood again.

"Come on aur that, tarmal o' war, we'll maybe git a skelp at a hare if ye hurry. Bill, ye'll bether knock a charge into that owl crowbar iv yours; you don't know what might rise."

Bill accordingly loaded the "owl crowbar," walking on all the while; and by the time he had got capped and ready, we were within a short furlong of the bottom of the hill.

"Now, I say, Tam, we'll not go all the-gither. Take you wan side o' that low ditch,\* an' I'll take the other; and Mr. — can watch at the top o' the hill; fur they always run that road."

Accordingly, I took up my station on the top of the hill, while my friends trudged up either side of the old dyke, with their guns full cocked, and vieing with each other who could make the most efficacious noises with their mouths.

They were near the end of the dyke when Tam suddenly stopped, examined the ground, crushed his way in among a clump of whins, and, stooping, examined something a moment very minutely. Then, quickly emerging, he spoke in a hurried whisper to Bill, at the same time waving his hand for me to remain where I was, and look out.

"Bill, Bill! bad luck to ye—come 'ere. Here's a big hare den, as fresh as ye like. I'll howl ye she's some place about, fur it's nearly warrum."

Bill went over, looked into the den, and being satisfied of the truth of Tam's remarks, the two forthwith began prowling about, in evident expectation of the hare making a hasty exit from some of the covering near. Bill was tramping on the top of the dyke, while Tam went down the other side of it, on a search of his own. No sooner was the latter out of reach, than Bill was heard to exclaim—

"Tam, Tam, Tam!—thonder, thonder! —she's down the shough like the devil! Wheesht! Thonder, she goes roun' the hip o' the hill! Howl on! Bravo! she's into the turnips. We'll hiv her yit, fur the bet of a fardin'."

Bill had scarcely uttered the first word of this little bit of eloquence when his beloved brother came flying back, with his gun pointed before him, shouting, "Where, where, where?" and looking particularly like mischief.

"Come on! I hiv a notion I can take ye to where she is," continued Bill. "I seen her scoutin' through into the turnips, and she'll not go fur when she's there."

\* The dyke or sod fence by which the fields are bounded is so called by the uneducated in Ireland.

"I knowed she wud be some place about," remarked Tam; "but isn't it quare the dogs didn't come on the scent?"

"Aw, they wur too far afore us; they wur'n't near the place at all."

Thus chatting, they joined me, and in a few moments we were tearing our way through the hedge which bounded the turnip field. In went the dogs, and down the furrows, with their noses to the ground, and their tails switching wildly, in their instinctive delight.

"Now, boys, spread a bit, an' we'll hiv a better chance."

We divided, and walked slowly and cautiously down the field, of course keeping a strict eye on the dogs. We had gone but a few yards, however, when one of the latter animals drew, and then set steadily a very short distance from Tam. The moment the dog had set, Tam threw up his hand, frantically beckoning us to keep back.

"Howl on! Keep back! keep back, bad luck to ye! I see her! I see her!" said he, in a hurried whisper, as he brought the gun to his shoulder. He took a careful aim, and pulled the trigger. There was the crack of the cap, but nothing more. With an impatient exclamation, he took a second aim, and pulled. Again the crack of the cap was all that was heard.

"The devil fly away with it for a cursed owl——"

"Take yer time! Let me at her! let me at her!" shouted Bill, in a suppressed voice, as he came galloping over the furrows in great haste to get a shot at the hare.

"There she is—see, squattin' undher that big leaf, about twenty yards down that dhruil."

Bill raised his gun without a second look, and, taking a quick aim, fired.

"Hurroo! she's over this time," he exclaimed as we ran to pick her up.

As we ran we sprang a jack snipe; and, strange to say, immediately the snipe rose, the dog broke his set and came towards us, looking in our faces, as it seemed, inquiringly. This action of the dog, however, was no longer strange when we came to bag our game. To give you the plain English of the affair at once, Tam and Bill had mistaken a poor harmless big turnip (which was sitting in such a position as at the distance to almost deceive any one) for the hare, and had consequently riddled the said innocent turnip with about half a hand-

ful—Bill's usual charge—of number four. I shall never forget the expression of William's face as he reached down for the hare, and, finding his mistake, exclaimed, "By the cock o' my cap, it's a turnip!" The expression displayed such a ludicrous mingling of surprise, humour, and disappointment as would have called forth a guffaw from a sitting judge.

"Tarnal o' war, so it is!" ejaculated Thomas, with a countenance something similarly affected, but with the humour rather more in the predominance. There was a moment's silence, during which William looked at Thomas, and Thomas looked at William, and both looked at me, and I looked at them; and then we all forthwith burst into a liberal indulgence of our laughing faculty, which lasted about two minutes then, and continued at intervals hroughout the day.

While we were all thus loudly engaged in this gentle pastime, and when Bill, who was laughing as if he never intended to stop, had just managed a crow, and was drawing a long breath for another, we suddenly noticed that the other dog was set at the foot of the field. In an instant there was not a smile in the company. Tam having quickly put some fresh priming to his gun, he and I were about to move with all haste towards the dog.

"Aw, boys, howl on a bit—howl on till I git this owl shooter loaded," pleaded Bill.

This desirable result having been successfully accomplished, with the aid of an ounce of powder, as much shot as he could pull out of his pocket in his fist, and about a quarter of a newspaper, down went the three of us at a rattling pace towards the spot where the setter was standing. But the noise we made in our charge was the signal for the hare to take her departure; and before we got within proper range she bolted out from a furrow before the dog, and scampered off down the headrig with lightning celerity. We stopped, nevertheless, and taking aim, Tam and I fired our four barrels in quick succession. We were both probably instigated by a valuable apophthegm originated by an old sportsman, who had one day shot at a lark and killed a partridge—namely, in the bold vernacular, "There's nathin' like keepin' the hail flyin'." Whether we were or not, our shots had no more effect than to accelerate the already flying progress of the hare. But Bill, who generally went

on the slow and sure principle, still continued to follow her with the point of the "crow-bar." Nor was it until she was about to wheel through a gap in the ditch, fully seventy yards from him, that he fired; but in less than two minutes after he did so, she was peacefully deposited in the wallet so honourably mentioned in the first part of this sketch.

#### TABLE TALK.

**A**MONG the thousand and one faults charged to the account of the Emperor of the French *since* his misfortune, is the sin of having caused the young women of the Parisian stage to dress in a way their admirers' pockets could with difficulty support. Under M. Thiers, it is said, we have changed all this. The dresses of the actresses, their jewels, their appointments, are no longer to be those rendered necessary—if they were to appear with decency—in the presence of the ladies of the extravagant Court of Napoleon III. Mdlle. Pierson inaugurated the new order of things at the Gymnase a week ago. We learn that in the first act she wears a costume of sky-blue silk, the tunic being looped up with sprigs of camellia, and the body cut square in front. Drooping sleeves, à la Louis XV.; hat of blue velvet, with a bunch of camellias, and an English bow; an opera mantle in dark blue velvet, lined with sky-blue silk, and trimmed with old point lace; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. In the second act she appears in a petticoat of brown velvet, with a tunic in Indian cashmere, the whole trimmed with brown and gold fringe; high body, faced sleeves, and a blue mantle made of some Algerian material and braided with gold. This toilette is completed by a blue hat, with a bird of Paradise and sapphire jewels. In the third act, where she is represented as living in quiet retirement, she has a white muslin dress, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, a high body, and a straw and mauve-coloured sash. In the fourth, this unpretending toilette makes way for a dress, the apron of which is embroidered with white camellias, and the skirt of which is made of white satin. The tunic is of white blonde, and is looped up with camellias, which also form a complete cuirass around the body. The head-dress is composed of leaves, flowers, and diamonds, and behind them a coronet of camellias transfixed by an arrow in diamonds, with necklace,

earrings, and bracelets also in diamonds. Mdlle. Pierson goes through the death scene in a dress of white cashmere, trimmed with Bruges lace. Can stage simplicity be carried further?

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in the papers of the 27th November, that "yesterday two Liverpool dairy-keepers were each fined 20s. and costs for adulterating milk with water," must have struck many an honest breast with terror and consternation. The fact that milk can be "adulterated" with water has never struck the mind of the metropolitan profession. No doubt they cry shame on the venal administrators of the law in Liverpool, who could persecute two dairy-keepers in such a wicked and hitherto unheard-of way. Meanwhile, we congratulate the inhabitants of Liverpool on having such just magistrates on the bench; and we venture to express a hope that their example will be followed by their brethren in the neighbourhood of London—water, in the name of "Simpson," being largely used by the dairy-keepers of the metropolis, into whose unsophisticated minds the notion of "Simpson"-ing milk being at all the same offence against the law as "adulterating," has never yet entered. That horrid term has been reserved by the honest milkman—when detected—for such admixtures with his milk as chalk, lime, and bullocks' brains.

THE LATEST ISSUE of the *Journal of the Society of Arts* contains a notice of a novel description of gunpowder, possessing extraordinary projectile power, which is said to have been recently adopted by the Prussian artillery. It is composed of a certain proportion of nitre and sawdust, and in this state can be kept in store without fear of explosion. To render this composition explosive it is necessary to add a sufficient quantity of sulphuric acid to make it cohere, and when dried it is ready for use. This composition has certainly the advantage of cheapness, combined with extreme simplicity in its manufacture, and is said to leave but little residue after being fired. But as nearly everything, from bread to mahogany tables, has at different times been made from sawdust, and turned out a failure, we do not feel sanguine as to the result of a scheme for making gunpowder from that material.

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 259.

December 14, 1872.

Price 2d.

## MY LITTLE GIRL.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

PART I.—IN THE ISLAND.

CHAPTER IV.



**M**<sup>R</sup> ALEXANDER MACINTYRE used to describe himself, as a dingy card on Mr. Durnford's table testified, as Professor of the Classics and Mathematics, Instructor in Foreign Languages, Fencing, Fortification, Hindustani, and the Fine Arts. He was a most accomplished man. With the exception of the last-named department of learning—which I fancy he inserted rather with a view to the effect and roundness of the sentence than with any intention of instructing in the Fine Arts—he really knew and could teach the things he professed. He was not a Porson in Greek, but he made boys fairly good in Greek scholarship. He would not have become senior wrangler, but he knew a good lot of

school mathematics. He could really fence; he could talk Italian, or French, or German, with equal fluency; and he could and did swear horribly in Hindustani. Finally, on occasion, he talked about Fortification as glibly as Captain Shandy.

This great luminary of science was engaged for some years as private tutor to the two boys at Fontainebleau. He used to ride over on a little pony from his house, some two miles off, and ride back again in the evening. Sometimes, when he stayed to dinner, Mr. Durnford would leave him on the verandah, smoking and sitting in friendly proximity to the brandy bottle. Then it was the delight of the two boys—for Mr. Durnford had got into a habit, of late years, of going to his own room about nine o'clock—to observe their revered instructor drink tumbler after tumbler of brandy and water, getting more thirsty after each, and more rapid in his despatch of the next. At the opportune moment—when he was not, that is to say, too far gone—they would emerge upon the scene, and engage him in talk. He would then make a laudable effort to give the conversation a philosophical and improving turn. Getting into difficulties, he would try to help himself out by another pull at the brandy; and when, as always happened, he got into fresh complications, he would fall back in his chair, and make use of a regular and invariable formula. He would say, quite clearly and distinctly—"I am a Master of Arts of the University of Aberdeen—I'm the MacIntyre!" Then he would become speechless; and the boys, with a huge delight, would carry him neck and heels to bed. In the morning he would rise at six, and emerge with unclouded brow. Perhaps, in the course of the day, he would find occasion for a few remarks on temperance, with an excursus on his own moderation in spirituous liquors.

He was a small, spare man, in glasses, with sandy hair, a pale face, and a red nose. He

lived by himself in a little house of three rooms, two miles down the road. He had no pupils except the two Durnfords, and at odd moments an uneasy consciousness would seize him that when these went he would starve. Nor had he any friends to help him. The voice of rumour, which aggravates a man's vices and subtracts from his virtues, said that he went drunk to bed every night. As to his antecedents, there were many reports. Some said that he had been in the army, but was cashiered for embezzlement while he was adjutant; others, that he had been a courier; a billiard marker; all sorts of things. Rumour lied, of course. He had been none of those things. He had, after a laborious and meritorious career at Aberdeen, "gone in" for Scotch mission work in Constantinople. Here he preached the Gospel to the Jews, till he preached his belief away. This becoming known to his employers, he was turned out with ignominy. Then he wandered about the Levant, living no one knew how. After a few years, he turned up again in England, and became a lecturer to some society. Difficulties about the money ensued, and Mr. MacIntyre once more left his native shores. This time he came to Palmiste, with a letter to Mr. Durnford, and set up as a public teacher of everything in the principal town. Troubles of all sorts fell upon him, and he removed to the other end of the island—partly to escape them, and partly to coach Mr. Durnford's boys. He had a way of introducing remarks—which at first sight appeared to be of the profoundest wisdom, and took in the unwary—with a magisterial and Aberdonian "obsairve." He was sententious and deferent. He had no morals, no principles, no self-will, no self-control. All his better qualities were wrecked on the quicksand of drink; and of the hard-working, hopeful days of Aberdeen nothing was left but the knowledge he had acquired, and a habit of industry which never deserted him. He was not, it must be confessed, the best tutor possible for boys. But education in Palmiste is difficult.

Mr. Durnford liked to keep his boys at home. There was less harm to be learned there, at all events, than in the hot, unhealthy town where the college stood. And even Mr. MacIntyre could teach them mere book learning. So they stayed at home, and grew in years and stature.

In appearance they were as different as

in manners. For Philip, the elder, was strong, sturdy, and overbearing. Arthur was slight, delicate, and yielding. If Philip wanted anything, he always had it. Philip, too, wanted everything. The best pony was his, the best dogs, the best gun. He was the cleverer—the favourite with Mr. MacIntyre: sharp of tongue, and cool of temperament. But he was not popular. Arthur was. By his soft, feminine ways; by the gentle sympathy which he showed for all alike; by the kindly grace of his manner, which he inherited from his mother, he gained affection where his cousin only gained fear. The children ran after him when he walked through the village; the women came to him to adjust their differences; the Indians, when they had a petition to offer or a point to gain, which was nearly every day, waited till they could get hold of the *chota sahib*, the little master. Philip, though he pretended to despise this popularity, was secretly annoyed at it. It rankled in his heart that he, for his part, commanded no man's affection. By degrees, too, as he grew up, he began to ask questions about himself. These his uncle put aside, quietly but firmly. And gradually a sort of feeling of inferiority took possession of him. There was something—what, he never guessed—that was not to be told him: something that had better not be spoken of, something that made him different from his cousin. It was the germ of what was to grow into a great tree—a tree whose fruit was poison, and whose very shadow was noxious. But at this time it only stimulated him. It made him more eager to surpass his cousin; threw him with fresh vigour into his studies; and urged him to practise more and more the arts which he thought would lead to success in life. These—for the boy's knowledge of life was very small—he imagined to be chiefly skill at shooting and riding. He did both splendidly. Arthur did both indifferently.

Mr. Durnford seemed to take but little notice of their progress. Still, from a word here and there, they knew that he watched them. Nor could Philip complain, when his uncle gave him the best horse that could be got in the island, and the costliest gun, that he was overlooked. There were, however, few times when the grave man conversed much with them. Sometimes, at breakfast—that meal which means, in a planter's house, an early dinner at half-past

eleven, when the work of the day, which has gone on for five or six hours, is more than half over, which is followed by two or three hours of rest and lazy talk—he would relax, and tell them long stories of English life and youthful adventure, at which their faces were set aglow, and their hearts beating with excitement. Or he would set forth the perils of a young man's course; hiding little; letting them know some of the temptations that lie in the way of life; telling them something of the battle that lay before them; and—for George Durnford was now a religious man—backing up his pictures with a homily on duty. Surely, there is but one thing needful to teach boys—to do their duty; and one thing above all to train in them, the power of will that will help them to do it. On Sunday mornings, they would read the service of the Church, the three together—Phil taking the first lesson, and Arthur the second. By this arrangement, the younger boy seemed to get all the teaching of Christ, and the elder all the passion and rebellious self-will of the Israelites.

Once a week or so they generally rode, the two boys together, but sometimes Mr. Durnford with them, to see Madeleine.

Madeleine, some three years younger than Arthur, was the one thing that kept the boys alive to a sense of the social side of life. She, like them, was motherless; and, like them, lived with her father, M. de Villeroy, on a sugar estate, his property. She was everybody's pet and plaything—a bright little black-haired beauty, whose laughter kept the house gay, and whose wilful ways were law. M. de Villeroy was one of those grand Frenchmen—some day we shall see them all in their proper place again—whose manners are the perfection of courtesy, and whose ideas chiefly date from a time when Louis the Sixteenth was king; or, to speak more truly, from a time when Francis the First was king. Not that his own birth dated from either of those reigns. He and his were colonists in Palmiste Island from very early in the last century. The Marshal de Villeroy he spoke of as his cousin. He had the right, if he wished, to call himself marquis. He had a profound contempt for *roturiers*, and held that gentleman was a name that belonged to him by Divine right; but he held, too, that the name involved duties—and truth, honour, and bravery were the three points of his creed. For Christianity, I fear that, like too many of his countrymen,

he considered it as an admirable method of imparting notions of order to the vulgar; and though he would not openly scoff at it, yet, when alone with his friend Durnford, he would let fall such slight indications of a contemptuous toleration as almost justified the priests in calling him a Voltairean. Voltaire—or M. Arouet, as he preferred to call him—he always declared to be a man who had done an infinite amount of mischief; and he held all men of genius in equal dislike, from a persuasion that their mission in life was to prematurely popularize the ideas of the nobility. The Revolution, he would explain, was the work of men of genius. The ideas which they propagated had long been current among the more cultivated of the nobility. These, however, forbore to carry to their bitter end the logical consequences of their convictions. Nothing in social and political economy could be logical. All must be compromise. But what the Revolution took thirty years to achieve would, he maintained, have been accomplished by the liberality of the divinely appointed rulers of things in ten, without bloodshed.

"Obsaivre," said Mr. MacIntyre, "Mirabeau was a gentleman."

To which M. de Villeroy replied that Mirabeau's life was fatal to any kind of purity of action; and that, despite of any alleged instances to the contrary, great things could only be done by men of pure life.

We must not, however, waste time on M. de Villeroy. He disappears directly out of the story. But he was one of the few influences brought to bear upon the boys' daily life. Mr. Durnford, with his high standard of duty and Christian honour; M. de Villeroy, with *his* standard of a gentleman's ideal; Mr. MacIntyre, alternately presenting the example of a scholar—varied, if not profound—and the drunken, helpless helot; the ignorant, childish mass of Indians and blacks on the estate; and pretty little Madeleine, to keep them gentle, and give them that delicacy of feeling which only contrast with the other sex can impart. Let us bear these things in mind, and remember in the story to come how ever so little an accident may mar the growth of the most promising tree.

The accident happened thus. Phil was now about fifteen—a strong, handsome boy, whose dark wavy hair and slightly olive



skin were set off by a pair of bright black eyes and regular features, closely resembling those of Mr. Durnford. It was some little time, he could not himself say how it began, since the feeling had sprung up that I have alluded to of his own inferiority. As yet it was but an uneasy thought, sometimes dying away altogether, sometimes springing again full-grown into his brain. But it was there. He awoke this particular morning with it, and went out, in the early dawn, morose and sullen. Presently, when Arthur joined him, and they walked about with their arms round each other's necks in boyish fashion, the ghost vanished, and Phil became himself again. They got their ponies saddled, drank their coffee, and rode off to meet the tutor.

Presently they came upon him, plodding slowly uphill, on his broken-kneed Pegu pony, with his huge straw hat on and his cigar in his mouth.

"Obsairve," observed the philosopher, as they turned to go back with him, "man's just the creature of habit."

He pronounced it "hahbit."

"So he is," said Phil, who immediately guessed that his instructor had been more than usually drunk the night before. "Somebody else has made that remark before you, Mr. MacIntyre."

"Don't take the word out o' the mouth o' the prophet of the—I mean your tutor, young man," said Mr. MacIntyre. "Man, as I said, is the creature of habit."

They rode on in silence for awhile, waiting further light from the sage.

This presently came.

"Of all habits that flesh is heir to," he went on, "let me caution you against intemperance. Whisky, in my country, may be taken in moderation. Brandy, never. You will obsairve that it furs the tongue, confuses the brain, and prevents that orderly sequence of thought inseparable from metaphysical study. Take the advice of one who has seen the world, young men; and when you go into it, be careful to stop at the fourth or fifth tumbler. What is taken after that gives headache."

"Have you a headache this morning, sir?"

"Phil, your question pains me. It is true that I have headache, the result of eating imperfectly cooked steak last night. But your question, in connection with my warning and advice, might seem—I only say

seem—to imply suspicion that I had been drinking last night."

"Not at all, sir," said Phil. "Steak is indigestible. Let me bring you a bottle of soda when we get in."

"Ye're a good lad," answered MacIntyre, "and I think I'll take it."

He took it, and they presently fell to their studies till breakfast. The day passed as usual till the afternoon, when the clatter of hoofs told the approach of visitors. They were Madeleine and her father. The boys ran to help her off her pony, and they all three went off to the garden together.

Madeleine's favourite was Arthur. But Philip, as usual, wanted to appropriate her. Already the girl was conscious of herself. She took the usual feminine delight in being petted and caressed; and accepted the homage of the boys with the air that seems to come naturally to beautiful women. She was born to be admired. Women who have that destiny accept it without any murmuring, and with no surprise.

Philip to-day, however, was cross-grained. He did not want her to talk to Arthur—he wanted to have her all to himself. Then they began to quarrel. It was a children's quarrel, that might have been ended directly but for a luckless remark of Philip's.

"Never mind, Madeleine," he said. "You can play with Arthur if you like; but when we grow up you'll marry me."

"Indeed, I shall not," she said. "I am going to marry Arthur," and went and held up her face to be kissed by that blushing youth.

"Arthur!" said Philip, with great contempt. "Why, I can turn him over as easy as— See."

He caught his cousin by the shoulder, and turned him round, throwing him off, so that he tripped and fell with his face to the ground. Arthur, however, rose to the occasion; and, springing up, struck him smartly in the face.

The battle lasted for a moment only, and Philip stood victorious. Madeleine ran to the rescue of her prostrate lover.

"Go away," she cried. "I believe what people say of you. I will never speak to you again."

"And, pray, what do people say?" asked Philip.

"They say that you are cruel and selfish; that you tease Arthur and vex him; and that you want to get everything for yourself. Go away."

Philip went away. It was the first time the boys had struck each other. He was angry with himself, angry with Arthur, angry with Madeleine. And in this mood he strolled along till he found himself at the stables. Then he thought he would have a ride. Going into his own pony's box, he found the syce had not rubbed him down, or even touched him since the morning, and was now sitting—a gaunt, tall Indian of six feet—eating rice in perfect unconcern. Phil's temper boiled over. He flew at the man in a fury of rage—kicking, striking, and cursing at him. The poor groom was at first appalled; and standing up sideways to the wall, he lifted his leg and covered his face with his arm, as some small protection against the blows. At last they became insupportable, and in self-defence he took the boy by the shoulders, and held him at arm's length.

Hindustani is gifted, above all languages, with a capacity of swearing. The power of insult is in no other language so great. Our own noble vernacular, when judiciously used—say, by the mate of an American sailing ship, or an able seaman in our merchant service—can do a good deal; but its resources are miserable indeed compared with the strength and vivacity possessed by its sister branch of the Aryan family.

Phil had picked up this knowledge. He used it now, pouring out great volleys of insult—words which he had often heard, but never used before; terms which conveyed reproaches he did not even understand—on the head of the offending groom. He, for his part, only looked scared; until, stung beyond all endurance, he pushed the boy back into the straw, seized the great wooden bar of the loose box, and brandished it over him, crying—

“Bastard, I'll kill you!”

Phil looked at him, bewildered. Then, suddenly, he seemed to take in the whole force of the word; and instead of offering any resistance, or making any retort, he seemed to be suddenly crushed, and covered his face with his hands.

The groom put down the bar, and began to tremble. Then he furtively—something after the manner of a burglar on the stage—stole out of the stables. Between the stables and the nearest canes there was an open space, cleared for some purpose or other, of a quarter of a mile. Across this he sped, half doubled up, in long strides, and was lost in the canes.

Three weeks elapsed before he showed up again; then he was brought back, a monument of emaciation. He had been hiding in the forest, making predatory excursions at night to the nearest canes, and on these he had lived. The watchman apprehended him, and marched him in at day-break, brandishing his long stick with an air of great importance and grandeur; the miserable prisoner, who was about two feet taller than his captor, slouching along after him. And when he came to the house, seeing Phil alone on the verandah, he fell, a mere mass of terror and despair, and grovelled before him. Phil kicked him up, and ordered loftily that he should be sent back to the stables.

But when he was left alone, he was, for the moment, stunned. Suddenly, it all burst upon him. Without other evidence than the mere insult of the Hindoo, he *knew* it was true. The position he held in the house; the superior consideration in which Arthur was held; the silence of his uncle about his own father—all were proofs to him. He rose and came into the open air, as miserable as boy could well be. Suddenly, however, another thought struck him.

Imagine that you have been brought up to believe—not by being taught in so many words, but by power of association—that there are two distinct races of mankind; that God has made one for mastery and the other for subjection; that while it is your duty, as the sovereign, to rule wisely and mildly, you cannot but feel a certain amount of contempt—proportioned, of course, to your wisdom and mildness—for the governed race. Suppose you have gone on, being neither very wise nor very mild, till your contempt has become overweening, and your pride of race excessive. Then suppose, in the height of your arrogance, you hear suddenly that you are an impostor; that you belong to the race you despise; that you are nothing more nor less than one of the humblest of them. This was Phil's thought. Like the first, it was not a conjecture, but a certainty. Little as he knew of the wickedness of the world, he knew well enough that illegitimacy implied black blood: nothing else was possible in Palmiste. He thought, too, of his black wavy hair, his pale olive skin; and he moaned in his agony.

There was one more test. He looked at his nails. Beneath them was the blue stain

that the African blood always leaves. And he gave up hope.

Then he sat down and sobbed. It all seemed so cruel: it was so strange and so dreadful. The pride of life was gone. Nothing was left but shame and degradation. He crouched among the trees, and would have cried for death, had death occurred to him as even a remote possibility. He sat motionless, while the weight of his grief bent down his young shoulders.

As he sat there, the sun got lower. Presently it disappeared behind the hills. Long fingers of light came out, vibrating a sort of good night to the world; and then it became dark. The darkness weighed upon him. He got up, and wandered out, thinking how he should go into the house; and found himself near the stables. There he saw some one with a lamp. It seemed as if the lamp was unsteady, shifting about like a light at a masthead.

After studying this phenomenon for a little time, he went to discover its cause. I regret to say that he found his preceptor, Mr. MacIntyre, very drunk indeed, making shots at the stable door, with the view of getting out his pony and riding home to dinner.

He had been left alone all the afternoon, and finding a brandy bottle in the immediate neighbourhood, had finished it, with these disastrous results.

Phil helped him to open the stable door, and saddled his pony for him.

"Obsairve," said Mr. MacIntyre, "the mind of man, as you will find from a study of the Philosophy of the Condeetioned, has a tendency to—to—"

Here he fell over the bar that the groom had left behind him.

"Mr. MacIntyre," said Philip, "you're drunk again."

"Young man, no—no, young man. The curry at breakfast was prawn cu—curry. It always makes me so."

A thought struck the boy.

"Mr. MacIntyre," he said, "did you know my father?"

"Your father?" repeated the drunken scamp. "Of course I know your father. Mishter Durnford's your father, and Marie's your mother—pretty little Marie." Then he began maundering on—"Pretty little Marie, pretty little girl—wouldn't speak to me."

"Marie—what Marie?"

"Marie—never had 'nother name. Went away—went away to England—died."

Philip turned away and left him, and presently he heard the pony, who knew his way better than his master, go clattering down the road.

He went in, washed and brushed himself, and appeared at dinner, pale and quiet. Madeleine and Arthur had it all their own way for once, for he never even contradicted them.

#### CHAPTER V.

TIME passed on. Philip said nothing of his discovery, only he became quieter. The boy of fifteen in a year changed into a tall, resolute young man, who might have been taken for two and twenty. The light moustache on his upper lip proclaimed his manhood. Boyhood grows more rapidly into adolescence under the hot sun of Palmiste, and his firm step and upright carriage announced one who, at any rate, seemed ready to make a fight for it.

He never, but once, alluded to his conversation with Mr. MacIntyre. But one day, after a long silence, Arthur being out of the way, he reminded the tutor of what he had told him. Poor Mr. MacIntyre was thunderstruck. He remembered absolutely nothing of it.

"Tell me," he gasped, his face becoming fearfully red—"tell me exactly what I said, Phil. Ah! Loord, what an evil spirit brandy is!"

Phil told him.

"I suppose it was true," he added carelessly.

Mr. MacIntyre rose and went out on the verandah, looking round every corner to see if there were listeners about. Then he opened every door—there were seven in the room—and looked in each chamber. No one was at hand, save in the dining-room. Here there were two of the Indian boys amusing themselves with a rude dramatic performance; for one had put on a pair of spectacles, and, with an empty bottle in his hand, was staggering up and down, like one who was well drunken, while the other looked on and applauded. Mr. MacIntyre himself wore glasses. He could not, of course, imagine that the representation was a description of himself; but as a friend of discipline, he felt bound to inflict chastisement, and accordingly horsewhipped the one he caught, who had been doing

nothing, and then he came back flushed with the exercise.

Sitting down again, and pouring out a glass of brandy and water, he sighed out—

"Yes, Phil; it is true—more's the pity, my poor bairn! It's just awfu', the wickedness of the world. We fight against it, we philosophers, but we do awfu' little. It's quite true. But, Phil, no one knows it. I know it, because I brought you here, a wee bit thing of eighteen months, and told the folk you were Mr. Durnford's nephew. And Mrs. Durnford knew it; for her husband told her. Eh! she was good. There *must* be a Heaven, boy, for some people—if there's an after-life at all, which I varra much doot. We, who have had our backslidings, would not be comfortable in the same place with her and her like. They would have their own apartments. I sometimes think, Phil, I should be happier down below, near the Bar."

"And no one suspects?"

"I sometimes think M. de Villeroy suspects. He's just a devil, that man. He finds out everything. Last week he came to me, and told me that he'd found out how I had—"

"Well?" For the good man stopped.

"I think I'll take another glass, Phil. Yes, thank you. You were saying—"

"What became of my mother, then?"

"I don't know, Phil. I can't tell you. She went away. Your father told me she went to England. Afterwards he said that she was dead. She was lady's maid, companion, humble friend, whatever you call it, to Mrs. Durnford before her marriage. And remember, Phil, that she was the handsomest woman in the island. Hardly a touch of—"

"Stop," shouted Philip, crimson—"stop, I won't hear it."

The tutor stopped, and presently went away, seeing no further opportunity for either philosophy or drink.

And, for good reasons of his own, he forbore to inform Mr. Durnford of what had passed between himself and Phil.

But, one evening, Philip had a little conversation with his uncle, as he still called him.

"If you can spare five minutes, sir," he said one evening when Mr. Durnford had smoked his cigar, and was showing the usual signs of departure to his own quarters.

"Certainly, Philip—what is it?"

He sat down to listen. Then Philip began, with considerable trepidation, but with a certain dignity of manner, to explain himself.

"You know, sir, that I am past sixteen?" Mr. Durnford nodded. "And I think you will allow me to ask you if my father, of whom you have told me nothing, gave me at his death any means of entering life. I have seen, sir, for some time, that there are points connected with our family history that you do not wish known to me. I shall never ask for information. My father, as you have told me, was in the army. I ask for nothing more. He was a gentleman, because you are a gentleman. That he did nothing to disgrace himself in the eyes of the world, I am sure."

"In the eyes of the world? No," said Mr. Durnford.

"That is all I wanted to have from your lips. Now, sir, am I a beggar?—that is, am I wholly dependent on you?"

Mr. Durnford did not answer for a few moments.

"I am glad, Phil, that this talk has been held between us. It must have come, sooner or later."

"Why should it not come, sir?"

"No reason at all—none. Only, family business is always disagreeable. Let me tell you, once for all, that your father's money was placed wholly and unreservedly in my hands, for your benefit. I have done for your benefit what I could for you. You will be, at the age of twenty-one, the master of four or five hundred pounds a-year. It is not much; but, with a profession, it is plenty."

"It will do, sir," said Philip. "I am glad it is so much."

"But what profession will you take? You are not a bookworm. The law would do little for you. The church?"

"Impossible."

"Quite so, as I was about to remark. Then, what are we to do with you?"

"I shall go into the army, sir. At least, I can carry a sword."

"And use it, too, Phil, I think. We will talk about this afterwards."

But they never did.

Early that year, while the hot rains of January were still soaking into the steaming earth, and the sun was vertical at noonday, there was brought a rumour—vague at first, but too soon confirmed—that cholera had

appeared in the principal town. Up to that day, cholera had been unknown. No scourge of pestilence had ever fallen on the island that insurance companies ranked rather higher than England, and on which they put a tropical per centage out of mere fun, and with the cheerfulness of men who are certain to make their money. Nobody ever died young, except from drink. Nobody read the lessons about the uncertainty of life as applying, even indirectly, to himself; and the very parsons had forgotten that life was ever anything but threescore years and ten—fully told. So that when men first heard that the cholera was come, they laughed.

There were various rumours as to its origin. One said that a captain of a coolie ship had put ashore, being then in quarantine, and having spent the evening with four friends, had gone back at night to his ship. But the four friends died next day; and there was no one to tell whether the captain had left the ship or not, for all his sailors died.

Others said that it was produced by the shameful excesses of the Chinamen in pork. This was disproved by the fact that no Chinaman died of cholera at all. They went about in great glee, with mighty uplifting and pride of heart; rubbing their hands when they came upon some poor negro doubled up by the enemy that seized him so suddenly and killed him so easily.

Others, again, attributed it to the British Government. That malignant power—conscious, for many years, of the foe that threatened the island—deliberately, and with malice prepense, had left unguarded all the avenues by which it might enter. The editor of the most respectable paper, daring to say that the enforcement of the quarantine laws had been more rigid than usual of late years, was set upon, one starry evening, by a dozen public-spirited mulattoes, and horsewhipped. That is, they began to horsewhip him; but a soldier happening to come round the corner, slung his belt and dispersed them, devious, rapidly flying. An account of the affair appeared in both the straw-paper organs next day, in which the brave assailants were held up to public admiration as patriots of the deepest dye. They were compared to Timoleon, to Brutus, to Harmodius, to Mirabeau, to Soulouque, to Oliver Cromwell, to Wilberforce, and to Toussaint L'Ouverture. They were to have been brought before the magistrate for assault; but he and all the officials of his court died of cholera, and

the affair dropped. And, as the pestilence grew worse, men's hearts failed them for fear. The town of St. Denys had a population of some sixty thousand. These were dying at the rate of three hundred a-day. All day long, and all night, the prisoners were kept at work digging graves—not single graves, but long common fosses, fifty feet long and eight feet deep. There was no time to make coffins. As fast as the bodies were brought, the upper part of the shell in which they were laid was slipped out, and the sand covered them up. The priests—is there any fearlessness like that of a Catholic priest?—stood all day by the grave, chanting the monotonous funeral service, burials going on all the time. Now and then one of the gravediggers would be struck down, and carried off, shrieking and crying, to a hospital. For if a black is once taken to a hospital, he abandons hope; and, should he come out again, is received by his friends—not with the rejoicing that would await one risen from the dead, but rather with such disappointment as greeted Martin Chuzzlewit when he came back from Eden.

The shops were closed; the wharves deserted; the streets empty, save for the frequent bearers of the dead. Most mournful of all was the absence of mourners. You might see a little procession slowly moving down the street—one big coffin and three little ones. Following them, not some young and stalwart mourner—not one whose life was still before him—but a poor old down-bent black, the grandfather of the little coffins, the father of the big one, hobbling sideways after the dead. Or if it was one who had lived long and in high esteem, his coffin would be followed by two or three out of the hundreds who counted him friend, and who, in better times, would have followed him to the grave, and pronounced a funeral oration over him.

Sometimes the closed shops never opened again at all; and then, long after the cholera had gone, the police would go at dead of night, or in the early morning, and execute their dreadful task.

Englishmen got together—they always do in time of danger. I once was in a French ship with some half-dozen English passengers. One was the most foul-mouthed, blasphemous man I ever met—abaft the fo'c'sle, that is. We had very bad weather for a week. For one whole day we thought

we should go down. Involuntarily, we of Great Britain found ourselves grouped together by the davits, holding on. Quoth the blasphemer—

"Since we are to go down, we English will stick together, and let the damned Frenchmen drown by themselves. Is there any fellow here that can say a short prayer?"

It was a dreadful punishment to him for his evil life, that he couldn't remember even the shortest in the whole Church Service; and I am quite sure, so staunch an Anglican was he, that he would far rather have gone to the bottom with no prayer at all, than with anything extemporaneous or irregular. Even the petition for rain would have comforted him.

However, in St. Denys, the English merchants sat together in each other's offices. They drank a good deal of brandy in those days, in little occasional nips, that touched up the liver if it did not keep off the cholera. No business was done of any kind; nor was there any pretence at it. No clerks came—these were mostly mulattoes, and kept themselves at home, with the shutters half-closed, sitting in a horrible circle in the dark, and with a fear-some fluttering at their hearts. If they perceived an internal rumbling, they took a dose of cholera mixture. If any one said he felt unwell, the rest sidled from him; and if one was actually seized, they generally all ran away. The doctor in charge of the hospital—he was not a Frenchman, nor was he English, and it would be invidious to proclaim his race—ran away from his post. He had a struggle of some days between fear and honour. At last, as the sick were brought in more thickly, honour lost ground. He fled: "*L'existence*," he said, "*avant tout*." It was an honest confession, and proved a sort of martyr's creed; for when he came back, after the thing was all over, and the hospital swept up again, clean and neat, he was astonished to find that the Government—British, of course—was taking a harsh view of the matter, and that he was kicked out in disgrace. The straw-paper organs made capital out of the event. The writer of one crushing article crammed for it, like Mr. Pott's young man. John Huss, the early saints of the Church, Savonarola, Cranmer, Sir Thomas More, and Louis the Sixteenth furnished illustrations for this admirable treatise.

Nostrums came into great use. Men, at

other times supposed to be of sound mind, went about peppering their noses with camphor powder. Some swathed their bodies with flannel, and some wore as little as they possibly could. Some would, at intervals, apply cold ice to the backbone—others, warm water. Others, again, would breakfast off bitter beer and boiled eggs, and dine on brandy and water and soup. One man wrote to the paper calling attention to the fact that few Englishmen died of cholera; and that, as he had recently discovered, the English colonists always washed every morning, all over. This he recommended to his own countrymen, as a thing not, indeed, suddenly to be adopted, but to receive that serious attention and thought which the gravity of the step demanded. For himself, he confessed he sometimes washed his feet; but rarely.

One poor Briton nearly came to terrible grief. He was a mariner; and one evening, finding himself, some miles from St. Denys, overcome with liquor, he fell down by the wayside and slumbered. Native policemen, coming by with a cart, gathered him up as one dead; and a grave being already prepared, they laid him in it, fortunately removing the shell. The English clergyman read the service, with sorrow for the poor fellow cut off so suddenly, whose very name was unknown, and who lay there perhaps to be looked for, many a weary day, by wife and children. He had finished, and they began heaving in the earth. As soon as it fell upon his face, the shock awakened him. Starting up, still unsteady, he began to bawl out, "Ahoy there!—ahoy! Bill Gribble, ahoy!" The aborigines fled, howling in terror; nor would they ever accept any other version of the story than that it was a veritable post-mortem appearance, a spectre, that greeted them. And the churchyard is haunted by it to this day.

As for the sailor, he was taken home by the clergyman, and took the pledge; which he kept till he got to the next port. But he always swore he would never get drunk again in Palmiste.

They were not all cowards. Brave deeds were done. Foremost of all, the brave deeds of the divine Sisters of Mercy. If I die, poor and alone, forlorn and deserted, may one of these ministering angels come to me, with her sweet, unlovely face, and passionless tenderness of heart! Then may she make me a Catholic, or a Ritualist, or

anything she like;—all for dear memory of the things I have known her sisters do. For to them all duties are equally holy and equally divine. To them is nothing loathsome, nothing revolting; no form of disease or suffering too terrible to help; no accumulations of misery and poverty, no development of sickness, sufficient to keep them away.

Is it fair, without mentioning a living man's name, to mention his deeds? Perhaps he will never see it in print. This is what he did. In the height of the cholera, two coolie ships put into port, both with cholera raging on board. They were promptly sent off to quarantine off an islet—a mere rock, half a mile across—twenty miles away.

Thence, after some time, news came somehow to Palmiste that their apothecary was dead, and the captain, and all the English sailors but a few. And all the coolies were dying with cholera. Who would go there? One young army surgeon stepped out, so to speak, from the ranks. To go there was to go to certain death. It was a forlorn hope. There would be no one to help him, no one to talk to even; no one to attend *him* if he was seized. He went. For weeks he struggled with the pestilence, saving some from the jaws of death, and burying others. The place, which was a mere charnel-house, he turned into a hospital—a *Hôtel Dieu*.

The poor, terror-stricken Indians slowly regained hope, and therefore health; and when the evil time died away, he was able to bring back half at least of his flock, rescued from death.

It is a heroism that is beyond the power of any Victoria Cross to reward; and when it fires the blood, and sets the heart aglow of him that reads it, the doer of the *geste* has his fittest crown of glory, though he never hear of it.

In the country, away down at Fontainebleau, they were comparatively safe. Few cases happened on the estate in the earlier stage; but when it began to leave town it broke out in the country. Mr. Durnford took no precautions. In these matters he thought it was like a battle-field. You could not, he said, devise any armour against a cannon ball.

"Obsaivre," said Mr. MacIntyre, taking a nip of brandy, "some men are killed by a bayonet thrust."

But one evening, when Phil and Arthur came home from a stroll with their guns,

they found MacIntyre in a state of wild alarm on the verandah. Mr. Durnford had been seized. No doctor had been sent for, because none was within twenty miles. They had no medicine, except brandy. Mr. MacIntyre had been giving him copious draughts. He had taken a bottle and a half without the smallest effect; and now Mr. MacIntyre, seeing the boys go into the bed-room, retreated to the other side of the house, and began to drink the rest of the bottle, glad to be relieved of his charge.

There was very little hope. They sent off a dozen messengers for as many doctors. But, with the utmost speed, no doctor could arrive before the morning.

All night long they watched and tended him. Mr. MacIntyre by this time, what with terror and brandy, was helpless. They could do literally nothing. But in the morning came collapse, and comparative ease. The dying man lay stretched on his back, breathing painfully; but conscious. Philip bent over him, and whispered, with dry eyes and hard voice, while Arthur was sobbing on his knees—

"Father, tell me of my mother?"

Mr. Durnford turned his head and looked. He would have spoken; but a trembling seized his limbs, and his eyes closed in death.

He was buried the next morning. All the people on the estate went to the funeral. But Mr. MacIntyre was absent. For in the night a thought struck him. It was but a week since he had received, in hard cash, the half year's salary due to him. Now he saw his occupation gone. Without any chance of finding employment in the island, he would be left stranded. He was staggered at first. Then he reflected that no one knew of the payment except his late employer. How if he could get the receipt? So, when the funeral procession started, Mr. MacIntyre stayed behind—no one noticing his absence.

The house clear, he stole into the dead man's room. His desk was open, just as he had left it. Here was a chance which it was impossible to resist.

"It makes my heart bleed to wrong the lads," said MacIntyre, wiping his eyes; "but one must consider himself."

Then he looked out the receipt from the file, and put it into his pocket. That done, he searched for the private account book, which also fell into his coat-tail pocket.

Then it occurred to him that it would be an admirable thing to get a whole year's salary instead of a half, and he began to hunt for the previous receipt. This he could not find, though he searched everywhere. But he found something which interested him, and he wrapped it in brown paper, and took it also away with him. It was a big, fat book, with clasps and a small letter padlock, marked "Private." He went down to his cottage, and cutting open the clasps, he read it from end to end.

It was a sort of irregular journal, beginning sixteen years before. It opened with a confession of passion for Marie.

"If the girl were but a lady—if only, even, she were not coloured—I would take her away and marry her. Why should I not marry her? What difference would it make to me whether people approved of it or not? . . .

"I saw Marie to-day. She met me in the garden behind her mistress's house. How pretty the child looked, with a rose in her black hair! She will meet me again this evening."

And so on, all in the same strain.

In the leaves of the book were three short notes, kept for some unknown reason, addressed to his wife; but without date.

Mr. MacIntyre, in a fit of abstraction, took pen and ink, and added a date—that of Philip's birth. There was another paper in the journal: the certificate of marriage of George Durnford and Adrienne de Rosnay. He took this out; and shutting up the journal, he began to reflect.

In the afternoon, when the sun grew low, he went to the little Catholic church which lies hidden away among the trees, about three miles from Fontainebleau.

Just then it was shut up. For Father O'Leary, the jolly Irish priest, who held this easiest of benefices for so many years, had only lately succumbed to age; and in the disturbed state of the colony no priest had yet been sent down. The presbytere was closed, the shutters up, and the church door locked.

The tutor went to the back of the house; forced his way in with no difficulty, by the simple process of removing a rotten shutter from the hinges.

Hanging on the wall were the church keys. He took these, and stepped across

the green to the vestry door, which he opened, and went in, shutting it after him, whistling very softly to himself.

Then he opened the cupboard, and took down the two duplicate church registers of marriage. They were rarely used; because in that little place there were few people to get married, except the Indians, who always went before the registrar. Turning over the leaves, which were sticking together with damp—Father O'Leary was always the most careless of men—he came to a place where one double page had been passed over. The marriage immediately before it was dated twenty years since; that after it sixteen. He looked at the duplicate register. No such omission of a page had occurred.

Whistling softly, he filled up the form between Marie—no other name—and George Durnford, gentleman, for a date about a year before Philip's birth. Then he attested it himself—"Alexander MacIntyre"—in a fine bold hand; forged the signatures of the others; and added, as a second witness, the mark of one Adolphe. Then he rubbed his hands, and began to consider further.

After this, he got the forms of marriage certificates, and filled one up in due form, again signing it with the name of the deceased Father O'Leary. Then he replaced that one of the two books in which he had written the forgery, put the forged certificate in his pocket, and the other register under his arm; then locked up the cupboard.

When he had finished his forgeries he looked into the church. The setting sun was shining through the west window full upon the little altar, set about with its two-penny gewgaw ornaments.

He shook his head.

"A blind superstition," he murmured. "We who live under the light of a fuller Gospel have *vara* much to be thankful for."

He went back to the presbytere, replaced the keys, and walked home with his register in his hands.

He had no servant, and was accustomed, when he did not dine at Fontainebleau, to send an Indian boy to the nearest shop and buy some steak, which he carried himself. He went into the kitchen—a little stone hut built at the back of the cottage—lit a fire of sticks, and proceeded to burn the register and Mr. Durnford's private journal.

The books would not burn at all, being damp and mouldy.

"At this rate of progression," he remarked,



"I shall be a twal'month getting through them. Let us bury them."

He dug a hole in a corner close to his house, buried his books, piled the earth over them, and cooked his dinner with a cheerful heart.

"A good day's work," he murmured. "Half a year's salary gained, and the prospect of a pretty haul, if good luck serves. Marie dead, O'Leary dead, one register gone, the certificates in my possession. Master Phil, my boy, the time will perhaps come when you will be glad to buy my papers of me."

Mr. Durnford's death showed that he had become a rich man. All his property went by will to "my son," while of Philip no notice whatever was taken. Only the lawyer wrote him a letter stating that by a special deed of gift, dated some years back, a sum of money was made over to him, which had been accumulating at compound interest, and had now amounted to five thousand pounds. This, at Palmiste interest, was five hundred pounds a-year. As his father had told him, it was his sole provision.

Philip's heart was stung with a sense of wrong. That no mention was made of him—that, through all his life, he had not received one word of acknowledgment or affection—that he had been evidently regarded as a mere encumbrance and a debt, rankled in his bosom. He said nothing, not even to Mr. MacIntyre—who, now that he had no longer any further prospect of employment, began to turn his thoughts to other pastures. But he brooded over his wrongs; and now only one thought possessed him—to escape from a place which was haunted by shame.

Arthur, too, wanted to go; and their lawyer and adviser took passages for the boys, and gave them proper letters to those who were to take care of them in England till they were of age.

Mr. MacIntyre, the day before they started, came to say farewell. He had an interview with each of his pupils separately. To Arthur, by way of a parting gift, he propounded a set of maxims for future guidance, including a rule of conduct for morals, which he recommended on the ground of having always adhered to it himself; and he left his late pupil with a heavier purse and consequently a lighter heart. Mr. MacIntyre, in all his troubles, had never yet wanted

money. As a Scotchman, he never spent when he could avoid spending.

His conversation with Philip was of greater importance. With much hesitation, and an amount of nervousness that one would hardly have expected of him, he hinted that he was possessed of certain information, but that the time was not yet arrived to make use of it. And then, biting his nails, he gave the young man to understand that, if he ever did use it, he should expect to be paid.

"But what is your knowledge?" asked Philip; "and if you have any, why, in the devil's name, don't you let it out at once? And how much money do you want?"

Mr. MacIntyre leaned forward, and whispered in his ear—

"Suppose my information proved your mother's marriage? Suppose that a man—I'm not for saying that I should be the man—brought all this to light?"

"Poor Arthur!" said Philip.

"That's not the point," urged the other. "To be plain. What would that information be worth?"

"I don't know."

"Should we say five thousand pounds?"

"You mean that I am to give you five thousand pounds for giving information which you ought to give for nothing? MacIntyre, you're a scoundrel."

"Eh! mon," replied the moralist.

"Can you give me these proofs?" cried Philip, his voice rising.

"No, I cannot—not yet. And perhaps I never shall be able to do so. Whether I do or not depends upon yourself. And don't be violent, Mr. Philip Durnford. Remember," he added with a touch of pathetic dignity, "that you are addressing your old tutor, and a Master of Arts of the University of Aberdeen."

"Go to the devil," said Philip, "and get out of this. Go, I say!"

I am grieved to say that Arthur, who was sitting outside, was startled by the fearful spectacle of his reverend tutor emerging with Philip's hand in his collar, and Philip's right foot accelerating his movements.

It all took a moment. Mr. MacIntyre vanished round the corner, and his pony's hoofs were speedily heard clattering down the road.

Arthur looked up for explanation.

"Never mind, old boy!" said Philip. "The man's a scoundrel. He's a liar, too,

I believe. Arthur, give me your hand. I have been worried lately, a good deal. But I won't wrong you. Remember that. Whatever happens—you shall not be wronged."

The next night they were steaming gallantly away. The headlands of Palmiste lay low on the horizon as the sun set, and touched them with his magic painter's brush.

Arthur took off his cap, and waved it.

"When shall we see the dear old place again, Phil?" he said, with a sob in his throat.

"Never, I hope," said Philip. "It will be to me a memory of sickly sorrow and disappointment. Never. And now, old boy, hurrah for England and my commission! I am going to forget it all."

He stood there, with the bright look of hope and fearlessness that so soon goes out of the eyes of youth, and the sea breeze lifting his long black hair, a possible—nay, a certain hero. It is something in every man's life for once to have been at peace with God—for once to have thrilled with the warm impulse of true nobility.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

### MARK TWAIN.

THE name by which the American humourist who wrote "The Jumping Frog" is known by the readers of his works is a *nom de plume*. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has only lately left England, and has promised to come and see us "Britishers" again before long.

California has developed a literature of its own, and its proudest boast is the possession of Mark Twain. "The Jumping Frog," pronounced by the *Saturday Review* "an inimitably funny book," soon made its author famous, and gained for him readers wherever English is spoken. "The Jumping Frog" is a story of the Californian gold mines; it is very humorous, and very well told. "Eye-openers," "Screamers," "A Burlesque Autobiography," "The Innocents Abroad," and "The New Pilgrim's Progress," are all of them works of the peculiar humour invented by our American cousins, from the pen of the author of "The Jumping Frog."

In the summer of the year '67 a pleasure-trip left New York, Mark Twain being one of the excursionists. For 1250 dollars, passengers were to cross the Atlantic, and

visit Spain, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Syria. The incidents of travel and impressions of life in foreign parts are detailed by the American humorist in the two last works of the list given above. "The Innocents Abroad" gives Twain's account of the voyage out; while "The New Pilgrim's Progress" recounts the adventures of the voyage home.

The author of these books is possessed of remarkable talent. His works are widely read, and very generally popular. Mark Twain is altogether the best living exponent of American humour, and he may be sure of receiving a hearty welcome whenever he revisits the Old Country.

### THE MARVELLOUS EXPERIENCES OF ELIZABETH WINTERBOURNE.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

#### XIII.

"I CAN take little credit to myself," began Mr. Barcliffe—"I can take little credit to myself for any display of shrewdness in getting to the bottom of this little affair. When you first told me the story, sitting in this room, on the day of my arrival, I confess I had strong suspicions of the girl's having imposed upon you all. I thought it much more probable that she should have chosen this method of indulging in a little skylarking expedition—which, as you are probably aware, is not so very uncommon a thing for young women to do—than that so strange a tale should be true. Then, again, you informed me that she had been educated beyond her degree in life. What, then, so natural as that she should read novels? And this was just the kind of story that a country girl, whose head was full of romances and rubbish, would be likely to invent. With this suspicion strong in my mind, I accompanied you to her father's hut, and amused myself with a little harmless gossip, for the purpose of passing the time, until I could take a good look at her. I had no sooner begun to talk to her than my suspicions were considerably shaken; and I had no sooner heard her story from her own lips, out there on the moor, than I gave entire credence to it.

"Upon turning the matter over in my mind, one thing was so very evident, that it could not by any chance have escaped me,

unless I had been a blockhead—namely, that the author of the scheme must be some one who was aware that the girl was expected at the Manor on the night of her capture. Of this there could be no sort of doubt, because the whole plan had been carefully arranged beforehand—carriage waiting at a distance to convey her away, and so on.

Another thing, which I regarded as being at least *probable*, was, that the individual must be a person of some means. Such preparations would hardly have been made by one in indigent circumstances. Horses and carriages are not to be had for nothing, and the house where she was imprisoned was a pretty large one. The squalid manner in which the room was furnished, and the plain quality of the food, were, I thought, scarcely attributable to poverty, because such a supposition would have been inconsistent with every other feature in the affair. I considered it much more likely that she had been put into a miserable apartment, and fed on poor food, with intent to render her imprisonment so disagreeable as to induce her to consent to *any terms* to obtain her freedom; for of course I never doubted that the abduction had been effected to carry out *some design*, whatever that design might be. No terms had been proposed to her, however; and she had been restored to her liberty. There were such a variety of solutions to this riddle which were at least *possible*, that I could settle upon none in particular. It was useless to speculate upon the direction in which she had been taken; for upon examining the surrounding country, I found that she would have encountered three hedges, during the first mile or so, in a dozen different points of the compass. I could, in fact, feel certain of nothing, except that the capture had been effected by some one who was aware of her intended journey to the Manor. This certainty, and the probability of the at least comparative wealth of the party, were all the premises I had to build upon.

"Now, these two premises, without anything further, led me at once to the correct conclusion. The only persons above the rank of servants who were at all likely to have been aware of the girl's intended journey to Harrowfield Manor on the evening in question were the inmates of your own house. It needed no great penetration to assure one that you yourself were guiltless in the matter. Your anxious solicitude was too natural to be assumed by a man of your temperament,

and you had incurred a large amount of trouble and expense which you were not called upon to incur, and which you could have had no object in incurring if you had not been swayed by worthy motives. You, then, were struck out of the category. You have no male members of your family. I was thus, you see, reduced to the necessity of suspecting your steward; who, I found, was unmarried, and resided in your house. His past blameless character went for very little with me in an affair of this kind; and if you had had one-half the experience of criminal trials that I have had, you would be of the same way of thinking in this particular.

"My principal object in leaving you on Wednesday was to get away to a sufficient distance to enable me to prosecute my inquiries without awakening any suspicion on the part of Brooks. I rode to Broxton, and remained there all night. In the course of conversation with the landlord of the inn where I put up, I managed to learn somewhat of your steward's antecedents. I learned that he has an elder brother in comfortable circumstances, who owns a small estate in the adjoining county of Nottingham, and who is at present absent in America, where he intends ultimately to settle. This brother, like himself, is unmarried; and at the time of his departure from this country, two years ago, left his estate in charge of his old housekeeper and her daughter. Edward, at his brother's request, has been in the habit of going over once a quarter for a day or two, to collect the rents, and see that all goes on well. These particulars my landlord had gathered from Mr. Edward himself; and I, in turn, contrived to gather them from *him*, merely in the way of casual conversation, in which I appeared to be in no way specially interested until I had heard all I have stated.

"I then professed to be desirous of purchasing a small property, and asked the landlord if he could give me any account of the appearance and state of repair of Brooks Senior's residence. This he could not do, never having seen it; and he did not know any one in these parts, except Mr. Edward himself, who was any wiser than he was on this subject. It is, as you are probably aware, nearly forty miles distant.

"The whole thing began to be as clear as daylight to me. I enjoined my landlord to mention my inquiries to no one, and by day-break next morning I was on my way to Nottinghamshire. About seven miles on my

road I called at a place which I shall not name, where I knew I should find a sharp fellow who was formerly in my employ in London, but who has now settled down to more peaceful pursuits. I sent him back to this neighbourhood to keep an eye on Mr. Edward, and arrest him in the event of his attempting to hook it—I agreeing to indemnify him against all consequences arising from his having no warrant.

"In the middle of the afternoon I reached the village of Framlington, which is only three miles from the Brooks property. I put up at an inn, ordered dinner, and ingratiated myself into the landlord's affections by requesting his assistance to drink a bottle of an abominable mixture that he called port wine. I was soon in possession of all the information he could give. Richard Brooks had gone to America nearly two years ago, leaving his house in charge of an old woman named Mrs. Ridley, who had been his house-keeper for many years—in fact, ever since he had resided there. This woman and her daughter were the sole occupants of the dwelling-house, which was isolated and lonely, and had a back garden with a high wall around it. Mrs. Ridley, my landlord assured me, was a born devil, who in her young days had been tried for child-murder, and acquitted for want of evidence; though the moral proof of her guilt was sufficiently convincing. Her temper and character were such that no one in the neighbourhood ever went near the place, except in case of the most urgent necessity. In answer to my inquiries how it was that a respectable man like Richard Brooks kept such a person about him, I was informed that he was no such very respectable man after all, and that an improper intimacy was currently reported to subsist between him and the old woman's daughter, Rachael. My landlord had never been in the house himself, and could not say whether there was a long narrow passage at the head of the staircase, on the second floor.

"I had now heard quite sufficient for my purpose, and determined to pay Mrs. Ridley a visit; but thinking it quite possible that the two rascals who had conveyed Lizzie Winterbourne thither might be somewhere about the building, I deemed it most prudent to have assistance in the enterprise. Upon revealing my name and purpose to the nearest magistrate, he forthwith placed a couple of constables at my disposal; and as

soon as it was quite dark, we all three repaired to the house.

"It was a large, antiquated building, falling rapidly into decay, situated more than half a mile from the road, and surrounded by quite a forest of oak trees. Upon the whole, a very pretty sequestered spot for a gentleman's country seat; but everything indicated thriftlessness and neglect. Yes, there was the high wall round the garden at the back, sure enough. What on earth that was built for it would be hard to imagine; but it had evidently been built many years, and I didn't think it worth while to waste much time in conjecture.

"The old woman herself, with a candle in her hand, answered my knock. I quietly walked in, followed by my two myrmidons, who shut and locked the door, and who were evidently frightened out of half of such poor wits as they generally had.

"'I am sure, you will pardon the abruptness of this visit, my dear madam,' I began, 'when you have been made acquainted with the occasion of it. During her recent sojourn beneath your hospitable roof, my friend, Miss Winterbourne, was so unfortunate as to leave her pocket handkerchief in the back garden. I have no doubt of being able to find it without giving you much trouble, as she recollects distinctly the identical spot where she dropped it. Will you oblige me with a light, while I go and get it? Or perhaps you will be so gracious as to accompany me?'"

## EXPERIENCES OF AN EDITOR.—II.

IN my article printed in *ONCE A WEEK*, No. 257, under the above title, I was compelled by the exigencies of space to reserve the few comments I wished to make on the last of the series of letters I selected as specimens, for a second communication. My readers will remember that we had under consideration two cases of ladies whose feelings had been very unintentionally outraged.

Let us take the latter of these cases first. It must always be understood that, if a magazine consists of a certain number of pages—say 96—and the articles have to be got in so as exactly to fill the 96 pages, it may be necessary to add to or cut down something. Printers often make a mistaken estimate of the number of pages a given manuscript will occupy. Time is of con-

sequence when, just on going to press, it is found that something must be reduced in length, to a greater or less extent. The reduction is effected by the editor or sub-editor; and it seems a little hard that he should be threatened with all sorts of punishments, and called all sorts of names, because he has done that which necessity demands. But when I got to that passage in the lady's letter where she says—"I shall send a full account of the affair to the *Times* newspaper. Money and interest *always* insure publication," I dismissed the matter as unworthy of further notice. A lady who thought of buying over the *Times* can hardly be regarded as sane. I sent her through my secretary a cheque for her contribution at her own estimate of its value when intact, and before I had "cut out the best parts of the story, and made it appear the work of a penny-a-line writer." At the same time, I returned by post another manuscript of hers which I had accepted for publication, and here our correspondence ceased.

Not less unreasonable and curious in its way was the conduct of the other lady who was pleased "to have a row" with me. In her case, the only injury I had done her was to imagine that she was richer than she thought herself. Having published only a page or two of her ladyship's copy, and having the intention of publishing shortly two other articles of hers, I meant to send her a cheque for all together. Her introduction to me was through an acquaintance, who said her ladyship had sent him, a few days before, a hamper of game and a case of Champagne. I really thought it would be improper to send a Peeress a sum under two pounds, who gave away pheasants and Clicquot galore; and I was not aware at the time that her ladyship's husband—one of the most eminent of living Englishmen—did not find it comfortable to have the same home with her ladyship, but provided her with a separate establishment. I had the pleasure to satisfy her ladyship's claim by return of post at her own estimate of what her labour was worth. But it was not likely that I desired to retain the services of a contributor who regarded the press as "that infernal machine;" who thought the literature of the day was "an immense sink of iniquity;" who called a man—who living, I loved, and dead, whose memory I reverence—"a breaker of all the laws of God;" who was pleased to describe the reading public as an "omnivorous ass;"

and who stated, in so many words, that personally I was ready "to do any dirty work for the still living scoundrelocracy" of literature. Her ladyship has not been since a contributor to the pages of *The Miscellany*. Her latest manifesto was the last I heard of her.

I have already hinted at the rush my friends and acquaintances made to see me after I was duly installed as the editor of *The Miscellany*.

It was something wonderful to witness. People who had seen me once, people who had heard somebody they knew knew me, people who had only heard of me, came to see me. With open arms they wished to hug me as their dear familiar friend.

"Now, my boy," they all began, and rubbed their hands with delight—"now you can give us a lift."

They did not see any force in my hint that I had a trust to carry out, and wanted to keep my hands clean. They still poured in upon me—amateurs who had never done anything before, but "thought they should like to write;" had "a little spare time they wished to devote to literature;" professional writers of seedy character, who had a thousand grudges to pay off; who would have brought as many actions for libel about my ears as they wrote articles; who had whole boxes of rejected manuscript. "Now is the time," they thought.

I have heard a traveller tell a tale of locusts. These worthies reminded me of a flock of those insects. I have also heard a story of an insect, the natural enemy of the locust tribe. I do not know the entomological name of this little creature, but it is familiarly known as "the undertaker" in the countries it delivers from the scourge of the locusts. It kills and buries the locust neatly and expeditiously. I was very sorry that in England "the undertaker" was unknown.

But all the locusts that swarmed about me wanted money, more or less, and generally—if possible—in advance.

Let me give three or four rough illustrations of the Literary Locust. No. 1.

My clerk advances with a card, "Mr. One."

Nothing will put the gentleman off. He enters smoking a cigar. He removes his hat.

"Shall I put this out?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"You know me?"

"I am familiar with your name."

"Yes—I—that is, you know, I was editor of the —," and he adds a long list of his wonderful successes. "I have come to offer you a novel."

"Yes."

"It will be the greatest 'go' ever known. The plot is wonderful—the characters every one drawn from the life. Sir—"

And he runs on at great length, and with much gusto. He has had offers and orders innumerable for a story, at very tempting prices. I am the favoured individual—the copy is mine if I will take it. I can see the first chapter on Monday.

I was taken in once, when I was green, by one of these plausible gentlemen. He had one hundred guineas, and I had one of the worst novels—founded on the French, of course: a language he was under the impression he could read—it ever was my lot to read. And the copy was supplied in pennyworths—one side of MS. when the printer was badgering me for thirty or forty, with this note:—"Dreadful headache this morning; must walk to clear my head before I can write another line."

These gentlemen usually receive their money for copy as often as possible; and as they live in the suburbs, employ their wives to bring in their MS. when they are later than usual. Who can be angry with a lady?

This is their way of replying to such a note as this: "We ought to be out now. The machine has been standing for your copy for some hours. As yours is the leading story, pray send copy by bearer; we can't go to press without it."

MY DEAR SIR—I dare say Mr. — told you that the funeral of — threw me back in my arrangements. I had to write more than four columns about it in the *Daily Storyteller*, and so lost a most precious day. It is now a matter of hours for you. I am hard at work. To-morrow (Sunday) is my leisure day. If you can send a boy at 8 a.m. on Monday, all copy shall be ready. You must deduct his railway fares, and the cost of stationery in writing innumerable letters, from the small cheque you will hand me.—Yours always,

No deduction for my loss of time and temper, though, and the small cheque always kept well in view. After several journeys on Monday, the boy gets the copy a few pages at a time. I hardly sleep a wink on Sunday night for fear it should not come in time.

So we are landed into the next month, at the end of which the copy is still behind. The boy goes by appointment for the tenth time, and on this occasion Mrs. One comes in. The boy brings back this note—

MY DEAR SIR—Pray forgive me. I am worried and ill. Mrs. One will bring you the copy at three this afternoon. You would have had it this morning, but I am obliged to start from home at ten o'clock to attend a judge at Chambers, in an infernal action I am defendant in, and which has driven me half crazy. I received your cheque for £10; but did not change it, from motives of delicacy,\* the copy not being finished. What balance remains, please hand to Mrs. One; but pray deduct expenses to and from — of the Martyr Boy. I wonder he is alive! —Yours always,

The gentleman we will call Mr. Two is of a different complexion. Patriarchal in appearance and eccentric in dress and manners, he enters in haste the editorial den. He has lived in every part of the world, has known everybody in society and out of society. He is, in his own estimation, a literary gun of the largest calibre. He has once a week his day out, and makes a round of calls on editors and publishers, from Cornhill in the east to Piccadilly in the west. I call him the town crier. He is a great gossip and a wicked old—nay, let me be charitable, a most inaccurate observer of facts. He comes in with his old hat under his old arm, always a little out of breath, always bland and polite with the politeness of the old school, always in ever so slight a hurry. He has just left A.—"of course you know him?"

"No."

"He knows, and—well, I won't tell you what he says about you. By Jove! he was right, though. You are doing the right thing with *The Miscellany*. I showed last month's number to my good friends, Lord Dash and Professor Blank, the other day, when they called at my little place"—lodgings near Regent's Park—"and all I'm afraid of is—is when I think what poor young — will do with the *Omnium*, if you go on as you have begun. You'll have all his readers—that's all I'm afraid of; and, poor fellow—well, he's a sad young fool, and I knew his poor father so well. Ah! if his father had been alive, it would have been another thing."

This gentleman, like Mrs. Kenwigs in "Nicholas Nickleby," is always apprehensive of the most remote contingencies possible in the way of dangers. When Morleena was

\* The weather had been monstrously bad for a week. The truth was, he could not get out.

pronounced "so beautiful and so gifted," Mrs. Kenwigs thought not of the present, not of Morleena, not of Uncle Lillyvick, but of the "young Dukes and Marquises" whose hearts Miss Morleena was to break—ten years ahead. So this old Mr. Two is always in a state of alarm on somebody's account, who, very likely, would like to pull his greasy gray curls for his impudence, if he heard what was said.

He proceeds:—

"I am going on to see B—— in C—— street. He wrote for me. I suppose he wants me to do something for his magazine; but I thought I would call in and just open my budget to you on my way."

Always this budget to be opened. And when opened, the bag is empty, and this old locust is a poor old windbag, and all he wants in the world—if for once he would tell the truth—is money to live on, to pay the landlady with, and get a nightly glass of grog with, and a pan of hot water for his poor old feet.

You can't help seeing through his sham stories, and his oily flatteries, and his gammon; but, poor old wretch, you pity him, and very likely lighten his budget a guinea's worth before he goes. But such old gentlemen are a great nuisance, for all that.

Another type, let us call No. 3. It may be either a gentleman or a lady.

This is the person whose temper repeated disappointments have soured. Perseverance is their virtue. They go on writing and calling, calling and writing, just as if their rubbish had never been returned to them, "declined with thanks," a hundred times. They come in with a settled gloom on their most unprepossessing and unintelligent physiognomies. They are among those who are pleased to consider themselves "driven to write," or they must starve. If a kindly disposition of Providence would make them believe themselves "driven to break stones," or do anything else useful and within the scope of their powers, it would be a great blessing to themselves and people they pester with their productions.

This is their style of letter:—

DEAR SIR—The accompanying MSS. are those of a person who has for some years been employed in connection with the periodical and newspaper press of the country. I take the liberty of addressing you, in the hope that I may be able to form a connection with your highly valued periodical, in the way of contributing papers such as in general appear in its pages. A word of encouragement in

reply will be very acceptable, and shall have my immediate attention.—Yours truly,

The statement of this man was true. He had been employed to canvass for advertisements.

The annexed letter is from one of those persons whom a polite refusal—in the words printed in my last article—failed to choke off:—

SIR—Your letter of the 20th ult. was a serious disappointment to me and those who depend on my labours—as, in October last, you wrote to me as if your magazine was open to receive a work such as the MSS. I then forwarded. Over a month elapsed before you rejected it for want of space. You are, if I mistake not, a very successful author yourself, and must be aware of the time, trouble, and thought it takes (to say nothing of the manual labour) to produce a three-volume novel. I appeal, then, to you as a writer—is it not crushing out intellectual effort to thus put the labour of the brain and the hand out of the market?—for magazines had engaged their contributors for 186— before you made me aware that *The Miscellany* was full as to fiction. I am sure from your writings that you meant no injury to a hardworking, painstaking woman; but rejecting thus her work at the opening of a new season has been both sad and painful to one seeking employment for her pen. I feel thankful for your kind offer of taking care of the MS., and shall still feel further obliged by your directing it to be conveyed to R. B——, Esq., F——street.—And remain very sincerely,

One more specimen of the style of letter written by the members of the class we have called No. 3:—

SIR—I have done myself the honour of addressing to you several items for the columns of your estimable periodical, which I accompanied by a few words to you personally, with a very humble request of a few words of answer. I have not heard from you as yet; but trust that your better feelings as an educated gentleman will induce you to reply to my offer of services. I enclose again sundry short items for *The Miscellany*; and, if it be agreeable, I will write some articles on Australia, California, India, and others. *En attendant*, allow me to subscribe myself, yours respectfully,

This style of letter-writer is very common. He appeals always to "better feelings," and so on. In this particular instance, I had on several occasions declined this gentleman's "items," as he called them. They were clippings from a Californian newspaper, not over-delicate in language or sentiment. He said he wrote the articles when they appeared in the *San Francisco Highflyer*. I have not the least reason to doubt that this was the case. All I have to complain about is that all senders of MSS. of this kind, with the characteristic pertinacity of the class, should determine upon either an interview or a

letter over every example of their style they send.

Their demeanour, when they succeed in getting at you, is that of persons who are performing a melancholy duty. It is incumbent on them to make their claims known. They do so; but they address you as the persecuted speaking to the persecutor. They have made up their minds beforehand to be refused, but still their duty is their duty. They sacrifice themselves at its shrine. They look upon every editor in existence as their personal and cruel enemy, and they envy, with what energy they possess, everybody who insults them by the fact of being successful where they fail.

Leaving poets and poetry, lunatics, and many other not uninteresting matters for discussion in my next paper, I shall conclude this article by touching briefly upon the characteristics of a very curious class of writers whom I will designate No. 4.

Their distinguishing feature—by which they may readily be known from No. 3—is their impudence. No. 3 walks calm and unmoved up to inevitable destiny; No. 4, if a man, bustles, if a woman, shakes stiff black silk petticoats at you. This class always insists on a personal interview—"Will call again to-morrow at this hour;" and says to the publisher's clerk, "When can I see the editor?" in a tone that takes an interview as a matter of course, and intimates a flare-up of temper and the outpouring of vials of wrath if not answered in a manner at once straightforward, definite, and polite. If they fail by any chance in getting the answer they want, this is the letter they write to the publisher, and despatch by the next post:—

DEAR SIR—Would you do me the favour of informing me who is the present editor of *The Miscellany*, and giving me his address?

When they succeed in reaching the editorial sanctum—which, sooner or later, they always do—they are very brusque and independent in their way of talking. Presenting a huge manuscript at your devoted head, like a blunderbuss in the hand of a brigand, they say, quickly and sharply—

"Do you think you would like to take this?"

"I should want time to consider the matter."

"My articles have appeared in *So-and-so*. They are very much admired. My articles always are liked. There is nothing like

them, you know. The twaddle editors fill their pages with makes me quite laugh."

"Yes?"

"If I leave it, when shall I call? If you don't take it, I have got a publisher ready for it."

The obvious reflection is, why do they not take their productions to this publisher who is always waiting for them. The equally obvious answer is, I think, that he does not exist.

Here is a conversation with an author of this class, given word for word. Enter a gaunt young woman, in black silk, with a very determined cast of features. A freak of nature—a woman who ought to have been a man.

She advances with a jerky stride, and presents a bulky manuscript of bluish paper.

"Oh!" (they generally begin with "Oh!" as if they were picking themselves up where they left off when they saw you last)—"Oh!" says this awful personage, "do you think you would publish this—at once, I mean, of course? What could you give a page for it? Of course I write to get money. It is the first story I ever tried. I dare say it is full of blunders, don't you know."

"Yes."

"It was accepted for the —; but the editor wanted me to make some little alterations. I couldn't trouble to do that, you know."

"Indeed. Do you not think it would be well to do so?"

"Oh!" with a sardonic smile—"oh, dear, no! I couldn't do that, don't you know, my hands are so full."

"I think most ladies would be very glad to make any alterations suggested."

"My hands are so full, don't you know."

"If I were you, I would consider the matter again."

Sardonic grin.

"Would you? I'm always so busy, and I have a living to get, don't you know. I've been left a widow."

I was not surprised to hear this.

"In what way, may I ask, are you busy?"

"Oh, I write music, don't you know."

I see she is about to move off. She is beginning the whisking of the skirts.

"Then you think you couldn't take it?"

"Well, I should have to read it first."

"Wouldn't you think it enough if I showed you a letter that it had been accepted by Mr.—?"



"I am afraid not."

"Do you want that sort of thing at all? I shouldn't care to leave it on spec, don't you know."

"I really do not."

In majestic dudgeon she flounces out. I have made another enemy. Madam the widow will have room in those full hands for me. Her harsh voice, I am sure, will have a tale to tell about my stupid want of appreciation, of my envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, over every tea table she sits at for a month to come.

But she has gone. By this time she is enacting the same part in the office of the publisher, my neighbour, next door.

And I—have forgiven her.

#### TABLE TALK.

WHAT would the nurserymaids and loiterers, who "go to hear the band play" at St. James's every morning, say if the musicians were converted into soldiers? What would the people who resort at a more fashionable hour to the parks and public promenades say if there were to be no more military music? We often copy our neighbours across the Channel; and just now it is the fashion with a certain clique in French military circles to decry army music. The leader of these utilitarian malcontents is General Cremer. And with force and precision worthy of a military man, the general calls in the aid of figures, and marshals them in a most imposing manner in support of his position. His case, briefly stated, is this. Except in the case of the bands of the Guard under the Empire—whose music was unimpeachable—military music exists only in name. It is not music. The bands of French regiments live and are paid, "not to defend their native land, but to produce false notes on brass instruments." Englishmen of cultivated ear will hasten to endorse this statement of the general's, applying it to regimental bands here. But without music can a regiment march? Can it fight? M. Cremer says, in answer to the latter question:—"I do not believe that an air of Offenbach's can change a timid rabbit into a devouring lion." Bands do not play in action. If they did, they could not be heard. Says the general:—"I have assisted at a good many battles, and I will not say that I never *heard* the bands play while the firing was going on—that would

have been quite impossible; but I never even saw them so occupied. And I can only congratulate them on having remained silent, for their labour as executants would have been entirely lost." This is very important testimony from an old soldier, and goes far to shake our belief in the good old stories of regiments that could not possibly charge till the pibroch had been sounded. Then comes the question of the value of music to regiments on the march. In this case, the general says, the third company can hear little more than the sound of the big drum. The principal use, then, of ordinary regimental bands appears to be to supply bad music to the officers' mess during the hour of dinner. Ten thousand men are employed in this way in the French army, and their cost is as great as that of thirty thousand ordinary soldiers, their pay being three times as great. The effect of abolishing military bands in France, then, would be to add three divisions of effective soldiers to the national army. Under a Republic, the views of General Cremer may be met with some show of favour; but as long as there are kings and counts in a country, we venture to prophesy that military bands will be regarded as a necessary appendage to a standing army.

FROM THE NEW YORK *Dramatic World* we learn that Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary is not nearly so popular on its native soil as it is on this side the water. "Our American Cousin" has, since last Monday night, been produced at this theatre" (Wallack's). "It is impossible to view the entire representation otherwise than as an unmitigated rigmarole from beginning to end, and unworthy the attention of so finished an actor as Mr. Sothern. If the characters of Dundreary and Our American Cousin were in the slightest degree natural, excuse might be found for them; but they lack truthfulness throughout. Nobody ever witnessed, or will witness, outside a lunatic asylum such an idiot as Dundreary or such a sawney as the Cousin. All this is intolerable; but worse than all is the extreme vulgarity displayed in the rôles of the two leading characters."

*The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.*

*Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 260.

December 21, 1872.

Price 2d.

## MY LITTLE GIRL.

*A Novel.*

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

PART II.—AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.



**H**OME in England. It is ten years later on. We are in Gray's Inn, on a certain Saturday evening early in the year. The chambers where we are met, like most of those in that ancient hostelry, present the appearance of untidiness. Unlike most, they are clean and carefully dusted. The furniture is well worn, but comfortable—easy chairs with bits of the padding sticking out here and there, and the leather gone in parts. The books are those of a man who regards bindings less from an artistic than from a useful point of view, and is not careful to preserve their beauty. In other words, the books are greatly battered. There is one table littered with papers: among them may be seen some in a girl's handwriting. One of the bookcases is filled

altogether with books not often found in a bachelor's room—children's books, books a little more grown up, and books of education. In the window-seat is a work-basket. On the mantelshelf stands a glass full of violets. There are antimacassars on the worn old chairs and sofas; and amid the general air of bachelordom, pipes, and lazy ease, there is, one feels, a suspicion of some younger element, the handiwork of a girl—the breath of youth and grace—in these rooms whose walls are so dingy, whose ceilings are so black, whose furniture is so battered.

The tenant of this room is Mr. Hartley Venn, who is now standing on the hearth-rug in the act of receiving his visitors. Of these, one is his old friend Lynn, of the Inner Temple, Equity Branch—a grave man, who seldom speaks and never laughs. He is sitting by the fire with a pipe in his hand, not yet lighted, stroking his heavy moustache. The other is our old friend, Arthur Durnford—a tall man now, of four or five and twenty, not long come up to town from Oxford: a man of slight proportions, and somewhat stooping shoulders. He wears his fair hair rather longer than most men, and a light fringe adorns his upper lip. A face of more sweetness than power; a face which may command love and respect, but scarcely fear; a face at which women glance twice in the street, because there are in it such vast possibilities of tenderness. He has not been a successful student—if you measure success by the schools. A second class rewarded his labours, it is true; and Arthur retired content, if not greatly pleased, at the result. Success he did not greatly care for; and he was too rich and too lazy to descend into the arena and fight with other men. Poverty has its rights as well as its duties; and among these is a prescriptive law—often enough violated—that the rich should keep out of the battle. Remember this, if you please, Messieurs the Arch-

bishops, Prime and other ministers, Deans and dignitaries, and next time you condescend to forward your invaluable, if prosy, contributions to current literature, reflect that they are taken—and would be taken, if they were bad enough to corrupt the taste of a whole generation—for the name that they bear. Then, be humble; or, better still, don't send the rubbish at all—I mean the words of wisdom—and let some poor devil of a penny-a-liner get the guineas. But Arthur Durnford's disposition led him rather to seclude himself, and to forget that, with all but a chosen few, life is a conflict. He was born for but one object, dilettante literature—the investigation of the useless, the recovery of lost worthlessness, the archæological investigation of forgotten lumber. But of this, his high mission, he is yet all unaware, and is at present starting quite unconsciously in that road which will eventually lead him to distinction. For the rest, a heart as innocent and a life as blameless as any girl's, and, like that of most girls, a life as devoid of any active interest or any benefit to other people. Some men are born for this kind of passive life. Their years float along in a kind of dream, or among occupations which interest without exciting, and occupy without wearying. Well for them if, as with Arthur, accident has given them the means to gratify their inclinations.

Venn is the son of his father's old tutor, and therefore, as he explains, a kind of uncle to him. And to-night is the first time that they have met. Venn found out Arthur himself, from some Oxford friend and "information received."

"Durnford," he explains, introducing him to Lynn, "is my educational nephew. I am his tutorial uncle. That is, his father was a private pupil at the Rectory when I was six years old. Your father afterwards went to Palmiste Island, I believe; yes, and made a fortune there—by—by—doing those things and practising those arts by which fortunes are made, did he not?"

Arthur laughed, and said such was the case.

"Palmiste Island is of a more simple nature than London, Lynn; that is the reason why you and I, in spite of our merit, have not made money. Now that you know Mr. Arthur Durnford, we will proceed to elect him, if you please, an honorary member of the Chorus."

The ceremony of election gone through, Arthur took an easy chair, and Venn proceeded to put bottles and glasses on the table. Then he took up a position on the hearth-rug, and, with his coat tails under his arm, turned again to Lynn—

"The preliminary oration, Lynn?"

"You make it," said Lynn, who had by this time lighted his pipe.

Venn bowed solemnly, and put on an air of great meditation, stroking his moustache. Presently he began—

"It is customary, at the election of a new member into this society, to instruct him in the nature of the duties and responsibilities he is about to undertake. In the mysteries of the Cabeiri—"

"Pass two thousand years," growled Lynn.

Venn bowed gravely.

"In deference to the opinion of my learned brother, I pass to modern times. In the mysteries of Freemasonry, it is popularly supposed that the candidate for admission is put to bodily pain before receiving the terms of an oath so tremendous that the secrets of the craft have remained undisclosed from the time of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, to the present moment. The fraternity of the Chorus heats no poker, and administers no oath; and one penalty only awaits the offender—we expel him."

"Was any one ever expelled?" asked Durnford.

"One, sir, was only last week expelled for levity. His name was Jones. Jones, at least, will never more be privileged to sit in the Chorus."

Here a loud knocking was heard at the door. Lynn opened it. It was Jones.

The orator, no ways disconcerted, shook hands with the new arrival with a greater show of delight than his words absolutely warranted, saying, as he pushed him into a chair—

"Why do you come here, man, void of shame? Did you not distinctly understand that you were never to appear again on Chorus nights?"

The new-comer, who was a smooth-faced, bright-eyed little man in glasses, sat down, and immediately began to twinkle.

"I come as a simple spectator," he said. "I cannot keep away."

"From sport to sport concealment's guile  
Preys on this heart of mine;  
And when the worm provokes a smile,  
I drown the grief in wine."

"Why," said Venn, "he is positively doing it again! Miserable man! was it not for this that we expelled you?"

"It was," said Jones, with a groan. "It is chronic. I am truly wretched."

"Silence, then; and you, young candidate, listen. The Chorus was established twelve years ago as a refuge for the unsuccessful. It was intended to answer the purposes, in a small degree, of a literary and artistic club—admitting, however, only those professional unfortunates who can achieve no success. It is a club of the unfortunate. When fortune comes to one of us, he shakes his wings and goes. We who remain wrap ourselves in the cloak of poverty and neglect, and meet mischance with smiles. Of the original twelve who formed the first brotherhood, there remain but Lynn and myself. We do not care now greatly to enlarge the circle. Jones, here, was admitted five years ago. He is but a chicken in disappointment, and has only just begun to wait. I have already told you that he was expelled, and why."

"Not," said Jones, solemnly—

"Not for a crime he did, nor 'cause  
He broke their own or nature's laws;  
But for a simple trick he had  
Of quoting what he learned and read."

Arthur began to feel as if he were standing on his head. The other two took no notice of the interruption.

"Society takes no heed of these unfortunates. They are legion. They occupy that middle ground which is above a small success, and cannot achieve a great one. Lynn, here, would scorn to be an Old Bailey barrister. Yet he could do it admirably. He goes in for Equity, sir, and gets no cases, nor ever will. Jones, I am sorry that you *must* be excluded. Jones, among other things, makes plays. No manager has yet put one on the stage."

"The manager of the Lyceum is reading my last play now," said Jones.

"He always is," said Venn. "I am, for my own part, a writer. I write a great deal. Some evening, when Jones is not here, I will read you a portion of my works."

"Pray," said Jones, "why not when I am here?"

"Because," said Venn, "the last time I read you an essay you went fast asleep."

"I did," said Jones; "so did everybody."

"I have, at times, offered my productions to editors. They invariably refuse them. Under these circumstances, I retire into my-

self, and put together the *Opuscula* which will one day be eagerly bought by an admiring public. On that day, Lynn will be made Lord Chancellor, Jones will get a play acted for three hundred nights, and the Chorus will dissolve.

"You are to understand, then"—after a pause, during which Jones pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes in grief at the prospect of dissolution—"that we meet here weekly between the first of October and the first of April. During the week and in the summer vacation, we make observations which are afterwards communicated to the Chorus. Thus we form a running commentary on passing events, which will contain when published an admirable collection of maxims calculated both to inform and instruct. They are chiefly of a moral tendency. Excluded by our misfortunes from taking an active part in the drama of life, we stand by and remark. We are mostly resigned to our position. Some, however, aspire. Dolphin, for instance—you remember Dolphin, Lynn?"

He grunted.

"Observe the dissatisfied air with which Lynn receives that name. Dolphin aspired. He now edits the *Daily Gazette*, and pays a fabulous income tax. Dolphin was not a great man. Of all the excellent remarks that have been made in this room, Dolphin's were the poorest. Waterford, too, another instance. He now leads a circuit. Jones, what are you pursing up your lips about? If you have anything to say, get rid of it."

"I was thinking of Tennyson's lines," said Jones, with great softness of manner. "You remember them?"

"Prate not of chance—the name of luck  
Is blown the windy ways about;  
And yet I hold, without a doubt,  
He prospers most who has most pluck."

"Are those Tennyson's words?" asked Durnford, taken off his guard.

"You will find them in the two hundred and fortieth page of 'In Memoriam,'" said Jones, readily. "The stanzas begin with the well-known lines—

"Balloon, that through the fleecy rings  
Of bosomed cloud and mottled sky,  
Floatest athwart the wondering eye,  
A winged eagle without wings."

"And this creature," said Venn, "aspires to be a dramatist. Let me finish. The one unfailing rule, which is alone incapable of being rescinded, is the rule of success. Any

man who succeeds is turned out. *Ipso facto*, he ceases to be a member of the association. Success is of all kinds, and we admit of no excuse or palliation—the offender goes.”

“How if he write a book which does not sell, but is yet praised?”

“He may, when his failure is quite established, remain with us. More—we allow him to be damned any number of times. Jones’s works, for instance: his novel—”

Here Jones visibly blushed.

“It was really very bad, and no one took the least notice of it—not even the reviewers. Did any one buy a copy, Jones?”

“I believe,” he said, “that there are still a few copies on the publishers’ shelves. These can be had now at a reduction. The published price was thirty-one shillings and sixpence.”

“Your poems, Jones?”

“My poems,” said the bard, “were not meant to be sold: I *give* them to my country.”

“It is very liberal of you. I will presently detail my own experiences of failure. Suffice it now to remark that I have never succeeded in anything. You will find in me, sir, as my friends have already found in me, a very Tupper *in posse*. I am the representative man of mediocrity—am I not, Lynn?”

The grave Lynn nodded.

“You say so.”

“I will now give you—as Jones is not wholly acquainted with my fortunes, as Lynn is a good listener, as you ought to know something about me, and as it gives a sort of early Bulwer-Lytton, or even a Smollett-like air to the evening’s talk—a brief sketch of the career of an unsuccessful man. Jones, will you kindly undertake the bottle and jug department? Lynn, be so good as to put the kettle on. Durnford, my dear boy, take tobacco, and help yourself to drink. Claret is there, which I do not recommend. That bottle of champagne is remarkable for its age. It is coeval with the Chorus. Ten years have passed since it left its native public. It is not to be opened, but stands there for respectability’s sake. There is port, if you like—it is not good. Sherry is in the middle bottle. You can open it, if you please; but I should not advise you to do so. The bottled beer I can strongly recommend, and the Irish whisky is undeniable. Jones, you rhyming wretch, what will you take? Lynn, I have your permission to talk to-night.”

“Stop!” said Jones. “Have you got anything to say before he begins, Lynn? Have you, Durnford? This is your only chance. For my own part, I can only say, with the poet Wordsworth—

“Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard,  
So gladdens me as this loquacious bird.”

“Proceed, Venn,” said Lynn — “and quickly, for Jones is bubbling with another quotation.”

“I will try not to be tedious. I began life rather well, for I got into Eton as a collegier, and actually gained a considerable quantity of prizes. I also learned to wear my hat at the back of my head, to despise trade, to run bills, to make Latin verses, to regard science and mathematics with a proper and reasonable contempt, and to consider Eton as the apex of civilization—ancient and modern. So far, I resembled other boys. Occasionally I was flogged. And I very early formed the germ of that grand idea which I have since made the subject of an admirable essay.”

Jones wagged his head solemnly; whether from admiration, envy, sympathy, approval, or some other emotion, was never known.

“It is that all the mischiefs of the world are due to the insufficient manner in which boys are flogged. Some, sir, I am ashamed to say, are never flogged at all. Jones, you were never flogged.”

“I was not,” said Jones. “If it is any extenuation of my master’s crime, I may mention that he often caned me.”

“I knew it,” Venn returned, with an air of triumph. “There are subtle influences about the older and more classical instrument. It produces an effect which in after-life is only to be detected by those who have made an early acquaintance with it. Caning is merely a brutal mode of inflicting fear and pain. The poetry of punishment is in the birch. The actual performance, I admit—the mere physical process, either active or passive—affords little food for reflection. But when I think of the effects upon the sufferer, I am carried away, gentlemen, *efforor*. There is the Anticipation, so full of tumultuous fears and hopes, with its certainties as to the future fact, and its uncertainties as to vigour and duration: its bracing influence on the Volition, its stimulating effect on the Fortitude, its cultivation of patient endurance. All this, my friends, is truly poetical. Con-

sider, next, the After-glow. The After-glow is, indeed, a magnificent combination of sensations. Nothing that I can remember to have experienced comes near it. It lingers like the twilight; and, like the summer twilight, it lasts all night. It warms like the memory of a good action, or the blush of conscious virtue. It is as soothing as the absolution of a bishop. It removes as many cares as a confession, and it wipes off sins like a pilgrimage."

He paused for a moment, and looked round. There was a murmur of applause, Jones rubbing his leg with a painful air of sympathetic abstraction.

"Let us go back to Eton. I was in the sixth, and stood well to get into King's. Unfortunately, the vacancy that should have been mine came too late by half an hour. I had till twelve on my last day, and a messenger bringing news of a vacancy arrived, having loitered on the way, at half-past twelve. That man, gentlemen, died young. I say nothing about Nemesis—I merely ask you to observe that he died young. So I went to St. Alphege. You, Lynn, were at the same time at Trinity. At St. Alphege's, which is not a large college, we passed our time in intellectual pursuits which were not among those encouraged by the Senate. This body, Durnford, which resembles a similar institution at Oxford, having, after long consideration, found out the most useless branch of science and the least useful method of studying classical literature, have fixed upon these as the only means of arriving at any of the University distinctions. I could not do mathematics, as I have said; and, as they would not let me take classical honours without knowing how to graduate the common steelyard, and such useful scraps of knowledge, I was fain to go out in the Poll. Sir, if it had not been for the invention of that infernal steelyard—an instrument which I have never seen, and never had the least necessity or desire to graduate—I should this day have been a Fellow of St. Alphege.

"Having failed here, I returned home. I found my family in some little confusion. My brother Bob—you have met Bob, Lynn?"

Lynn nodded.

"An excellent fellow, Lynn—most good-hearted man, though he had his faults"—here Venn rubbed his nose meditatively. "Bob had just taken a stand. He an-

nounced, resolutely and without any chance of misunderstanding, that he was never going to do any more work. The line he took was this. He said: 'I am not clever enough to make money. I am clever enough to look at other people making money. Perhaps a life of contemplation, for which I am evidently intended, will lead to greater results than a life of work. I simply, therefore, say to the world in general, and to my family in particular—Keep me. Give me a sufficiency to eat and to drink.'"

"And how did the world receive this demand?"

"That very small portion of the external world which ever heard it declined to interfere. But out of my father—who, though quite unable to see Bob's logical position, could not let him starve—he got a sufficiency to eat, and more than a sufficiency to drink. However, Bob having taken this unexpected line, I had to keep myself; and did, after a fashion, till Bob and my father died. Poor Bob! You remember him, Lynn, coming out of the Crown, with his elbows squared, quite drunk, and arguing with the policeman? Admirable traits of character were in that man. His wife allowed him a shilling a day, and his whole study latterly was how to make the most of the money. It went in six drinks; and each drink involved a pipe and an animated discussion in the tap-room. Bob, you see, miscalculated his forces. He had not the physique to stand up against a long course of leisure, and he succumbed. When he died, at the early age of thirty-five, he sent for me, and made over to me, with his usual kindness and thoughtfulness of heart, all he had to give me—the care of his wife and boy.

"At this time, I was working for a living—never mind how—I got it, but only just got it. Every attempt that I made to do anything better for myself failed. I had no energy, they said; or else no perseverance, or no luck, or no determination, and so on. You know the kind of talk. The fruits of life turned, when I touched them, to Dead Sea apples. Then I complicated matters by falling in love."

"Did you?" said Lynn. "I never knew that before."

"Yes, I was in love. Oh, yes; for some months before I ventured to speak, and for some months after."

"What did she say?"

"She said 'No,' in a very decided and

resolute manner. I did not so much mind that, as I did the way in which she behaved afterwards. I made then the discovery that there is nothing in the world which more puffs out and inflates a woman with pride than the fact that she has had the heroism to refuse a man. For at least three months after my rejection, there was the mightiest feminine clucking ever seen about it. Her strength was overtaken, they said; and all the family went to Madeira with her. No one asked after my strength; and I stayed in London, and was regarded as a sort of involuntary murderer."

"Did she die, then?" asked Lynn.

"Oh, no—not at all. She came back, very fat. She is in London now; still unmarried, and likely to continue so. It may sound uncharitable; but, in the interests of husbands, I do hope that such a model of womanly heroic virtue may never be married."

"I also," said Jones, "have had my share of blighted affections."

"Have you, too, been in love?" asked Lynn.

"I have," sighed Jones. "A most unfortunate attachment—an impossible attachment. Yet the dream was pleasant while it lasted."

He held his head down, blushing modestly, and went on, in a broken voice—

"As a boy—slopes—Windsor—one of the Princesses. Not my fault originally—mine to nurse the passion."

"Which was it?"

"The prettiest, sir."

"But how, when, where could *you* speak with the Princess?"

"We never interchanged words; but the eye spoke—at seventy yards. Poor thing! she's married now. I hope she got over it. I did, after a time."

Venn, bearing the interruption with an air of sufferance, resumed his history.

"Getting over my love difficulties, I resolved to fall into love no more, and went out of society. I have kept out ever since; and, on the whole, I prefer being out. Then I began to write; and the real story of my failure begins. You see, I was not absolutely obliged to do anything when my father died, but I fondly hoped to make literature a staff. It has never been to me even a reed. I had, of course, faint glimmerings of success, gleams of hope. Every time Tantalus stoops to the water, he fancies

that this time, at least, he will reach it; and I think that every now and then he gets a few drops—not enough to quench his thirst, but enough to revive hope. My gleams of success were like that poor convict's drops of water. They led to nothing more. I fancy every editor in London knows me now. They say, 'Oh, here's Hartley Venn again;' and I go into the rejected drawers. So complete is my failure, that even my own people have ceased to believe in me—so complete, that I have even ceased to believe in myself."

He paused; and mixing a glass of whisky and water, drank half of it off.

"You will remark—proceeding on the inductive method—that those whom God destines to fail, He endows with excellent spirits. Jones is a case in point——"

"Why should sorrow o'er this forehead  
Draw the veil of black despair?  
Let her, if she will, on your head;  
Mine, at least, she still will spare."

This was Jones's interruption.

"I am also, myself, a case in point. Lynn is not, which is one reason why I fear he will some day desert me. My own equable temper is not, however, wholly due to birth—partly to circumstances. You will understand me, Lynn, when I explain that when quite a little boy I used to sleep in the same bed with my brother Bob."

"Not the least in the world," observed Lynn.

"Dear me! the way was this. We had a wooden bed against the wall. Bob gave me the inside, and insisted on my lying quite straight on the edge, while he rolled up in the middle. By this arrangement, I got the wood to sleep on and the wall to keep my back warm, with such small corners of blanket as I could wrest from Bob as soon as he went to sleep. If immediate effects led to open repining, I incurred punishment at once. I learned a lesson from Bob, for which I have never ceased to thank him, in resignation—cheerful, if possible—to the inevitable. Whenever, as happened to me this morning, I get a MS. sent back, I say to myself, 'For this were you prepared in early life by the Wood and the Wall.'"

Quoth Jones, readily—

"You remember, of course, those lines in Bunyan, quoted, I think, by Lord Willbe-will? Observe the peculiarly Bunyanesque

turn of the second line, with its subtlety of thought:—

“He that is down need fear no fall:  
The monk may wear his hood:  
Give me, for moral warmth the Wall,  
For moral bed the Wood.”

It was the answer to a riddle asked by the Prince at the banquet given when Mansoul was taken, and Diabolus evicted. It follows the conundrum of the Red Cow, and is omitted in some editions.”

“Thank you very much,” said Venn, not smiling. “I have only one or two more observations to make. The curious in the matter of unsuccess may consult, if they think fit, my unpublished Opuscula. They will find there, clearly set forth, the true symptoms of an unsuccessful man. Thus, he may be known—not to be tedious—first, by his good spirits, as I have said; secondly, by his universal sympathies; thirdly, by his extraordinary flow of ideas; fourthly, by a certain power of seeing analogies; and fifthly, by his constantly being in opposition. At all times he is a heretic. The mere fact of a thing being constituted by authority is sufficient to make him see, in more than their true force, the arguments on the opposite side.”

“You remember,” interrupted Jones, with a sweet smile, “the lines of——”

“Stop, Jones,” cried Venn, “I will not endure it. Lynn, I have finished. We will now, gentlemen, talk of general topics.”

They talked, as usual, till late in the night. It was past three o'clock when Venn said—

“This reminds me of a passage in my essay on the ‘Art of Success.’ I will read it you. The night is yet young. Where are the Opuscula?”

They looked at each other in dismay. Venn searched for the essay everywhere; but not finding it, he remembered that he had taken it to bed with him the night before, and went into the other room to get it. When he returned, with his precious paper in his hand, the room was empty, and there were sounds of rapidly retreating footsteps on the stairs; for all had fled. He shook his head in sorrow rather than in anger, and looking at his watch, murmured—

“Past three o'clock! An hour's sleep before daybreak is worth three after it. Shall I have my beauty sleep? No. The cultivation of the intellect before all. Hartley

Venn, my dear boy, had you always borne that in mind you would not now be the wreck you are.”

He sat down, and read, with an admiring air, the whole of his long paper from beginning to end. Then he gave a sigh of contentment and weariness, and went to bed as the first gray of the spring morning was lighting up the sky.

## CHAPTER II.

**H**ARTLEY VENN—whose account of himself to Arthur was, on the whole, correct—is, at this time, a man of eight and thirty. In the course of his life he has tried a good many things, and failed in every one. He possesses a little income of between three and four hundred a year, comfortably housed in Consols, where he allows his capital to lie undisturbed, being as free as any man in the world from the desire to get rich. He is by actual profession a barrister, having been called, twelve years ago, at Lincoln's Inn. But as he has never opened a law book in his life, or been inside a court of justice, it may safely be asserted that he would have great difficulties to encounter in the conduct of any case with which a too credulous solicitor might entrust him. Friends, anxious to see him “get on,” once persuaded him to buy a partnership in an army coaching establishment, the previous proprietor retiring with a large fortune. All went well for a year or two, when, owing to some of their pupils never passing, and both himself and his partner being hopelessly bad men of business, they found themselves, at the beginning of one term, with two pupils to teach. Naturally, the affairs of the institution got wound up after this, Hartley being the loser of the fifteen hundred or so which he had invested for his share. Then it was that he retired to Gray's Inn, and took those chambers where we now find him. He then became, as he was fond of calling himself, a literary man—that is, he began that long series of Opuscula of which mention has already been made. They were never published, because editors invariably declined to accept them: no doubt they were quite right. He was full of reading and scholarship—full of ideas; but he never acquired that way of putting things which the British public desires.

He disliked revision, too, which bored him; and he had a habit of reading his own things over and over again till he got to



know them all by heart, and their very faults appeared beauties. To some men a censor is absolutely necessary. I have often thought of setting myself up as a professed literary adviser, ready to read, correct, suggest, and cut down, at so much per page—say ten pounds. He had a sort of uneasy consciousness that life would pass away with him without bringing any sort of *kudos* to him; and though, from force of habit, he still kept note-books, and covered acres of paper yearly, he had begun to look upon his works as precious private property, written for his own recreation and instruction—a treasure-house of wisdom for those years of old age when his ideas would begin to fail him. There are hundreds of men like him. Reader, thou who hast never looked over a proof sheet, are there not within thy desk collections of verses, sheets of essays, bundles of tales, which it is thy secret pleasure to read and read, and thy secret hope to publish? Deny it not. We, too, have had this time; and there is no such delight in reading the printed page—especially when the world has received it coldly—as in gloating over the glorious possibilities of the manuscript. What is the miser's joy, as he runs his fingers through the gold, to the young writer's, as he sits, door locked, pen in hand, as modest over the tender fancies of his brain as any young girl at her toilette over her charms?

He is a smooth-faced man with a bright, fresh cheek—in spite of late hours—and a light moustache. His hair is perfectly straight, and he shows no signs of getting gray like Lynn, or bald like Jones. His face is long, with a somewhat retreating chin—sign of weakness—and a long drooping nose, the melancholy and reflective nose. His forehead is narrow and high—sign that he is not blessed with the constructive or geometrical intellect; and his eyes are large, though he is not short-sighted. He is not a tall man, and his shoulders stoop somewhat. He has still an air of youth, which I think will never leave him, even when his hair is silvery white. And his expression is one of very great sweetness; for he is one who has sympathies for all. They talk of him still at the butteries of his old college, where, in his hot youth, he played many a harmless frolic in his cups, and where he endeared himself to all the servants. Indeed, it was no other than Hartley Venn who bearded the great Master of Trinity himself

on that memorable night when, returning unsteadily from a wine, he accosted the Doctor leaving the lodge, and there and then challenged him to a discussion on the nature of Jupiter's satellites. It was he, too—but why recall the old stories? Are they not chronicled at the freshman's dinner table, handed down to posterity like the Legends of King Arthur? The waiters at his favourite places of resort regard him as a personal friend. They whisper secrets as to the best things up; secrete papers for him; tell him even of their family affairs; and sometimes consult him on matters of purely personal importance. It was through Hartley, indeed, that I first conceived the idea that waiters are human beings, with instincts, appetites, and ambitions like the rest of us. It is really the case. And at the British Museum, such was the esteem with which the attendants—he knew all their names, and would ask after their wives and families—regarded him, that he used never to have to wait more than an hour to get his books. And this, as every one who uses the reading-room knows, is the height of civility and attention.

An indolent, harmless, good-hearted man, who could not run in harness; who could do no work that was not self-imposed, and who did no work well except the self-imposed task at which he had been labouring for twelve years—the education of his little girl.

Everybody in the inn—that is, everybody connected with the administration of the place—knew Laura Collingwood. Everybody, too, felt that the production of so admirable a specimen of the English maiden reflected the greatest credit on all parties concerned—on the benchers, the barristers, the students, the porters, and the laundresses; but especially on Mr. Venn.

It was about twelve years before this time, when Venn first took his chambers, and in the very week when Mrs. Peck, his landlady, began her long career of usefulness with him, that he found one morning, on returning from the Museum, a little child, with long light hair and large blue eyes, sitting on the steps in the doorway of his staircase, crying with terror at an evil-eyed, solemn old Tom cat, who was gazing at her in a threatening manner behind the railings. Unwashed, dirty, badly dressed, this little rosy-cheeked damsel of six touched Venn's soft heart with pity, and he proposed at first to

purchase apples, a proposition which he carried into effect; and leaving her with a handful of good things, proceeded upstairs with a view to commit to paper some of those invaluable thoughts which were seething in his brain. Presently, to his astonishment, the child followed him up like a little terrier, and, sitting down gravely upon the hearth-rug, began to talk to him with perfect confidence. Thereupon he perceived that here was a new friend for him.

"What is your name, absurd little animal?" he asked.

"Lollie Collingwood."

"And who are your amiable parents, Miss Lollie Collingwood; and what may be their rank in life? Where's your mother, little one?"

"Mother's dead."

"Father, too?"

"Got no father. Grandmother told me to sit still on the steps. Only the cat came. Here's grandmother."

Grandmother was no other than Mrs. Peck herself. Later on, she explained to Venn that her daughter, who had left her to go into service, and was a "likely sort o' gal" to look at, had come back to her the year before with the child.

"Said her name was Mrs. Collingwood. Said her husband was dead. Oh! dear-a-dear-a-me! Said he was a gentleman. And here was the baby—great girl already. And then she pined away and died. And never a word about her husband's relations; and the child for me to keep, and all. And bread's rose awful."

Hartley took the child on his knees, and looked at it more closely. As he looked, thinking what a sad lot hers would be, the little girl turned up her face to him, and laughed, putting up her lips to be kissed, with such a winning grace that Hartley's eyes ran over.

"I'll help you with the child, Mrs. Peck," he said; "don't be afraid about it. Will you be my little girl, Lollie?"

"I'se your little girl now," said the child. And they gave each other the first of many thousand kisses.

"Now, wait here with grandmother, while I go to get some things for you."

He set her down, and went to the establishment of a young lady, with whom he had a nodding acquaintance, devoted to the dressmaking mystery. The lady, by great good luck, had a complete set of clothes for

sale—property of somebody else's little girl, deceased—and by invitation of Venn went round to his chambers, where, first by the aid of warm water and soap, Dame Nature's handiwork was made to look clean and white, and then, with needle and thread and scissors, the child was arrayed in what to her was unspeakable grandeur.

"That's my little girl, Miss Nobbs," said Hartley, looking at the result with beaming eyes.

"Well, I'm sure, Mr. Venn! You might have the good taste not to throw your child in my teeth, I do think."

"My good soul, I didn't. Are your teeth broken? Let me look at them."

Venn, you see, was younger then.

"Ha' done now, Mr. Venn. You and your little girls, indeed!"

"My dear Miss Nobbs, you and I, I am sure, have the greatest possible respect for each other. Do not let me be lowered in your eyes. The child is the grand-daughter of my laundress, the aged but still industrious Mrs. Peck."

"Snuffy old woman she is! I can't think how you can have her about you. And that is her grand-daughter?"

"This is her grand-daughter—Miss Laura Collingwood. I propose, Miss Nobbs, to devote a portion of my leisure moments to the cultivation in this child of those mental accomplishments and graces which have made you the admiration of the quarter."

"Good gracious, Mr. Venn!—you'd talk a donkey's hind leg off. Don't be ridiculous!"

"And, secondly, Miss Nobbs, I propose to ask your assistance in providing her with a set of suitable clothes."

"Now you talk sense. Let's see—she'll want six pr' of socks, two pr' of boots, three new pettikuts, four pr' of—yes, four pr' of—"

"Let us not go into all the details," said Venn. "I need hardly say, Miss Nobbs, that in selecting you out of the many talented and tasteful *costumieres* in our aristocratic and select neighbourhood, I rely entirely on that professional skill which—"

"Lord, lord!" said Miss Nobbs, "if all the gentlemen talked like you, where should we all be, I wonder? You let the child come to me to-morrow, and then I'll do all I can for her. You're a good man, I do believe, Mr. Venn, though you are so full of talk."

"Take a glass of wine, Miss Nobbs, and drink the health of Lollie."

This was the beginning of it all. Next day the child was brought round, solemnly arrayed in her new splendour, to be looked at. Hartley kept her with him all the afternoon, and gave her the first glimpse of the alphabet. This he found so amusing, that he repeated it every day until he had taught the child, who was wonderfully quick and intelligent, to read. Then he laid in an immense stock of picture-books, and gave them to his little girl as fast as she could read them; and then he taught her to write.

Three or four years passed on in this way. The afternoon lessons had never been interrupted, save when Venn went away for a fortnight or so in the autumn. They had gradually lengthened out, so as to take up nearly the whole day. Lollie came now between eleven and twelve, and did not go home till six, arrangements being made with a neighbouring purveyor to send up luncheon to Mr. Venn every day at two, which was Lollie's dinner. She was then ten or eleven years old—a child with long fair curls hanging down her back, knuckly elbows, and long legs, such as most young ladies of her age may show. Only her face is much the same as when Venn picked her up on the doorstep, with a soft, confiding expression. She promises well—little Lollie—to grow up into a beautiful woman.

THE  
MARVELLOUS EXPERIENCES  
OF  
ELIZABETH WINTERBOURNE.

BY JOHN C. DENT.

XIV.

"I BELIEVE that for once in her life," continued Mr. Barcliffe, "Mrs. Ridley had met her match. She turned all colours in the rainbow, and shot black lightning at me from under those heavy eyebrows of hers.

"'Who are you?' she exclaimed as soon as she could speak.

"'Allow me, my dear Mrs. Ridley, to present you with my card; accompanied by the expression of a desire on my part that we may become more intimately acquainted. From all I can learn, you and I have been too long strangers to each other;' and so saying, I handed her my card. She just glanced at it with a bewildered look, and—

well, Squire, I am not more free from human weaknesses than my betters, and I candidly acknowledge that I felt not a little flattered at the pallor which superseded every other hue in the hag's wrinkled visage. It was evident that my name was familiar to her, and that my bodily presence affected her very unpleasantly.

"But I will not multiply details. I took the candle from her unresisting hand; and leaving her in charge of my two assistants, one of whom lighted his dark lantern, I dashed upstairs. There was the long, narrow passage mentioned by Lizzie, and down at the other end of it was the room in which she had been imprisoned. It was not locked. I opened it, and went in, to find myself face to face with Miss Rachael Ridley—a not ill-looking young woman, of twenty-four or twenty-five summers.

"'Don't be alarmed, Miss Ridley,' said I. 'Your venerable maternal relative is now in charge of two esteemed friends of mine downstairs; whither, with your permission, I will now escort you.'

"She is of a much better type than her mother, and had the decency to faint. I soon brought her to, and handed her over to the constables. I went down the steps into the garden, and there was just sufficient moonlight to enable me to discover that Lizzie's description was accurate. Notwithstanding the protestations of the two women that there was no one else in the house, we searched from garret to cellar, but found no one. We then conveyed our prisoners before the magistrate. On the way, Miss Rachael quietly told me the whole story, rightly considering that further reticence would avail nothing. The magistrate, Mr. Faulkner—who told me, by the bye, that he is an old friend of yours—made out the warrant of commitment, and despatched the prisoners to gaol, where they are now awaiting their trial.

"The story Miss Ridley told me was to the following effect:—In the beginning of November, Edward Brooks paid his customary visit to his brother's estate, and broached the scheme to her mother. It appears he knows enough of the old woman's past misdeeds to render it injudicious for her to thwart him; but it was with a good deal of reluctance that she consented. The programme was arranged between them. He said he had two men upon whom he could rely to do his bidding, and that Lizzie was

to be detained until he could pay her a visit without exciting suspicion. Neither Rachael nor her mother has the slightest idea who the two scoundrels who did the deed are, but they professed to be from London. They resided in the house from the time of their arrival with Lizzie—the morning of the twentieth—until the forenoon of the fifth of January, instant; spending their time chiefly in drinking and gambling together, and never going far away from the building. My informant is equally ignorant as to the ownership of the horses and carriage used in the expedition; but she knows that they were kept in the stables, at the rear of the garden, during Lizzie's imprisonment. They were not Richard Brooks's, for he disposed of his previous to his departure for America.

"The meagre appointments of Lizzie's chamber were attributable partly to Mr. Edward's instructions, and partly to the old woman's indolence. There is but one windowless room in the building, and that was empty; and she would not take the trouble to put comfortable furniture into it, but put in some old things from a room adjoining.

"Well, when the girl's imprisonment had lasted about a month, Mr. Edward made his appearance. He professed the most unbounded regret for the course he had pursued, and announced his determination to proceed in it no further. But in order that Lizzie's return might not appear to have any connection with his absence from Harrowfield Manor, he directed that she should be detained for some days longer; and after the lapse of a few days, Lizzie was brought back again.

"This morning I set out on my return here. I stopped at Broxton, and laid my information before Squire Thistlewood, so that nothing would remain to be done after my arrival here but simply to make the arrest. He supplied me with a constable. I have no clue as yet to the whereabouts of the two accomplices. To-morrow I shall visit Mr. Edward in gaol, and see what I can get out of him about them. If I fail to elicit anything from him, I shall try other means to discover them. And now, as I am somewhat tired, I shall feel obliged if you will let me lie down for a few hours."

## XV.

While Mr. Barcliffe was entertaining Squire Thornton with the astounding details contained in the foregoing chapter, Edward

Brooks was being conveyed to the county gaol. His spirit seemed to be completely broken; and Mr. Joshua Biggins, the constable who had him in charge, thought that the thief-taker had been unnecessarily severe in subjecting his prisoner to the ignominy of handcuffs. He had occasion to modify his opinion considerably, a little while before daylight, however, when he found himself lying on the broad of his back in the middle of the road, and his prisoner, horse, dog-cart and all, gone, goodness only knew whither.

Upon completely recovering his very mediocre intelligence, he recollected a sudden movement on the part of Mr. Brooks, followed by a violent blow with the darbies on the back of his own head, which displayed to his gaze all the stars in the firmament, together with a comet or two, and a few minor asteroids, not specially named in the celestial chart. He recollected nothing else, and had not the slightest idea what length of time had elapsed since his astronomical entertainment. He was in a lonely part of the road, too—no house for upwards of a mile in any direction.

He spent the greater part of the day in futile endeavours to discover some traces of the fugitive; and then proceeded to do what it would have been much more expedient for him to have done at first, and made the best of his way to Harrowfield Manor, to communicate his mishap to Mr. Barcliffe.

That gentleman, however, had long since set out for Lincoln Gaol, to confer with the ex-steward. Upon his arrival there, discovering that the prisoner had not been delivered into the gaoler's hands, the truth flashed upon him, and his chagrin was such as to induce several epigrammatic remarks on his part, which were much more conspicuous for their force and emphasis than for strict politeness or morality. Divested of periphrasis, that means that he swore like a trooper.

"I was tired out," he remarked; "and I had no choice but to sit up with him all night myself, or give him in charge to somebody. I thought that surely, if I clapped the bracelets on him, he might be trusted even to one of these cowardly, stupid, useless country constables."

## XVI.

Before Mr. Barcliffe knew the whole truth as to the escape, and could get upon the

right scent, Edward Brooks had converted the horse and cart into current coin of the realm, and was on his way to that hospitable refuge for so many oppressed fugitives from justice—the United States of America; from whence, three months afterwards, a letter arrived from him to Squire Thornton, expressing the deepest regret for the one base act of his life, which had expatriated him from his native land.

In this letter, the writer explained his design pretty fully, from first to last. He stated that from the first moment when he had set eyes on Lizzie Winterbourne, he had conceived for her a morbid passion for which he could not account, even to himself; but it was a passion which he had found it impossible to suppress, and he had been equally unable to reconcile his mind to the idea of a marriage with her. Feeling satisfied that any attempt to induce her to consent to his addresses would prove futile, and having struggled with his infatuation for a long time, he had determined to resort to more high-handed measures. During a journey to London, which business of the Squire's had compelled him to take in the previous November, he had found a couple of ruffians who had already rendered themselves so obnoxious to the laws of England as to make a prolonged residence there a matter of great inconvenience for them. A bribe of two hundred pounds secured him their services. Assuming the aspect of commercial travellers, they had lingered about Broxton and the neighbourhood, awaiting his orders, for a week previous to the abduction, taking especial care never to be seen together.

On the Wednesday before the plot had been carried into execution, Brooks had heard Lizzie promise Miss Harriet to be at the Manor with her work by eight o'clock on the evening of the nineteenth, and had notified his hirelings to be ready to seize her on her way home. He had not calculated upon her father accompanying her. She was much later than she had intended, as the reader will remember; and the rascals had not waited for her to do her errand, but had seized her on her way to the Manor. Brooks himself, as the Squire well knew, was busily occupied in adjusting some accounts on that evening, up to a late hour; and thus it was that he did not form one of the party who went out to look for Lizzie on the moor.

No sooner was the bird fairly caged, than he had begun to regret his conduct, and had resolved to restore the girl unharmed to her parents. When this resolution had been carried out, he had paid his accomplices the balance due to them—he had paid them fifty pounds before—and they had at once started for the Continent, each taking a solemn oath never to return to England.

He had had no fears when the Squire had suggested the employment of Mr. Barcliff, as he supposed all traces of his crime to be effectually removed. He had never, indeed, felt any alarm up to the moment of his arrest, when he gave himself up for a lost man; but on his way to gaol, he had made the discovery that the handcuffs were not very tight about his wrists; and having very small hands, he had contrived, at the expense of a good deal of skin, to withdraw one of them; whereupon he had dashed the constable to the ground, and made good his escape.

He begged the Squire to exert all his influence in favour of Mrs. Ridley and her daughter; who, he said, had served him with great reluctance, and were, comparatively speaking, guiltless in the matter—more especially Miss Rachael.

And so the epistle ended.

The remainder of the story may be comprised in very few words. Squire Thornton did not attempt to exert any influence either for or against the prisoners, who were duly brought to trial. Mrs. Ridley was convicted, and suffered a long term of imprisonment; after which she left Lincolnshire for parts unknown.

Miss Rachael was acquitted, there being no evidence of her complicity, either in the abduction or the detention; the judge very properly refusing to admit her confession to Barcliff as evidence, it having been manifestly obtained by undue influence on the part of that sharp-witted personage, who had held out strong hopes of pardon to her, as an inducement to confess. Her evidence, however, left no loophole for her mother; who, notwithstanding, pleaded "Not guilty." Immediately after the termination of the trial, Miss Rachael took passage for America, where it is to be presumed she rejoined her old lover—Richard Brooks.

The last-named gentleman never returned to England. His property was placed in the hands of an estate agent, and in due course of time was sold to a very







worthy gentleman, who lives upon it to this day.

Miss Lizzie, within twelve months after the events above narrated, was married to Jim Fotherup, whose courtship with the young woman over Broxton way was not brought to an amicable conclusion. She is the mother of several children, and now lives with her husband on part of Squire Thornton's estate. When I was last in that neighbourhood, old Matthew and Esther were both living, but very infirm, in a little cottage near their daughter.

As for the two miscreants who took the most active part in the abduction, it is presumable that for once in their lives they kept their oaths, and never again set foot on English soil. Mr. Barcliffe kept a bright look-out for them for many years to no purpose.

### J. A. FROUDE.

OUR ablest historians devote their learning and energies nowadays rather to giving a complete history of a comparatively short period than to recording the history of a country from what are known as "the earliest times" down to "the present day." Prominent among these writers of history is Mr. Froude. An original thinker, a sound scholar, and a man of varied culture and of large and liberal ideas, his opinions are always worthy of attention, though it is not at all times easy to draw the same conclusions that he does from statements of historical facts. Mr. Froude's principal works are "Short Studies on Great Subjects," a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," "The Nemesis of Faith," "The English in Ireland," vol. i. This work is to be completed in two volumes. Under the title of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Mr. Froude has collected several of his essays—historical, controversial, and descriptive—originally published in "Fraser's Magazine" and elsewhere. Mr. Froude's literary style is very attractive. The diction is always simple and pure, but there is an animation and spirit in the historian's descriptions sufficient to clothe with interest the barest facts, figures, and arguments of his historical narratives.

James Anthony Froude was born on the 23rd of April, 1818. He took deacon's orders in the Church of England in 1844;

published "The Nemesis of Faith" in 1849, the "History" from 1856 to 1869, the "Short Studies" in 1867, "English in Ireland" in 1872.

### A WOMAN'S LOVE.

HER voice is unspeakably sweet,  
Witching and low;  
And her hair ripples down to her feet:

Her hair all aglow  
With the arrowy sunbeams that lovingly play  
In its beautiful mazes the long summer's day.

His features are massive and grand;

His cheeks all embrowned  
With the sun of a tropical land;

Yet the magical sound  
Of his deep mellow voice sinketh into her breast,  
And brings with it happiness, comfort, and rest.

A heaven of love in her eye—

Love, that no throne,  
Nor the wealth of the Indies could buy,  
All is his own!

Plainly all his, by the kiss that is pressed  
On his lips, and the head that reclines on his  
breast.

And *he*, is he worthy this love?

That, you may know  
By her eyes that are glancing above,  
And by the glow:

The bright joyous glow that is gathering now  
On her delicate cheek and her beautiful brow.

F. B. DOVETON.

### ATTEMPTS UPON MY LIFE.

#### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

LET me first say a word or two about my early life. I am a native of the ancient city of Rome. I was my poor mother's only child, and she died the night she gave me birth.

My father—rich, gay, and a gambler—got rid of me when I was two months old. I have seen him but once since.

Fortunately, I was adopted by a kind-hearted Irish girl, who brought me up as her own. She carried me in her arms until I was able to walk by her side. She was my mother's companion, and was seventeen years of age when I was born. We grew up together like a brother and sister, until I was fourteen years of age, when she gave me an account of my birth and parentage.

I was very tall and manly for my age, and had already seen something of the world. As I could no longer look upon her as a mother, I packed up the few things I possessed, asked her blessing, and left Italy. It was in those glorious days of the Honourable East India Company.



I went to Limerick, and enlisted in the Artillery. After remaining two months in Cork, I was sent to Warley, the East India Company's depôt in England. After undergoing a course of six months' drill and bullying, I was sent to Gravesend, and shipped on board the *Gilmore*, bound for Bombay.

In nine years of life as a soldier, I was promoted to the rank of sergeant, school-master-sergeant, sergeant-major of two native regiments, afterwards police-officer under Major Baynes; and, on my departure for the Crimea, I ended my Indian career under the orders of that noble sailor, Admiral Sir Henry Leeke, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian navy. The office of Commander-in-Chief in India is both unthankful and harassing.

On the 2nd of February, 1855, having shaken hands with the police-officers of my own department, I ran towards the Commander-in-Chief's office, to bid him good-bye. I met him at the top of the stairs, reasoning with a purser who was in the habit of receiving bad provisions and presents from the Parsee contractors to the navy. On seeing me approach, he politely dismissed the purser, whom I knew to be the poor sailor's enemy—the land shark of the Indian navy. There are too many such wretches in every navy in the world. Sir Henry kindly bade me farewell.

My luggage was on board the *Waterwitch*, of London; and the captain was only waiting for the pilot, who was to take charge of the ship as far as the outer light-ship. The Admiral, being a thorough man of the world, could read my anxiety; but said nothing until the clock struck the hour of twelve. Before the last stroke, he took up his hat and asked me if I was ready. On my answering in the affirmative, he said—"Then I will escort you as far as the Apollo Bunder." With my eyes filled with tears of regret and gratitude, I thanked him from my heart, and followed him downstairs into the dockyard. After having addressed me in the presence of some of the officials of the dockyard, he gave me his arm and accompanied me to the Bunder, where some of the crew of the *Augusta* were waiting to take me on board the *Waterwitch*, which had already started on her homeward voyage.

I have been strong-hearted as well as strong-minded from my boyhood; yet I was so much affected at the moment of my

departure that I lost all power of speech. He gave me both his hands, which I shook and kissed, and immediately ran away, without looking behind me until I was on board the boat, bounding over the angry waves of the Indian Ocean. Although I know he has gone to his rest, yet I often dream I see him standing on the pier waving his hat as a last signal of our friendship.

Although I could cite several interesting incidents which occurred on the homeward voyage, I will only mention two facts, which, I regret to say, were both disgraceful and infamous; and yet these deeds and actions are quite common on board the merchant-ships of Europe and America. Our crew was composed of able seamen, ordinary seamen, and apprentices, together with three deserters from the Indian navy, who made their appearance from below three days after we left the harbour. Among the crew there were two of the captain's sons, who, although obedient to their father, were not over-polite to others. Their chief duties were to attend upon their father and a great sow with half a dozen young pigs. These animals are generally carried by captains who make long voyages, to whom they exhibit a great deal more kindness than to the crew. No matter the scarcity of food on board, as the captain carries the pigs to pay his rent on shore, Jack may grumble and starve, but the cook is held responsible to fatten the pigs.

The other melancholy instance which I am about to mention happened off the Scilly Islands about nine o'clock at night. The third officer, a relation of the owner, kept a sort of private log during the voyage from England to Bombay and back. He recorded something which would be injurious to some one in authority on board; and as the guilty party was anxious to get possession of those proofs which would criminate himself, the night in question—being very rough and dark—was selected to carry out his views.

About two minutes after the crew had ascended the rigging—among whom there were the first, second, and third officers—we heard the melancholy cry on deck, "A man overboard!" The captain took his trumpet and spoke, in the midst of the storm, as if it was from the infernals from below—

"Boys, all hands on deck. Lower the ship's-boat, and back your sails."

The order was at once obeyed—they all slipped down like so many spiders from their

webs. The boat was lowered and manned by a gallant crew, but commanded by the wretch that gave the order to throw the innocent third officer into the sea. As he refused to take the compass with him, of course his search proved in vain. I looked upon the ship with horror from what I saw, and on passing in sight of land, I paid the first pilot boat we met to land me ashore.

On my arrival in England, my first thought was to purchase a commission in the army; but, on a second consideration, I chose to offer my services and lend my aid in the ranks. My services were accepted; and I proceeded to Turkey, where I was attached to the Turkish contingent.

I remained in the Crimea until peace was proclaimed; and as I was a volunteer, and had no prospects of future promotion, I took my passage for and landed in Egypt. The Viceroy being at war with the robbers and assassins who made Egypt the land of their adoption, I took service under his highness as chief inspector of the Alexandrian police.

Not long after I had been appointed inspector of police at Alexandria, I discovered that a club of Greek, Italian, and Maltese assassins had resolved to murder me. The discovery was made in the most extraordinary and providential manner.

One evening, as I was going my rounds with my usual guard, I came upon a man lying under the wall of a date-grove, apparently dying fast from stabs just inflicted upon him by unknown assailants. He was stretched there, pale and soaked in blood; and I could get nothing from him, except that he was an Italian refugee. I at once ordered the guard to carry the poor fellow to my house, and then to run for a doctor and a priest, as the man groaned out that he wished to confess before he died. A disturbance in my own neighbourhood brought me back to my house sooner than I had expected. Near the Great Square I met the Roman Catholic priest. He had just confessed the man. The priest looked very grave, and he started when he caught sight of me. He told me that I ought to see the man, who had something to reveal to me which he, the priest, dared not tell though it had involved his own father; but that the dying man had still some little strength left. I thanked the priest, and at once went to the dying man. I asked him from what part of Italy he came. He replied from

Parma. I then asked him who had stabbed him, and why he had been stabbed. He hesitated for a minute or two, then he told me all.

"I'm going to appear before God to-night," he said, in a faint voice; "for I feel I shall bleed to death before midnight. You have been good to me, and I will tell you all. When I first came to Alexandria, I was obliged, for my own safety and support—for the Parma Government refused to allow me to communicate with my relations in Italy—to join a club of thieves and assassins. By our rules we were sworn to consent to assassinate any one we were chosen to kill. We were in duty bound to assist each other in every way required—to share the spoil won by robbery or murder, to swear what we were directed, and to go any distance to assassinate an enemy or prevent the assassination of a friend; and we also swore to put to death all who imperilled our existence. You are one of those enemies sentenced by our tribunal. The lot fell on me to shoot you. Now, I had never heard of your doing any evil, and I knew you protected those refugees who were willing to give up thieving, live honestly, and emigrate. I, therefore, at once made up my mind to tell you the secret. I refused to assassinate you, and appealed to our president. He, however, confirmed the sentence. I then pleaded to be allowed to put it off till to-morrow, as I had had no experience in assassination, and wanted to prepare myself. After some reflection, I determined to stab you to-morrow as you left the station on your rounds after inspecting the prisoners. Soon after that, as I went towards the station, I met three of our fraternity—Giuseppe, Matteo, and Lorenzo. They immediately asked me if I had the nerve to do the job at once. I replied, 'No; but I will do it to-morrow.' On this they pulled out their knives, drove them through me, and left me for dead on the path under the wall where you found me. God's providence sent you by to find the murdered man. You treated me with kindness, not knowing what I was, and I cannot die happy without putting you on your guard. Beware!—to-morrow they will try to take your life. I heard them say that when I recovered the first shock of the stabs."

No one knew the man had been taken to my house. So I had him at once removed

to the hospital, with strict instructions to the servants to tell no one who he was or where he had been first taken; and I then took down the names and whereabouts of the gang of assassins, and at once set about the necessary steps to capture the whole pack. At my request, the hospital doctor put a false name on the card over the wounded man's bed, to prevent the assassins knowing his whereabouts, or suspecting even his existence. To still further deceive them, the next day I issued the following proclamation, to be posted up in the European quarter:—

"Last night, a little before nine p.m., a man, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, name unknown, hair black, gray coat, long boots, long moustache and beard, was found dead, from three stabs, at the corner of the Lazarista. The body now lies at the police-station, in order that his friends may claim it and bury it according to the rites of religion."

This was my first step. I was sure that the whole gang would come, drawn by an irresistible curiosity to see the body of their victim. But the man was by no means dead. After an incredible flow of blood—being supported by nearly the whole of two bottles of brandy, a potent spirit, which, however, seemed not to intoxicate the man—the poor fellow's wounds were at last stanchd. He soon became strong enough to be removed in a covered litter to the police-office, where we placed him inside a long window facing the entrance, so as to give him a good view of the assassins, his old companions. We then made a mock man, stuffing some old clothes with straw, and laid it on a bed, covering it with a sheet. I posted two soldiers by the bed to protect the body. They pretended to beat away the flies. The sheet was not to be removed till I gave the signal by firing my pistol. The gates were then instantly to be closed and locked, and every white man who came to see the corpse to be seized. The crowd came, and with it the whole gang. "Dead men tell no tales." They were anxious to see their victim safely dead. The wounded man, from above, pointed them out one by one; and first of all the three assassins, who, weighed down by their guilty consciences, I particularly observed remained farthest away of all from the lay figure. The moment the identification was complete, I fired the pistol; the gates were

locked, and the whole flock netted. I never saw such profound horror and astonishment as sat on the faces of these wretches when I drew off the sheet, and showed them that the supposed corpse was only a dummy. They were soon marched away. In twenty-five minutes we had sifted and sorted the innocent from the guilty. Before the three assassins were brought face to face with their victim, my men took from them the knives and revolvers with which they were armed. Two of my policemen brought them to the bed of the dying man. I retired to the door, not to interrupt their conversation; but they talked so loud that I could not help hearing every word they uttered.

"Ah, we've proof now," the murderers said, "that you were always a traitor; it's a pity we did not all of us stab you. How did you come here? We left you as dead, and we know you could not walk."

"Don't speak so loud, and all in questions," replied the man they had stabbed. "My hours are not many. I shall tell you only the truth. Three minutes after you stabbed me, the very man I was to have destroyed came by and found me. He took me to his own house, and sent for a doctor, who has saved my life till now. Don't blame me. I am no spy. I have not been paid for information. It was the providence of God that brought the inspector by at the very moment."

I would not let them disturb the man any more. So I here interrupted them. I could get nothing from them under examination—they merely said that he had vexed them, and they had stabbed him. Not a word about my proposed murder. Proofs of many other crimes were found at their lodgings. At their trials, much to the rogues' astonishment, no mention was made of the intended assassination of me. They were all tried according to their different nationalities. Those who could bribe foreign consuls were transported for life, and released the moment the vessels that conveyed them got outside the port of Alexandria. Those who could not bribe were either expelled the city or condemned to two months' imprisonment; but those wretches who were too black and infamous for any consul to dare to protect them, were declared to be Egyptian subjects, and were at once pushed into bags, tied up with a few stones in each sack, and drowned like dogs outside the port. This was not done by me, or by my

orders; but the executioners generally gave me information that such and such persons would never rob or murder any more.

#### SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.—IV.

##### HUNTING THE HARE.

[The scene of this sketch is laid in the county Antrim, Ireland.]

"THAT'S better than a dab on the eye with a pitchfork," said Bill, rather proudly, as he rolled the hare into the pocket. "I hiv a notion this owl gesspipe 'll do as much damage as any o' yer pop-guns, an' may be a thrifle more."

"By my sowl, it wasn't a bad shot that," replied his fraternal friend, as we all proceeded to reload. "That owl barrel," he continued, "throws hail a divil o' a pace, an' no mistake."

"Now, boys," said Bill, when we were ready, "I think we shud take a run through this big stubble field. I wudn't wondher but there's pathridge in it."

This being agreed to, we were just about putting the dogs into the field in question, when we heard a voice behind us.

"Hem—ahem! Good morning, gentlemen: delightful morning this. Just looking for a shot, I suppose?"

On turning round, we were confronted by a person of rather singular appearance. He was a tall man, dressed in a suit of black cloth, now almost threadbare; a long, old-fashioned, chimney-pot hat, and a pair of top boots worn outside the trousers. His face was decidedly an out-of-the-way one. The mouth was exceedingly extensive, and cut slightly bow-shape across the face; the eyes were gray and twinkling, and displayed a considerable amount of what may be best termed cunning, yet mingled in some degree with a frank, ingenuous good humour. The nose was long and prominent, and displayed a weakness in the character of its possessor, inasmuch as it was tinged, from the keystone of the bridge downwards, with a rich dark crimson. Slight whiskers, carefully brushed forward, were the only marks of vegetation that appeared on the face, which was withal a thoughtful and rather kindly one. As he bade us good morning, he was standing with his thumbs in the sleeve-holes of his vest, looking very important. The reader has possibly guessed his profession—he was the parish pedagogue.

"Good mornin', Misther Coodle," replied

Bill to his greeting. "Yes, we're just looking if we can raise a partridge or two."

"Just so—just so. Well, now I think—" stroking his chin and looking down thoughtfully, "I think—that is, I believe that—a—that possibly I could raise you a few partridges. If you have no objection, I'll just take a run with you. Dear me, it's a long time since I used to trot about with my dog and gun. I used to be a super-excellent shot, gentlemen—quite the nonpareil of excellence, indeed. They say Shakspeare was a crack shot; that great Italian poet, Petrarch, too, was very fond of the gun"—reflectively—"great poet, great poet. By the way, gentlemen, had I not better bring my Queen Anne with me, made in the days of good Queen Anne?—that's now (let me see) nearly two hundred years ago. I'm a bit of an antiquarian, you know. She's a magnificent gun for shooting yet, though. I'll just go and bring her forth."

And the man of learning proceeded to his cottage, which stood a short way from the school-house—about three or four hundred yards distant—to "bring forth" his antique fowling-piece.

"He's a rare owl shoot, that—aint he, Misther —?" said Tam, addressing me, after he had gone.

"Yes, indeed," I returned. "He seems a man of very extensive knowledge, too."

"O, knowledge!—aye, he jist knows everything; he can spake in any language under the sun. If it wasn't that he has a wee wakeness for the whisky, he might be anybody."

Of course, I had no doubt of it.

Having returned with his "Queen Anne," an old flint yeo-gun, which had been converted into a nipple gun, and out of which it was a danger to shoot, we made our way, he acting as cicerone, towards a rushy meadow, in which he declared the partridge invariably lay.

"This way, gentlemen, this way. See, the dogs draw—they set—ha! I was cognizant they were here."

We now approached a corner of the field in which the dogs sure enough were crouched and still as those stuffed and preserved to adorn a hall. When we came close up there was a breathless silence, in which each expected every moment to hear the flap-flap of the rising birds.

"Go forrit, good dogs—go on," ventured Bill at length, adding that persuasive noise,

made with the side of the mouth, to induce horses to proceed. The dogs crawled on a little farther, and again became determinedly immovable. "Go on, dogs—go forrit;"—going before them, and again adding the noise. "Come on, good dogs; come forrit, Trip; come up, Spanker, come—"

A sudden whirr-r-r-r to the left put an end to Bill's seductive coaxings. Crack—and a thundering loud crack, too—went the schoolmaster's gun before he could possibly have attained the very necessary acquisition of seeing the birds—which, it is scarcely necessary to say, flew on to a feather. Crack, crack went my pair of barrels when I had just seen them, and no more; crack, crack followed Tam, and two of the birds were seen to come down. And here there were a few seconds of deathlike stillness, during which the "crowbar" was still pointed with ominous quietness towards the flying covey. Crack—almost as loud as that of the schoolmaster's gun—at length went Bill's piece, and down came a brace of birds that had been flying together.

"Here, — yez fur a pack o' murderin' poachers!—what d'ye mane? What are ye riddlin' the hail about my head fur? Ye hiv nearly killed me. By the holy Moses! a'll summons ivery wan o' yez."

These gentle words came in a stentorian voice from the right; and looking whence we thought they proceeded, we saw a man's head peeping over a thick hedge about a hundred yards distant. We were about to inform him that we had not fired in his direction at all, when the pedagogue's premature shot instantly occurred to us. The latter gentleman, guessing the truth of the case, spoke for himself.

"My dear sir, I regret exceedingly that I have caused you any hurt. Is your head cut? I hope the occipital bone of your cranium remains uninjured—it's a very dangerous bone to disturb. The parietal bone, also, and the frontal bone are very delicate. Your face isn't much the worse, is it?"

"If it wur so, wud you ha' been by now?" was the gruff reply, as the head was withdrawn. "A'll see about this," continued the man to himself. "A'll see if people is to go about at the risk of havin' a charge o' hail whistlin' roun' their heads. A'll put an en' to this; a'll—"

Suffice it to say that we could hear him grumbling and vowing what he should do,

till he had gone too far to be heard. We now picked up our birds, for which there was abundance of room in William's wallet, and, once more reloading our guns, continued our march.

"I am excessively grieved that I sent the hail about that man's head," continued our scholastic friend, as we trudged on—"excessively grieved indeed. You see, I have always endeavoured to keep before my mental eye that glorious aphorism, '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*;' and any breach of that transcendently magnanimous principle on my part always occasions me a corresponding modicum of contrition and remorse."

"Deed, a'll warrant," was the naïve reply of Bill when this bit of oratory, delivered in a slow, thoughtful manner, was concluded.

"Yes, O yes. I can assure you, it's truth, my friend. And now I think we had better take the high road to the right: it's by far the nearest way to the glebe bog."

About a quarter of a mile down this "high road to the right" there stood a little white-washed cottage, over the door of which was printed, in immaculate letters of snow—"Spirits, Porter, and Ale." The reader will now perceive why the high road was the nearest way to the glebe bog. When we had come exactly opposite to this enticing signboard, walking heedlessly on, the sage and scholar, who had been vainly watching our faces for a ray of hope, suddenly stopped, and donning a face of unusual solemnity, and stroking his chin, as he looked reflectively on the ground, said, in a calm, distinct voice—

"Friends, I am of opinion—that is, I believe—that to our somewhat fatigued systems a half glass of whisky each would be most beneficial and acceptable. You are aware that we are apprised of the important fact that we may, without any hallucination, take a little wine (or whisky) for our stomach's sake."

Here he raised his head thoughtfully, to see the effect of his words.

"Yis, 'am sure it's all right, Misther Coodle; and we're ableeged to you fur yer offer; but we wud just as soon not taste yit a bit, if ye plaze."

"But, my dear friend," continued Socrates Redivivus, "you must be aware that you never tasted anything at my hands before; so that I absolutely must insist upon your taking something now."

The eloquence of our learned acquaintance at length prevailed; and a few moments found us round a rough wooden bench, in a very small compartment in the interior of the public-house.

"Now, gentlemen, what are you for imbibing?"

"Well, a suppose whatever's goin'," was the reply of my rustic friends.

"And you?"

"The same."

"Well, then, I think we shall now—let me see—yes, I think we shall just trouble you, Mrs. M'Doogle, for four half-glasses of your Coleraine—the private bottle, if you please."

"Yes, sir."

"Strange, gentlemen—isn't it?—how the human frame becomes exhausted, and requires artificial stimulants to renovate and refresh it. And very singular, too, it is, the extraordinary—I might almost say supernatural—virtue which the simple elixir of corn, mixed with a little alcohol, contains."

And here he entered into what would have been a very lengthened dissertation on the valuable properties and medicinal efficacy of whisky, had he not been interrupted by the entrance of the landlady with the article itself. The liquor being paid for, and arranged before us, our friend lifted his glass, and, looking through its contents with great satisfaction, said—

"Well, gentlemen, here's all your very good healths; and as an old lady once said to me, when I had done her a little service, I hope you'll live till you die—which, I may add, I think it's very likely you will do, if you take proper care of yourselves."

This benediction having been uttered, the Coleraine disappeared at one gulp; and our friend, smacking his lips, began to survey our countenances with, to say the least, a very suggestive air.

"Thank ye—thank ye, Misther Coodle," said Bill, in reply, lifting his glass; "an' here's that you may live till ye choke yerself wi' Cowlaine." And William grinned, as much as to say, "Which I don't think will be long. Tam, an' Misther —," he continued, "just dhrink that off, an' we'll have a sup more."

The physiognomy of the pedagogue brightened.

"O, thank you, Mr. Hardy"—the surname of our rural friends—"thank you; but really I had no idea of taking any more when I

came in," said he, looking fixedly into his glass.

A loud knock on the table was the only reply; and the landlady having entered, Bill requested her to "do it again."

Without dwelling longer upon our stay at Mrs. M'Doogle's, I may just say that we remained there about half an hour; and that when we came forth we felt slightly open-hearted, and by turns ruminative and garrulous.

"Now fur the Glebe Bog, boys," said Bill, as we shouldered our guns and made for that important locality; "an' a power o' snipe there's in it the year, too, a b'leeve. A wudn't be surprised aither if we got a blatther at a duck or two."

"Quite likely—quite probable. Wasn't that excellent spirits we got there, though, gentlemen? I have tasted of that bottle once or twice before, and I can truly say that I have scarcely ever sipped a more genuine, a more beneficial, or a more refreshing beverage. It is the genuine Coleraine—just as it was distilled."

"It wusn't bad dhrinkin', whatever it was," replied Bill; "but a'll howl ye aafter we go through the bogs, a'll give ye a sup of as good whisky as it. Ye must know I carry a rattley."

And Bill, opening his coat, displayed the head of that utensil peeping above an inside coat pocket.

The schoolmaster, since his departure from Mrs. M'Doogle's, had been evidently in the third or fourth heaven.

He now just as evidently changed his residence for the seventh. He looked from the spectacle of the flask's head up to William's countenance with a face that was beaming with love and delight.

"Bless my soul, my dear friend, is it possible?" said he. Adding, with a rather anxious expression, "And I suppose it's nearly full, too?"

"Full to the muzzle, an' it howls a pint—Jamieson's best," was the reply.

"Dear me, is it possible?" said the pedagogue. Then, suddenly checking his exhibition of joy, he continued—"Well, now, it's not frequently that I indulge in spirits, but really I think that if you do what you say—let me taste a sip of that after we come out of the bog—I verily believe that I would go so far, I say, as to take it—though, indeed, very little whisky affects my head. The unusage, you see, the unusage. Use, they

say, is a second nature; and I think that the aphorism is quite correct."

"No doubt of it, Misther Coodle," replied Bill, striving hard to refrain from smiling—"no doubt of it. An' I know men that ye might jist as well empty it down a rat-hole as gi'e them whisky; an' it's all wi' usage. I think you might be better if ye tuck a wee dhrop occasionally."

"Yes, yes," said the schoolmaster, very thoughtfully; "indeed, my dear friend, I feel sure you are right. Well, you see, I never cared to take it; though, indeed, now I recollect, my doctor has recommended it to me repeatedly. It's a very fine restorative for a weak stomach—very fine, very fine. A—hem—very efficient, indeed."

### TABLE TALK.

A TRANSATLANTIC poet, Mr. M. Byer, has been addressing Madame Pauline Lucca in complimentary verse. He finishes the sonnet with these lines:—

"As streamlets mirror of the skies above,  
Thy voice reflects the calm, deep skies of love.

It wavering breaks in rippling tremolo,  
So gently falling in the cadence slow.

At last, still as the brook, it sinks upon  
The crystal sea of silence, when its murmuring song  
is done."

The charming prima donna probably regarded the effect of her singing in this light for the first time in her successful career after she had been favoured by the homage of Mr. Byer.

WHILST WE ARE among the flowers of American literature, we cannot resist culling this blossom. Dealing with the fascinating subject of "Great Men and their Wives," a "lady writer" says:—"From the days of Socrates to Charles Dickens, there has been one long succession of unfortunate examples. Poet and painter, dramatist and novelist, philosopher and linguist—the Molières, the Miltons, the Byrons, the Bulwers, the Durers, the Scaligers, the Sheridans—will all marry and quarrel in the future, as in the past. What a record of heartlessness and indifference our greatest men have left of their domestic life. Dr. Franklin, that old utilitarian kite-flyer, went to Europe, leaving his wife behind, and never saw her face for eleven years. She had shared his poverty, and practised his Poor Richard maxims, pinched and economized, patched and darned, worked

early and late, borne children, nursed them through jaundice, red gum, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, and fits, while Benjamin enjoyed the splendour of a Court, velvet cushions, great dinners, and choice society. Of course, when he came back, the poor drudge was no match for the philosopher—there was a great gulf between them. Henry Clay thought he could safely leave his wife at Ashland, to bring up the children and make butter for the Lexington market, while he made laws for the nation, and love to the lovely women in Washington. There his heart stood always open as my boarding-house door, but shut against her who was playing Solomon's wise woman on a farm in Kentucky, cutting out linsey and jeans for the 'nigger.'" We venture to prophecy that neither the orator nor "that old utilitarian kite-flyer" would have been able to leave this "lady writer" at home when he went out for his health.

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 261.

December 28, 1872.

Price 2d.

## MY LITTLE GIRL.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY."

PART II.—AT HOME.

CHAPTER III.



HE most perfect love and confidence existed between Hartley and the child. They were a strangely assorted pair. He told Lollie, almost as soon as she could understand anything, all his projects—all his disappointments. She learned to know him with that perfect knowledge which comes of always reading one mind. She knew what he would think, what he would say, what he liked. Her whole life was in him, and all her thoughts borrowed from his. For him, the girl had become a sort of necessary part of his existence. Her education was his pleasure; talking to her the only society he had; she the only person in the world who seemed to care about what he did and how he did it.

When she was ten or eleven, the child

had a fever. Then Hartley kept her in his own chambers till she was well again. Her grandmother came, too—deeply resentful at being put out, but afraid to murmur. When she hovered between life and death, and prattled, when delirious, of green fields, it was Hartley who sat up night after night, watching her with anxious eyes, while the old woman slumbered in the easy-chair. And when she got better—for it was bright spring weather—he took her away up the river for a fortnight; where they rowed, and walked, and talked, and the roses came back to little Lollie's cheek.

There was no question of affection between them, because there was no doubt. Do you think Adam was always bothering to know whether Eve loved him? Rubbish! He knew she did. As for Hartley, what had he to think about but the girl? What had the girl to think about but Hartley? Whom had she to love except him? What grace of life, what sweetness, what joy, what hope, but in him—her guardian, her teacher, her protector?

The fortnight up the river was the first break Lollie had known from her town life. Henceforth it was her dream, her ideal of all that constitutes real and solid pleasure. She had, before the story begins, one more break in a month by the sea. But this was not the same thing, because there was a third person with them. This was how it came about.

It was autumn, and Hartley was meditating his usual brief flight to the seaside. The girl was sitting in her usual place in the window-seat, with her feet up, a book in her lap, and in her hands some little work.

"Lollie," said Hartley, "how should you like to go to the seaside with me?"

She jumped off the seat with a cry of delight.

"I am not quite certain whether I can manage it; but I am going to try. I shall ask my sister to take you."



Her face fell.

"But that won't be going with you."

"I shall go too. Listen, Lollie. I want you, as you grow up, to grow up a lady. I am teaching you the things that ladies are supposed to learn at schools. But there are some things which I cannot teach you. These you can only learn from a lady. I refer, my child, not to those little dialectic peculiarities, if I may call them so, of our neighbourhood—"

"Oh, Mr. Venn, don't say I talk like a little street girl."

"Not to those idioms," he went on, as if obliged to get rid of one sentence before he could frame another—"invaluable as they are to the philologist, but to the minor details of deportment."

She sat pouting.

"I'm sure you always said I behaved very well."

"So you do, Lollie, my child; and you have always been the best of little girls. That is the reason why you are going to be on your best behaviour now. Put on your hat, and walk part of the way with me to Woburn-place, where Sukey lives."

Sukey was Miss Venn. Her real name was Lavinia; but her brothers—Hartley and the unfortunate Bob already mentioned—agreed early in life that so ridiculous a name should be suppressed, and changed it, without her consent, to the homely name by which she was ever after known. She, too, inherited a little money, with a house, from her father, on which she lived in considerable comfort, with the old family servant Anne, and a subordinate maid. She was a fat, comfortable sort of person, now approaching perilously near to forty. She had given up all ideas of matrimony, and chiefly occupied herself with her different curates—because she never could quite make up her mind between Low and High Church—and with little things to eat. Hartley used to go and see her once in three months or so, every now and then asking her to come and breakfast with him. On these occasions he would provide kidneys—"to keep up the family tie," he used to say.

Sukey received him with her usual cordiality, and rang the bell for Anne to come up and shake hands with him.

"I am going to the seaside for three weeks, Sukey," said he; "and I want you to come with me."

It was the very first time in his life that

Hartley had expressed any desire whatever for his sister's company, and she was for the moment taken all aback. It took a considerable time to get her to make up her mind that it would do her good, and it was not till Anne herself interfered despotically that she gave way.

"Very well," said Hartley; "then that's settled. We'll go the day after to-morrow. Oh, I forgot to say that I am taking my little girl with me."

His sister changed colour.

"It is for your sake, my dear Sukey," he said, persuasively—"for your sake entirely. Far away from Anne, from your—your pill-box and your little comforts, suppose you were taken ill. So Lollie is to go with us to look after you, and be your companion in hours of solitude."

Sukey fairly burst out laughing.

"My hours of solitude, indeed! Hartley, you are the greatest humbug I ever knew. I am to go with you because you want the child taught to be a lady. Oh, don't tell me. A lady, indeed—the daughter of a laundress!"

"Pardon me, dear Sukey. Her grand-mamma occupies that position. Her father was a gentleman. Our grandfather, my sister——"

"Was a bishop, Hartley. Don't forget that, if you please."

"We had two, dear. It may be uncommon; but such is the fact. In our family we had two grandfathers. One of them was, if I may remind you, not wholly unconnected with the wholesale glue and——"

"Don't be provoking! Well, Hartley, though I must say your taking up with the child at all is the most ridiculous thing, and what you are going to do with her I don't know; yet——"

"Yet you'll go the day after to-morrow, my dear Sukey. Come and breakfast to-morrow at ten. That will not be too late for you. At this season, sister, kidneys attain to a size and flavour unknown as the year advances."

And this was the way in which Lollie got her education.

Time passes on his way; and, as is his wont, takes from one to give to another. Little Lollie grew from a rosy-faced child to a woman—not so rosy, not so brimful of mirth and glee; but bright, happy, intelligent, and beautiful. Do you know the

time—it may be a year, it may be a month, it may be a day or an hour, according to circumstances—which separates the child from the woman? It is a curious time. Watch the young maiden of seventeen. You will find her fitful, fanciful, inclined to long reveries; sometimes impatient and petulant. The old habits of thought are passing away from her, and the new ones are as yet strange and awkward. It is a time of transition. It lasts but a little while; for soon the sweet spring breezes blow, the buds of thought and fancy open into blossom, and your child is a maiden, *tempestiva viro*—fit for love.

It is at this time that Venn's little girl has arrived. Hartley is conscious—dimly conscious, of a change in her. At times an uneasy feeling crosses him that the old childish customs must be, some time or other, modified. Then he puts the thought from him, glad to get rid of an unpleasant subject; and things go on the same as before. Not that Lollie thinks any change will ever come. To her, life means reading, playing, working, in the old chambers; and pleasure means going up the river in the summer, or to the theatre in the winter, with her guardian and tutor.

It is a Sunday in early spring, one of those which come in April, as warm as a July day, and make the foolish blossoms open out wide in a credulous confidence—which no experience can shake—that the East wind is dead and has been comfortably buried. "Courage," they say, like Charles Reade's Burgundian soldier—"courage, camarades, le diable est mort." Taking advantage of the weather, Mr. Venn has brought his little girl to Richmond, and they are floating on the river, basking in the sun—Lollie holding the strings, Venn occasionally dipping his sculls in the water to keep a little way on.

"I've been thinking, Lollie," he begins, after half an hour's silence.

"Don't let us think now. Look at the flecks of sunlight on the water," she replies, "and how the trees are green already. Can you not write a poem on the river, Mr. Venn?"

"What we are to do with each other?" he went on, without noticing her interruption. "We can't go on for ever like this, child."

"Don't, Mr. Venn. Let us be happy while we can. Listen. There are the church bells—the church bells!" she went on.

"Why have you never taken me to church, Mr. Venn? Why do we not go, like other people?"

"There are various reasons why *they* go, none of which seem applicable to us, Lollie. They go because it is respectable: we are not respectable. Poor we are, it is true, and scrupulously clean; but persons of no occupation, and certainly not respectable. Then, a good many worthy people go because it is the custom: it is not our custom. Because they want to wear their best clothes: we, my dear, have no best clothes at all. Because they want a little variety and excitement: you and I take our pleasure less sadly. And some go out of religion and devotion—which we do not feel, at present."

She was silent. Somehow, perhaps, she felt that there was a sort of separation between her and that respectable world of which she could only know the outside.

"But when we do feel religious, we shall go, shall we not?" she asked.

Venn nodded. He was full of thought on this new question of the girl's future.

"Here is a water-lily for you, Lollie—sit steady—the first of the season. . . . Let us number up your accomplishments, child. You can play the piano—that is something. You can sing a little—not much, it is true; your voice being, as Sukey would say, what Providence made it. Very odd that they put all the failures on to Providence! You can read, and talk, and write French. You know Latin; though why I taught you Latin I don't know."

"If it was only to read Horace with you," said the girl, half-pouting, "I really think you might have taught me something else. With his wine, and his lyre, and his eternal egotism."

"He should have been here to-day, lying at your feet, Lollie, crowned with myrtle, playing on his lyre, and singing, as he floated down the sunny river, to the spring—

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,  
Arboribusque comæ."

"Which you translated, the other day, when we read it—

"The year, for her reasons, keeps changing her seasons;

Now the leaves to the Terrace return, and the crocus to Kew.

Earth puts off her seal skin, and, clad in her real skin,

Smiles bright through her blossoms at Spring with its sunshine and dew."

Venn laughed.

"Yes, child; that is, I believe, how Horace might have written had he lived in these latter days. You know how to touch the tender place in my heart. If we have any pride, it is in certain portions—unpublished—of the *Opuscula*, where an imitation touches—we only say touches—the original. But we were talking about Horace. I introduced you to him, you know. Surely you would like him—the fat little man, melancholy because he is getting older—to be with us now?"

"Yes, pretty well; only I suppose he would have tired of us very soon. We are not grand enough for him, you know. Ovid would have been better. He would have told us stories, like those we read together in the '*Metamorphoses*,' about *Cephalus* and *Procris*, for instance. But, no. I think I don't care much for your old poets. I tell you what we will do when the summer comes, Mr. Venn: we will come here with *Alfred de Musset*, and read '*La Nuit de Décembre*,' for contrast, while the sun is high over our heads, in the shade of a willow—shall we? I sometimes think—" here she stopped.

"What do you think, Lollie?"

A child, you see, can tell you all; but in the transition state the thoughts grow confused. For then the mind is like a gallery of pictures lit up with cross lights, so that none can be properly seen. She half blushed.

"Go on with my accomplishments, Mr. Venn.

"Well, we left off at the Latin. As for Greek—"

"No, I will not learn Greek. You may translate things to me, if you like."

"At the new College for Ladies, I believe they make the damsels learn Greek. That shows your prejudice to be unfounded."

"Never mind, I won't learn Greek."

"Well, then, I fear you have come to the length of your knowledge. Stay, it is not every girl of eighteen who has read *Hallam*, or who knows the literature of her country half so well as you. Upon my word, Lollie, I begin to think that our system of education is a success. You are a very learned little person. A few ologies, and we should be perfect. Unfortunately, I don't know any, not one—not even the ology of describing nasty things in ponds. How long is it since the education began? Twelve years. You are eighteen, child. We must think

about"—he stopped for a moment—"about sending you to the new college, to carry off the prizes," he went on.

She shook her head, and they rowed on—Lollie thoughtfully dipping her gloveless fingers in the bright water as the boat floated along under the bank.

"Could we not come and live always in the country, Mr. Venn? Why do people choose to spend their lives in a great town? See, now, we could have a cottage, my grandmother and I, and you should have a house, like that one, only smaller, with willows over the river, and a sloping lawn. We would sit out in the air all day, and read and talk."

"And never get tired—never want a change?"

"No, never. Why should we? I have such a lot of things, sometimes, coming into my head—questions, thoughts. I should like to put them all down as they come to me, and then bring them to you."

"Why don't you put them down, my little girl?" said Hartley, looking in her face with his kindly eyes. "Why not come to me? And if I can't answer them, we will try to find somebody who can. Tell me some of them."

"I hardly remember. Only the contrast of the quiet and beauty out here with London makes me sad sometimes, when I ought to be happy. Do you think I am grateful, Mr. Venn?"

"It is I who am not grateful, Lollie. Do you know all you have done for me?"

"No. I am selfish. I am always thinking of what you have done for me. What have I done?"

"I can hardly tell you all, Lollie. I will tell you something. It is about twelve years now since I made out, quite clearly and unmistakably, what fate had in store for me. The prophetic voice said to me, '*Hartley Venn*, you are no good. You are a person without common sense, without energy, without courage. You must therefore make up your mind to obscurity. You will not be able to marry—you must not fall in love. You had better resign yourself to live in your chambers until you require a nurse.' I said, '*Very well*, my venerable sisters of the fatal spinning machine. I would have asked a few questions; but perhaps, as it is easier to ask than to get an answer, I had better hold my tongue. I accept the position, ladies, with a general protest against the inequalities of things. I accept the posi-

tion. Perhaps,' I went on to say, with withering irony, 'I may not be so proud of your handiwork as to wish for a continuance of my kind. You may break up my mould, if you please, and as soon as you please. It won't be wanted again.' They hadn't a word to say in reply."

"I don't understand," said Lollie—"that is, I only half understand. You mean that you had not enough money for marriage?"

"Exactly so; and that I did not see my way to making any. The prospect was not alluring. But then, you see, that compensating power in Nature, whom, I think, the Romans should have made a goddess, one who would go about administering compensatory gifts, gave me—you, child; and I have been happy ever since, watching you grow, and become wiser and better; trying to show you what a lady ought to be, and getting younger myself in catching the enthusiasm of your youth. My little girl, you have been the sunshine of my life!"

The tears came into Lollie's eyes.

"You are too good to me, Mr. Venn. I will try and remember what you have said to-day. But don't say it again. Never say it again, please."

"Why not, my child?"

"I don't know. When you said that I was your sunshine—ah! what, then, is my sunshine? A cloud crossed the river, and it seemed as if your sunshine was suddenly taken away. It is foolish—foolish—foolish!" she repeated, laughing; "but please don't say it again."

Venn was resting on his scull, and looking in her eyes with a vague sort of anxiety. Her cheek was flushed, and her lips trembled. She held out her hand to him, and smiled.

"Forgive me. I am your little girl—your daughter—your ward—and you are my—"

"Not your father, child," returned Venn, hastily. "Here is Teddington, Lollie. Let us have no more confessions. Tell me some of your thoughts while we go back, and keep a look-out. Remember that day when you ran me into a tree at Cliveden Woods."

"Oh, what fun it was!" she laughed; "and it took us half an hour to get the boat out again. Now, then, we shall be back in a quarter of an hour. What shall I tell you—some of my old thoughts? I used to think that if I was rich—very rich, you know—what a different world I would make it. Every

poor man's house should be clean, every poor man should be taught not to drink, there should be no cruel want in the winter, bread and coals should never 'go up,' and the world should not know what was meant by the word hunger. Those were doll's thoughts, you know. Then I used to think, when I got a little older, how that one person—tolerably rich—might make a little street his own, and by force of example show people how they ought to live. Then I got older still; and now I think what one person could do, if he had the strength and the will, without any money at all."

"How would he do it, and what would he do?"

"He might live among poor people, and find out the way to help them without making them dependent. A man could do it, if he was not always trying to make people go to church. A clergyman might do it, if he was not like those I see about. But nobody will do it; and the people are getting worse and worse."

"Don't think too much of the people, Lollie."

"But I must think of them, Mr. Venn. Do I not belong to them? Do I not live among them? They are all good to me; and it goes to my heart that I have been taught so many things, and can do so little. Well, then, you see, I think about other things—myself and my lessons, and you, and the dear old chambers, with the chairs dropping all to pieces. If I were rich, I should cover the chairs, and get a new carpet, and buy you a new dressing gown, and have the walls painted over again, and make them so fine that we should hardly know each other again."

"They do for us, Lollie."

"Ah, yes—they are delightful old chambers. Do you know, Mr. Venn," she went on, with a sigh, "I should like to know some young ladies. I don't mean like Miss Venn, but quite young girls, like myself. I see them walking in the squares with each other and their governesses. I wonder what they talk about. Do you know?"

"I knew a young lady once," answered Venn, meditatively. "She used to ask everybody if they liked 'In Memoriam,' and she used to talk about dress a good deal."

"I suppose in those houses about Tavistock and Russell-square they have everything they want. Plenty of amusement, with all nice people—ladies and gentlemen.

They make all their interest in study, don't you think? With their opportunities, you know, they ought to. They are always trying to do good to each other. They never have bad tempers, or say unkind words to each other, like poor people. They don't talk scandal, like poor people; and they are not always thinking of finery, like poor girls—not always craving for excitement, like my class. It must be a delicious thing to be a young lady. 'Manners makyth ye man,' as I read the other day. Isn't it a funny thing to say? But I should like to see how manners makyth ye woman. I imagine the life of one of these young ladies. When I see one walking along, looking so quiet, and thoughtful, and proud, I say, 'My dear, you are very happy; you have no frivolous or foolish tastes, because you are so well educated. You have read all the best books, you know how to dress tastefully, you do not spend more than half an hour a day over your things, you are full of schemes for doing good, you are not always thinking about sweethearts, but some time or other your lover will come to you and take you away.' Every woman must think of love a little, you know. We are happy so—isn't that the reason, Mr. Venn? Then, I see them going to church. It must be a beautiful thing going to church—all kneeling together, without a thought except of goodness and religion. You can teach me, Mr. Venn, and educate me to all sorts of things; but you can never make me like one of the young ladies I see as I walk about."

"I don't want to, Lollie. I like you best as you are. Let me pull her in. Now, then, child, take care how you step."

They went back by train, and dined together quietly at seven; then up to Venn's chambers, where Lollie, who was very quiet and thoughtful, made tea. After tea, she played for him one or two of his favourite "Lieder ohne Worte," while he smoked a pipe by the fireside, and looked at his little girl.

She was a tall girl now—not little at all. Her light hair had darkened into brown, her blue eyes were of a deeper colour. She had a perfectly oval face; her mouth was small, and her lips, perhaps a little too thin, tremulous; her nose straight and clear cut, her chin slightly, very slightly, projecting—just enough to show possible strength of will. Her wealth of hair wanted no artificial pads to set it up and throw it off as it

lay, like an Apocalyptic crown of virtue, upon her head. She was dressed in a blue alpaca, simple and tasteful; she had thrown off the jacket and hat she had worn all day, and her little fingers rambled up and down the keys of the old piano as if they knew, without any telling, where the music lay. As she played—by the upturned eye, by the trembling lip, by the fixed gaze—you knew that her soul was in the music, far away.

Venn looked at her long and earnestly. What was he to do with this treasure—this pearl of maidens, that he had picked out from the very gutter and made a princess? Did you ever mark, in some rough, squalid field, rank with coarse grass, foul with potsherds and rubbish, some sweet wild flower, blossoming all by itself—the one single pretty thing in the compound? Nature is always providing such wild flowers. Over the ruinous wall she trains the ivy, on the broken-down ramparts she plants the wallflower; she will not that anything should go on without some touch of beauty to redeem the rest. On the seas are the loveliest sunsets, in the desert the Children of Israel had their mirage. So you have seen, in some coarse, rough place in London, in some reeking manufacturing town, among faces blotched, faces smirched, faces besotted, faces sharp with the gold hunger, faces heavy with the remembrance of crime, faces vulgarized by common and stupid vices, faces low, bad, base, some one face in a crowd so bright, so pure, so beautiful, so *lofty*, that it seemed to redeem the ugliness of all the rest. And such was the face of Lollie.

Venn put down his pipe, and stood behind her as she played. She looked up in his face without stopping.

"You are happy, child?" he asked, taking her face in his hands and kissing her forehead in his paternal way.

"As if I am not always happy here!"

A cold chill passed through Venn's heart; for he then, for the first time, perceived that there was another side to the picture.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER side to the picture! Yes. For twelve long years the girl had been growing at his feet, coming to him daily, sitting beside him as he unfolded the treasures of knowledge to her, and taught her, within the bounds of innocence, all he knew himself. She came in the morning—she left him about six; for eight hours or so

she was his constant companion. Then she went away, out of his thoughts—according to his habit; and he went to his club, to his restaurant, to his half-dozen friends, talked, smoked, drank brandy and water, and came home again.

And what did she do?

She went home—what she called home—to Puddock's-row.

There was once, in the old times, an unfortunate young person whose fate it was to be half her life an animal—I believe a cat, if my memory, a treacherous one at best, does not play me false; the other half she might spend in the ordinary delightful figure of the girl of the period. So, too, Melusine, daughter of Pressine of Avalon, and wife of the Knight Raimondin, was obliged to forbid her husband ever to look upon her on Saturdays, when she put on, from waist downwards, the scales and skin of a serpent. Little Lollie very early in life realized that her life was to be something like one of these ladies—of whom, however, she had never heard. From ten to six, or thereabouts—Sundays as well as week days—civilization, light, ease, cleanliness, comfort, culture; all the pleasures that can be had in talking, learning, writing, and music; a life of affection, thoughtfulness, and care; a time spent with a man so much older than herself, that even now that she was grown up she looked upon him as almost her father, and loved him as much as any father could be loved. From ten to six, a sweet innocence of trust, the growth of twelve years' intercourse, of the outpouring of confidences which she could give to no other person in the world. From ten to six the modest pride that the girl had in being the object of all this grace and tenderness in her Bohemian protector.

But from six to ten, Puddock's-row.

To know Puddock's-row aright, you must visit it at least every night in the week, at each successive season. As the progress of my story might be hindered in the description of eight and twenty nights, let us only give a few general details. Lollie's grand-mamma occupied a first floor—four and sixpence the two rooms—in the Row, and was considered a rich and fortunate woman. She had only one set of rooms to attend; and Venn only gave her six and sixpence a week for all her motherly care; and Lollie did not know that her own pension-money, weekly administered, in addition to this, by

Venn, was all they had to live upon. The inhabitants of the Row looked upon the girl with respectful admiration. Of her virtue there could be but one opinion, and but one of her beauty. She was the pattern of the court; and moralizing mothers, when they were sober enough to point the moral and improve the tale, were apt to fix her success as a theme, and narrate her story to envying daughters as that of one who had risen by her own merits.

## ATTEMPTS UPON MY LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE second attempt on my life was the following. On one and the same day, tidings reached me from my detectives at Kafzyat, Cairo, and Suez, that a gang of seventy thieves had planned to stop the mail on its way to Suez, rob the P. and O. passengers going out to India, and carry off two hundred thousand pounds in specie of the Austrian Bullion Company, as well as the cases of dollars intended for the China market. The camels with the specie chests, and the omnibuses with the passengers, were both to be stopped between Cairo and Suez, and all who resisted were to be at once stabbed or shot down. It had been calculated that the passengers going out would carry with them large sums in money, and many articles of jewellery. Some of the assassins assembled at Cairo had proposed that I should be first put out of the way, as I had always been a stumbling-block to them.

I instantly wrote back for proofs of the truth of these rumours. The detectives sent back, enclosing me the private marks on every case of specie that was coming from London. These marks had come by telegraph, and had been communicated by some person in authority, who had sent them to guide the thieves. Upon this, as there was not much time to waste, I wrote to Suez to have the detectives trebled, and for answers to the following questions:—

“Who was the most corrupt agent of the Austrian Company at Suez?”

“Who was the most avaricious agent there?”

“Who traded on the stores, and made most private profit?”

“Who kept up the most direct communication with London?”

“Who went oftenest to Cairo, and

'flashed' his money about most at the foreign hotels?"

In six days the following answers reached me from Suez:—

"Mr. — goes to Cairo once a week, and spends twenty pounds a trip. He has a brother at Malta, a brother-in-law at Alexandria, a father at Southampton, and friends in the Austrian offices. His Suez friends are only those who rob the Austrian Company. Except — and —, all the rest are working for themselves here. We have no further information to give."

I felt like a traveller in the desert without a compass; I did not know which way to turn. Mankind had been my books, and the world my school; but here was a plot I knew not how to baffle. Every hour the Austrian steamer was bringing its cargo nearer to destruction, and I stood there helpless. I determined to turn my face in another direction; and searching over the map of Egypt, as a dog beats a covert, my eye suddenly fell on Kafrzyat. A sudden instinct, that seemed almost like inspiration, told me that that place would naturally be chosen as the half-way house, or rendezvous, where the Cairo thieves could meet their brothers of Alexandria. I at once telegraphed to the detectives at Kafrzyat:—

"Let me know if any railway employé at your station has frequent private conversations with foreigners going up and down. Who makes the loudest complaints about the small articles that have recently been so frequently lost at your refreshment room? Tell me the nationalities of the various waiters in the refreshment room. How often have any of them been to Cairo or Alexandria during the last fortnight? How many foreigners have come to Kafrzyat lately from Cairo and Alexandria, and returned the same day?"

The answer was:—"Half a dozen foreigners came from Alexandria this last week, and two only returned. They met six men from Cairo, one of whom went on to Alexandria. At their meetings the head waiter of the restaurant has always been present, and has been liberally paid." This man was the secretary, and chief man in the confidence of the thieves, and at last I had found out their rendezvous. The liberal fees were so many pinches of snuff thrown in the eyes of the detectives. My great difficulty was that both this rascal and his accomplice, the proprietor of the refreshment bar, were

Frenchmen. The moment I arrested them I knew they would claim protection of the great nation—the mischievous protection guaranteed to European criminals by the great Powers. I felt also sure that this French consul would oppose and thwart me in every way—not only seek my dismissal, but, if possible, obtain my punishment. The English consul, too, would sooner hinder me than aid me to carry out my duties, although my efforts were made to protect human lives. But from Baron Huber, the Austrian consul, and Mr. De Leon, the American consul, a man who hated crime and loved honour, I received every possible help. I then laid all my proofs before honest Kurschid Pasha, the head of the Egyptian police, and determined to accept the whole responsibility.

All being arranged, I disguised myself as a shipwrecked sailor, with my boots and hammock slung over my shoulder, and started for Kafrzyat by the train that conveyed the Indian passengers already marked out for destruction. My officers, in their rich uniforms, gay with silver and gold, went in a separate carriage.

The line between Cairo and Alexandria is a single line. The up and down trains meet at Kafrzyat, which is, therefore, chosen as the refreshment place for the Indian passengers. The station there was a Babel of laughing voices. None knew over what a gunpowder magazine they were walking. To the astonishment of the waiters, I sat down at the centre table, and partook of the best fare. I condemned everything—found the meat stale and ill-cooked, the beer bad, the wine infamous. I scolded in Arab, I shouted inquiries in Italian, till the passengers round me began to grumble. One lady alone (the wife of a judge) saw through my disguise; and I heard her tell her husband that she was sure I was something more than a sailor. The waiters declared I was a drunken rascal, and would not supply me with wine. But a shake of my trusty cudgel frightened them. I threw down on the table three or four pieces of gold, and ordered some champagne, filling my officers' glasses, and drinking their health. I also ordered some port and sherry for them.

"I've plenty of money, you see," I shouted; "and we sailors, you know, earn money like horses, and spend it like asses."

I had previously told my men to arrest, the moment I whistled, the man who brought

round the plate for backsheesh. The thief came to me first with the plate, but I passed him on to my left, and told him to come round to me last. The moment he did so, I began whistling "Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife," and my men, leaping up, clapped on the handcuffs, and dragged him off.

"Didn't I tell you that man wasn't a sailor?" I heard the judge's wife say to her astonished husband.

I then ordered the train to be detained for an hour till the man's boxes could be searched, and till the other thieves in the train could be arrested. In the boxes were found, to my great delight, the names and addresses of the whole gang. I sent the secretary to Alexandria, with strict directions that he should be locked up in a solitary cell, and not allowed to converse with any one.

I then proceeded on by the Cairo train with two or three officers to arrange with the authorities for the arrest of a portion of the gang lodging in the suburbs of that city. Arrived at the next station to Cairo, I got out, and put on a new disguise. I slipped on a red wig and beard, put a green patch over my eye, mounted spectacles, and, with a wooden leg and crutches, defied detection. Hiring a room at some private lodgings the thieves frequented, the moment I got there I sent for a tanner, who brought me a piece of new tanned kid skin. This I sewed round my leg, and covered with a plaster of linseed meal. I then sent for a doctor, whom I bribed, and his visits threw the man of the house, who was an ally of the thieves, quite off his guard. I paid liberally, giving the man's wife sixpence for every poultice she applied; and the good woman used to have tears in her eyes when she saw how dark and swollen my leg was.

"Ah," she used to tell her husband, "that poor man's leg will soon have to be cut off, and he'll die under the operation."

The husband and the thieves, dreading losing so good a customer, advised me not to listen to what the surgeon said. By good luck, there happened to be a photographer in the same house, and he took likenesses of the thieves in groups of twelve, and then in single portraits. Many of these I paid for, lending the rogues money, and becoming a general favourite with all. I spent several days in this way, and then arrested them all in one night, except two or three

who escaped and got away to India. We found proofs on many of them. In the box of one of these men, named Luigi, who was absent, we discovered a diary, with memoranda of all the robberies and murders he had committed. His last murder had been that of a priest in Syria, and after a note of the fact were these words—"Pity I killed him, for after all I found only a dollar."

Latterly this fellow had plotted and planned for the rest, not himself committing many robberies. On him I found proofs of the guilt of the rest, who corresponded with people in London—Hatton-garden, and Leicester-square.

I offered one of the least guilty his pardon if he would assist me to capture the remainder of the gang. All I wanted was that he should write a letter to the head thief, still at large, as if from Tanteh, and he consented. It ran thus:—

"CARO ROBERTO—Let all our friends know that that agent of —, the inspector of police at Alexandria, is at Cairo, with his officers, seeking our whereabouts. Enclosed is a bill for twenty pounds, part of a haul of two hundred pounds we made the day before yesterday. We are now staying here. Come by the train that arrives here to-morrow at four. Be very cautious. Bring all our comrades to share in the spoil.—Yours, "G."

All went well. The bill was duly presented and paid. The thieves came down by the appointed train, hearts and hands open, to share in the two hundred pounds. When they entered the coffee-shop which their Tanteh friends patronized, sixty of my police surrounded the place, and nabbed them all. One of these men was Luigi, the man of the diary, generally called Luigi of the Wooden Finger, a most slippery and notorious rascal, who had a false finger on his left hand. One of his companions, a barber by birth, had been living at Malta as an Italian count, and mixing in society, and everywhere greatly admired.

By my return train, I took the prisoners on to Cairo, and handed them over to Khereddeen Pasha, the chief magistrate, obtaining a legal receipt for their bodies from the local gaoler, and cautioning him sternly not to allow any one to come near the prisoners. Half an hour after, when I returned to the prison, I found, to my vexation, that Luigi with the Wooden Finger had escaped. I exa-



mined the door by which he had escaped, and saw at once that Luigi could not have escaped unaided. I threatened to report the whole affair to the viceroy, and frightened them so that one of them at last confessed that Luigi had given sixty pounds for his release to Khereddeen Pasha himself. I instantly posted off to the rascally pasha, and complained bitterly of the negligence of his officers. The pasha was as indignant as any honourable man would have been under such circumstances. He threw down his turban, leaped from his divan, and paced up and down, brandishing a knife, vowing, by the head of the Prophet, he would destroy with his own hand every man connected with the prison; for his honour was ruined, his head in danger, and he was a lost man. I begged him to take matters more easily, and promised to call the next morning again, and report progress. That very night I received intelligence from the sister of one of my policemen, a woman with whom one of the pasha's slaves was in love, that the pasha had resolved on my death. The woman came to Cairo, saw me, and, with tears in her eyes, begged me not to go to the pasha's palace, as I would never leave it alive. The poison was already prepared for me. I replied that I must go, happen what might; and giving the woman a Napoleon, I told her to keep the matter secret from every one. My readers can imagine with what feelings I started the next morning, at the appointed hour, for the palace, with my two small revolvers, and the large knife I usually carried carefully concealed. The old white-bearded pasha received me with the kindness of a father, was extremely anxious about my health, and even went so far as to kiss my hand. I told him I was hungry as a bear, and healthy as a trout; and he insisted on my having, if not breakfast, at least some coffee. He proposed a glass of port first; for the Egyptians and Turks have no notion of European rules of diet. I accepted the offer, but I quietly resolved not to touch the wine if the bottle came in with the cork already drawn. I took the wine, which came in sealed, and then told the pasha that I had good news for him, for Luigi would be arrested on that very day. He turned rather pale at that unwelcome news; and instantly clapped his hands as a signal for his favourite slave, Achmet, to bring in the coffee.

The moment Achmet entered with two

silver pots and three jewelled cups, I knew my hour had come. The slave did not dare look at me full in the face; his eyes were wandering, his hand shook. It is never usual in the East to bring in two coffee-pots, and I felt at once that one of them must contain the poison brewed for me. I was well armed, and determined to die hard; but for all I knew, the courtyard gates were barred and guarded, and they would shoot me down in the enclosure as if I were a mad dog. Achmet poured out coffee for himself, the pasha, and myself; but my coffee only, I observed, came out of the second coffee pot. Luckily for me, the pasha rose at this moment to get me some documents I wanted from an inner room. He probably did not wish to see me in the actual moment of dying. The instant he had gone out, I pulled out a half Napoleon, and asked Achmet to run and get change, as I had often been there, and wanted to give him two or three francs. The Berber ran downstairs, looking at the gold as a monkey does at a sweetmeat, and I was alone. I at once threw my coffee away under the sofa, and changed the position of the pots. In a few minutes Achmet and the pasha returned. Achmet then again filled his cup from the dangerous pot, drank it, and offered me a second cup. I declined. Achmet then left the room with the coffee-pots and cups. A few minutes afterwards I pretended to feel a great pain in the stomach. The pasha, not wishing me, I suppose, to die in the house, instantly ordered his carriage to take me home, uttering a thousand exclamations of regret at my sudden illness. Poisoning was by no means uncommon in the East then; and was indeed, as I well knew, an established part of the diplomatic code. I bade the pasha adieu, and drove off, secretly thanking God for my narrow escape. A few hundred yards from the palace I stopped the carriage, got down, and ordered the coachman to tell his master, with many thanks, that the open air had quite recovered me. Within an hour afterwards, the pasha came to my office to express his sincere and heartfelt joy at my recovery, and to tell me that since I left Achmet had died suddenly.

"You infernal old rascal," I stormed out, "Achmet might well die suddenly; for he drank that coffee intended for me. If your gates had not been locked, dog, I would have made you swallow that mixture yourself."



Once a Week.]

[December 28, 1872.

"LORD LYTTON."

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The pasha, frightened at my rage, turned pale, and cried—

"For Allah's sake, do not talk like that, or you will ruin me. It was all that rascal Achmet. It was not my doing, and Providence let the punishment fall on his own accursed head. I am your friend, your sincere friend. Let this ring be the first proof of my friendship, and, for Allah's sake, promise me never again to mention Achmet's attempt on your life, at least while I live. My dear friend, promise me this, and do not disclose that any of my servants were bribed to let Luigi escape."

The ring was a diamond one, worth nearly forty pounds. I refused it. He afterwards offered me a gold watch and chain, and after that a horse. I prosecuted him; but he laid the matter all on Achmet, who could not be put in the witness-box, and wealth purchased him safety. But the scoundrel was afterwards drowned in the conspiracy in which Achmet Pasha perished.

The next day I arrested Luigi by telegraph, at Damietta. He was on his way to Constantinople. His capture was a singular one. Knowing the thief wore a wooden finger covered with painted skin, and kept his suspicious hand always hidden by a glove, I ordered my detectives at certain stations to stop all Europeans and pull their fingers. They did so on a certain day, not knowing my reason, and, to their surprise and horror, Luigi's wooden finger came off in their hands.

The gang were all tried by their different consuls. Many got off by bribery; others were condemned to irons for life; a few of the blackest were tied in bags, and drowned by the Egyptian executioners in the port of Alexandria. This was in the days of Said Pasha. Three-fourths of these Italian thieves and assassins had been, remember, driven to crime by the cruelty and oppression of King Bomba and the cruel and imbecile Governments of Tuscany and Parma.

#### MINNIE'S WEDDING DAY.

HOW we got through the dressing in time, I don't know. That dreadful Miss Minkin, the milliner, never sent home my veil till nearly ten o'clock; and as soon as I had put my dress on we discovered that the said intelligent Miss Minkin had left all the tackings in. It was a quarter to eleven before they began to put on my veil,

and everybody knows what a time that takes. And there was poor darling Fred down in the church, in a terrible state I was certain. He had come over so early. I saw him drive past to the church when I was only—well, I needn't say how far advanced I was in my toilette. Not very far, I know. After a great deal of fussation, during which I had asked Pipcher—Pipcher is my maid—three times for the powder puff when I meant the pins, and four times for my goloshes when I meant gloves—oh, dear, what a long sentence!—well, after all this, I was ready at last.

Pipcher pulled out the train of my dress to its uttermost length; and leaving its extreme end somewhere near my bed-room window, I proceeded to walk downstairs, concluding that I, like Bo-peep's sensible sheep, should manage to bring my tail behind me.

Down in the hall was dear papa, pacing to and fro in a perfect fever of excitement, nervousness, and sorrow; which, dear good man, he tried to conceal, but failed miserably. I suppose he was sorry to be losing his little girl. Suppose! I know he was. Was not I sorry—very, very sorry—to be leaving him?

He had put on his gloves twice already, and had taken them off, and was proceeding for the third time to do likewise, when he discovered that he had a pair of shabby old driving gloves, instead of the white kids that were slumbering neglected in his chest of drawers, between one very high white collar and two very large pocket-handkerchiefs. I was by no means in the sprightly mood in which I may now seem to be indulging. On the contrary, I felt particularly sober, quiet, and nervous; with a great lump surging ever upwards in my throat, and no strength at all in my knocking knees.

"Well, my dear," said papa, feebly jocular—"ready at last?"

And I, having nothing more original to remark in response, intimated that I was.

And so off we went. The bridesmaids had, of course, gone down to the church long before. I was a great deal too frightened and flustered to say a word to papa as we walked along the garden path, and through the garden gate into the churchyard. There was no need for carriages. And, luckily, the day was mild, though in the winter; and bright though mild.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene in

church. I only saw a great, misty sea of faces and parti-coloured raiment, and, in the midst of it all, my dear old darling—he's not a bit old, you know, *really*—standing and looking very white, I fancied, but very loving all the same.

The organist was playing as we moved up the aisle; but what, I have not the faintest conception. The only thing that I recollect in connection with the musical portion of the service was that the choir seemed to be a very unnecessarily long time in getting through the psalm set forth for the special purpose.

I also have a recollection that I poked out the wrong finger of the wrong hand to receive the ring, whereat Fred got very red and flustered; and as, just at this juncture, somebody dropped a ponderous family prayer book, the loose leaves of which fluttered gracefully in various directions, this interesting portion of the marriage ceremony was hardly performed with befitting dignity.

However, "all things glad or sad"—(Swinburnian, isn't that?)—must have an end. So an end duly came to the service; and, leaning on my darling's arm, my own true husband now for ever; and conscious that I was looking very frightened, but interesting withal—for are not all brides interesting?—I passed down the aisle, through the thronging faces, out into the bright winter noon, up the garden path into the old home. Can I describe the kissings, and cryings, and congratulations that took place in one room, or the breakfast laid and the speeches made in another; Fred's short response, or the rector's rounded rhetoric; or the howling of my darling dog Doddles, when Muggles, the waiter we had in from Blankton-super-Mare, trod heavily on his tail, in vainly endeavouring to look as though he, the said Muggles, was not testing the quality of papa's wine in the corner behind the door?

Well, it was all over at last. The final grain of rice—which by the way lodged in Fred's left whisker—had been thrown—we didn't go in for slippers, you see; the last benediction had been bestowed by the energetical besom of William the gardener, who stood at the gate to catch the last of us; and we were at length together alone, my husband and I. My husband! How strange, and yet how delicious it was! To think he was now mine for ever. "Till death us do part," sounded very fond and true. But the words conjured up no terror

of the "shadow feared of man." Death was too far away a phantom to be feared. And I only heard a loving voice at my side saying—

"Darling, darling little woman! Mine at last!" and felt perfectly silly with happiness accordingly.

There were plenty of villagers at their cottage doors and windows, and many a head bobbed beamingly at us, as we rolled along stationwards through the winter sunlight. The station reached—a small, sleepy junction on the Bristol and Exeter line—we got out of the carriage, prepared for the trial attendant on couples newly wed. We should have betrayed ourselves just the same, I am sure, even if I had done as that dear anxious old Fred wanted me to do. But, really, to go away with old trunks and shabby clothes! No. I could not.

While Fred went to get the tickets—*our* tickets—I saw to the luggage. We were going to town. What better place for a winter honeymoon? And we meant to see a good deal—mooning about with eyes, mouths, and ears open, like typical country cousins.

Joseph, properest of coachmen, gave me an affectionate farewell. I don't mean, of course, that he embraced me; and seeing the train that was to bear us away, rapidly nearing, he flicked Tommy, the old horse, on the right flank, as a gentle reminder for the sake of the family to look smart. With a great deal of exceedingly unpleasant and, as I think, unnecessary noise, the train came slowly in, groaning as in pain.

The next thing was to secure a *coupe* to ourselves—at least, Fred seemed to think so. After the passing of sundry small coin, and having run the gauntlet of the inquisitive, surly, amused, and indifferent among the passengers, we succeeded; and found ourselves comfortably ensconced, with all our small traps about us. And when the train moved off, and my darling's hand came feeling softly for my waist, and then stole lovingly round it, I forgot to be scandalized (why, indeed, should I have been?), and laid my nose on the shoulder of his shaggy Ulster, and felt as delightfully happy and as deliciously frightened as any silly little bride of a few hours could be.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Swindon! Swindon! Stop here five minutes."

I was far too comfortable to care to get out. Besides, Fred said he would bring me something from the refreshment-rooms. He would insist on my having some sherry to keep the cold out. The five minutes' delay exacted by the contract of the vendor of vile commodities had nearly expired. I had put my lips to the sherry, which Fred finished, to get the sweetness, as the silly fellow said, which my lips had left in the glass. He had restored that article to its proper place and owner, and was just stepping into the carriage, when he suddenly turned, exclaiming—

"By Jove, I've left my—"

The words were lost in the din. I saw the baize-covered door swing on him as he passed through into the refreshment-rooms. I looked eagerly after him; for I hated his being out of my sight for a moment. Would he never come?

A station bell rang violently. Several guards and porters shouted, "Any more going on?" The engine shrieked, and moved. I started up, helpless almost by reason of the rugs so carefully folded round me. I pushed past the passengers in the other *coupé* in the most unceremonious manner. I put my head out of the window. We were moving swiftly away now. The last advertisement board had vanished behind us, and all I saw was my darling Fred, now far away in the distance, frantically gesticulating in the midst of a knot of porters, and, I am afraid, swearing terribly. My fellow-passengers tried to console me, but I turned a deaf and ungrateful ear to their consolations, and got back to my corner, pulled to the *coupé* door, and burying my head in the blue window-curtain, utterly regardless of my new bonnet, cried copiously in my misery.

What was I to do? Should I go on to Paddington, and wait Fred's arrival at the hotel we had fixed upon? I could not. How could I meet the waiters and chambermaids, a bride without her bridegroom? Should I wait at the Paddington terminus? Should I get out at the next station, and take the first down-train back to Swindon? Should I—oh! what should I do, with all the luggage looking so terribly new and fresh; and myself, in my smart, new things, an unmistakable case of bride? And by this time my gloves were quite spoiled by the tears that were flowing recklessly and liberally down my woe-begone cheeks.

What would Fred do? If he were to telegraph to the hotel to meet me on my supposed arrival, what would the people at the hotel think? But perhaps he would send a message to Didcot to catch me there. This possibility cheered me considerably. So I dried my tears, smoothed my disordered hair, pinched my bonnet into its pristine shape, blew my nose, and sat bolt upright in readiness for Didcot; for by this time we were visibly slackening speed. I let down the window for two reasons: in hopes that the fresh air would blow away the traces of my tears; and in order to be perfectly prepared to jump out on the welcome platform, which I felt sure would restore my husband to me. Before the train had come to a standstill, I had beckoned a porter to me, and as he ran along the still moving train, I managed to gasp out, in a voice indistinct through excitement—

"Has a telegram come for me?"

The man looked aghast.

"Has a telegram come for me?" I repeated, impatiently.

"What name, miss?"

To be called "miss," too! Before, however, I could answer him, I heard a loud voice, a few carriages from mine, asking—

"Is there any lady here named Douglas?"

I could scarcely restrain myself from bursting out of the carriage. He came nearer, asking as he came. I leaned out, and, as the man stood opposite me, almost snatched what I rightly guessed to be a telegram out of his hands.

"Yes!" I answered explaining, "my name is Douglas. Open the door, please, and take out my things."

Little fool that I was! Why did I not carefully read the telegram first? I only glanced at the commencement of the message:—"Am coming by next train."

When all my things were taken out of the carriage (as for the heavy luggage, I forgot that entirely), when the train had begun to move—in fact, when it was too late—I read the remainder of the telegram, which ran thus:—"Wait for me at Paddington."

It was only the presence of numerous passengers and porters on the platform that prevented me, there and then, from bursting into tears. I restrained myself, and the bitterness was the more bitter. What was to be done? When did the next train pass through Didcot? In about an hour. Of



course it stopped? "No; that's the fast train through—only stops at Swindon and Reading," was the consoling answer I received to my inquiries. I could not leave Didcot for nearly two hours. At this I retired to the waiting-room, and sitting down in a dark corner, gave way. I couldn't help it. This was my marriage day. And my darling was not with me. Perhaps I should never see him again. Perhaps there would be an accident. Perhaps—perhaps—and my fears came afresh; and I sat in my misery, feeling utterly lost and forsaken; and as different a creature from the happy bride of a few short hours ago as could possibly be conceived.

Presently a porter came in to light the gas. It was quite dark by this time. I asked him to call me when the express was coming. The man eyed me as if he suspected contemplated suicide. I satisfied neither his surmises nor suspicions. I would have an eager gaze at the train as it passed; perhaps I might get a glimpse of my darling.

The time went slowly by, and I sat fiercely staring at the fire through my tears. At last the porter called me.

"Now, miss!"—*miss* again!—"the express is coming."

I rushed out. I took up my position where a miserable lamp cast a sickly glare—the best in the station—on the line where the train must pass. On it came—the two great red lamps on the engine shining like giants' eyes in the night. I bent eagerly forward, in spite of the warnings of the suspicious porter, who seemed determined to keep an eye on me. One by one the lighted carriages went by. Not there! Not there! Not there! Quicker than it takes to describe this, the last carriage whizzed by. And there, against the window, I saw my darling's profile. He was staring straight before him, moodily perusing the hat-rack. At least, this was my impression from the momentary glimpse I got. Of course he did not see me, his poor, loving, foolish little wife, standing on the bleak Didcot platform, in the darkening night. He could not know how, with sinking heart, I got back to the dingy waiting-room, back to my chair and my tears. And this was my wedding day!

It was about eight o'clock. I stood on the Paddington platform. The weary waiting was at length over. I should take a

cab to our hôtel, and find my darling. When I came to take out my traps, I found my travelling-bag was missing. I must have left it at Didcot. And all my keys and money were in it!

After endless trouble, I found the guard in charge of the down-train, which was just on the point of starting. I gave him instructions, and he promised me my bag, if it was to be found, early the next morning. Having given the name of my hotel, and a substantial assistance to his memory, I stood absently watching the departing train, while a porter put my things in a cab; when there, in a first-class carriage, in the act of wrapping himself in a rug, was Fred, going back in search of his lost little wife!

"Fred, Fred!" I screamed, regardless of appearances; and with outstretched hands I rushed towards the carriage window. My foot slipped, my head seemed to be whirling round, and I fell. A surging noise thundered in my ears, and then a voice said—

"Well, little darling, what's the matter?"

"Where are we?" I gasped.

"Close to Paddington," laughed Fred. "Feel better after your nap, darling?"

So I had only been asleep and dreaming!

## CHRISTMAS.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

IN days of yore the Baron bold  
Was wont at Christmas-tide to hold  
In castle hall a solemn feast,  
Where all were welcome, knight or priest,  
Or squire or clown: the open door  
Admitted all—or rich or poor.  
Rude plenty crowned the groaning board,  
All forest, field, or stream afford.  
The cellarer broach'd his mightiest ale,  
The minstrel told his merriest tale;  
Joy reigned o'er all—a boist'rous glee,  
A rude, unpolished revelry,  
Such as might move perchance to scorn  
The nature of the later-born;  
But meaning 'mid its wildest mirth  
"Peace and goodwill to all on earth!"  
Those days are past, nor need we grieve  
For their departure if they leave  
(As sure they have) the kindly feeling  
For wants and woes beyond our healing:  
The soothing word, the helping hand,  
The timely gift that well may stand  
In stead of the old reckless giving  
That wasted much in "riotous living."  
The good remains; the bounty still  
Is seen to flow in many a rill,  
But, guided by judicious hand,  
It feeds, not inundates the land.  
Nor should we pass without due praise  
The Christmas gift of modern days,  
The books, whose gilt and splendid cover

Bespeaks, at least, the *wealthy* lover;  
 The humbler, but well-chosen tome  
 (The treasure of a future home),  
 Whose unadorn'd but precious pages  
 Enshrine the thoughts of former ages,  
 What Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton writ,  
 Or what in modern days is fit  
 To name with those immortal bards,  
 And share the laurel fame awards  
 To them (though in a less degree)—  
 Byron's wild strain, Scott's minstrelsy,  
 Wordsworth's and Cowper's moral store,  
 Or Tennyson's Arthurian lore.

Such Gifts may Christmas still bestow;  
 May Age and Want the boons relieve,  
 And Youth and Love the pleasure know  
 At once to give and to receive.  
 May still the trusting heart be blest,  
 May still its fondest hopes prove true;  
 May still the aged and distrest  
 Find help—as they were wont to do.

### TABLE TALK.

OUR CARTOON this week is a portrait of Lord Lytton. It will be remembered, very likely, by many of our readers, that we gave a portrait and biographical sketch of this noble author at the end of Vol. IX. That likeness, through the bungling of the engraver, was spoilt, and we now print an excellent portrait of his lordship. We take credit to ourselves, that out of our fifty-two cartoon portraits of men of the day, only one should have been an indifferent likeness. Every one of these portraits has been accompanied by a trustworthy biographical notice. Under the title of "Cartoon Portraits of Men of the Day," the pictures and notices have been republished in a sumptuous form, suited for a drawing-room table album, by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine-street. The price of the album is one guinea. Few more handsome Christmas books have been produced this year. The fidelity of the likenesses is guaranteed. Many of the cartoons have been drawn from photographs specially taken for this magazine; and we take this opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. Charles Watkins, the eminent photographer, of Chancery-lane, to whose skill, in the first place, we owe many of our most successful engravings of living celebrities.

THE COMMISSIONERS of her Majesty's Customs, having had their attention called to an article in *ONCE A WEEK*, No. 254, p. 403 (Nov. 9th, 1872), entitled "Written

with a Purpose," have addressed this letter to us. They say of this article:—"The writer, after referring to the grievance occasioned by the system of gratuities, which he states to be prevalent from one end of this country to the other, proceeds to prefer a very serious charge against the officers of Customs at Liverpool, by asserting that passengers' trunks and baggage are, as a rule, only subjected to the scrutiny of the Custom House officials in the event 'of their owners neglecting to espouse the gratuity system by tipping half a crown—or it may be a few pence—to the person whose duty it is to examine his luggage;' and further alleging that, whilst opening his trunks for inspection on the occasion of his arrival at that port, he received an unmistakable hint, and that upon slipping half a crown into the hands of the official, he purchased the privilege of relocking his trunks without any further inspection. I am further to state that the Board are fully persuaded that the general charge of corruption preferred against the officers of Customs at Liverpool is unjustifiable. As, however, considering the large number of Customs officers employed at Liverpool, there may be one who has misconducted himself in the manner indicated by the writer, and as the Board are always anxious to discover and punish offenders whenever a breach of duty can be proved against them, I am to add that the Board will feel much obliged to you if you will apply to the writer of the article, requesting him to furnish them with the name of the vessel on board of which, and the date when, the transaction described took place, together with a description of the officer. And the Board will be glad if you will further notify to the writer that their obligation will be increased if he will consent to come forward to identify the recipient of his gratuity." Such is the substance of her Majesty's Commissioners' letter. That the writer of the article—an American gentleman, who represents important American papers in this country—will substantiate every word he has said in our columns, we have no doubt. But it is a pleasing sign of the times that her Majesty's Commissioners should be inclined to thoroughly investigate the matter. We are glad our article has produced this effect, and shall advise our readers of the result of whatever investigation may take place.



A CORRESPONDENT: AN American citizen had a good fling at the "gratuity system" prevailing in England, in an article headed "Written with a Purpose," which appeared on the 9th November in ONCE A WEEK. Perhaps it is a grievance not to be able to extract a civility of any one below the rank of a gentleman, without the aid of a "tip;" and all travellers will approve the denunciations so fervently uttered by "an American" against the charges for "attendance" at English hotels. That they manage these things better in the United States, the following true story will prove. A smart citizen of New York, wishing to recuperate after prodigious efforts in Wall-street, paid a visit to Saratoga Springs. It was the height of the season. Hotels crammed with guests; waiters insufficient in number, and therefore not obliging. The New Yorker seized upon a likely man. "Look here, you fellow, do you see this five-dollar note? Well, if you take care of me while I am down here, I guess you'll see it again." The waiter bowed, rubbed his hands, and otherwise displayed his appreciation of the bargain. At breakfast and at dinner the citizen had the best of the entrées, and the quickest supply of liquor. His clothes were brushed, his boots shined, his wink anticipated, his oaths admired. At the end of ten days the cab was at the door, with baggage packed therein, and the citizen stood ready to "make tracks" for Wall-street. As he entered the vehicle, his eye lighted on the waiter to whose devotion he was indebted for a pleasant holiday. "Hallo, I guess you're the man I showed that five-dollar note to. Well, I told you, if you took care of me, you should see it again. You did take care of me, and"—producing the note—"here's that very same note; and now I advise you take a pretty good stare at it, for it'll be a tarnation long time before you see it again. Wake up, coachman, else we shall miss the train." The American flunkies are not debased by the gratuity system.

COCKNEYS, POSSESSED of conceit rather than of knowledge, despise the wit of the rustic; yet the agricultural labourer is by no means devoid of wisdom. Under trying circumstances, he can be a philosopher. Last April, a ploughman, dwelling in a village not more than ten miles from Cambridge, argued with his neighbour as to the power of a traction engine then standing in

the village street. To prove that the engine could not smash a big stone, the ploughman placed one just in front of the fore-wheel. The driver, having had his glass of beer, came out of the public-house, mounted the engine, and put on steam. The stone was instantly crushed; but the shock dislocated part of the engine gear. A summons, under the Malicious Injuries to Property Act, was issued against the ploughman; and the justices ordered him to pay £2 for the damage done, with costs, or to go to prison for one month. A fortnight was allowed for payment. The ploughman took up his hat, bowed to the worshipful bench, kissed his wife, and walked straight off to Cambridge. There he asked his way to the County Gaol; and having found it, rang the bell violently. "Gaoler," said he, "I have come for a month." The gaoler interrogated the ploughman; and having heard his story, said, "Why, you have fourteen days to spare—what's the use of coming here now?" "Please, Mr. Gaoler," replied the ploughman, "let me come in. I never can pay the money, and don't mean to try; and if I wait a fortnight more, I shall be locked up over our village feast; but if I come in now, I shall be out on a Monday, and our feast begins on Tuesday, and I have promised my old woman a dance at the booth—not to speak of a hop or two with some of the young ones." The kind gaoler instantly locked him up.

WE LEARN from a New York paper that "Josh Billings proposes to improve the lecture season, and is open to engagements. His list of subjects includes a treatise on 'Milk,' a relation entitled 'What I Know about Hotels,' and a discourse on the 'Pensive Cockroach,' said to be a masterpiece of 'Billings'-gate." The two first of these subjects might be made into capital by lecturers in this country, without hurting anybody but milkmen and hotel-keepers.

*Contributions should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.*

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*Terms of Subscription for ONCE A WEEK, free by post:—Weekly Numbers for Six Months, 5s. 5d.; Monthly Parts, 5s. 8d.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

Dec. 28.]

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

[1872.

## MISER CORRINGE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

### CHAPTER I.

MISER CORRINGE CALLS ON MR. BOWMAN.



WITHOUT looking to the right or to the left, Mr. Bowman stirred the fire.

Men who steer clear of the shoals of matrimony

—or, if you prefer it, madam, men who are wrecked on the rock of bachelorhood—though not under the rule of woman, benign or otherwise, should not boast of having greater liberty. When a man is verging on fifty years of age, and his hat covers all his family, he is sure to be the slave of habit. He does to-day what he did yesterday, for no better reason than that what he did yesterday should be done again to-day. In London, grates are small, and the fire needs the frequent stimulus of the poker; but, in the Black Country, the grates hold coals enough to roast an ox, and the fires are worthy of the grates, and there is no excuse for a gentleman playing the part of domestic stoker. But Mr. Bowman is a bachelor on the half-century side of forty-nine. In London, the first thing he does when he strides into his morning room is to stir the fire; and at Wolverhampton he does the same, although the flames are leaping up the chimney, and the ruddy glow of the live coals gives warmth, and colour, and cheeriness to the cold daylight of winter.

Having stirred the fire, he took a clay pipe from a box full of those reputedly vulgar but most useful implements of enjoyment. After blowing through the stem to test the draught thereof, he filled the bowl, not ramming in the weed, but putting it in loosely, and gently compressing it with his left thumb. Then he applied the pure flame of a cedar pipe-light to the sweet birds'-eye; and, standing with his back to the fire, reduced the tobacco to smoke and ashes.

Tall, stout-limbed, broad-chested. Large and deep-set light blue eyes. An iron gray beard contrasted pleasantly with a somewhat florid complexion. Just the man who is sure to win if he woos. Yet John Bowman is a bachelor.

Enter Mr. Bowman's servant—a smart, dapper man—about as old as his master. He is married, without encumbrances, as the children of the poor are called in advertisements; and his wife is the London housekeeper.

"Well, Cheesey?"

It must not be supposed that the faithful servitor had been so named by his sponsors. Mr. Bowman was prone to bestow nicknames on those he liked, and sometimes on those he disliked.

"Here's Miser Corringe, sir, calling to ask when you are expected; and he did start when he heard you was here. Says he wants to see you most particular for just five minutes."

"Then let him see me, Cheesey; but my skinflint friend sha'n't stop my smoke. *Gloria mundi est fuma*—which, according to my translation, Cheesey, signifies that smoke—meaning, tobacco smoke—is the glory of the world."

Mr. Bowman knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and was reloading when Mr. Corringe, commonly called Miser Corringe, came into the room. An old man—short, fluffy-faced, and slightly, very slightly

corpulent. He did not walk, but tottled on his toes. His dress was excessively faded and patched.

"Hope I find you well, Mr. Bowman. It is an age since you have been in Wolverhampton."

"Nine months," said Mr. Bowman, shaking hands with his visitor; "and I am off again to-morrow."

"You don't say so? Well, to be sure, you can come and go when you like, and how you like, and where you like. But if this house was mine, and I was for everlasting away, I would not let it eat itself, head and body and soul, over and over again."

"What would you do?"

"Let it as it stands, and a fine rent it would fetch."

"Thanks for your suggestion, Mr. Corringe; but as my income exceeds my wants, and as I now and then want this house, I shall not let it."

"According to my way of thinking, Mr. Bowman, it is a duty to save all we can; and we can never have too much, if it is honestly come by."

"Say legally come by, Mr. Corringe. But what is the use of money you cannot spend? My heirs may look after themselves."

"My dear sir," said Miser Corringe, solemnly, "I don't believe a word of the parson's talk about not being able to take our riches with us. How it is done I can't say; but sure I am that Providence is too just not to give one due benefit for what he makes below. I hold that, in some sort of a way, our riches do go with us, and that is the belief on which I act and on which other men act, or they wouldn't be working and saving to the last."

The old man finished with a fit of coughing.

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Corringe; but philosophy parches the throat, and in this dear county it is never too early to practise hospitality."

Mr. Bowman rang the bell, and Cheesey responded.

"What is your morning comforter, Mr. Corringe?"

"It is very soon—I don't know if I ought; but really, when the weather is sharp enough to cut you in two, I don't think that a nip hurts any man. A thimbleful of brandy will be the safest."

Cheesey heard, disappeared, and in a

minute reappeared with glasses and the liquor.

"I can't join you, Mr. Corringe. Nicotine is my only vice until the afternoon."

Miser Corringe poured out and drank a thimbleful—that is, half a wine glass—of the brandy.

"It would puzzle you, Mr. Bowman, to guess the business that brings me to you."

"Business, Mr. Corringe! You have not come to pay money, because you are not in my debt. You have not come to ask for money, because I am not your debtor, and you are too warm to borrow. Business! You must answer the riddle, for my eye-teeth cannot crack the nut."

Miser Corringe drew his chair a little nearer to Mr. Bowman, and cleared his throat, as if he had a trying mission.

"You see, Mr. Bowman, young men will be young men, and girls will be girls; and the wisest that can be done is to make the best of what can't be helped."

"Sir," said Mr. Bowman, filling a clean clay, for he never smoked oftener than twice out of one pipe—"if you want me to learn what is your business with me, you must drop your philosophy."

"Right you are, Mr. Bowman; for I am a plain man, and I like plain speaking. Now to the point. My son is a nice young man, though I admit it is not becoming of a father to say it."

"Why not? Why should not a father speak the truth about his son? Let it be granted that he is nice, and what follows?"

"And a young man, my dear sir, who is certain to push his way, for he has the talent for anything."

"First fact: your son is a nice young man. Second fact: he is sure to push his way. Please to push on with your business, Mr. Corringe, for I leave Wolverhampton to-morrow, and have many calls to make."

"The business concerns those near to both of us, or I would not keep you a moment, Mr. Bowman. My son has been at your sister's, Mrs. Christie's, and there he met your niece, Miss Agnes Bowman."

Miser Corringe wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"My niece, Miss Agnes Bowman, is highly honoured."

"No, no, Mr. Bowman, the honour is mutual; and I hope the affection will, if it has your approval, turn out the same."

"Affection!" said Mr. Bowman. "Why,

my niece has not been in London longer than a month. How often has your son seen her?"

"Two or three times, and it is a case of seeing and loving. Till I had talked with you I would not allow him to repeat the visit, though I am sure he loves your niece, and his happiness is bound up in her."

"We are old fogies to talk about love; but how do you define the word?"

"Oh, a sort of attraction that one cannot explain."

"Capital. Some call it a disease to which young people are especially subject; but I prefer your definition. Love is an inexplicable affinity which one mass of matter has for another mass of matter. Good. And what do you think constitutes happiness?"

"Having plenty, and knowing how to keep it."

"No, sir, you are wrong. Happiness is a question of digestion. If you have a sound digestion, you will be happy under any circumstances; if you have a bad digestion, you will be unhappy under any circumstances. If I were going to marry, I should not conclude an engagement until a physician had certified to the lady having a healthy digestion. Has your son a good digestion?"

"You are very funny, Mr. Bowman. Yes, my son has never had a day's illness since his childhood."

"I can answer for the digestion of my niece; and so, if she liked him as he likes her, it would be a happy match."

"Positive of it, Mr. Bowman. And you have no objection to the young man seeking her affection?"

"Objection! It is an honour! If my niece chooses to marry, she has my consent; and she is free to marry any man who will marry her."

"There only remains, my dear friend—as I may call one who will be so closely related—a word to say about the means of the young people."

"Can we not wait to see if the lady is willing to become Mrs. Alfred Corringe?"

"I think you ought to know what I can do—or rather, will do. I will start my son with a cool five thousand, and more to follow: though I hate—it is my disposition, Mr. Bowman—to part with my money."

"Keep your money. If your son marries my niece, besides a good digestion, his wife

will have twenty thousand pounds in her pocket."

"Dear me! Is it possible?"

"What, you did not know that Miss Agnes is rich?"

"No, Mr. Bowman. To be sure, Mrs. Christie dropped a hint about prospects; but we had no idea of an immediate £20,000. I am afraid Miss Agnes will hardly think my son's present means adequate."

"Wrong again, Mr. Corringe. Agnes is one of those romantic girls—they are rare nowadays—who will not be bought with money or repelled by poverty. Besides, your son has prospects. You are a saving man, Mr. Corringe."

"True; and it must all come to him some day."

"So the business is concluded. Let your son tell his tale of love, and I shall not interfere."

"And if the young people make a match of it, the sooner it is over the better—at least, that is my opinion, Mr. Bowman. Hit your iron while it is hot, if you want sound welding."

"There is another proverb, Mr. Corringe, about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure; but, with good digestions and plenty of gold, there is no doubt about domestic bliss."

After another thimbleful of brandy, Miser Corringe departed.

"Ha! ha!" said John Bowman, laughing. "What a father-in-law for Agnes! But as my prudent sister has taken a fancy to the young man, Agnes may accept the offer. When a man proposes, it is a mere fluke whether the woman says yes or no; and the young fellow is not below the average of his degenerate race."

Mr. Bowman looked at his watch.

"Just on eleven. Hi, Cheesey!—quick with my great coat. Old Scrapebone has put my morning out of joint."

"The bare sight of him is enough to do that, without knowing what a Hottentot crab he is," said Cheesey, as he cased his master in frieze.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HAYWARDS IN TROUBLE.

JOHN BOWMAN was rich and not extravagant. The house at Wolverhampton was of moderate dimensions, and always at the service of his relations. In London,

Mr. Bowman had a still smaller house, which was managed by Cheesey's wife. He might have increased his fortune; but he gave away the balance of his income.

Nor was he always discreet in his deeds of benevolence. No man was better known to the London beggars. He was reproached for encouraging mendicity; but he did not heed the admonitions of his friends. Nay, he even defended the custom of promiscuous alms-giving. "The sun shines on the evil as well as on the good," he said to a clerical censor; "and I hold that the needy ought not to perish because we may chance to give to the fools who rather beg than work."

In the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton he had some property, principally cottages. There never was a better landlord. Not contented with keeping the cottages wind and water tight, he was lavish in paint, paper, and whitewash. He looked after his tenants as well as his tenements. He knew them all, men, women, and children, and was far more ready to help them than they were to ask his aid.

It was a cold January day, but Mr. Bowman walked off at a rattling pace, heedless of the bitter north wind, and perhaps enjoying it. He had cleared three miles of ground, when he stopped before a cottage that looked pretty even in winter. There were evergreens in the little garden, and ivy trailed over the rustic porch.

Bowman turned the handle of the door, and called out, "Hi, hi! are you asleep for the winter, or have you gone to London to see the Lord Mayor ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross?"

"It's the Squire, bless his voice. He's come at last, as I was sure he would do."

When Mr. Bowman entered the parlour, Mrs. Hayward, a neatly dressed, motherly woman, shook hands heartily with him. Her husband did not rise from his easy-chair, but held out his hand.

"My limbs, Squire, are worse than wooden, for with wooden one can get about, but these keep one down."

"What says the doctor?"

"Oh, that he will get the use of them again; only, poor dear, he does lose heart so," said Mrs. Hayward.

"Why, Hayward, keep up your pluck," said Mr. Bowman. "Here's some physic for you that beats all the doctors' stuff hollow. It's a pound of the loveliest birds'-eye ever

smoked; and if you don't say so when you have got the first whiff, you deserve to smoke dried cabbage leaves."

"You are over-kind, sir," said Mr. Hayward.

"Over-kind! Why, Hayward, I don't like that style to an old friend. You are pulled down with your illness; but the doctor, the wife, and 'bacca will soon pull you up, and before the spring you will be doing your ten miles a day."

"Take off your great coat whilst you stop, Squire, or you won't feel the benefit of it when you go out," said Mrs. Hayward.

"I must unload first. You don't think I have been away for nine months, and come back with empty pockets? Here's a little tea for you."

"But you did not forget us when you were afar off. I don't know what to say for everything that has come from you for my good man since he has been ill."

"Pooh! don't bother. Where's Will-o'-the-Wisp?"

"He is at Dudley, where he has a place that gives him twelve shillings a week; and he comes home on Saturdays."

"Bravo. I knew the lad would do well. Where's Dumpling?"

"At parson's house, Squire. Mrs. Butler is very kind to her, and she is helping to do work for a bazaar."

"And where is Curly Mop?"

Mr. Hayward had his elbows on the table, and his face was covered with his hands. Mrs. Hayward turned away her face, and spoke not.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Bowman.

"It means, Squire," said Mr. Hayward, "that it is better her name should not be named—that she should be forgot—clean forgot."

Mrs. Hayward laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"That be a cruel saying and a false saying, James. She may be in sorrow, she may be in fault, but she be not in shame. And, Squire, if it were my last breath, I would leave the world with an oath that she is not in shame."

Mr. Bowman took a hand of the wife and a hand of the husband, and his manly voice was musical with kindness.

"My dear friends, tell me what has happened; and before you speak, and before I hear a word of the grief, I, too, will bear

witness that Lucy has not brought shame upon your heads."

"Bless you for that word, Squire!" said Mrs. Hayward. "I knew you would be true to Lucy."

Mr. Bowman sat by Mr. Hayward, and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, my dear, let me hear what has happened."

"It was quite early in the spring," said Mrs. Hayward, "when we began to note that Lucy was not like herself. It was rare that she laughed, and was often saying her head ached, and went to bed hours before her time. The doctor said she wanted a little bracing, and sent her physic, which she took. Likewise I spoke of it to Mrs. Butler, and that made Lucy angry. For she grew cross, as she had never been in her life. In the summer she got better; but, now that we look back upon it, we see that she was not the same in conduct. She did not keep together with her brother and sister; but was for ever rambling by herself, as then we thought."

"Come to the end, wife, as soon as may be," said Mr. Hayward, in a querulous voice. "What recks it telling what we thought?"

"Patience, dear Hayward," said Mr. Bowman. "Let the wife tell me all that there is to be told."

"It is little more to tell, Squire, and you'll forgive my husband for not bearing it so well as might be. It was the fifth of November, and the children went to see some fireworks. Lucy came back alone, and before Will and Nellie. She said she was not well, and went to bed, and very ill did she look. Will and Nellie said they had missed her as soon as they got on the course, where the fireworks are let off. Next morning I talked a little angry-like to her. At first she was cross, and then she cried, and we kissed and made it up. And next day, which was the sixth, she—"

Mrs. Hayward had been speaking with a visibly painful effort, and at last she broke down, and, covering her face with her apron, wept aloud.

"I will finish," said the husband. "That day she left her father's home—going we know not where. That's the end, Squire. What bodes it to talk of it more?"

"But I must hear more," said Mr. Bowman. "I must hear how she went, and what you have done. Hayward, do your duty to yourself and to your child."

"It was in the afternoon she left us," said Mrs. Hayward; "and the excuse was that she was going to Birmingham to tea with my sister, who would bring her back, and bide here for the night, as my sister had often done. But my girl did not come back; and by the evening post we got this letter—which, you see, Squire, was put into the post at Birmingham."

Mr. Bowman took the letter from Mrs. Hayward's quivering hand, and read as follows:—

"DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER—Oh, I know that this will be a dreadful blow to you, and it almost kills me to write it, and to do what I must do. I am going away, and for many months I shall be away. Perhaps, dear father and mother, when some day, if I can tell you why I go, you will not blame me; but I am sworn not to tell you now. Dear father and mother, how I love you, and love Will and Nellie, is more than tongue can tell or heart can think. I go away in an awful sorrow; but, dearest father and dearest mother, not in shame. Oh, please believe that I do not go from you in shame; and oh, if you love me, please let brother and sister be sure that their loving Lucy does not leave the home in any shame. I dare not write any more, my dearest father and dearest mother. Pray for me. I do not leave you in shame, and I always pray for you, dearest father and dearest mother."

"LUCY HAYWARD."

"What do you think of it, Squire?" asked the mother.

"It is no use guessing. We must find her. What have you done?"

"We have not got a trace of her beyond her taking a ticket for Birmingham," replied Mrs. Hayward.

"Have you not heard of her?"

"Two days ago we got this," said Mrs. Hayward, handing an envelope to Mr. Bowman, containing a slip of paper, on which was written:—

"DEAREST PARENTS—I am better. This is all I dare write. I shall be home some day."

"LUCY."

The envelope bore the London postmark.

"Her first letter is signed Lucy Hayward, and the second only Lucy. No doubt she is married. But I repeat it is no use-guessing."

We must find her. Why did you not write to me? Why did you lose so much precious time?"

"The wife would have done so over and over again," said Mr. Hayward; "but I would not have it. I say, whatever may be the cause, it is a shame for a girl to forsake her father's home; and I would not have had even you know of the shame of my girl, and which falls on us all."

"You have not acted rightly, Hayward; but it has been a sore trial for you."

Mr. Bowman jerked himself into his freeze.

"Going so soon, Squire?" asked Mrs. Hayward, sorrowfully.

"Why should any honest gentleman wish to be under this roof?" muttered Mr. Hayward.

"I must be in London to-night. Not an hour shall be lost. Even before I go to bed, the search shall be begun."

"And you think—you think you will find her? Oh, Squire, don't say 'yes' to comfort me; but me tell truly if you hope."

"Hope! I am sure I shall find Lucy; and, Hayward, I am sure that there is no shame mingled with the sorrow."

Mr. Hayward took Mr. Bowman's proffered hand, and kissed it. The mother could not restrain the expression of her feelings. She clung to Mr. Bowman's hand, and looked up into his face. He bent over her, and kissed her.

"Keep a good heart, both of you. I will do the work well and quickly."

Mr. Bowman walked steadily for a quarter of a mile, and then he put on what he called his four-mile swing. No one seeing him do that three miles would have believed that he was half a century old.

"Cheesey, my pouch, pipe, and lights. On with your coat. Take the rug over your arm. Sharp for the station—we have only just time to catch the 2.30."

"Ready, sir," said Cheesey, without any expression of surprise or curiosity.

If Mr. Bowman had said, "Cheesey, we are off to Australia," the faithful servitor would have been ready for the start, without even a farewell to his unencumbered wife.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MISER CORRINGE AT HOME.

MR. CORRINGE was in the room called his study. There was a writing table, but no books, in this dismal chamber. A

feeble fire was battling with a little coal and coke in one side of the grate.

Mr. Corringe entered with a candle in his hand, and lighted two other candles that stood on the table.

"Three candles blazing in one room," he said. "It's waste that should bring want. But I can't help it. I can't endure the dark. I hate the night, and can never make out the use of it. Why can't we have daylight always? The night is only good for thieves and ghosts."

Mr. Corringe drew aside the window curtain, and ascertained that the shutters were secure. He opened a cupboard, looked into it and about it. He looked under the table, and then locked the door.

"Locks are a beautiful invention, but they are not a perfect security. A thief might hide up the chimney, and that fire would not disturb him. Confound it, I'm in the blues to-night. I'll try a nip."

Mr. Corringe again opened the cupboard, took out a bottle and a glass, and had a drop of brandy. He put back the bottle and glass, and sat down before the table, and began to write, and continued to do so for half an hour.

"Ah, sometimes I'd back the tongue against the hand for lying. But anyhow writing is good for keeping lies alive that would die in an hour, and also for sending them far and wide."

Mr. Corringe tore up and burnt the paper on which he had written. He went to a second cupboard, and when the door was opened an iron safe was visible. From out the iron safe he took an account book, and resumed his seat before the table; and, turning to a page, he gazed at it for several minutes.

"Agnes Bowman must round that total. If Alf opposes me, I'll curse him. But I'll make him do it. So, Mr. Bowman, your niece has £20,000 at her disposal! I know it is over £50,000; and, if I can, I'll land the odd £30,000 and over. If! It's as good as done when Nat Corringe says it must be done. Now for putting the screw on my dear son and heir. I might like him better if he were not my heir. He may like me, but he can't help thinking of coming into what I have. But I'm wiry—very wiry; and he may be baulked—he may be baulked. Lor, how wild he would be if he were to die before me! How he would kick in his coffin! And unlikelier things have happened."

Having put away his book and unlocked the door, Mr. Corringe rang a bell. It was answered by a domestic drudge.

"Is Mr. Alfred at home?"

"Yes, he are, master."

"Tell him I want to speak to him."

When the drudge had closed the door, her master had another nip.

"This drinking is a bad look-out for most people, but it won't hurt me. I don't drink because I'm thirsty, or because I like the stuff. I am low just now, and it warms me."

The contrast between the father and son was remarkable. The latter was a tall, well-formed young man, with a frank and pleasing countenance. The father and son were not on the best of terms.

"Your mother told me you wanted to see me. The old story, I suppose—more money? You never want to see me for any other purpose than to bleed me."

"And that has not been very often," replied the son. "You have neither given me the opportunity of earning money, nor the means of living without work. But that is over. I have come to tell you that I am about to leave Wolverhampton and England. I shall no longer be a burden to you."

An ill-natured scowl puckered the face of the old man.

"Mighty words, Alf! Have you enlisted in a regiment under marching orders?"

"No, sir. Through the kindness of a friend, I have a clerkship in the West Indies."

"A short life and a hard one. Yellow fever and poor pay. You will not be booby enough to go on such an errand?"

"I have accepted the engagement."

"Well, what of that? You are free to change your mind. Besides, I have a good—a splendid engagement for you in England."

"I prefer to go abroad," said the young man, in a dogged tone.

"Bother your preference, and just listen to me. How would you like to be lord and master of £20,000?"

"I don't know that it would make me any happier," muttered the young man.

"No more of this foolery, Alf. If your mother has put you up to it, so much the worse for her."

"My mother has not mentioned the subject to me."

"You would make a dumb dog swear! How could your mother mention what she

does not know? I ask you again how you would like to wake up some fine morning, and find yourself worth £20,000?"

"Perhaps you will explain your meaning, sir."

"Don't be impetuous, Alf. Thumping good news can't be told in a breath. I saw Mr. Bowman this morning."

"I heard he had returned," said Alf.

"Yes, and I was with him soon after ten, and on your business."

"On my business?"

"What do you think of his niece?"

"Miss Agnes Bowman? I have not thought about her."

"Now, Alf, don't try me too far! You have seen her. Does she squint? Is she hump-backed? Is she a horrid curmudgeon?"

"No, sir. So far as I have observed, she is an agreeable lady."

"Bravo! Capital! I knew your eyes were set in the right place. My boy, I have spoken to her uncle. It is settled that you are to see her, and to make love to her; and, my boy, in a very few months she shall be Mrs. Alfred Corringe, and you will have her £20,000, with a fine girl into the bargain; and I suppose that is no bad make-weight to a young man."

Alfred bit his lips, and there was a flush of anger and indignation on his face.

"I do not intend to marry, and therefore I decline Miss Bowman and her £20,000."

"What!" cried the old man, striking the table. "You dare to kick away such a fortune! If you did, I'd curse you with my dying breath! It's your mother's work, and she shall suffer for it!"

The son was deeply attached to his mother, and Mr. Corringe had often coerced the young man by threatening to revenge disobedience on his mother; but this time the dodge was not successful.

"I shall not marry Miss Bowman, or any other woman. Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes, I have; and something that you will not like to hear, and that you will keep secret without my binding you to secrecy."

Mr. Corringe went to the door, opened it, looked out, then shut and locked it.

"It won't do to have listeners, and we must take care not to talk too loud. Alf, how much do you suppose I am worth?"

"I have not troubled myself about your property."

"There you are, with your mother's ag-



gravating temper! Don't tell me you have never guessed how much you will grab when your blessed mother has killed me, and you take possession."

"You are more likely to kill my mother," said Alf. "I suppose you are rich. People say you are rich."

"People call me Miser Corringe, and think I am rich enough to buy up the whole town. Alfred," continued the old man in a whisper, "it is a mistake. I am not worth a sixpence. I am poor, and worse than poor. Unless you come to the rescue, there is the workhouse or worse for me and your mother."

The son had risen from his chair, and stood before his father.

"That is the plain truth, and now you know it. Do as you like; but, if you care for name, and father and mother, you will marry Agnes Bowman."

"Father, I am surprised, and I am sorry;—not for my sake, but for yours, for it must be a fearful blow to you. I cannot marry the girl; but I will work night and day, and what I earn will be enough for you and my mother. Take my hand, father; and, believe me, I will keep my word."

Mr. Corringe did not take his son's proffered hand.

"You are a dutiful son. You will give me and your mother words. Work for us! It will need hard work and time before you can keep yourself. I have told you the truth, but not the whole truth. I would have spared you, but I cannot do so."

The old man took the bottle and glass from the cupboard. When he had drunk himself, he offered the bottle to his son, who refused to drink.

"My nerves are a little shaky, Alf; and when you know the cause, you will only wonder that I am not broken up."

The old man stood by his son, who had resumed his seat.

"Alf, I said the workhouse or worse. What is worse than the workhouse? Prison—a convict prison!"

"Father, this is terrible. It kills me. Say that you do not mean that you—"

"Yes, I have, Alf—I have used trust-money. To get possession of the money, I committed forgery. Unless I have £10,000 before June, I, your father, shall be branded as a felon. I have no hope of getting the money unless you marry Agnes Bowman. My liberty—nay, my life, for prison would

kill me—and your mother's peace and honour depend on you. Alf, you are my jury and my judge. Will you send your gray-haired father to the hulks?"

The old man trembled violently. The son paced the room.

"Father, if I can, I will save you. The girl must be sacrificed."

"No, Alf—there is no sacrifice of the girl. You will do your duty by her; and I am sure she loves you, for her aunt told me as much."

"But how am I to give you half her fortune? Will the money be handed over to me?"

"No, Alf; but there is another secret, and a pleasant one. I know of some thousands coming to Agnes Bowman that she doesn't know of, and never can know of but through me. That money will do for me, and the £20,000 can be settled on her; you having a life interest whilst she lives, and the money when you bury her."

"Then Miss Bowman will never know that you have taken part of her fortune?"

"Never, my boy, unless you or I tell her, and that is not probable."

"Then why not take the money without my marrying her? Enough to take her money, without inflicting another and more enduring injury."

"Because I can't get at the money without her husband's signature."

Alfred sat down, and for some minutes there was silence. The old man again offered his son some brandy, and this time the liquor was not declined.

"When you have a shock, Alf, a nip is a comfort, and puts you on your legs; but it is an awful dear physic. It's nearly as bad as drinking money."

"We will talk more of this to-morrow," said Alfred.

"Why not settle the matter to-night? Will you marry Agnes Bowman—which will do her no hurt, and be a fortune to you—or shall your father be a convict?"

"I shall save you from such a fate at any cost, for your sake and for my mother's. What becomes of me I care not, and I suppose I shall be as good to the girl as any other fortune-hunter."

"Embrace me, my dear boy," said the father, holding out his arms; but the son only shook hands, not very cordially.

"Shall we have a meeting after breakfast?"

"Yes, Alf—a comfortable chat after breakfast. I always said you would turn out a worthy son, and I was right."

When Alfred had left the room, the old man removed the partly burnt coals from the grate.

"How I should hate Alfred if he were not my son; yet, put on my oath, I don't think it would be safe to swear that I could hate him worse than I do. But I have been even with you, Mr. Generosity; and I shall be even with you still, and your blessed mother into the bargain. My cards are not easy to play; but if I do revoke, the boobies will not observe the trick. Lor, how often I have won the game by a revoke; but I always play with fools, not with sharps. Hypocrite, to pull a wry face at £20,000! If it were not for Mrs. C. I would marry the girl myself. Lor, what chances one loses from being married! With a little planning I may get a share of the settled £20,000. I'll teach you a lesson, Alf, and also your aggravating mother."

The soliloquy of Mr. Corringe was interrupted by the drudge, who announced that supper was ready.

"Meals, meals—they are always ready; and who has to pay for them? I wish people's mouths were sewed up. Lor, what I might have saved if it had not been for the feeding and the clothing!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A DOLEFUL WOOING.

THERE had always been surprise expressed in Mrs. Christie's set that the well-endowed and amiable lady had not exchanged her weeds for orange blossom. Captain Christie was killed in a little Indian war, and Mrs. Christie was a widow at twenty-eight. She had a well-appointed house at Brompton, was pretty and pleasing, and was known to have an ample income. It need not be said that a host of men vowed unspeakable admiration and eternal love. The widow listened complacently to the protestations of the suitors; but when an offer came it was firmly though politely declined. She said that she had resolved not to marry again, and that she intended to devote herself to the education of Agnes, the orphan child of her brother, who had also been a soldier, and had died in India, leaving behind him a motherless infant. Mrs. Christie had been faithful to her trust in respect to her niece. She had lately

travelled with her on the Continent for three years; "not," she wrote to her brother John, "that I like it, or that it does a girl much good; but I don't want Agnes to marry before she is of age, and at Brompton we are beset." When they returned to England, there was a smart competition for the charming twenty-thousand pounder. Alfred Corringe had several eligible rivals; but he was the favoured suitor of the aunt.

Mrs. Christie was in her morning-room, busy with what John Bowman called her substitute for smoking. She was working at a strip of embroidery. Agnes, a fair and rather delicate-looking girl, was ensconced in an easy-chair, with an unopened book lying on her knees.

"My dear, if you are not disposed to read, you should write or practise. I like to see you at something, even if it is mischief."

"I am tired of always doing, aunt. I wish I was a Quakeress; for then I could fiddle my fingers, without being scolded for idleness."

"Something has angered you, my dear. Come, Agnes, what ails you?"

"Nothing," replied Agnes, taking up the book and reading, or seeming to do so.

"Is it an affair of the heart, my dear?"

"I wish you would not tease me, aunt, when I have the headache."

"Tease you, my love! Why, I never did so in my life, though you so often provoke me."

"There, aunty, don't be cross. But I do not like to be bothered about the men."

"My love, you must make your choice, and get married."

"Oh, you are in a dreadful hurry to get rid of me!"

"My dear, if you could stop growing older, I would never let you marry. But that is impossible; and as you are just of age, I should like to see you settled—that is, properly settled, Agnes; not married to a penniless wanderer, who would be dependent on you for his board and pocket-money."

"Oh, you need not hint at Lieutenant Peyton. I know he is an abomination in your eyes, and you will be pleased to learn that I would not marry him if my life depended on it."

Mrs. Christie put down her work, and looked earnestly at her niece.

"It may seem strange to you, aunt; but

it is true. I had some sort of liking for him, but he has cured me of that weakness."

Agnes bit her lip, and looked very defiant.

"Perhaps, Agnes, it is a lovers' quarrel, and only the prelude to another fit of love. I confess I do not approve of Lieutenant Peyton; but if you have given him your heart, you should also give him your hand."

"Now, aunty, why do you speak so unkindly? I have told you that I will never, never marry Lieutenant Peyton; and, as I suppose I ought to marry somebody, I will make up my mind. What do you think of Mr. Alfred Corringe?"

"My dear, you know my opinion of the young man. He is, I am sure, a gentleman of high character and kind heart. He is the only son—and, indeed, the only child—of an enormously rich man. But, Agnes, it is for you to say yea or nay."

"Well, aunt, I can't keep a secret. The 'yea' was said last night, between supper and the first galop after supper. I made up my mind in a moment. For the rest of the night Mr. Corringe looked awfully solemn. But that pleased me better than engaged fussiness. I told him to speak to you, and I suppose he will call."

"Come here, dear!" said Mrs. Christie.

The aunt took the girl on her knee, and kissed her.

"My darling, had you not better see more of Mr. Corringe before you engage yourself to him? My dear, it would break my heart if you were not happy. Shall I tell Mr. Corringe that he must wait for his answer?"

"No, aunty. It would not be fair to him."

"But think of yourself, Agnes—for your sake, and for his too?"

"I have been thinking of it for hours, aunty; and I do not regret the engagement."

So the young people were affianced. Men who had entertained hopes of landing the charming twenty thousand pounder, sneered at the avarice of Mrs. Christie.

"It is not Alfred Corringe," they said, "who is to marry Miss Bowman. She is engaged to the reversion of Miser Corringe's money bags."

It did not occur to these gentlemen that it is as mercenary for a poor man to marry a rich girl as it is for a poor girl to marry a rich man. Uncle John was philosophical; and re-

marked that, like other married folk, Agnes and Alfred would be as happy as they deserved to be. Miser Corringe was delighted, and came to London to pay his respects to Mrs. Christie, and remained in London to forward the arrangements. The girls in Mrs. Christie's set were naturally disgusted that a rich heiress had hooked the only son of a millionaire; but they were soon reconciled to the engagement by the reflection that they no longer had to compete with a formidable rival.

The wooing was conducted in a most becoming manner. Alfred daily spent an hour or so in Mrs. Corringe's morning-room, and in the evening the young people met at a party, or at the theatre. On Sunday, Alfred escorted the aunt and niece to church, and lunched at Mrs. Christie's. Agnes gave Alfred a ring, and Alfred sent her several presents. Miser Corringe gave his son £200—or rather, he lent him that sum at 10 per cent. interest, and took a bond for the repayment a month after the marriage. The old man told his son that a money-lender would have charged him 50 per cent. for a loan on such security.

The first Saturday in April was named for the wedding. Mrs. Christie wanted the marriage put off till the autumn, but she was alone in this wish. Miser Corringe and the young people approved of the arrangement. John Bowman told his sister that if he had resolved to marry, he would not wait for a week; and added, with a laugh, that if you had to take physic, it was better to swallow it without loss of time.

"But, John, I am afraid that Agnes is not happy. She is neither well nor cheerful; and I fancy she is always better and more cheerful when Alfred is away. I wish the marriage could be put off till the autumn."

"Nonsense, Loo. Now the time is near for parting with Agnes, you take a gloomy view of the prospect. Besides, Agnes is free to marry or to remain single; and, assuredly, she was free to reject Alfred Corringe. Probably, she does not know what is good for her—girls never do; but depend upon it that she is pleasing herself with respect to Mr. Corringe, and is about to marry him because she fancies he loves her, and that she loves him."

But John Bowman was wrong, and his sister was right. People said that the lovers pretended not to care much for each other;

but experienced observers perceived that the coldness was real and not affected, and remarked that it was shocking to marry for money, and without any affection. Alfred pitied Agnes, and despised himself for the part he was playing; but his father was in town, and, from day to day, pressed upon him the stern necessity for the marriage. Agnes had accepted Alfred's offer in a moment of pique, and pride prevented even the thought of breaking her word. As the days passed away, and the preparations for the wedding reminded her that the first Saturday in April was drawing near, even her pride could not sustain her spirit.

It was a bright spring morning, and Agnes, who had been ordered to take morning exercise, was in Kensington Gardens, attended by "Nurse," the servant who had been with her from infancy. They were seated in the sunshine for a minute's rest. There was a footstep, and Agnes looked up, and uttered an exclamation. A gentleman who was approaching, started, bowed profoundly, and would have passed on; but Agnes rose from her seat, and held out her hand.

"If you are not too busy, Lieutenant Peyton, I should like to speak to you."

"Miss Bowman commands my time and attention."

"Nurse, I shall be back in two or three minutes."

She walked away, with the full consent of Nurse, who was partial to Lieutenant Peyton, whilst she disliked Mr. Corringe.

"I hear that you are leaving England," said Agnes, "and I wish to bid you farewell, and to part as friends."

"I shall never forget this kindness, Miss Bowman."

"You are not very kind; but perhaps it is as well."

Her voice was tremulous. Lieutenant Peyton stopped, and took her hand.

"Agnes, do not charge me with unkindness. Even when you spurned me, there was no other feeling in my heart but love—forgive the word."

"I spurn you! No. It pleased you to spurn me."

"Do you forget the last letter you wrote to me?"

"I do not remember it."

Lieutenant Peyton took a letter from his pocket-book.

"Here it is. If you read it now, you will

not blame me for obeying such a mandate. I doubt not it was written under dictation."

"No. I never wrote to you under dictation."

"That is a disappointment, Agnes. It was a consolation to suppose that the words of withering contempt written by your pen were the thought of an enemy."

"Let us sit down for a moment," said Agnes.

She did so; but Lieutenant Peyton remained standing.

"If I wrote an unkind word to you, it was not intended."

Agnes read the letter.

"William, do you think—do you think I could write such a letter? Do you believe that I could bid you not to speak to me except as an acquaintance? Do you believe that I could accuse you of—of—not loving me, and only seeking my fortune? If you had been true to me, you would not have believed that letter was mine."

"Agnes, dear, tell me. Not your letter? I must believe your writing!"

"No, William—I did not write the letter. I never saw it, or heard of it, till this moment."

"Who has practised this accursed deception?"

"I see it all now. It's my aunt's doing."

"Oh, my love, you give me hope—you renew my life. It is not yet too late to foil the plotter."

"Yes, William—too late, too late! My aunt has devoted the best years of her life to the care of me. I cannot expose her wrongdoing. I must keep my promise to Mr. Corringe. We must say farewell."

"Be it so, Miss Bowman; but do not, when you say farewell, profess regret for me. Your pardon, Agnes. You are acting prudently, and dutifully to your aunt."

"William, I love you with a love that can never die. But this is madness, it is wickedness, it is shameful. Go from me, William. If ever you loved me, go from me. If my honour is dear to you, leave me."

"I obey you, Agnes. God have mercy on us."

He bent over Agnes, kissed her forehead, and walked away quickly. It was with a painful effort that Agnes returned to the spot where she had left her attendant.

"Lawk a daisy, my dear, how flustered

you do look, to be sure! - I only hope that you and that good Lieutenant Peyton—"

"Stop, Nursey, you must never again speak of him."

When they got home, they found Alfred waiting. He proposed a drive in the afternoon. Agnes pleaded headache and fatigue, and said she should not leave her room till the dinner hour; and abruptly bade Alfred good morning.

Alfred went to his lodgings. His father was there.

"Father, is there no escape from this misery? Must I marry a girl who hates me?"

"I don't know about marrying a girl who hates you; but you must marry Agnes Bowman, and on the day appointed, or you know the consequences.

"Misery and disgrace for you, and disgrace for my mother."

"Aye, Alf; and punishment for your mother!"

"Punishment for my mother!"

"Not knowing what she did, she helped me with the forgeries; and she would not get off."

"Enough, sir. I will do as you direct."

So the doleful wooing went on. The aunt again spoke to her brother, and he asked Agnes if she repented of the engagement. And Agnes said she did not; and her uncle was satisfied.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE SEARCH.

**M**R. BOWMAN would have been better informed as to the state of the heart of his niece if his attention had not been absorbed in the search for Lucy. The pursuit had been hot, eager, and ably directed. There was no stint of gold. All the available detective talent of the metropolis had been employed and lavishly paid. The wonderful equanimity of Cheesey could hardly withstand the constant demands of the detectives to rush here, there, and everywhere at a moment's notice. Under any other circumstances, his master would have protested against being deprived of his faithful attendant; but now his one desire, his one purpose, was to find Lucy. He promised a handsome reward for success. At first £100, then £500, and at last £1,000.

John Bowman, however, was baffled. Two months of hard work and lavish ex-

penditure had been in vain. Lucy had not been traced beyond the railway station at Birmingham, where a porter remembered her giving up her ticket.

It was a sore disappointment to Mr. Bowman. He was vexed at the failure. He was not used to having his will thwarted. Then he was anxious about the girl, and grieved for the heart-breaking sorrow of the parents. Mr. Bowman was fretful and irritable, and looked ill.

Cheesey had just returned from Wolverhampton, to tell his master that a supposed clue led to nothing.

"Well, Cheesey, it may be a long job, but I won't give in. And look you, Cheesey, you are not to give in, and nobody is to give in; and mark me, I make the paying for this search a first charge on my property. I will not be beaten."

"The search would not go on none the better if you was laid up, sir; and it won't go on none the worse for your taking care of yourself."

"I am out of sorts, Cheesey. I don't care to go anywhere or to do anything."

"Oh, I've had my weather eye on you, sir," said Cheesey, with animation. "Your horses' feet aint made their mark on the Row for weeks. You have a chop at home in place of your dinner at the club. As to whist, you might have forgotten it, or never have learnt it. When one don't care for nothing one has been brought up to, and growed up to like, it aint what I calls a healthy sign."

Cheesey wiped his brow with the cuff of his coat, and his master smiled.

"Cheesey, nature intended you for an orator and a sage. We will appear in Rottenrow in the morning."

Mr. Bowman had committed a too common error. No man can be healthy or happy unless he has one or two hobby-horses, and rides them regularly. When a man is pressed with work or is worried, the hobby-horse exercise is more than ever necessary; and at such times men neglect their hobbies. Cheesey was right. If his master had taken his morning ride, dined at his club, and had his rubber or two, he would have been in better health, and the search would have gone on quite as well. But it is, as above remarked, a too common error to lock the hobby-horse stable when hobby-horse exercise is most needful.

"And, sir, Mr. Bangs is a-waiting to see you."

"To repeat your report, Cheesey. But I will see him."

Exit Cheesey and enter Mr. Bangs—that is, Jem Bangs, the eminent detective.

"So, Bangs, it is the old story. No trace. But I told Cheesey, and I tell you, that I won't give in, and nobody must give in."

"Which I call pluck and principle," said Mr. Bangs. "Giving in is a game I don't like. A hundred clues turn out broken threads; but the hundred-and-oneth brings you dead on your hare."

"We will try the thousand-and-oneth, Bangs, if necessary. Have you anything to suggest this morning?"

"Mr. Bowman, I have. There's a clue I've hit which I do believe will lead to an exposure of the mystery. Mr. Cheesey, sir, is a good man, and your confidential; but I dare not let him have a wink at my new clue. You will see, sir, that it would not be fair."

"I will keep your secret, Mr. Bangs. May it prove worth preserving."

"Hear the evidence, and then for the verdict. Here are the two letters of Miss Hayward, Mr. Bowman," said Bangs, taking the letters out of his pocket-book. "I have laid out ten of your good sovereigns on them, and I will tell you why."

"Never mind about the money, Bangs, but out with what you have done."

"I will be as quick as possible over the ground, but you can't get to a place without going to it. Did you ever notice anything particular about the last note—the note that came with the London postmark?"

"It is signed Lucy, and not Lucy Hayward."

"Right you are, sir, as two from two and carry nought is right. But the point has been worked, and is of no account."

"What is your point, Bangs?" asked Mr. Bowman, lighting a pipe he had been filling.

"Look at 'em, sir. First at the farewell one. You can see without specs that when Miss Hayward wrote that she felt every dot of it. Pretty handwriting; but blotchy, scratchey, and shakey. Now turn to the t'other. Here's a girl writing a line to her father and mother under circumstances that would wring the feelings of a paving stone, if it had any. Well, Mr. Bowman, what do you see? Is it scratchy, or blotchy, or shakey? No, Mr. Bowman, it aint. It's upright, downright, and regular as an in-voice."

"Yes, Bangs—yes, my friend; you are right, perfectly right. And what do you make of it?"

Mr. Bowman had been disappointed so often, that he was not greatly exhilarated by the discovery of Mr. Bangs. He leant back in his chair, and blew clouds of smoke in the direction of the detective.

"That notion come over me all of a sudden; and, thinks I, it's a queer business. You may force a party, says I to myself, to scrawl the particular words you tell her for to write, but the King of the Cannibals himself couldn't steady a girl's hand contrarywise to her feelings."

Mr. Bowman put down his pipe.

"So, says I to my own dear self, I will just try if this here scent is anyway genuine. I walked with the letters to Mr. Ogle, the gent who is the very first in the line for finding out what is genuine and what aint in the way of forgery. First, I showed him the envelopes. He looks at them for a minute or two.

"'Not wrote by the same individual,' says he.

"'Sure?' says I.

"'Swear it,' says he. Then he looks at the letters: 'Not wrote by the same hand,' says he.

"'Sure?' says I.

"'Swear it,' says he.

"Well, Mr. Bowman, to make the point surer, I took it to Mr. Finster, the rival of old Ogle, and I goes through the same trial. He passes the same sentence; and when I asks him if he is certain, he says to me—

"'Why, Bangs, you must be blind as a one-eyed potato not to see for yourself that they wasn't wrote by the same. It don't need an expert to make that discovery.'"

"I do not doubt the skill of the experts," said Mr. Bowman, after a pause. "But the discovery affords us no help. The London postmark was a false scent; that is all."

"And I ask you why, sir, we was put on a false scent?"

"For the same reason that the girl's whereabouts was concealed."

"No, Mr. Bowman—that won't do. Anyhow, why run the risk of the false writing? It looks to me as if there had been foul work, and Miss Hayward could do more in the writing or any other accomplishment."

"That is a horrible suspicion, Bangs; and

I do not think it justified by the little we know."

"Don't try short cuts to the winning-post, sir, or you will come to grief. First hear, sir, and then out with your verdict, without even retiring from the box."

"Go on, Bangs," said Mr. Bowman, filling a pipe.

"When this writing discovery was fresh upon me, your note comes asking me to go with Mr. Cheesey to Wolverhampton; which we did, but it turned out a blank."

"So Cheesey has told me."

"Yes, Mr. Bowman; but though that particular bite was no catch, the journey was not a blank day. I've found out the man who kept company with Miss Hayward."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Bowman.

"I say, sir, that I've found the man that kept company with Miss Hayward, and I could lay hands on him within the hour."

"Who is it?"

Mr. Bangs looked hard at his questioner, and replied, in a low but emphatic tone—

"Alfred Corringe."

Mr. Bowman flung his pipe into the fire-place and started up.

"Bangs, I like that young man. I have faith in him. Could I like and have faith in a man who could so forget the duty he owed to the girl he loved as never to ask whether she was well or ill, whether she was or was not found—who could have done something and did not do what he might have done to clear up the mystery and mitigate the agony of the father and mother? Bangs, you must be wrong."

"No, Mr. Bowman—my information is right to the letter. The sister is the witness."

"The sister! What, little Dumpling keep silence when she saw the misery of her parents!"

"Yes, sir; and would have done so still, but for a ruse. She had been sworn by Miss Hayward never to tell about Alfred Corringe; but when I spoke of foul work she screamed, poor girl, and revealed."

"I will see him," said Mr. Bowman, with his hand on the bell.

"Don't," interposed the detective. "This is a serious business, and we must go warily about it. It is a question of public justice."

"Have you more to tell me, Bangs?"

"Not in the way of facts, except one or two that you do not look at, though they

are before you, staring you out of countenance."

"What are they, Bangs?"

"You have told me that Miss Hayward is an honest girl."

"That is true."

"Do honest girls have two lovers?"

At any other time, Mr. Bowman would have told him that if flirting is a proof of dishonesty, then an honest girl is not to be found. But Mr. Bowman had now no disposition for jesting.

"Well, Bangs?"

"Would an honest girl have one lover and go off with another?"

"Your point is a strong one, Bangs."

"Would an honest girl leave father and mother, unless by the wish of the man she intended to marry?"

"You think, then, that Corringe has this poor girl in concealment?"

"Or worse."

"Or worse, Bangs! What shall we do?"

"Watch for a day or two—which is provided for. He does not know that a pair of eyes are on him, though they are so from the moment he rises till he sleeps again. If we can find the girl on the quiet, that is the best thing to be done. If not, the case must go before the public."

"If Corringe has taken the girl from her home—"

"If, Mr. Bowman!" interposed Mr. Bangs.

"Say that Corringe has done this, then we shall find the girl."

"Unless it is worse than taking her from home."

"I know the young man. I am forced to think him a villain. I know he is not a blood-stained villain."

"So much the more reason for keeping it dark for a day or two, whilst we are peering in and looking out."

"But Alfred Corringe is to marry my niece in a week. I must stop that, at all events."

"Certainly, sir, by all means; but not by disguising our clue. Give me three days, and by that time all will be done that need be before the tally-ho. Any other proceeding might balk justice, and leave the fate of poor Miss Hayward in mystery to the end of the chapter, except to those who brought about the affair."

"I promise to keep the secret for three days. Smoke a pipe with me at ten to night, Bangs. We will then talk over the

matter. You have furnished me with a lump of news that is hard to swallow, and will be long in digesting."

When Bangs departed, Mr. Bowman paced the room for nearly an hour. He was pale and wan, and there was an occasional quiver of the upper lip.

"Bangs is right. The son is as heartless as the father, and a more daring and unscrupulous villain. He wants the fortune of Agnes; and lest Lucy should spoil the game he has trapped her. Another week, and the discovery would have been too late. You have given me a spell of care and trouble—you have brought misery on a pure and happy home, Alfred Corringe. You shall reap as you have sown. If the law cannot reach you, I can."

Cheesey came into the room.

"You have not said whether you will dine at the club, sir."

"It will not do to be moping over it at home," said Mr. Bowman, speaking as it were to himself. "Yes, Cheesey, I shall dine at the club, unless I honour the damask of Mrs. Christie."

"You must go somewhere, and do something, for you look as if all the colour had been boiled out of the blood of your face."

"Don't be alarmed, Cheesey. A rest, a walk, and a feed will restore my complexion."

## CHAPTER VI.

MISER CORRINGE IS STARTLED.

MR. CORRINGE hired apartments at Islington, the diminutive parlours of a six-roomed house, in a street overflowing with children, and a favourite resort of organ men. He said that he wanted the bracing air of the northern suburb; but no one believed the story. Miser Corringe went to Islington to decrease his expenditure. Alfred ventured to remonstrate.

"I never have, and I never will fling my money into the gutter. No one will think the worse of me. When a man gets fame as a miser, the more he saves, the more he is worshipped. Instead of grumbling at my economy, you had better write and ask your mother to stitch up her blessed mouth whilst I am being robbed in this ruinous den of London."

This harangue, delivered at breakfast, was cut short by the landlady bringing in two eggs that had been ordered by Alfred.

"If I'd been as reckless, Alf, you would

have been looking for muddy crusts in gutters, and thankful to get them. What does a man want with eggs, encouraging the appetite, and devouring what would grow into food enough for a family? If I'd my way, Alf, I'd stop egg-eating by Act of Parliament."

Alfred thought it best to change the topic.

"How is your head this morning?"

"None the worse, and no thanks to you," growled the old man. "You and your hopeful mother are not coming into my shoes yet. Look how I take care of the last farthing. Do I call in a doctor? No; that is the game of fortune kickers, like you and your precious mother. I go as an out-patient to a hospital. And though the liquor is awful dear, it serves for food as well as physic."

It was evening, and Mr. Corringe, who had nipped away the day, sat before the fire dozing, when he was awakened by his landlady.

"Please, sir—"

"Where's the candles? Quick with the candles, I say."

"Yes, sir; and here is—"

Mr. Corringe stamped his foot.

"Will you bring me candles?"

He stirred the fire, and shuddered.

"How cold it is, and how I do hate the dark."

The landlady brought in a pair of candles.

"Please, sir, here's a gentleman as wants to see you, and who has called this afternoon."

A man wearing a thick gray beard, and muffled in a pilot coat, entered; and the landlady disappeared, after giving the wicks of the candles a fillip with a hair pin that she had furtively and dexterously plucked from her head.

Mr. Corringe and the stranger looked at each other for a full minute without speaking.

"Who are you? What do you want? Why don't you speak? How dare you come into my room in that hangdog, felon way?"

The stranger laughed.

"What, Nat, don't you know me?"

The old man reeled as if he had been shot. The stranger made a movement to assist him.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Corringe, hoarsely. "Who are you?"

"What, Nat, have you forgotten Phil Massey?"



The old man gasped for breath; but in a minute seemed to have mastered his emotion. He held the candle above his head, and gazed at the stranger.

"What about Phil Massey?" asked Mr. Corringe, in a low but steady voice.

"What about me? What! Volumes—volumes of adventures. But after well-nigh ten years' absence, this is not an over-warm greeting."

"You Phil Massey! You are an impostor. Massey has been dead for years."

"This is provoking—to come home, and to be coolly told you have been dead for years! I will see you in a day or two, and perhaps when others know me you will remember me. Why, even Bowman's servant, who gave me your address, knew my face. Good night."

"Don't go. I have been ill. I am ill. My nerves are bad, and you startled me. Come here, let me look at you."

The man crossed the room, and stood so that the light of the candles fell upon his face.

"You are Phil Massey. Good God, how did you come here?"

The old man suffered Massey to take his hand, and then sat in the easy-chair.

"You are as cold as a Lapland fog, Nat. Have you any spirit in the place?"

Mr. Corringe pointed to the cupboard. Nat found the brandy, and gave the old man a glass of the liquor, and took a like dose.

"It's very strong, and so dreadfully dear," gasped Mr. Corringe.

"Bravo, Nat! You are at your old game. The Bank of England must be a pauper to you by this time. And I say, old boy, it isn't half a bad card you are playing with Alfred. Bowman's servant showed me the milk in that cocoa nut."

"What is that to me? I don't marry the girl, or get her fortune."

"But your son does."

"If my son breaks his leg, it doesn't break mine, and his luck doesn't fill my pocket."

"But, Nat, he gets well settled, and off your hands."

"I shall save his keep, and I need do so. But, Massey, what kept you away, and what has brought you back?"

"I went away because I was a middle-aged fool, who is the most stupid and obstinate of all fools. I was crossed in love and fortune, and went abroad. My ship was wrecked—but you know all about that from the papers.

I read that I was reported among the drowned, and I thought I would let it be believed. That is just seven years ago. I went everywhere for a year or two, and then settled in Australia. I did tolerably—lived well, and put by a trifle. When I got well of a fever, I grew home-sick. Also I thought of old Bowman's queer trust, and that I ought to be at hand. The girl must be close on one and twenty."

"Very nigh, very nigh."

"And with interest, it must be over £25,000."

"Over that—over that, no doubt," said the old man, abstractedly.

"Come, Nat, that won't go down with me. You know to the sweating of a brass farthing what it comes to."

"You shall see for yourself, Phil."

"It will be a big surprise."

"No doubt; and if we never let the cat out of the bag, it would be a big fortune for us."

"Nat Corringe!" exclaimed Massey, "are you mad? What, rob the orphan!"

"Are you mad? Do you think I would rob my son? So, you cannot take a joke as a joke."

"Yes, I can, Nat; but you never were a joker, and it is not a joking matter. Do you remember how the old gentleman gasped out the oath he put to us?"

"A little more brandy, Phil. The start has shaken my nerves."

The old man drank a glass of liquor, and so did Massey.

"It is mighty strong, and awful dear, Phil; but you are welcome—you are welcome. Will you do me a favour, that I would not ask, only I am ill?"

"Yes, Nat, for old scores are wiped out, and you can't help your nature."

"Will you go to Wolverhampton in the morning?"

"That is where I mean going. I wonder how many of my relations and friends are living?"

"We will go together."

"You go, Nat! Why, you must attend the wedding."

"That is what I can't do, Phil. I feel that the excitement would kill me. You go down with me, return with the papers, and tell the secret."

"Does not Alfred know it?"

"Not a word of it. How could I tell him?"

"Quite right, Nat. But the world may say unpleasant things."

"The world can't say we did not keep our oath. The world can't say that Agnes was trapped by the son of a pauper."

"What an advantage it is to be rich. Wealth covers a vast deal of sinfulness that, if done by poor men, would be called by a harder name."

"Be here at ten in the morning."

"To the second, Nat. You must doctor a little."

"I am wiry, Phil—I am wiry. A rest will put me on my legs. And to be confidential, after my son is married, I mean to take it easy. I do, indeed—I swear I do."

After a few inquiries about friends, Phil departed.

Mr. Corringe summoned the landlady, and bade her make up the fire and fill the scuttle, to set up fresh candles, and to let him have a lamp, as he wished to read till a late hour.

"Tell my son he must not disturb me. Umph!" he muttered, as he locked his door; "this will do. Two boxes of lucifers, box of night lights, two fresh candles, a lamp that will burn for twelve hours, and a fire. No fear of being left in the dark. I'd give—I swear I'd give half I am worth to any doctor who could cure me of this horrid fear of the dark. It is always on me, and it is killing me—it is killing me."

He munched a biscuit and drank some brandy and water. He sat in the easy-chair, with the lamp, the candles, the night-lights, and the lucifers within reach.

"Now to think about that Massey, and what to do with him."

The old man sat brooding over the fire for hours.

"That will do. I have it clear now—quite clear. I won't lose the game. If Massey had come a week later, and I had been at home, it might have been ruin. Since he must come, he comes at the right moment. I have it clear now. I won't lose the game."

## CHAPTER VII.

BANGS IS WRONG.

"**B**ANGS, we must decide what is to be done, and do it. Not next week. Not to-morrow. But to-night."

"This wedding bumps down every other consideration, and makes your observation correct, Mr. Bowman. Our clue has not

led us astray, but it has not led us farther than we were four days ago."

"And what do you advise, Bangs?"

"I've been over the ground pretty often and pretty careful. I have gone over it in bed and out of bed. I think I am right. I say, who induced Miss Hayward to leave her father and her mother? Her lover, says I. Who knows where she is, or what has become of her? The man who enticed her from home. I say, arrest Alfred Corringe on a warrant. We have enough for a remand, and when it gets in the papers, more will come. If it were left to me, I should get a warrant, and have him before a magistrate to-morrow."

"Bangs, you are right from your information; but I know all you know, and a little more. I know Alfred Corringe, and you don't. I am persuaded that he is not guilty—at least, not so guilty as you assume. I will have him here, and question him in your presence."

"It is hardly fair to get a man to criminate himself."

"Nonsense, Bangs. If he is guilty, let him suffer. If he is innocent, it will save three families from needless suffering."

Mr. Bowman wrote a note to Alfred, who was at Mrs. Christie's, requesting him to return with the bearer, Cheesey, as Mr. Bowman wished to ask him one or two questions.

Alfred came. He shook hands with Mr. Bowman, but was surprised by that gentleman's constrained manner.

"Be seated, Mr. Corringe. I am sorry to call you from the agreeable society of my sister and niece, especially as the business is not pleasant, and may not interest you."

Alfred courteously assured Mr. Bowman that he was happy to wait on him at any time.

"This is Mr. Bangs, who has been assisting me in the business I wish to speak to you about. Do you happen to know the Haywards?"

"Yes, some of them," replied Alfred, and his face was crimson.

"Do you happen to know Miss Lucy Hayward?"

"Yes, Mr. Bowman. It is a most painful subject, and what I have to say must be said to you in private."

"If the gentleman objects to a witness, I can smoke my pipe with Mr. Cheesey."

"Remain where you are, Bangs. Mr. Cor-

ringe, do you know the whereabouts of Miss Lucy Hayward?"

"Miss Lucy Hayward? She is married," said Alfred.

"My question is plain enough. Do you know the whereabouts of the lady who was, if she is not, Lucy Hayward?"

"I do not. Why do you ask me? Why not ask her parents?"

Mr. Bowman looked at Alfred, and then glanced at Bangs.

"They do not know where she is. They have not known since the day she left her home. They do not know whether she is married or single, living or dead."

Alfred's pale face and agitation convinced Mr. Bangs that his conclusions were not absolutely correct.

"This is terrible news. I loved Lucy with my whole heart, and she forsook me; and I bore my anguish as well as I could, because I thought she was happy."

"Mr. Corringe," said Mr. Bangs, "if I may be permitted to put a question, would it be asking too much if you were to tell us when you last saw her or heard from her? It may be a clue."

"The last time I saw her was the beginning of October. We parted in love and happiness. I had to visit Holland, on business for my father. I wrote ten letters, which were addressed to the post-office, and these she received."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"I inquired at the post-office, and they told me they were asked for and taken away. I had no answers, and I became anxious and even alarmed. At length I got a telegram, which said—'I have hurt my hand, and I can't write; but do not be uneasy, for I am quite well, and doctor says I shall be able to use my hand in a fortnight.'"

"Have you got that telegram?" asked Bangs.

"Here it is," said Alfred.

"Will you lend it to Mr. Bowman and me, as it may help us."

"Yes, but take care of it. I returned to Wolverhampton on the 10th of November. I went to the post-office where she addressed letters to me, as I thought she might have been able to write a line to make an appointment, as I had written about my return. I found this letter waiting for me."

He put a letter in Mr. Bowman's hands. It was from Lucy, and read as follows:—

"ALFRED—I did not hurt my hand. It was false. From the first I was false to you. I never loved you. I did not even like you. I loved another dearly. He is poor. You are rich. I thought I would get your money. But my love is too strong. I have gone to my poor lover. I dare say you will go to father and mother, and let them know how I have served you. It will make them more angry with me. But do what you like; the more revenge you take the better. Now I have done with you. I wish you well; but whilst you were my lover, I hated you.

"LUCY HAYWARD.

"It is the last time I shall sign this name."

The letter was closely examined.

Mr. Bowman took the two letters from his pocket-book.

"Are both those in Lucy's writing?"

"Undoubtedly," said Alfred, after looking at them.

"But look close at that slip, Mr. Corringe and Bangs. Look at it well, and then say if it is her writing."

"I think so. I am sure it is," said Alfred.

"Experts say it is not her writing. And I say that the letter to you is not her writing."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, were you true to me? and I——"

"Mr. Corringe," said Mr. Bowman, "this is a grave matter, and you must allow me to ask you another question. What did you do when you got this letter?"

"Showed it her sister. She told me that Lucy had gone; and on the day before she left, she made her swear that she would never tell a soul that Lucy had known me."

"Did your father know of your courting her?" asked Bangs.

"No. He never heard her name. I was sure that he would oppose this marriage, and therefore I kept the courtship a secret."

"Bangs, let me have a few words in private with Mr. Corringe."

When Bangs had left the room, Mr. Bowman said—

"I have been right and wrong about you, Mr. Corringe. Mr. Bangs thought that you, the lover of the girl, had for some fell purpose beguiled her from her home. I protested that you were incapable of such brutal

conduct. I was right. You did not beguile her from her home. You are not responsible for her sufferings or fate."

"Mr. Bowman, I cannot speak for the grief and terror that chokes me. Oh, my Lucy—oh, my Lucy!"

"Yet I have been deceived in you, Mr. Corringe. I thought you of too pure a nature to forget an old love in a week. I thought you too honourable to marry for pique, and to wed an innocent girl to life-long misery. Your conduct to Agnes is indefensible, unjust, and cruel."

"I do not ask for acquittal. I do not hope to have your esteem or sympathy. For me there is only sorrow and despair. But that my lips are sealed, even you would hold me to be less guilty than you now suppose."

"Lips sealed! Another secret. Another mysterious link in the long chain of mystery. Speak out, Mr. Corringe, and break the fatal spell."

"The secret is not all mine, or I would. But I implore you to see Miss Bowman. Tell her what you please, and also that she is free to tell you what she knows of me. You spurn me, but I trust all—my honour, my duty, and my name—to your honour and your discretion."

"They expect you at Mrs. Christie's, but I will go in your stead. I will see Agnes. Will you wait for my return?"

"Yes. I wish to see you after you have spoken with Miss Bowman. I only live to aid in the search for Lucy. Oh, my poor dear, what shall I do—what shall I do!"

"We will talk of that when I have seen Agnes."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### AGNES EXPLAINS.

**A**GNES was requested to see her uncle for a few minutes, and found him in the morning-room.

"Now, nuncs, what is the grand secret? I love to hear secrets."

"The business that brings me here is not a matter for levity or jesting."

"I did not mean to be heartless, Uncle John. How sad you look. Do tell me what has happened."

"I have neither the disposition nor the time to enter into tedious explanations. If you have confidence in me, they can be reserved for another occasion. I want you to put off your marriage."

"Uncle!" said Agnes, colouring.

"I do not now say that you must not marry Mr. Corringe; but I do say you must put off your marriage."

"Uncle John, I have been cruelly played with."

"Then, why marry the man? I am aware of the conduct of Mr. Corringe. It is cruel and utterly indefensible."

"You are mistaken, uncle. Mr. Corringe has behaved with a kindness and a noble frankness that I can never repay and never forget."

"Another puzzle," said Mr. Bowman. "Who, then, Agnes, has cruelly played with you?"

"One I ought to love, and do love; one who has been so kind to me, that I may not even resent a cruel deception."

"I do not guess your riddle. Who is it?"

"My aunt."

"Your aunt!" exclaimed Mr. Bowman. "I am sure you are unjust to the woman who has devoted her life to the care of you."

"You know about Lieutenant Peyton," said Agnes.

"I have seen the young man. I heard that there was a flirtation in that quarter."

"It was not flirtation, uncle. We loved each other, and were engaged—that is, secretly, for aunt does not like William—I mean Lieutenant Peyton—because he is poor."

"And she cold-shouldered the young man? And you were pettish? Is that the story, Agnes?"

"No, uncle. Towards the end of the year, Lieutenant Peyton slighted me. He treated me coldly, even rudely. I was angry, and in my anger engaged myself to Mr. Corringe. By chance I met Lieutenant Peyton, and I found that he had been deceived by a letter written in my name, and so like my writing that any one might be deceived. That letter was written by my aunt. She nearly succeeded in making two people miserable for life. Uncle, was not that cruel?"

"I should like to see the letter," said Mr. Bowman.

"You can. William—I mean Lieutenant Peyton—returned it to me, and here it is."

"Why do you say that your aunt wrote this?" asked Mr. Bowman when he had read the letter.

"Because no one else knew so much about myself and Lieutenant Peyton, and no one

else could so copy my writing; for aunt taught me to write, and our hands are so much alike."

"If your aunt wrote this letter, I am sure that her motive was your good; yet, Agnes, it was a wrong, an unpardonable wrong. But what of your own conduct? You love this Lieutenant Peyton, and you are about to marry Mr. Corringe. Yet, I suppose, if any one called you dishonest and pointed at you the finger of scorn, you would be offended."

"Uncle, I am honest. I am not—but I must not betray the secret of another."

"If the other person is Mr. Corringe, you may speak. He bade me say that you are free to tell me all you know about his affairs."

"And he really gave me permission?" asked Agnes.

"I have not the permission in writing, Agnes. I am not accustomed to having my word doubted."

"Don't be so cross, uncle," cried Agnes, kissing him. "I do not doubt you. I am not going to marry Mr. Corringe."

"Well?" said Mr. Bowman.

"And," continued Agnes, with considerable agitation, "I am going to marry William—I mean Lieutenant Peyton."

"When?"

"On Friday."

"Does Mr. Corringe know of your arrangements?"

"Oh, yes."

"You purpose to bitterly revenge the conduct of your aunt. Do not—for revenge is not becoming your age and position. Marry the man you love; but let your aunt know what you intend to do. Conceive her mortification when the wedding guests come next day, and she has to say—"Oh, my niece ran off yesterday with some other man!"

"I will do as you wish, uncle. And that is how Mr. Corringe and William wish me to act; but I know aunt will be in such a dreadful temper."

"Leave it in my hands. I will see your aunt, and I promise you that she will not ask you to marry the man you do not love, or prevent you marrying the man you do love."

"And I, dear nuns," said Agnes, wiping her eyes, "could never be happy unless aunt forgave me. And I told William I could not."

"Now, Agnes, a word about Mr. Corringe.

He referred me to you when I charged him with treating you cruelly and unjustly."

There was a long talk about Alfred; and it was high midnight when Mr. Bowman returned home.

"Your hand, Alfred Corringe. I have judged you hastily. You have been sorely tempted, and you have not fallen. You have acted as a man of heart and a man of honour. Let us be friends. I have sinned against you when I suffered my judgment to rebel against the instincts of my heart."

Alfred grasped the outstretched hand.

"Mr. Bowman, I am in great and lasting sorrow; but thank you and bless you for your kindness and for your friendship."

"You ought to go to bed, Alfred; but you would not sleep, and for the sleepless bed is torture; so we will pass an hour or two in arranging our plans. Don't be cast down, my friend. We will find her yet, and it may be——"

"No, no. Words of comfort mock my sorrow, and add pain to pain. Neither for her nor for me is there hope. Our night is endless."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A KEY TO THE RIDDLE.

THE wedding of Agnes Bowman was not only a breath-taking surprise to those who were present, but it was discussed in drawing-rooms, talked about by club gossips, and made the subject of a mysterious paragraph in the newspapers. If society had been behind the scenes, the affair would have been a greater sensation, and supplied novelists and dramatists with an original and effective plot.

Agnes treated her friends to a grand sensation. The hearts of the two pew-openers were gladdened by a well-filled middle aisle, which meant a harvest of shillings and half-crowns enough to find them in beer and spirits for months to come. Mr. Alfred Corringe and Lieutenant Peyton arrived early; and people, in smothered whispers, vented their displeasure that Miss Bowman had allowed Lieutenant Peyton, an old flame, to be Alfred's best man. But when the group were ranged before the altar—when Lieutenant Peyton stood in the place of the bridegroom—when he took the hand of the bride, and said, "I, William, take thee, Agnes," there were irrepressible exclamations. Alfred was the best man, and Agnes was married to Lieutenant Peyton!

It was a relief when the ceremony was over, and the lookers-on could talk freely about what had happened. No words could be found to express the general disgust at the deceit of Agnes and the hypocrisy of Mrs. Christie.

Neither Mr. Bowman nor Alfred returned with the bridal party to Mrs. Christie's. They did not even go into the vestry to sign the books. When the bridegroom took the hand of the bride, and said—"I, William, take thee, Agnes," there was a loud outcry. Mr. Bowman whispered to Alfred, and left the party; and the instant the service was over, Alfred spoke a word to Lieutenant Peyton, and walked rapidly down the aisle, to the ineffable disgust of the pew-openers. He took a carriage, and drove to Mr. Bowman's.

When he entered the room, he cast an eager glance at Mr. Bowman, and then stood gazing at the girl who sat upon the sofa.

"Courage, dear Alfred!" said Mr. Bowman. "Your sorrow and hers is over. I have shown Lucy the false letter sent to you, and told her of your faithful love. She has also been cruelly deceived, but she is restored to you, pure and true and loving as when you last parted. Courage, my dears—courage!"

Alfred, not moving from the spot, held out his arms. Lucy rose, and crying "Oh, Alfred, dear," fell on the sofa. Alfred moved then, knelt by her, entwined his arms about her, and she her arms about him; and they wept.

Mr. Bowman stood for a few moments at the window. He was almost always master of his emotions; but now his lip quivered and his eye was dimmed. When he was calm he turned to the lovers and spoke to them firmly—with the firmness of a strong man; yet tenderly and gently, as if his voice were the voice of a loving woman.

"We have work to do that must not be delayed. But before we can stir in our business it is necessary that Alfred should know why you left your home."

Mr. Bowman took from his pocket a handful of letters that Lucy had given him. Alfred saw that instead of the letters he had written to Lucy, other letters purporting to come from him had been sent to her. So wonderful was the resemblance of handwriting, that Alfred was obliged to read them before he was thoroughly persuaded of the forgery. Moreover, the forger had with great skill copied the peculiar expressions of

endearment that were in Alfred's letters. The last letter Lucy received was to the effect that he, Alfred, could no longer conceal his position. In the heat of a quarrel he had struck a blow that would doubtless prove fatal. His only chance of safety was in flight. He should not return to England, but before the letter reached her, he should be passing through France, going overland to Australia, under a false name. He enclosed twenty-five pounds in bank notes, and besought her to set out without delay to London or Plymouth, and to embark in the first ship that sailed for Melbourne, where he would be awaiting her arrival. Unless she did so, he should die. She would now see why he had been afraid to post his letters in Holland, and why he had sent them to England through friends.

The letter was earnest and pathetic in appeals to the love of Lucy, and she resolved to follow her lover. It was a terrible trial leaving her home, but the jeopardy of Alfred gave her courage. When she arrived in London—she travelled by night train—she went to a coffee-house, took some food, and then went to the docks. She was accosted by a man, who asked her if she was looking for a ship. She told him she wanted to go to Melbourne by the first ship that sailed. So the fellow led her to a shipbroker's office, where she paid £15 for a berth in the good ship *Atma*. When asked her name, she replied Alice Andrews, which was the name of the coffee-house keeper with whom she had left her travelling-bag. The fellow who took her to the shipbroker's, and got a pound for his trouble, told her that the vessel would be off in a week, and that she had better get ready. Reserving five pounds for living, she spent the rest of her money—she had some of her own in addition to the money Alfred had sent her—for an outfit. In four days she called at the shipbroker's to ask when she was to go on board.

"The *Atma* will be sailing the last week in December, which will give you time to eat your Christmas dinner without being in a flurry."

Lucy was almost stunned with this intelligence. Would he return her money, and let her go by another ship?

No, he would not return her money; but seeing her anxiety, the clerk assured her that the *Atma* was a marvellously fast ship, and that she would be the first to reach Melbourne, though one or two might start before

her. Lucy wrote to Alfred, addressing him by his assumed name at the Melbourne post-office, as he had instructed her to do in his letter.

But how to live for six or seven weeks? The coffee-house keeper being consulted, thought she could help the young person. She knew a lady who was in a toy bazaar, where they always took on extra hands at holiday time. The lady was good enough to mention Lucy to the manager, and he engaged her at fifteen shillings a week wages.

At length the *Atma* was to sail, and Lucy was to be on board on the 20th. She went to the shipbroker's office to ask a question, and whilst waiting for the clerk, she took up a newspaper which is noted for its social gossip. Her eye lighted on a paragraph that she read over and over again before she could comprehend it:—

"A marriage has been arranged between Alfred, the son of Nathaniel Corringe, Esq., of Wolverhampton, and Miss Agnes Bowman. The lady is an heiress, and Mr. Alfred Corringe will succeed to the whole of his father's vast wealth. The wedding will take place in April."

Lucy did not wait to see the clerk. She bought a copy of the paper, and returned to her lodging. The grief and indignation of the unhappy girl broke down her health; she awakened from delirium to find herself in the ward of a hospital. From the hospital she was sent to a convalescent home by the seaside. When her strength was restored she came to London, with the intent of going abroad as a companion, governess, or nursemaid. She could not go back to Wolverhampton. The treachery of her lover had filled her with remorse at her conduct to her father and mother. Not until she was afar off, not until an ocean separated her from the home she had forsaken, would she write to her family.

She found the address of Mrs. Christie, and inquired if Miss Bowman was married. No; but she was to be married the next day. What a night Lucy passed! By a mighty effort, she went out early in the morning, and ascertaining the church at which the ceremony was to be performed, took her place in a pew from which she could witness the ceremony. She saw the bride led up the aisle by her uncle. She saw her lover. She was surprised at Alfred not standing by the side of the bride. When Lieutenant Peyton took the hand of

the bride, and spoke the words of betrothal, the truth was apparent, and she screamed and fainted, and was still in a faint when John Bowman came to her.

"You can't doubt, Alfred, who is the writer of the forged letters," said Mr. Bowman. "I have other information which reveals the motive. My niece is entitled to a fortune of £30,000, left in secret trust by her grandfather, of which she was not to be informed till she was married or came of age. The trustees were your father and Mr. Massey. For years Mr. Massey was out of England, and was supposed to be dead. He has just returned, or we should not have known of the fortune."

"Do as you will," said Alfred. "I dare not plead for my father."

"He is old and feeble. We need not punish him. No, Alfred; we must make him give up this money that has tempted him to commit such a grievous crime, and then leave him to reflect upon his guilt, and may be to repent. That is, I believe, the wish of Lucy."

"Oh, my love!" cried Alfred, "how can I repay such affection and such goodness?"

"That you can settle hereafter. In an hour we must be on the way to Wolverhampton. Cheesey has gone by an early train, to prepare Lucy's family for the happy meeting."

Lucy kissed Mr. Bowman.

"Oh, Squire, how kind you are! Your kindness is almost more than I can bear."

"Nonsense, Curly Mop! Bangs, the excellent detective, who was wrong from the beginning, has gone with Cheesey to take care of your mother, Alfred, in case of need. Now, my dear, be ready to start in less than half an hour. I must go and smoke my pipe."

John Bowman is a habitual smoker, but somehow the smoke on this occasion made his eyes water.

## CHAPTER X.

### MISER CORRINGE REVOKES.

PHIL MASSEY was more surprised than pleased at the hospitality of Mr. Corringe; and when Mrs. Corringe was ordered to provide plenteous dinners, and excellent feasts were followed by a flow of costly wine, the persecuted lady and the drudge thought that Mr. Corringe was not in his sober senses. There were other signs of mental ailment. The thimbleful of brandy

had developed into half a tumbler of that liquor, and the dose was often taken. When Mr. Corringe was not talking aloud, his lips showed that he was inly talking. He would not leave his friend from morning to night. Phil Massey was bored by this attention; but endured it as well as he could for a couple of days. On the Friday he was to return to London with the papers relating to the secret fortune of Agnes Bowman.

When he came into breakfast that morning, Mr. Corringe handed him two letters—one from Alfred and one from Mrs. Christie. The purport of the letters was to inform Mr. Corringe that Agnes was very unwell, and that the marriage was put off for a week. Mr. Massey did not feel disposed to postpone his journey.

"Don't be unfriendly, Phil," said Mr. Corringe. "There is no hurry, and you can wait till to-morrow, and go up with me. I must go to London, and I am not fit to travel alone."

Mr. Massey agreed to remain till the next day. He wanted to visit Birmingham, and Mr. Corringe consented to part with his friend on condition that he was back by the dinner hour.

Mr. Corringe locked himself up in his room, and passed the morning in looking over his books and papers, and frequently refreshed himself with a thimbleful of brandy.

"When the job is done, I'll put myself right with physic, and no more brandy for me. Lor, how a man may get into drinking, which is all the better for those who don't. Many's the thousand that I've got out of fools being drunkards."

Mr. Corringe took a large wicker-covered bottle out of his safe cupboard, and set it on the table.

"It ought to have been done last night; but I was a fool. But to-night will do. Lor, what a clever liar the hand is! I do believe the tongue is nought to it. How Phil swallowed the letter. So did the girl, who is looking for Alf at the other side of the blessed earth. Ha, ha! So did Alf swallow Lucy's letter; and so did the lieutenant swallow the letter from Agnes. Lor, the hand is the cleverest liar in the world, if it aint baulked with the stupid tongue. I never tattle. Oh, dear, no! Never dropped a hint about that Lucy or about that Peyton. I never say anything. I only smile. Ha, ha!"

Mr. Corringe was delighted, and made a noise that a devil might call a laugh.

"The job must be done to-night. It's an awful sort of job. It's what I call a revoke. If I am found out! But done it must be. The game is lost if I don't venture, and I sha'n't be found out. Yes, Phil, my beloved friend, I'll be quits with you for coming back!"

Mr. Corringe had another dose of his half and half brandy and water. Taking the wicker-covered bottle, he went into his guest's bed-room, which was situated on the first floor of the wing of the house. He uncorked the bottle, and spilt the liquor over the floor and over the hangings of the bed.

"You will not die of fever, Phil, and that you may swear to. This is the stuff to prevent that accident."

Communicating with the bed-room was a dressing-room, used as a lumber-room, which also had an entrance from the landing. Mr. Corringe locked the door of the dressing-room, and put the key in his pocket. He had previously pocketed the key of the other door. Before he left the lumber-room, he emptied the wicker bottle over a bundle of rags that was lying in a corner.

Mr. Corringe was lively—boisterously lively—at dinner. Mrs. Corringe had gone to Stafford to collect some money for her husband, and would not return that night. That fact increased the jollity of Mr. Corringe, who never hated his wife so little as when she was at a distance. He would often say, "I think I should almost like Alf's blessed mother if she were dead and buried."

Mr. Corringe plied the wine, and Massey drank like a feverish fish. After the wine came the brandy and water and a cigar. The smoke nearly choked Mr. Corringe, but he bore it without a murmur. At eight o'clock Massey said he must go to bed. Mr. Corringe laughed at him, and told him to take another glass.

"No go, old boy—can't," said Phil, in a husky, guttural voice. "Glassed all day with the Brums. I am sleepy drunk. Must have a six hours' snore, old boy. I'll be fresh as a daisy in the morning."

So saying, Massey staggered to his bedroom.

At nine the servant, who was not allowed candles or lucifers in her room, was sent to bed by Mr. Corringe. At half-past ten Mr. Corringe left his study. He was shoeless, and carried a candle in his hand. He trem-



bled for a second, and then appeared to steady himself.

"It's done in a minute. It's a revoke, but it must be done. The £30,000 and over—ever so much over—shall be mine. If this light blew out!—Lor, the dark would kill me. But there's a box of lucifers in my pocket, which is a blessed invention. And there is no draught, and it won't blow out. Oh, my, it's wintry cold!"

He crept up the stairs. He put one of the keys into the first door, and locked it. He listened.

"He has turned over, and is dead asleep."

He entered the lumber-room, put down the candle, and held his ear to the key-hole. He unlocked the door, and gently pushed it open. He took the bundle of rags, and, crawling on his hands and knees, pushed it under Massey's bed. He struck a lucifer, but so quietly that his doing so would not have disturbed a watchful mouse. The lighted match was applied to the rags, and they burst into a blaze.

Mr. Corringe crawled out of the room, hastily locked the door, and went to bed and slept. He did not intend to sleep, but his body was tired, and the mind wanted repose after the violent excitement. So, whilst determining to keep awake, he fell asleep, and slept soundly.

Soon after midnight he was awakened by the smashing of glass. His windows were being broken with stones. A glare of lurid light filled the room. A cloud of smoke, mingled with sparks, swept before the window. A crowd below was shouting wildly.

"It burns," said Mr. Corringe, getting out of bed.

Yes, it did burn; and more than Mr. Corringe expected. Mr. Corringe had not allowed for the force of the wind; and though the wing was a separate building, and only connected with the main house by a staircase, the whole house was in flames. In a minute, Mr. Corringe saw what had happened. He went to the door and found that the staircase was full of flame and smoke. He rushed to the window, and called frantically for help. A ladder was put to the window, and he was lifted out, and taken to a neighbour's house, where he lay unconscious for hours. People said he was too great a miser to have insured, and that the loss would kill him.

Towards evening he rallied, took some stimulant, and went out to look at the

ruins. The walls alone remained; the rest of the house and the furniture were reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins.

"Has his body been found?" asked Mr. Corringe.

"Whose body?" asked the doctor.

"My friend, Massey, was sleeping in the wing."

The crowd was horrified.

"Twenty pounds if the body of my friend is found," said Mr. Corringe.

Spades were procured, and a score of men dug at the rubbish, in spite of the great heat. It was dark, and the search went on by torchlight.

When the men began to flag, Mr. Corringe said he would give another five pounds reward.

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, and worked on with renewed vigour.

Some new-comers had just joined the crowd.

"Your money is saved, Nat—I did not roast."

It was Massey who spoke.

Mr. Corringe turned round, and looked upon him fiercely; and from his lips there came a sound of hissing.

"You see, Nat, from what I learnt in Birmingham, I thought it better, as regards the trust, to go to London; so I shammed being drunk and sloped."

\* There was a shout that the walls were giving way, and the diggers hurried from the ruins.

"Father," said Alf.

Mr. Corringe saw his son and Mr. Bowman by the side of Massey. And who was clinging to his son's arm? It was Lucy.

"It's a lie! She's not here, and he's burnt. It's a lie!"

Alfred put forth his hand to take his father's arm. The old man ran from him with a scream, and in his terror stood quivering beside the swaying wall.

"It's falling!—it's falling!"

Alfred would have rushed forward, but he was held back by the strong arm of John Bowman.

There was a rumbling like unto thunder, a crash, a shriek, and a cloud of dust.

In less than half an hour, the old man was taken from out the ruins. But that shriek had been the death-cry of Miser Corringe.

THE END.









JAN 4 1935



